

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



FOR JACK AT SEA.

Waiting for Jack.

THERE'S lots o' waiting to do in life—for others
beside the sailor's wife—
And I am a sailor's daughter, too, and know what mother
has had to do,
All o' the lying awake at nights, all o' the peering for
far-off lights,
Watching the sea and watching the skies, and asking
which way the wind will rise.

I reckon mother had had her share o' toil and trouble,
and grief and care,
Yet to the last her eye was bright, and her cheek as
fresh as her hair was white.
And I remember the words she said, on the summer
morning when I was wed,
"Of joy and wealth let them wish their fill: I'll wish
you only God's blessed will.

"What folks call pleasure is seldom more than gold
picked up on a desert shore,
Which those who find it would gladly give for bread and
water on which to live,
But Love and Duty are God's own food, and all He gives
us with them is good:
And what is the worst Love has to fear? Why, Death!"
she said, and there dropped a tear

Said she, "There's nothing to break the heart, in parting
o' those who don't wish to part,
Sins may be rough and Death's river wide, but Love is
something these can't divide:
And surely Love has its sweetest right in faith in love
that is out of sight,
When simplest duties and humblest cares grow sacred
with memories and prayers.

"Why should we shiver at parting so? Do not God's
angels pass to and fro,
Some on God's errands while some remain, yet we know
in Heaven is no more pain,
For fears and doubts have all passed away—as they
might pass from our lives to-day,
Only our flesh is so soft and weak, and leaves God's
will for its own to seek."

These words of mother's come back to mind, when I sit
trembling at wave and wind,
So what if the boat comes home no more, Jack will but
land on a safer shore,
And while God chooses I stay behind, some work and
comfort I'll surely find,
And as I've waited beside the sea, will Jack stand ready
to welcome me!

I. F. MAYO.

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XI.—A TROUBLESOME DAUGHTER.

IRENE'S face was full of distress and perplexity.
She stood beside her mother with a troubled,
downcast mien, whilst her maid laid out upon
the bed the few and very plain dresses which
had been exhumed from the great travelling
trunk standing in the corner.

Madam was seated at ease in an arm-chair
watching the proceedings, and her brow was
slightly contracted.

"Why, child," she said at last, "where are
your gala dresses? All these would better be-
come a Quaker than a young lady of fashion.
What did you think Bath would be like? Did
you think it would be as quiet and solitary as
Rookwood in the winter? Do you suppose you
can go to the Pump-Room in such garb as this?
Sure you have been saving your money these
past months to get yourself some fine dresses for
Bath—so I have been saying to myself week
after week, seeing you go about so plain a figure
in your grey gowns: I thought there would be a
brave show here, at least. Speak, child, where
are your best clothes?"

"I have none but what you see here, Ma'am,"
answered Irene with reddening cheeks and
lowered eye-lids.

Madam made one of her impatient gestures.

"Do not trifle with me, child. I know your
father makes you a handsome allowance for your
clothes. I always thought you over young to
choose for yourself, but he humoured you and let
you have your own way. If you have not the
dresses you have the money to buy them. Did
you save it up to spend here? Let us see what
you have got?"

The girl's cheeks were increasingly red: her
voice was very low.

"I have not any money, Ma'am. It is all
gone."

Madam turned round and looked at her
daughter.

"Gone? How? How has it gone? What did
you buy with it? Let me see."

"I did not spend it exactly," faltered Irene,
who stood in no small awe of her mother, "I did
not get anything for myself. I—I gave it away."

"To whom?"

Madam's tone was suddenly so sharp that Irene quailed before it. As a matter of fact, a sudden qualm had come into the mother's heart that her first-born and best loved child, Fulk, had been getting into trouble, and that his sister had been secretly helping him. This fear was so real and so keen that for the moment it overmastered any other; and when Irene faltered out that the money had been given to the poor, the lady's brow relaxed, and for the moment she forgot to be either surprised or alarmed. Of course there were plenty of poor folks in Sax, and it would be like the reserved Irene to give away her money amongst them without speaking of it to others.

"You are a foolish child," she said, "but I trow that all young things are foolish, especially when they first have the handling of solid gold and silver. Didst think thy father gave thee money to throw away broadcast amongst his poor tenants? If their need was pressing they could have come to him. But now we must to business. We will not chide you this time for folly. But your wardrobe must be remodelled. We cannot let our only daughter go about looking like a convent nun. Fortunately Bath can supply all that is lacking: and we will set about it at once."

As Madam had spoken these words concerning Irene's charities to her father's tenants, a deeper flush had overspread the girl's face, and for a moment her lips had parted as if in speech; but no words had come, and Madam had passed on to the other subject, so that the moment for explanation—if any were owing—was quickly gone.

"But, Ma'am," pleaded Irene, "please do not buy me fine clothes. I like my plain gowns better; and it is not fair that I should have the money and the dress both—"

"Tush, child, your father can afford to gratify a childish whim without forcing you to go about Bath such a little unmodish maiden as you now appear. Why, Irene, you little know what is in store for you—balls, promenades, the gaieties of the Pump-Room and the Assembly Room, and all the winter festivities of Bath. And I suspect we shall soon see somebody else here—somebody you will be pleased, I doubt not, to welcome. So put on your walking pelisse and the hat with the long plume, and I will have a chair called, and we will sally forth at once; for we must lose no time in getting you fitted to take your place amongst the fashionable ladies of Bath."

Madam rose and swept away, with a word to the maid to have her young mistress quickly attired for a walk in the streets: when the door had closed behind her, Irene turned with a piteous look to the grave-faced, rather hard-featured young woman who attended on her.

"Oh, Nancy," she cried, "what shall I do?"

Nancy Dawson, for it was none other than the farmer's daughter, shook her head gloomily.

"Nay, Ma'am, I know not. It is in a sore strait you are placed. But you are not the only one who has been called upon before now to choose betwixt evil and good, God and Mam-

mon—the favour of the world and the blessing which is reserved for those who are faithful in that which is least, as well as in that which is greatest."

Irene clasped her hands together, and the tears stood in her eyes.

"Oh, Nancy, if I did but know what to do! I am so young to disobey my parents. Is it really wrong to wear fine clothes and to go to the places of amusement to which one's parents take one?"

"That holy man, Mr. Wesley, says that all such amusements as dancing and theatre-going are deadly sins; and many are the judgments of God upon such as follow after them," answered the inexorable Nancy, who had inherited much of her mother's inflexible disposition, although she had grafted upon it teaching of a very different school from the one in which Janet had been reared. "As for the wearing of fine apparel and golden ornaments, that also he condemns in no measured terms. Our wealth is not ours to squander in personal adornment or in riotous living. It is given us in trust for the Lord, to be given amongst the poor of the flock. You, lady, have been able to bestow of your abundance to the needy of Mr. Wesley's flock. Having put your hand to the plough, are you going now to look back?"

Irene twisted her hands together in silent perplexity.

"Nancy," she said, "I have been very unhappy about that money I gave you to give to the Methodists. My mother would be sorely angry if she knew. Can it be right to deceive her and my kind father? When she spoke just now about the tenants, I felt as if I could sink into the very ground for shame. I did not dare to tell her how it had gone; was it wrong that I did not speak openly?"

"I trow not, Ma'am," answered Nancy reflectively. "Madam would but have fallen into a great choler, and have uttered words that would have been a dire offence to the Lord. It were better she were not provoked to speak unadvisedly with her lips. It may be that the day will come when she will be brought to see the error of her ways. It is your duty, dear mistress, to save your own soul, and walk after the counsel of the godly men whose doctrine you have had faith to receive. We know that strait is the way that leads to everlasting life, and that few there be who find it. Let us see that we be not tempted to leave it for the broad road. Our first duty is our own salvation."

Irene breathed forth a heavy sigh. These discussions with her maid, whilst often reassuring her and strengthening her in the course she meant to pursue, often left a heavy-heartedness behind them for which the girl could not altogether account. She was sure she was right in following the teachings now arousing such discussion and attention. She was sure they contained the truth—she believed the whole truth—of Christianity; and she trusted that by living up to them to the utmost of her ability she would be following in the footsteps of Christ, and fighting the Christian's battle. But she

knew that either she would have to lead a double life, bow down in the house of Rimmon, as Nancy had expressed it, whilst in private following out her own code of religion and ethics, or else involve herself in a war *à outrance* with her autocratic mother; and from such a war as that would be, Irene felt a natural and intense shrinking. A century and a half ago it was no light matter for a girl to rebel against parental authority. The modern independence of womanhood was a thing unknown. As Irene walked the gay street of Bath beside her mother's chair, and entered with her into the most fashionable shops of that crowded resort of aristocratic invalids and idle dandies of both sexes, her heart was as heavy as lead, and she felt that it would be hopeless to fight out the battle here. She must content herself with as much silent and passive resistance as she dared to assume, and hope by that to pave the way for a bolder course of action later on.

Madam simply delighted in shopping, and her husband never complained of the length of the bill, provided his wife was the most admired and the most elegantly-attired woman in the place. He was proud of her and fond of her beyond the wont of the husbands of fashionable wives, and as she herself had an ample fortune, he considered it but fair that she should gratify her expensive tastes as she chose.

This was Irene's first visit to Bath, and was tantamount to the modern "coming out" of a young lady in her teens. A London season and a presentation at Court might or might not follow, but a winter at Bath was considered as an ample equivalent.

Her life had hitherto been so quiet and retired that she had small notion of what things were like at a gay and fashionable resort; and she stood by in mute amazement whilst her mother issued orders to obsequious tradespeople as to the equipment of her daughter, regarding the costly silks and laces with silent horror, and listening to orders for gold and silver lacings, fur linings and trimmings, and quaint conceits in colour and form, almost as if she were listening to the order for her execution.

Madam was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to heed her daughter's silence at the first; but presently, having completed the bulk of her purchases, and having received promises that her orders should be completed with all possible dispatch, she turned to Irene, expecting to see the light of pleasure and gratitude in her eyes. The girl's silence had not struck her as anything strange. It was usual for young people to be silent before their elders, and Madam was not wont to consult anyone, when so certain of the faultlessness of her own taste: but she did look for pleasure and gratification upon the face of a girl thus equipped with everything heart could wish, and when she saw the pale cheek and downcast bearing of her daughter she asked quite sharply—

"Well, child, what more do you want than you have got? Do not sulk, but speak out. I have done my best to please you, why such sour looks? What is amiss?"

"Oh, Ma'am, indeed it is not that, you have

got me ten-fold too much. How can I ever wear so many rich robes? In sooth, I would have you tell them I need not a tithe of what you have ordered."

Madam's brow cleared a little, but she spoke with considerable incisiveness also.

"Tush, child, what do you know of what will be required? You will find it none too much for your needs. They say that the season will be unwontedly gay, and to-day we heard that your Aunt Bridget had been ordered to take the waters for an attack of rheumatism, and that she is coming at once and Athol with her. We shall be a gay party, indeed, for we shall be all in the same house. Athol will be a capital companion for you. You look as if you wanted rousing and cheering up. Of course, Fulk will escort the ladies here, and remain with us for a time: but you will not be left out in the cold, child. Athol will have plenty of time for going about with you."

Irene was glad to hear of her cousin's arrival. She was fond of Athol, although the latter did laugh at her and tease her; and since the formal betrothal which had taken place between her cousin and Fulk the tie had been drawn more close. Then, although Aunt Bridget had a sharp tongue, she also possessed a kind heart, and Madam would have less undivided time to give to her daughter if she had other relatives in the house beside.

The days seemed long to Irene, those early days at Bath. She was taken daily to the Pump-Room by her mother, and sat or walked beside her, dressed in garments which it went against her conscience to put on, listening to the sugared speeches of gay young gallants and the gossip of powdered matrons, who flirted their fans, laughed and grimaced, and discussed every bit of scandal or tittle-tattle with the keenest interest and enjoyment.

Irene looked on and listened with all the unmerciful severity of judgment characteristic of the very young. Her eyes were full of grave disapproval, her answers were monosyllabic, and her manner was cold and repellent. Some beauty she had, and her mother's faultless taste had enhanced it by all that art could accomplish in the matter of dress: but for all that, Irene failed to make any impression upon the fashionable gallants who fluttered at first around her. Her mother would have had no objection to a coldness that had in it the distinguished haughtiness of high birth. A reputation for aloofness was in some cases the very best which could be obtained, and was the making of a woman at the commencement of her career: but it was only too soon apparent that Irene was simply voted a bore—stupid, prudish, ill-informed and uninteresting; and as her mother well knew that she was, in reality, a cultivated and intelligent girl, her annoyance was very great, and she spoke sharply enough to her daughter from time to time, as to reduce her to tears, though without producing any improvement in her deportment.

Irene, therefore, looked forward to Athol's arrival with a sense of great relief: but the day on which the travellers were expected to arrive

found her in dire disgrace. There was to be a grand ball at the Assembly Rooms that night. Athol had set her heart upon being there. An exquisite dress had come for Irene—and the girl had had the madness and folly to declare that she hated dancing: that she could not bear hot rooms and late hours, that her head ached at the bare thought of such an entertainment, and that she had quite made up her mind not to go.

A few weeks before, she had shirked the ball at York under similar pretexts, and by an appeal to her indulgent father had contrived to obtain his permission to stay away: but the repetition of these feeble arguments now was childish and absurd, and roused not only the anger but the suspicions of Madam. She began to see that there was something "odd" about Irene. She went no farther than that even in her thoughts, and she was resolved to conquer her. She sent the girl at once to her room in disgrace, and bid her not to speak a single word on the subject. She could rest her fill all the day—but go to the ball at night she should: and when Athol arrived it was to find that Irene was a prisoner in her own room, whither, after hearing her aunt's story of her obstinacy and folly, her cousin went to find her.

Irene had spent the long hours of the day in conversation with her maid, and in the study of portions of Scripture which the latter had pointed out to her as bearing upon the point in question. Irene had reached the unalterable conclusion that to put on a ball dress and go to a ball was to put the salvation of her soul in peril; and her frame of mind was not one to be envied.

And then in came Athol, as blooming and sparkling as though such a thing as the fatigue of travel were unknown to her, full of laughing and caressing banter, calling her cousin a little goose and other like names, striving to laugh her out of her "Puritanical" notions, and asking if she thought that *she* was desperately wicked for enjoying the good things of life that fell to her share?

Irene shook her head. She did not wish to condemn others, she said; but for herself she knew it was wrong to go to such places, and she did not know how to sin against her conscience. Athol's face took a look of momentary perplexity, but argument was less her forte than caressing banter; moreover her attention was caught by the sheeny glitter of the dress upon the bed, and she turned to examine it with a little cry of pleasure.

"Cream satin sacque, over-bodice and under-petticoat of this exquisite lace: Irene, it is perfect, just like your mother's taste. And are these pearls to wear with it? Lucky girl, I shall not be half as striking. No, I shan't pity you any more; you are a little goose. I must run to my own rooms too, to see after my own gown. And here is Aunt Bridget, come, no doubt, to help to scold you into a better frame of mind."

Athol ran off, and Miss Fortescue came in to kiss and speak kind words to her niece, scanning her pale, troubled face all the while with her shrewd though kindly eyes. After a while she spoke with her characteristic abruptness.

"And now, child, tell me what all this coil is

about. In my days we young folks obeyed our parents without a word, as the Bible bids us; but those old fashions seem to have gone by nowadays. This is the second time you have almost flatly refused to go with your mother to a ball. What does it all mean? Tell me your objection. You need not be afraid of me. I never think worse of man or woman for speaking out boldly. I hate half measures."

"Oh, Aunt Bridget, I believe it is wicked to dance," cried Irene, "and I would rather die than do what is wicked."

"Stuff, child, who wants you to die? Keep your heroics for a more important occasion. Why do you think dancing wicked?"

Irene twisted her hands together and was silent. Mrs. Bridget studied her face intently for awhile and then spoke herself:

"Well, child, I have the least bit of sympathy for your feeling, though I should be sorry to put so strong a word as 'wicked' upon any amusement which can most certainly be harmlessly and innocently enjoyed by merry young folks together. But, all the same, it too often becomes a frivolous and unprofitable, sometimes an immodest exhibition, and leads to other evils as well. Folks may easily have enough and too much of it. I'd rather a child of mine liked it too little than too well. But, see here, my dear, suppose I stand your friend with your mother, and ask her to excuse you from dancing, will you be a reasonable and sensible child, and go quietly with the rest of us to the Assembly Rooms to look on? You will see plenty to amuse you, and your mother will have her daughter beside her, as it is fitting she should; but you are looking pale and heavy-eyed, and it will surprise nobody that you do not feel disposed to dance."

This appeared to Miss Fortescue such a reasonable suggestion, that she felt certain it would be eagerly accepted, and her surprise was considerable when she saw that Irene hesitated still.

"Speak, child," she said impatiently, "what more have you to object to?"

The girl coloured at the tone, and moved across the room to where the ball dress hung. She picked up a shining fold in her hand, and said, "I shall have to wear this if I go, and these pearls too."

"And very pretty and suitable they are to your position in life. What more do you want, my dear?"

"No more, indeed, but less. I do not like going about so fine. It seems wrong, when women are bidden to think of the adornment of the spirit, not of the body, and so many thousands of poor are starving with hunger."

"Yes, and how many more would be starving, I wonder, if we rich folks did not buy the products of their looms and their lace pillows? Child, child, talk about what you understand, and do not let conscientiousness turn to wilful obstinacy. Oh, I know what you would say. I have heard these now-fangled doctrines again and again, and my patience is fast going. Bless the child, does she think the heart is less pure because it beats under silk instead of fustian, and that a suitable clothing of the body keeps

the atoning blood from the soul? The good folks who preach these doctrines are very fond of telling us of Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and they would scarce deny that what is true of the Son is also true of the Father. And have we not pages and pages of our Bibles devoted to instructions as to how garments are to be made 'for glory and for beauty,' set with precious gems, and adorned with gold and embroidery, and every kind of cunning work? If it be against the law of God for men and women thus to attire themselves at fitting seasons, sure it were strange that His own priests should go before Him thus bedizened. Sure in their garb we should not find the accursed thing which it is pollution to wear. And who but God ordered the women to bring their gold ornaments to be used for the service of His sanctuary? Think you that, had there been pollution or sin in the wearing of them, God would have had them dedicated to His service? Oh, foolish child, are

not all things given to us by a wise and merciful and gracious God richly to enjoy? And because each one of His gifts may be abused by those who read not His will aright, is it for us in the self-righteousness of our hearts to deny to ourselves or others the right and lawful use of each? Go to, little one, put on thy silken gown, and thank God for it, and for kind parents to keep thee softly-clad and nurtured, and be not hasty to rise up and condemn them or others. Use all the gifts of God to His glory, and make them not into stumbling-blocks and idols."

Irene went that night to the Assembly Rooms in her new dress, and did not dance. Her mother was fairly well satisfied with the compromise, and hoped that all trouble was at an end; but Athol and Mrs. Bridget, who had gained somewhat more insight into the girl's nature than was possessed by her mother, were by no means convinced that this triumph was final or complete.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERK, PH.D.

THE KAILÁS AT ELLORA.

THE illustration represents a shrine cut out of solid stone. The print shows only a small part of the temple, the whole of which—with its tower, its porches, pillars and columns, its bridge and gateway—is carved out of the rock. The Kailas is one of a series of similar caves, which extend along the face of a hill at Ellora, a village in the dominions of the Nizam, in a line north-east of Bombay. The hill, or rather the scarp of a large plateau, runs south to north, throwing out two spurs towards the west, at a distance of a mile and a quarter from each other. Between these spurs the rock is honey-combed with caves which have been sunk into it, at different periods. At the southern end are the Buddhist, in the middle the various groups of Brahman, in the north the Jain temples. The order in which these sanctuaries appear, corresponds almost with the time in which they were successively built. The Brahman caves occupy a central position; they outnumber those of the two other sects put together; seventeen large temples dedicated to Hindoo gods are below the scarp of the brow, a large number of smaller cells are found above; whereas the *chaityas* and *viharas*, the churches and monasteries, of the Buddhists, number twelve; those of the Jains, five; to the latter however must be added some smaller cells and a colossal Jain image at the northern end of the series. The chief of the Brahman, indeed of all the rock-cut temples at Ellora, is the Kailas, "one of the most singular

and interesting monuments of architectural art in India."¹ It is a Dravidian temple, complete in all its parts, and, notwithstanding its comparatively early date, of an advanced style of architecture. We cannot, in this paper, enter upon the history of the development of religion, hewn in stone and entombed in the hills; we must reserve a description of the various groups of caves for a later chapter; we have here room only for a short sketch of the principal buildings, the Kailas, the style of architecture which it represents, and the race of people by which it was erected.

The early inhabitants of India, which are not of Aryan descent, have been divided into the Tibeto-Burman, the Kolarian, and the Dravidian races. The second of these races, the Kolarian, is believed to have entered India from the north-east, through the valley of the Brahmaputra, whilst the third, the Dravidian, made its way from the north-west through the passes of Beluchistan, into the Indian continent. According to the fanciful description of a modern author, the two nations moving on converging lines, crossed each other on their march, the Dravidians being the more powerful, broke through the Kolarians, thrust them aside in fragments to the east and west, and pushed forward in a compact mass towards the south. They formed kingdoms and dominions contiguous to each other, speaking

¹ J. Fergusson. *History of Architecture*. New edition. Vol. iii. p. 334.

a common language; whereas the Kolarians survived in scattered aboriginal tribes, isolated from each other, and oblivious of their common origin. The descendants of pure Dravidian blood may be comparatively few, but they have given their language to forty-six millions of inhabitants; Telugu, Canarese, Malayalam and Tamil are spoken by four great races in the Deccan, south of the Godavari, and in northern Ceylon; to these must be added the rude and uncultured tongues of the Gonds, Khonds and Oraons, which touch the Godavari in the south and the Ganges in the north. Some of the islands in the Pacific Ocean may have been peopled from Dravidian settlements; the aboriginal tribes of Western Australia use the same words for I, thou, he and we, as the fishermen on the coast of Madras, and resemble them in the use of their national weapon, the boomerang.¹

It has been asserted that the way in which the immigrants came, is marked by the traces they left behind; the Brahuīs who inhabit the passes leading into Sind, the Oraons of Chutia Nagpur, and the Gonds in the Central Provinces are pointed out as members of the Dravidian family which were left behind on the march. This theory has, however, been impugned with weighty arguments; if it must be admitted that the journey which the Dravidians accomplished is uncertain, there can be no doubt as to the point from which they started, and as to their original home. Their language is connected with that spoken in Central and Northern Asia. It is one of a large family of tongues, which has been termed the Scythian or the Tartar family, and which comprises Mongolian and Manchu, Finnish and Turkish amongst its members. The structure of its grammar, the formation of its cases by simple agglutination of successive, unchangeable suffixes, distinguishes it from the Semitic and the Indo-European families. The witness of speech is borne out by that of belief, and Bishop Caldwell (in an Appendix to his *Comparative Grammar*) has proved that the ancient religion of the Dravidians was that of the Tartar races, before these became affected by Buddhism and Islam. That religion presented the strange contrast of the belief in a supreme god, who has neither priests nor worship, and of the fear of demons, who are propitiated by bloody sacrifices and wild dances; and it bears a strong likeness to the superstitions practised amongst the Ugrarian races of Siberia and the hill-tribes on the south-western frontier of China.

The tribes of South India appear to have lived amongst their hills and in their forests, forming five or six distinct nations, perhaps kingdoms, but not attaining any high degree of civilisation. They were not acquainted with any of the sciences, which the Aryans, living in the north and east of the continent, were at that time working out; their language had not been reduced to grammar; they had no letters, and knew nothing of the nobler arts. The early

Sanscrit literature gives us little information regarding their state and condition. Brahman authors mention the Dravidas as outcasts and barbarians; to them these dark-skinned denizens of the southern forests seemed *Mlechhas*, people of broken speech, uncouth beings, who ate human flesh, consorted with demons and disturbed the contemplation of holy hermits. Brahmans owned that the king of the barbarians, Hanuman, with his army of monkeys, had assisted their hero Rama in his war with the demon-king of Ceylon and deserved credit for that assistance; but there was more ridicule in the description of Rama's long-tailed allies, than admiration of the services they had rendered. The Dravidians themselves however have given us, unconsciously, in their language, indications of their distant home in the north as well as of their state and condition, after they had been living some time on the table-land of the Deccan; these indications are, no doubt, far truer than the remarks, half-fearful and half-superstitious, offered by writers of an alien race. Words denote things; and the expressions which the Tamils used at an early age prove that they had "kings," who resided in "fortified houses," and ruled over "districts." They held "festivals," at which "minstrels" uttered their "songs." Above the king was "god," who also had his houses, his "temples;" a dark contrast to him formed "the devils," who were propitiated with "the blood of sacrifices." The "husbandmen" tilled the soil; in time of danger they exchanged the "implements" of "agriculture" for the "instruments" of "war." They understood the use of metals; they were acquainted with the potency of medicines; they counted up to a hundred, and even a thousand; they knew most of the planets. The Tamil-speaking population of the Pandyan kingdom in the south-east of the peninsula, appears first to have risen to a higher degree of civilisation, and to have cultivated its language. Colonies of Brahmans from the north settled down amongst them, and their reputed leader, Agastya, is said to have had great influence at the court of the first Pandyan king. The date of this, the first historical notice, we possess is doubtful; but according to Singhalese writers, about 550 B.C., a colony of Aryans, from Magadha, immigrated into the neighbouring island of Ceylon; it is not likely that they crossed over without leaving behind settlements on the mainland; and as the Pandyan kingdom had been formed before that time, we may date the commencement of Tamilian civilisation from the sixth century B.C. The kingdom included the modern districts of Madura and Tinneveli; it extended along the south eastern shore, which faces Ceylon. Its capital was first Kolkai, afterwards Madura. The early history of the country is obscured, rather than illustrated, by legends; but the story which represents the daughter of a Pandyan king marrying Vijaya, the first Aryan sovereign of Ceylon, and another royal princess wedding Arjuna, one of the five Pandava brothers, the heroes of the Mahabharata at once explains the name of Pandya as derived from the Sanscrit words Pandu and Pandava, and shows the connection that existed

¹ Sir W. W. Hunter, *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, vol. vi. p. 66, who quotes Bishop Caldwell's *Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages*, second edition, 1875.

between the royal dynasty and the Aryan nations of the north.

Only a few scattered notices regarding the country are found amongst Greek and Latin authors. *Megasthenes*, who was, about 300 B.C., ambassador of the Greek king Seleukos at the court of Candragupta, the grandfather of Asoka, makes mention of the land Pandya, called after the daughter of the Indian Hercules, Krishna, from which pearls were procured; he referred perhaps to the marriage of the Pandava prince, who was Krishna's friend, with the Pandyan princess. *Strabo*, who wrote at Rome about 20 A.D., speaks of Pandion, king of the Indians, who sent an embassy to the Emperor Augustus, requesting to become his friend and ally; the remark made by *Pliny* (died 79 A.D.) that a portion of the western coast (of Malabar) was under the rule of that chieftain, shows that his power must have been considerably extended, and gives evidence at the same time of the intelligence of the native prince, who understood the advantages of an alliance with the Roman emperor. His dominion, the southernmost which Dravidians established on the continent, maintained itself for many centuries; no European family could boast a continuous succession, which the piety of native genealogists traced from the fourth century B.C., and a series of Hindu dynasties ruled at Madura until the eighteenth century, A.D.¹ During this time their history did not follow an even course; certain periods show a rise of power and splendour, followed by times of depression; in the first and the sixth centuries, A.D., the Pandyas appear to have carried their arms far beyond the limits of their frontiers; but in the eleventh century their government was overthrown, and only partly restored after a period of anarchy; about 1304, the 116th king of the Pandya dynasty was defeated by the Mohammedan Malik Kafur. The commencement of the seventeenth century shows a restoration of power under the prince Tirumulla Nayak, who, in 1624, adorned his capital Madura with many splendid buildings.

Pandya was bounded towards the north, by the dominions of two kingdoms which extended, the one along the east, the other along the west coast of the peninsula. The ancient tradition that three brothers lived and ruled in Kolkai, the old capital renowned in song, on the banks of the Tambraparni, which saw the rise of the earliest Dravidian civilisation; that the brothers subsequently parted, Pandyan remaining at home, whilst Cheran and Cholan went forth to seek their fortunes and to found kingdoms in the north—illustrates the close relationship that exists between the three Tamil speaking countries of the Deccan.

Chola extended along the east coast from the Kaveri river nearly to Madras; its capital Urieyur, lay near the site of the modern Trichinopoly. The various forms of the same name, *Choda*, which occurs in an inscription of the Buddhist king Asoka (250 B.C.); *Sorai*, mentioned in the works of the geographer, Ptolemy, who lived

at Alexandria (about 140 A.D.); *Choliya*, described in the itinerary of the Chinese pilgrim Hiouen-Tsang (629-645 A.D.), can be identified with the *Chora* of modern Tamil, which has perhaps given the east coast its name, Coromandel. The early history of the kingdom is quite unknown; the political relations which it had with Cashmere have been traced to the sixth century A.D. The height of power the Cholas attained in the eleventh century under their great chief, Kulotunga I. (1064-1113). They overthrew the kings of their two brother nations, conquered their kingdoms, and the power of the Cholas, as is proved by their inscriptions, extended over the whole Tamil country. But they shared the fate of their kinsmen, like the Pandyas, they fell before the Mohammedan invasion at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

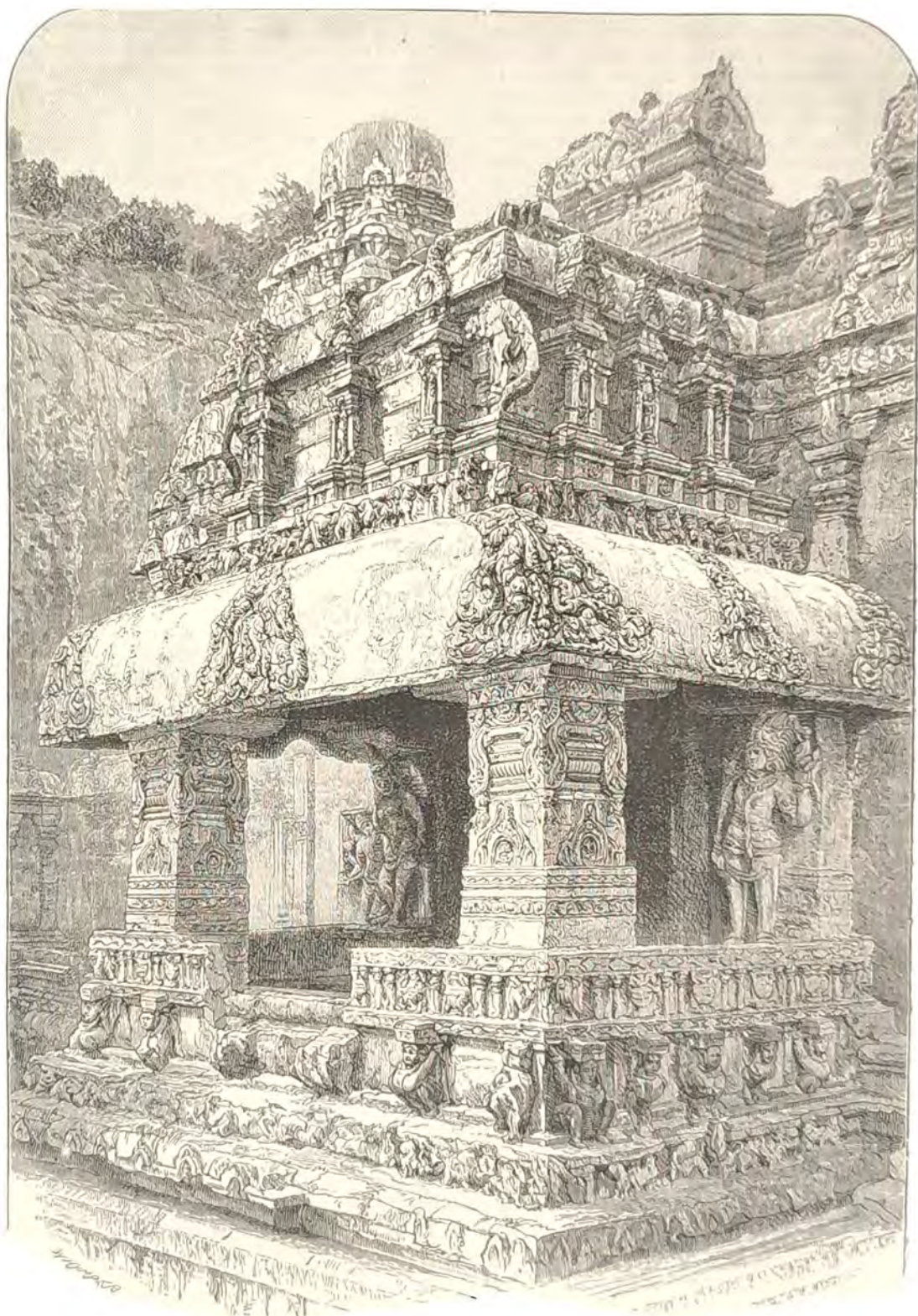
Chera, the third kingdom, lay on the western coast; its precise position is unknown; but it must have embraced the districts of Kanara and Malabar, and the native state of Cochin. The history of the Cheras is intimately connected with that of the two other Tamil-speaking nations. Their rise is unknown, but their power is attested by inscriptions of the fourth and fifth centuries; the long line of their princes resembles that of the Pandyas; their 16th king boasts of having enlarged his boundaries towards the north and east, and their 20th ruler extended these conquests as far as the Nerbuddha in the north. This statement possesses considerable importance; it explains the eclipse between 750 and 1000 A.D., of the Chalukyan dynasty, which ruled in the country north of the Kistna River, and shows that the Kailas at Ellora could be erected during that interval of time by a southern Tamil race. The Cheras were in their turn attacked by their brothers and rivals, the Cholas; like the Pandyas of the south they suffered during the eleventh century a complete defeat at the hands of the eastern power; like them they passed through a period of anarchy. During the strange fluctuations, the alternate rise and fall, that characterise the history of the early triarchy, the Cheras passed under the rule of the Bellalas of Mysore; they were eventually involved in the common catastrophe, which overtook the southern Dravidian states at the hands of the Mohammedans.

The Tamil-speaking nations have left a memorial of themselves in the temples they built or carved in the rock. "Their architecture is different from any other found in India, but united in itself."¹ Their worship of Shiva and Vishnu, and of the other gods of the Brahman religion, they received from the Aryans of the north; but they stamped their character upon the system they had adopted; their former superstitions are still visible beneath the veil, which the later creed cast over, and the conception, as well as the worship of the great god Mahadeva, of Shiva, have received quite a different complexion since their adoption by the Dravidians.

Still more distinct are the features of southern temples. Characteristic specimens of sacred architecture are the five shrines, mentioned in

¹ Sir W. W. Hunter. Imperial Gazetteer of India, vol. vi. p. 286.

¹ J. Fergusson, p. 323 *et seq.*



KAILAS TEMPLE AT ELLORA.

the last article, the Rathas at Mahavellipore, near Madras, which are carved out of a granite boulder. But a more perfect example of the Dravidian style, is the Kailas temple at Ellora. On the sloping side of the hill, a pit has been dug out, forming a court 100 feet deep at its innermost side, 150 feet wide, and 270 feet long. On the floor of this pit there stands, carved out of the solid rock, a temple perfect and complete in all its parts, as though it had been built up of hewn stones on the plain. At the entrance of the court there is a gateway, a bridge leads from this to a large square porch, which is flanked on either side by pillars, and connected by a second bridge with the central complex of buildings. The latter consist of a porch with sixteen columns, and seven small temples with massive pillars and roofs, all of which are adorned with sculptures of mythological figures, both human and animal. The porch and the temples enclose the great central tower, the Vimana, which is 80 to 90 feet in height and which contains the emblem of Shiva. The court is surrounded by cloisters with cells. The picture given on page 169 represents the north wall of the porch with its balcony; in the centre of the picture, in the background, there appears the summit of the tower. The Kailas has been justly called one of the most marvellous monuments of architectural art in India. The complexity and completeness of the plan, the singular beauty of execution; the labour of scooping walls and towers and massive roofs and bridges out of stone; the appearance of strength and eternal durability which a temple carved out of the side of a mountain presents, strikes the beholder with awe and with astonishment. The date of its construction has been fixed according to the analogy of a similar temple at Purudkul, as being in the eighth century. That century marks the decline of the Chalukyan dynasty, and the rise of the southern Tamil-speaking Dravidian peoples, of Cheras and Cholas.

To them, most probably to the Cheras, the construction of the Kailas temple must be assigned. This temple stands first, a fitting monument of their civilisation and art, amongst the numerous sanctuaries, belonging to different ages and religions that have been cut in the hillside at Ellora.

TALKS ABOUT TEXTS.

"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."—Isaiah lvi. 15.

EARTHLy monarchs have often shown themselves kind to their poorer subjects, and have thus added a lustre to their crowns. Happily we have in our own beloved Queen a noble example of a sovereign, who not only feels for the sorrows of her people, but who has, throughout her life, constantly visited the homes of her humbler subjects, bringing comfort to many an afflicted heart, and joy to many a burdened spirit.

In the Queen's journals we have a number of such visits recorded. They all testify to her sympathy and kindness

of heart. Here is one, written more than twenty years ago:—

"We went to a cottage to visit old Widow Symons, who is past fourscore, with a nice rosy face, but bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world and when ye leave it.'"

We can well imagine with what pleasure and pride such a visit would be remembered, and how the day of the Queen's visit would be a memorable one in the history of the family.

We may not hope, or expect, to receive the visit of an earthly sovereign, but our text to-day speaks in solemn language of the "King of kings," who not only visits His people, but in great love and condescension deigns to "dwell" with them. "I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

This text was in good old Isaac Walton's mind when he wrote:—"I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart."

See what honour God puts on those who are contrite and humble. Truly it has been said that "humility is the high road to honour." It is the high road to happiness as well. Some foolish people think happiness means having everything their own way. God would teach us that it consists in seeking to have everything according to His way.

How often we see in families much sorrow and suffering, because brothers and sisters desire to have their own way. This is nothing else than pride and selfishness, both of which are sins against our heavenly Father. They are just the opposite of those graces of which our text speaks, and God cannot dwell in hearts that have such evil occupants. It is told of one of the happiest and most honoured of God's servants—the late Dr. Marsh—that he was known as "the little peacemaker" in the nursery. His mother used to say that if ever there was any dispute between his brothers and sisters about their toys, young William would run to her and say, "Oh! give them my little horse, or my cart, or anything of mine, if only they won't quarrel."

God's word contains many promises for those whose hearts are contrite and humble. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." What a loving message from the dear Lord who died for us! He desires to make us happy, and he, who is the one true source of joy, promises to come into every willing heart, to bless it continually. This is what is meant by "dwelling." Not a fleeting visit, such as an earthly sovereign might pay, but a loving, abiding presence.

Do we feel that we need such a friend always with us? Then may we be sure that our hearts are fitted to receive Him, for all such thoughts come alone from Him. And His goodness is so great that even if we do not feel our need as we ought, He promises to create in us holy desires, if we ask Him. The Holy Spirit speaks to each heart, young and old, pleading for admission.

"He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest."

May we, in a contrite and humble spirit, pray:—

"Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee."

A DAY-STAR FOR DARK HEARTS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, D.D.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—*Isa. i. 10.*

IF this were the only word Isaiah had ever written, it would be cherished as a marvel of sweetest wisdom; just as, were there only one star, it would be admired with surpassing interest and wonder. But, one amongst many, the brightest star and the richest text ceases to enkindle the enthusiasm or attract the gaze of men.

Let me ask you to single it out, and rest beneath the light. It will prove a day-star arising on the heart to all who watch for the morning, who bewail the absence of the Sun of Righteousness, if only they will seize and use it.

There are many things about this word strikingly suggestive, *e.g.*—

The Old Testament designation of a saint—"One that feareth the Lord." How much might be said on this; on the fact that all sound piety has a large amount of holy fear and reverence about it; on the necessary connection between fear and faith, reverence and righteousness.

By linking this verse to the one that follows, and studying the two as a pair, what lessons do they give—on the superiority of Divine darkness to human light; on the blessedness of rather being under the cloud, patiently waiting God's appearing, than striking sparks of our own light to lead us in the ways of common life. Heaven-sent darkness—say care or affliction, is better than sparks of one's own kindling—say gaiety, mirth, delusive theories of life.

But neglecting these themes, though very instructive, I wish to dwell on the one direct lesson which of all others the text most plainly teaches.

It assumes that, although joy in the Holy Ghost ought to mark every saint of God, yet, as a matter of fact, the truest saints have to endure darkness, gloom, and trial. And it requires that all such, all who really do their best to serve God, and avoid all known wrong, should not be dispirited by the clouds which cross their sky, but should trust and rely on God; that even when long patience and earnest gazing fail to perceive the presence of God they should still rely on Him.

Many would say: If any among you fears the Lord and walks in darkness, let him suspect there is something wrong; be careful to examine himself whether he is in the faith; let him try his heart and ways, and make his calling and election sure.

But where we would say, Examine; the prophet says, Trust.

It is a grand trumpet voice, to all following truth and conscience—"Trust, even in darkness; be calm even amidst the storm. When ye pray,

say, 'Our Father,' even though He seems to have forsaken you." It prescribes the resolve of Job, "Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him."

Such being the simple force of the prophet's word, let me try simply to apply it to various classes, who need its encouragement, and to whom its comfort, of right, belongs.

Observe, then:

I. IT BIDS THE PENITENT HOPE.

How often those really fearing God, and obeying the voice of His servants, have a long waiting for light! I suppose many of my readers—you, perhaps—have left every known sin. You are waiting for God in the way of His judgments. It is your desire to know and do His will. Those petitions that seem forgotten by others are often on your lips—"Show me Thy way graciously": "What I know not teach me": "Search me and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

The chosen spot of your heart is Calvary, and there you bow, praying. In praying, forsaking and avoiding sin, studying to know and discharge duty, you seek and ask and knock, and yet you do not find, receive or enter the presence and light of God, do not reach the joy you want.

Well observe this text.

Mark, in the first place, the suggestion that—No strange thing has happened unto you. It is common for the holiest to be under a cloud. It is especially common for the holiest penitents to be under it. Sometimes we remain long in the dark, for the eyesight that sees the light has to be grown. Calmness to read the features of God's love is sometimes slowly reached. Often, even when penitence is most sincere, it is impatient, and puts the desire for peace and safety before the desire to undo the dishonour we have done our God; and, in this latter case, God withholds His light that we may feel more correctly the exact elements of mischief and wrong about our sins. For those and many other reasons of divinest wisdom, light does not always appear the moment we look for it. The Cross does not instantly become the burning bush at our approach.

And such being the fact, observe your duty. It is to fight with despair, it is to continue to pray and strive and hope. If you have really given up your heart to Christ, left every thing you know to be sin, if you desire to serve and follow Him, here is your duty—Trust in the name of the Lord, and stay yourself on God. Trust and hope simply on His NAME of Father, Saviour, Redeemer. Seek no special revelation of His inclinations to you. Trust in His general

character as that is revealed. And thus trusting and expecting light to come, stay yourself, strengthen yourself in patient waiting.

Ah! if you have given yourself into the Saviour's hand you are as safe as if you were in heaven. You may not feel His grasp, may not see His face. But though the sight would add to your satisfaction, it would not increase at all the safety of your heart.

It is not our frames we have to build upon, but God's words.

Trust in the word of Jesus, even though no smile accompany it. Do as He did: When God seems to forsake you, say, "Father, into Thy hand I commend my spirit." And, depend on it; the deeper the darkness in which you cherish such faith and hope, the deeper will be God's delight that you do so.

So let the penitent seeking God take home this word and rest upon it as a sanction for hope in the midst of darkness.

II. IT BRINGS COMFORT TO THOSE EMBARRASSED BY HONEST ENQUIRY.

It has benedictions for some of the children of speculation, to whom the firmament of truth is clouded, and who in ignorance what to believe, walk in darkness and have no light. I do not commend it to all such; for it is, perhaps, sometimes too readily assumed that all doubters are honest doubters. Some are not. They are rather indolent, than enquiring; they may be in darkness, but are neither fearing God nor obeying the voice of His servants.

But some are. You are, perhaps. You fear God. You place Him supreme above all your thoughts, and are solicitous only to know and do His will. You keep your conscience void of offence. To learn, not ignore your duty, is your desire. And yet you walk in darkness. The faith you once had has left you. The sublime credentials of a mother's grace and hope and peace, which once sufficed to demonstrate the reality of a religious life, suffice no more now to do so. You look up where light should be, but there is none. You go forward, but God is not there; and backward, but you find Him not. A mystery seems to overspread the Gospel. Here miracles seem incredible, there some discrepancy seems to destroy your faith in inspiration. The cloud of doubt, at first no bigger than a man's hand, extends until it overspreads the heavens.

What have you do? Our text suggests your proper course. First, Lay aside astonishment at your darkness. For nothing strange has happened to you. The intrusion of doubt at some time of every man's life seems almost inevitable.

Your very candour makes you apt to be suspicious. It takes time to assess at its true value all that seems to discredit our common faith. And it is often a long time before one masters all the subtle but sublime testimony that lies in the spirit of the Bible, and in the life and character of Jesus. And in all the intervals doubts and darkness will recur.

Especially have they away with some natures—those naturally melancholy and doubting; men like Thomas, who say, "Let us go and die with Him." Not that we are left utterly in the dark;

we have always plenty of light to live by, for we have always light for the next step of duty. But if we want to know all about the heart and power of God and His world-wide action and purposes, we cannot be surprised that it takes time before we can develop the faculty, and find our measuring line by which to discern and know the truth.

And indicating the commonness of such darkness, the text prescribes the course to be pursued.

"Trust in the name of the Lord, and stay yourself on God." Turn not away, but look up where light should be. Give way to no fears. Depend on it, you will fall into no serious error if you do but fear God and obey every voice you recognise to be from Him. Trust Him, even while He remains an unknown God, with your soul and all its immortal interests, and calm yourself in the certainty that all will be right even though you know not how. That blind trust in God, when He leads you through the dark, is saving faith. There is no danger to any who fear God and, according to their light, follow Him. On earth in due time, or in heaven at last, they will see light clearly, and learn all the wondrous creed.

Are you fearing God, and yet walking in darkness? Be of good courage; all is well; for light is sown for the upright, and will spring up at last.

III. OUR TEXT BRINGS COMFORT TO ALL "THE TROUBLED."

There are a multitude whose outward or inward troubles produce darkness whatever their character may be. Some, for instance, are troubled by their state of health; it is such as produces a peculiar tendency to gloom. The vital energy is low; duties are a burden; life is uphill work. Or bodily pain wears down their little stock of patience till they seem as if they could stand no more. In some states of health, however much a man may be fearing the Lord and obeying the voice of His servants, he may seem to himself to be walking in darkness and void of light. He is apt to say, "The Lord has forgotten to be gracious;" not knowing, as he afterwards will discover, that it is his infirmity—his malady—that leads him to think so.

There are others who are troubled with the course of Providence. It seems so to cross not only their inclinations but their interests, that they cannot harmonise it with God's Word. Sorrows that improve the temper they understand. But those cares that seem to keep a man from thinking about anything good, and those desolating afflictions that seem to crush faith and hope and even love out of the heart, pass all understanding. Many are in darkness, although reverent, humble, and believing, through the perplexities of Providence.

Others are troubled in soul. Such temptations beset them! Resisted, these renew their attack. Overcome, they rise up afresh to distress them. They strive to keep conscience void of offence; and yet promptings to all sin, suggestions of all blasphemies fill their mind.

Or it may be that God goes away. There is a hiding of His face. The heaven is echoless to their prayers. The "word behind" is silent.

There is no voice "awaking the ear in the morning;" no subtle presence making their hearts burn within them. In those circumstances, assailed of Satan, not realising the Divine pity—although believing, reverent, and prayerful—they must walk in darkness, and for the while be without their best and truest light.

Are you troubled? Well: mark, as I have asked the penitent and the enquiring to mark—There is nothing strange in all this gloom. Others have had, and still have it. God deems it expedient for us that He go away. We only tread the same valley of the shadow that all have trod who have entered heaven. But ceasing to be surprised, let us trust. Let us stay ourselves;

settle ourselves down on God, and trust in His name. Nothing else, nothing less is duty. Any one can believe (God in the daylight; the trial and triumph of faith is to believe on Him in the dark. Be that portion ours. And let the Bible be a sealed book, or luminous with the Spirit's beam; be temper buoyant or depressed; friends near, or far away beyond the grave; temptation hot or slight—still trusting is our duty. And he who trusts in the name of God, and who expects the never-failing grace of Jesus Christ, will find he is never confounded, but in due time the faith which was so difficult will be distinguished by sublime rewards, and land him in the cloudless and abiding day.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

II.—"BRANDED."

"I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus."—*Gal. vi. 17 (B.V.)*

THIS Epistle to the Galatians was the outcome of deep and strong feeling on the part of St. Paul. The earlier part a scribe had written at his dictation; now, with his own hand, in large, bold, striking letters¹ he pens the conclusion. And in the glow of his devotion he declares that in the fulfilment of his apostleship he is utterly heedless of merely human and personal considerations, that he is prepared at any cost to stand by his mission as Christ's herald to the Gentiles; that with perfect abandonment he is the servant of his Lord and bears "branded in his body the marks of Jesus."

The branding of persons is no longer practised by us as a nation, though the statute book of this realm has contained it as an ordinance of criminal justice. But in the time and lands in which St. Paul lived, it was customary. Domestic servants were at times branded with marks of ownership, though among the Greeks and Romans this was chiefly the case with fugitives who had been retaken. In some cases captives of war were so marked, and even soldiers at times branded themselves with some emblem of their general. But even more suggestively, persons attached to heathen deities or temples as priests or servitors were branded with a sign by means of which they were rendered sacred and protected from violence and were absolutely and openly consecrated to their vocation.

Now it is such a seal of devotion and apostleship that St. Paul claims to have received. If his journey to Damascus, with its heavenly vision, and the blindness sent and removed were the time of his conversion since then he had stood forth a "branded" man. Perhaps the brightness of the vision which he saw and obeyed had injured his sight, and, it may be, that it was the weakness of

eyes, to which he seems from time to time to refer, that was the "mark of Jesus." Or it may be that in the evidences of the persecutions and perils he had encountered, in scars left by scourge and rod and stone and shipwreck, he presented visible tokens of the absolute lordship of Jesus Christ. These things were the branding irons which for ever set the seal of His ownership. Now that the great crisis of his life had become a permanent experience, the mere surrender an irrevocable choice, he was to bear "branded in his body the marks of Jesus."

Thus the conversion of Saul had resulted in the absolute, indisputable, irrevocable lordship over him of Jesus Christ. If at times he insisted upon the apostolic prerogatives which Christ had conferred upon him, he as vividly remembered the fact that he was the bond-servant, the slave, the branded servitor of Jesus. The appearance of Christ to him as he journeyed to Damascus, the heavenly vision he obeyed had altogether changed the current of his life. It had robbed him of his freedom; his life was no longer at his own choice, to sit at the feet of Gamaliel, or to follow the purposes of his heart. From the hour when Jesus whom he persecuted, revealed Himself to him, Saul had fallen under a new dominion; and though the path of obedience was one of danger and suffering and loss, yea, though its goal was a martyr's death, he boldly trod it, sealed with the tokens of service, and stamped with the badges of his slavery, bearing "branded on his body the marks of Jesus."

Nor is it improbable that the thought was present to the apostle that men not only branded slaves but also temple servitors. As the historian Herodotus relates this branding of devotees made their bodies sacred and prohibited men from molesting them. It is precisely such protection that St. Paul is here claiming. "Let no

¹ Ver. 11.

man trouble me, for I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus." He asserts that the molestation of the Judaisers must cease. He claims for himself privileges not only as the apostle of Christ, and the evangelist of the Galatians, but also prerogatives of immunity from injury as the consecrated and branded servant of the temple and kingdom of Jesus Christ. He demands the rights which flow from the Divine ownership whose symbols are marked upon him. The sanctity of the God to whom he renders service invests him with awful privileges to which he lays claim. He is not the servant of man, nor the mere teacher of a rival system of faith; he is the accepted and consecrated servant of God, and a priest in His temple. And as he stands in that sanctuary, conscious of the holy anointing and branding he had experienced, he cries: "I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus."

St. Paul was writing to a fickle people. A new fascination had speedily and fatally "bewitched" and ensnared the Galatian converts. They were "quickly removing from him that called them in the grace of Christ unto a different gospel, which is not another gospel."¹ There had been a time when they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to their apostle, but now he is regarded as their enemy, and they treat him as such. Their profession had proved unstable, their consecration inconstant. But the great act of St. Paul's life was decisive for all time. That consecration could never be undone. Those marks, burnt into the flesh of the slave or sacristan could never be healed or deleted. And St. Paul recognises his consecration to Christ as in like manner irrevocable; he was a branded man. He had taken up a service he could never lay aside unaccomplished. His conversion had started him upon a path from which he could never turn aside. It was an act speedily wrought, but life-long, even eternal in its consequences; the burning iron of the Divine Master had rested upon him, leaving its indelible sign. The Galatian converts might renounce Christ's service, to him it was a thing impossible: his was an irrevocable consecration, for he bore "branded on his body the marks of Jesus."

And in this irrevocable consecration to an absolute lordship St. Paul found no cause of shame. His brand marks are his boast. "I bear them," he says, "openly and triumphantly." Like a veteran he stands in the front rank, and his scarred body speaks to the foes he faces of valour and of conflict victoriously waged. The marks of Jesus he bears as a champion might carry the standard of his captain, as gladly and as proudly. For he rejoiced in this that Christ had sealed him; that his conversion had been a permanent change; that the crisis of his life had decided the great question once and for ever; it had set him apart as the servant of Jesus; and in this fact henceforth he would rejoicingly rest: "I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus."

Such a conversion is an ideal after which we

ought to strive. Its miraculous accompaniments may never be repeated, but there are points in which it may be the lot of all Christ's people. The spirit of this great spiritual crisis may be reproduced in us, we may be branded with the marks of Jesus. Some may even bear in the body the evidence of some eventful hour, or the scars of some perilous service. But spiritually all may become the branded servants of Jesus. His absolute lordship ought to be recognised. To Him and His service we ought individually to be surrendered by vows that cannot be revoked. This indelible consecration we ought each to experience. Conversion is not a process to be often repeated; a state now vanishing, and again re-appearing; it should be the immovable foundation upon which a superstructure of grace is ever being raised. A truly converted man is in heart and spirit "branded with the marks of Jesus." Men talk, alas! they act also, as though they might be transferred to the service of God or the bondage of Satan as land is transferred from owner to owner by a conveyance inscribed on parchment, while the thing dealt with undergoes no change. But the man whose idea of conversion rests at that level must know a feeble, unstable life, resulting only in an unhappy, dolorous, almost repulsive presentation of Christianity. Well is it if the hour of spiritual crisis has made us Christ's with so absolute and holy, so irrevocable and glad a consecration as that we can declare: "I bear branded in me, on my inmost soul, the marks of Jesus."

J. T. L. MAGGS, B.A.

Sabbath Thought.

LOOK NOT AROUND THEE.

THE verse, Isa. xli. 10, stands unaltered in the R.V. But in the margin we find words which add new force to it, for in place of "be not dismayed, etc.," we read "*look not around thee, for I am thy God.*"

When David looked around him, he said: "I looked for some to take pity, but there was none" (Psa. lxxix. 20).

When Peter looked around him, "he saw the wind boisterous, and was afraid" (Matt. xiv. 30). No help came from looking around. And so David, in his distress, says: "I cried unto Thee, O Lord." And Peter, "beginning to sink, cried, saying, Lord, save me!" It was through looking around instead of looking up that both the Psalmist and the Apostle were dismayed, and their hearts failed them. The troubles which surround us are sent to make us look above for help; "look unto Me and be ye saved" (Isa. xlv. 22). The heart that looks "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," is the heart which, by God's grace, receives strength to say: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

¹ Gal. i. 6, 7.

"FOR THE CHILDREN'S WARD."



YOUNG brother and sister were seated in the porch of their cottage home one Saturday evening, learning their Sunday lessons.

The school was only going to be held in the morning for that once. In the afternoon there was to be a flower service; and all the children of the parish had been invited to bring any flowers, fruit, or vegetables of their own growing, or of their own buying, that they would spare, to be given for the use and pleasure of the children in the ward of the county hospital.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," was the very appropriate text with which the vicar had headed his invitation.

Of course every boy and girl in the Sunday school meant to carry something. Many a warm-hearted, or generous-natured child, was only too delighted at the opportunity thus afforded of offering gifts that would be acceptable. But there were exceptions.

Some had been too idle, too indolent, or too careless to have anything in their garden corner, or their window box, that was worth giving. Others were essentially greedy, and liked to keep everything for themselves. Others again liked giving, but far more for self-glorification than for the sake of those to whom they gave. These, of course, wished to make the greatest show they could at the least cost to themselves.

To a certain degree, Rachel and James Truman belonged to this last class, not so much from wilful pride and selfishness, as because they had been rather over-indulged by their parents, and had learnt to think themselves of very prime importance to the rest of the world.

As James sat in the roomy porch that summer evening, with his eyes resting on his collect, his thoughts were busy with the flower service of the morrow.

James had quite a good piece of garden of his own, and his father had stocked it for him well. In the foreground a very healthy border of strawberry plants, in the background some equally fine gooseberry bushes, while between them was a profusion of beautiful flowers including two standard rose-trees.

In the whole of the small garden there was scarcely anything actually to be reckoned common or inferior. Whatever James chose to give would make a fair show in comparison with most of his companions' gifts. But—

Yes, that was the gist of the whole matter, there was a "but." Although the gift Jim had already decided upon need not much fear comparison with what others could give, he knew very well that it would bear no comparison with what he meant to keep.

The basket to be carried to church to-morrow was to contain the fruit of a particular strawberry plant, whose berries refused, from some cause or other, to sweeten that year. And a fine show was to be made besides with the gooseberries from a bush, that had now produced such tasteless fruit for two years following, that its owner had decided to pull it up and throw it away directly he had gathered the gooseberries off it for this offering. And as for the flowers. Well, the roses on the white rose-bush did

not bloom out very well this year. The fly had got at the buds; and scarcely a single blossom was quite perfect; still, there were plenty of them, and arranged judiciously they would make quite a lovely appearance. In fact, there would be no need to strip his garden of anything else.

James had something of the artist gift, and as he sat there thinking over the matter, a smile of self-satisfaction rested on his face. He seemed already to hear the praises that would be bestowed on his pretty basket. The red strawberries in their green leaves on one side; the pile of red gooseberries on the other, with just three or four of the good golden ones for effect; and in the midst a snowy heap of the white roses, the good petals uppermost.

Yes, it was quite probable that James would be the bearer of the finest-looking offering in the church, and—how delightfully satisfactory—at almost no cost to himself.

At least, this fact had seemed satisfactory to his mind for some time; but at last his meditations were disturbed by his sister's repeated iteration of a text out of the first chapter of Malachi, which she was learning for the next day's class:—

"If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts."

Miss Anderson had chosen the verse for her class with a view to the coming gifts, praying that the lesson might sink down into some young heart for good. As it turned out there was a pupil more, to learn it, than she had reckoned on.

"For goodness' sake, Ray, do leave off saying your lessons aloud," exclaimed her brother at last irritably. "How do you suppose a fellow can learn his, when you keep up that sing-song all the time?"

"Not all the time, Jim; only while I've been learning this text."

"Well, that's long enough too, and too long. Why, I've learnt it ages ago, only with hearing you say it."

Perhaps Jim had learnt it all the more readily from its crossing his own especial thoughts in such a curious and annoying way. He almost felt at the moment as if his sister must really be a thought reader, and had made up this text for his especial aggravation.

It was a great relief to his feelings when his mind was called off to a new topic, by his day-school master coming up the path.

"Here is your exercise book, Truman. Your progress is highly satisfactory. How are your flowers getting on? As well as you? The roses smell very sweet."

"Yes, don't they, sir?"

The boy had sprung to his feet all brightness and eagerness, and he now followed his master, Mr. Gordon, to his own garden plot.

"Plenty of roses on my trees, ain't there, sir? Won't you have one, please?"

Jim had been thinking so much about his blighted white rose-tree that his hand went to that, mechanically, as he spoke.

"You'll let me gather you one for your button-hole, won't you, sir?"

Mr. Gordon laughed. "No, thank you, my boy. Not if it is to be one of those one-sided, blighted affairs; I am much obliged to you."

Jim started, and flushed deeply, as he drew his hand away from the white roses with a rapid movement, as if he

had been stung. The schoolmaster looked at him with some surprise, and laid his hand on his shoulder kindly.

"Why, my dear boy, you must not take my words to heart like this! Surely you know that I was speaking in fun, and not seriously. I knew perfectly well that you would not really give me an imperfect flower. One gives one's best, not the worst away, does not one? Now I will accept one of those fine crimson roses, if you please, and then I must be off. I am going over to Dunnottar. Good-bye. Don't be disconcerted another time by chance words. They are not worth the compliment."

And with that piece of advice, and another "good-bye," to Rachel, the good master was gone, leaving a very moody pupil behind him.

It was not Mr. Gordon's remark that had troubled Jim, but the recollection it had called up of those words from the Bible whose oft repetition by Rachel had so annoyed him just now. How they did ring in his ears!

"If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts."

"Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee?" muttered James Truman as he stooped, pulling up a weed here and there, and cutting off dead leaves.

He had grown tired of hearing Rachel repeat the text. He grew still more tired of being obliged to repeat it himself whether he would or no. He fell asleep with the words on his lips that night.

"If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil. Cursed be the deceiver, that sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing."

His Bible lay open on the window-seat in his room at that first chapter of Malachi.

As he read, he had tried to persuade himself that the stern words were only meant for "the wicked Jews," or, at any rate, only for the people who lived more than two thousand years ago. But Jim Truman was a clever boy, not a stupid one, and it was no use for him to try to reason against his common-sense.

His fruit and flowers were to be given to the little sufferers in the hospital for Christ's sake, and as a thank-offering for our Father's goodness to us in His gifts.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Ah," went Jim's unwilling thoughts, "inasmuch as ye have offered these little children a corrupt thing, ye have offered it to Me."

Even in the dark Jim's cheeks grew hot, and his eyes burnt. "Cursed be the deceiver, that offereth unto the Lord a corrupt thing."

"Strong words about a very little matter," muttered Jim.

"But, I—I—. Well, it does look shabby, perhaps, when one comes to think of it. Offer it now unto thy governor: will he be pleased with thee? Humph! I should certainly be sorry to try offering our master, or father, the worst I'd got to give. But then —"

He stopped. He knew quite well that there was no true "but then," in the way of excuse for offering to the Lord the refuse of our time, our thoughts, our strength, our lives, or even of our wealth, though all that wealth may be only a few fruits and flowers. There is no "but then." If we wish to give to God we must give Him our best. Less than the best is worse than nothing. "Cursed be the deceiver, which sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing."

Even our repentance and our faith have to be offered through the purifying blood of the Lamb, lost, offered as corrupt things, they should purchase a curse for us rather than a blessing.

But to return to James once more.

James Truman was quite thankful when his father's voice awoke him on Sunday morning. He was having a most uncomfortable dream. He had appeared to be carrying a basket full of nothing but slugs, and worms, and toads and snails to church. The task was as difficult as disagreeable, for the creatures all kept crawling over the sides, and he had to put them back again.

"To make a fine show!" as a taunting dream-voice seemed to keep on saying with a mocking laugh.

But still worse was to come for the sensitive boy. It seemed that the church was reached at last, and he found it full to the very doors of little pale-faced, wistful-eyed, sick children, who were calling out eagerly:—

"Where is Jim Truman? When is Jim Truman coming? He has promised us pretty flowers to look at, and nice sweet strawberries to cool our hot mouths. Tell him to come; we want him."

And then the mocking voice called out—"Well, then, he is here. See what good things he has brought you, to keep his promise with!"

And Jim was pushed into the church; and when the little ones saw the loathsome basketful he brought, they turned from him with horror, and broke into one wide wail of pitiful sobs.

At this moment Mr. Truman called to his son to get up, and with a sigh of the most intense relief Jim awoke.

Twenty minutes later young Truman ran out into the garden to gather his strawberries, till breakfast should be ready. Rachel came to him while he was so engaged, and she looked with mingled wonder, and admiration, at the beautiful plateful of fruit that lay on the path beside the strawberry bed.

"Why, Jim, you have gathered all the very finest you have! Are they to take to the service to-day?"

"I suppose so," was the reply, with more a pretence than a reality of grumpiness. "What's left for us to do, but give the best, after that text you went jabbering over and over and over, last night?"

Ray opened her eyes very wide at that answer, and for some moments she stared at her brother without speaking. A light broke over her face at last.

"Ah! I see now," she said quietly. "When Miss Anderson gave us that text to learn, she said that she hoped we should all find a good lesson in it for ourselves. But do you know, Jim, I hadn't found anything in it at all, that seemed to fit me till now."

"Perhaps I should not have found anything either," said Jim, "only that you went on repeating it just as I was making out how to seem, so to say, to give away a cake, and yet keep it myself. But, come along, there is mother calling us to breakfast."

"I say, though, I think the little uns in the hospital will find these berries good, don't you?"

A light had come into the boy's face that his sister had never seen there before. In the night a mocking voice had seemed to taunt him for his selfish and disingenuous designs. But now the voice of his Lord Himself seemed to speak the precious, loving promise to his soul:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

It would be well for many of us if we remembered, as James Truman did, that the Bible is not given us for a mere reading book, but for a teaching book. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning."

It need not be said that the Trumans' two baskets were about the most acceptable ones that were taken to the children's ward that day.

"Everything was so good and perfect of its kind;" that was the general verdict passed upon the contents.

GRACE STEBBING.