

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE GRANDMOTHER.

Sebenty and Seben.

MY sun of life is almost gone,
I cannot read the words loved best;
These hands, that have such labours done,
Now learn the harder task of rest;
O Thou, the aged pilgrim's Friend,
Be with me even to the end.

Of the blithe comrades of my youth
I only live, outliving all,
But in her winsomeness and truth,
My grandchild doth the past recall;
I read again in fairer guise
My long-lost childhood in her eyes.

And when she prattles at my knee,
 I often think that up in heaven
 The angels little difference see
 Between our seventy years and seven :
 Her treasures opening, flower and frond,
 And mine, safe harvested beyond !

I thank Thee, Lord, for mercies shed
 On all the by-paths of my years ;
 That for the bowed and hoary head
 Thy benediction still appears ;
 These snows of winter only say
 Thy spring-time is not far away.

With Father-love that cannot change
 Thou dost encompass young and old,
 No frailty can Thy thought estrange,
 Nor length of days relax Thy hold :
 Past seventy years of good and ill,
 We are Thy little children still.

Be with me now, that age may prove
 How great Thy compensations are,
 Till, from the covert of Thy love,
 I see the dawning break afar—
 And where no growing old can be
 Find youth and home again in Thee !

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

TOM HERON OF SAX

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XVI.—MADAM'S DISCOVERY.

"SO much for the Methodists and their doctrines!" said Madam.

This remark had been heard from the lips of that lady more than once since Tom Heron's last wild outbreak, which had considerably transcended anything of the kind hitherto committed by him; but in the words as uttered to-day there appeared to be an especial significance, and as she swept into Mrs. Bridget's drawing-room, with that rustle of silken skirts which seemed inseparable from any movement on Madam's part, Athol saw at a glance that something of an unwonted nature had occurred to excite her aunt, and both she and Mrs. Bridget rose to their feet with interest, as they greeted their kinswoman and visitor.

Madam's winter visits to her brother-in-law's rectory were not at all numerous, but this bright, crisp December day had tempted her as far as Hownston. She had had shopping to do in the town, and had dined at the rectory an hour or two earlier. After this she had gone once more into the town, returning for a cup of Mrs. Bridget's excellent tea to refresh her for the long drive home: and it was upon this second entrance that she showed in her look and manner that she had met with some adventure of an arousing kind.

"What is it, dear aunt?" asked Athol eagerly, greatly wondering how Madam could have met with any encounter from the Methodists, who were quiet enough in their ways, save that on Sundays and sometimes in the evenings, if weather permitted, there were open-air gatherings more or less largely attended.

Madam sank down in her easy chair, her silken skirts falling gracefully round her, and from the ample muff she carried she drew forth a packet wrapped in soft paper, which she placed in Athol's hands.

"I think you will recognise the contents, my dear," she said; "open it and see."

Athol obeyed and uttered a cry of surprise.

"Why, surely, it is Irene's pearl necklace."

"Exactly. I should have known it anywhere. The necklace I chose with such care, and her father gave her upon her last birthday. And where do you suppose I found it to-day?"

Athol shook her head in blank astonishment. Mrs. Bridget approached nearer and took the case in her hands.

"Sure it is the same," she said, "and a prettier trinket of the kind I never saw before. Where did you find it, sister?"

"I saw it in Griffith's window," answered Madam. Griffith was a watch-maker and jeweller in Hownston, a man of upright character and largely patronised by the gentry round.

"In Griffith's window?" echoed Athol, and then stopped suddenly short with a feeling of great dismay. Had not somebody told her that Griffith was friendly and well-disposed towards the Methodists?—and had he not given a handsome donation towards the expenses of the chapel now in course of erection? Athol could scarcely have told why these thoughts instantly arose in her mind in connection with the appearance of Irene's necklace in that window: but she ceased speaking, and only listened with breathless interest to the talk of the elder ladies.

"How could it have got there?" asked Mrs. Bridget.

"Exactly my own question," said Madam, "and I went in to inquire. I did not of course say what I knew of the former history of the necklace: but I made searching inquiries as to how it had reached Griffith's hands. I thought the man was a little inclined to be reserved, but when pressed he spoke out frankly enough. He had nothing to be ashamed of. It was not long before I had the whole story. I should like you to guess who had brought the necklace for sale, and the object for which it was to be sold."

Athol's face was crimson; the name of Nancy Dawson was on her lips, but she restrained herself, whilst Mrs. Bridget only shook her head, saying she could form no conjecture at all.

"It was Tom Heron that brought that necklace to sell," cried Madam with something of triumph in her tone. "He brought it to Griffith's with a lying, trumped-up tale of how it had been given to him by the owner for the good of the cause—the Methodist cause, if you please: and he was persuaded to buy it, and to place the money in the hands of those persons who were collecting funds for that miserable building they are erecting under the name of a chapel."

"But how could Tom get hold of the necklace?" asked Mrs. Bridget quickly, "I cannot understand."

"I can," answered Madam incisively. "It is not difficult to see how it was done. During the early months of the year, shortly after our return from Bath, that young man was constantly about the house. We had sickness in the stables, and the boys encouraged him to come about the place as he chose. When a perfectly unscrupulous man has the run of the back regions, one never knows what the end will be. He had chances and to spare of entering the house himself, or of corrupting one of the indoor maids——"

"But I thought that at that time he had turned over a new leaf?"

"Turned into a canting Methodist you mean," sneered Madam with unwonted heat of manner. "Ay, so he had—there lies just the point of the whole thing. The old, wild, wicked Tom Heron would never have demeaned himself by theft and dissimulation. He might be reckless, profane, a number of undesirable things—but low, and mean, and dishonest—never. It was for these deeply pious Methodists to teach him those lessons of guile. Have I not always said that they were Jesuits in disguise? And does not this thing prove the truth of my words? Had I known what I know of him now, I never would have had him near the place. But it was hidden from me, though other people knew it, it seems. And this is what comes of it. The Methodists have made Tom Heron a liar and a thief!"

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Bridget. "Are you sure that the thing has not happened since the poor young man returned to his wild ways, as he has done now, they say?"

"Ay—and is ten times worse than ever—it is always the way with those who think they have got hold of some wonderful new religion that is going to make them better than anybody else. Oh, no, Bridget, there is no mistake. This necklace has been in Griffith's hands for several months. It came to him when Tom Heron was in the full flood of his Methodist enthusiasm. Well, he will soon learn by sharp experience what his new friends have done for him."

"What do you mean," asked Athol, who was looking rather pale.

"Mean, child?" echoed her aunt sharply, "Why I mean, of course, that he will be arrested for it. Bare-faced robbery must not go unpunished. It may be a hanging matter for aught I know. Not long since I know that men were hanged for sheep-stealing, and highwaymen are hanged for robbery still—and a very good thing too. A fine end to Tom's Methodism—that it should lead him to the gallows! Well, if it prove

an example and a warning to others it will not be thrown away. It seems to me that people in these days require a very sharp lesson—silly sheep, all running one after another after false shepherds. I have no patience with it."

Athol turned away to the window that her face might not be seen. A horrible misgiving had come over her. She did not believe that the necklace had been stolen. She remembered asking Irene to lend it to her only a few weeks back, and her cousin professed not to be able to find it. Athol had been struck by her manner at the time, and had thought it strange; but had since forgotten the incident. Now it all came back to her. Irene was certainly a party to the disappearance of the trinket. But what would her course of action be now? It was impossible to believe that she would permit Tom Heron to be thrown into prison on the charge of theft: but so involved had the girl now become in the meshes of a net of deceit, that to break through would be extraordinarily difficult: and Athol felt as though she could not rely in the least upon what Irene was likely to say or do upon a difficult occasion. She had so often surprised her before, that she had no clue to the state of her feelings now.

Miss Fortescue was trying to soothe down Madam's displeasure. Good Mrs. Bridget, though by no means an advocate of the Methodists, had learned by this time that they were not an evilly disposed or turbulent community, if let alone by others. She thought it very odd if Tom Heron's moral perceptions had been blunted by association with them, and by listening to their teachings. Still, as the proverb has it, "Facts are stubborn things," and the facts appeared to be against him. Still there might be some explanation, and she was trying to get Madam to avoid acting with precipitation. She, too, was dimly aware of Irene's secret sympathy with the Methodists, though she did not know how far it had gone.

The Rector came in and heard the story: he was a little disposed to pooh-pooh the whole thing, and to say that there must be two necklaces of the same pattern in the world.

"Go home and talk to Irene about it," he said, "I don't doubt for a moment but that she can lay your suspicions at rest. Tom Heron is not that kind of sinner; and not even the wildest of Jesuits could persuade him to theft—let alone these Methodists, who, with all their cranks and crazes, are honest and well-meaning fellows in the main. Oh, I know what you feel about them, sister, but you see I claim a little more knowledge, having so many of them in my parish, and under my nose, as it were. I often enough wish them all at Jericho: but that does not make them rogues or thieves. And if they do drive some poor creatures almost into lunacy with terror and remorse, they do turn some of the wicked from their evil ways—I am the last to deny it, though it means that I admit them to have succeeded where I have failed. Go home and talk to Irene. I dare say you will find that she has her necklace all safe at home."

Madam did not believe herself mistaken; but

time was getting on, and she took her brother-in-law's hint.

Athol spent an uncomfortable evening, wondering what was going on at Rookwood, and speculating if she herself was acting rightly in keeping her cousin's secret under such serious circumstances; and as the following morning dawned fair and bright, she ordered her horse to be saddled very shortly after breakfast, and rode off to see Mary Ernscliff, to share with her in some measure the burden that was oppressing her. Mary Ernscliff, as Athol well knew, was as conscious of the change which had recently come over Irene as she was herself. The two friends had discussed it together frequently, and Athol was sure that Mary partially divined the cause. Both regretted that constitutional timidity, coupled with a not unreasonable dread of her mother's displeasure, still held the girl silent and led her into a tacit and negative form of deceitfulness: but both hoped that something would arise to show her the error into which she was falling, and make her see that, with whatever motive, she was actually doing evil that good might come.

There was another reason why Athol wished to see Mary. The Lady of Ernscliff had recently succeeded to a handsome fortune and a small estate just over the Scotch border, which had come to her by the death of an uncle. Athol had only heard this news a few days ago, and was wishful to congratulate Mary on her good fortune. She knew that this access of wealth would be certain to add zest to her brother's wooing, and the sister was naturally anxious to see if any gradual change had come over Mary's mind with regard to her future. It seemed impossible to Athol that she could seriously contemplate living her life always alone because of the tragedy of her early girlhood. Surely the image of her dead lover must be growing dim by this time. And when once that image had faded, what more could heart of maiden desire than the dashing, handsome, lover-like George Fortescue?

Still it was the matter of Irene and the necklace which was uppermost in Athol's mind, as she dismounted at the door and made her way into Mary's presence. In a few moments the facts of the case were all made known, and Athol was eagerly asking Mary what she thought about the whole business.

"I do not think Tom Heron would steal:" was the decisive answer, "if that necklace is Irene's, he must have come by it in some honest way. He has been rash and wrong in having anything to do with it; but rashness has always been poor Tom's failing. I am very grieved for him just now. My little friend Molly, his blind sister, is in sad distress. It seems such a noble nature depraved and thrown away. I feared when I heard how he shut himself up and refused any kind of help or companionship good or bad, that the strain would be too much—that there would be a terrible relapse. Poor lad, he has so much against him; and even the truth, when he gets a grip of it, only sets him at variance with all the world. He seems fated to be an Ishmaelite, seems almost to desire it for himself. But I truly

believe he will come out of this again, and will perhaps be a better and humbler man for the fall. He had, without knowing it perhaps, such unbounded confidence in himself—in his own strength. This sad fall will no doubt teach him that he must look upon himself as a little child, to be led and guided still, and very apt to slip and fall and falter."

"If he is sent to prison and the gallows he will have small time to learn anything," answered Athol quickly. "I don't profess to know much about souls, I think of people's bodies, and it seems to me that Tom Heron's is in no small peril just now."

What Mary's reply would have been Athol never knew, for at this moment the door was suddenly opened, and Irene burst into the room, her face pale and tear-stained, her eyes red as if with sleeplessness and anxious terror. Seeing who was with Mary, she divined that the story was half told, and flinging herself down on her knees she buried her face in Mary's dress as she broke out into passionate speech.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do? It is too terrible, too horrible to be believed! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"There is always one thing to do in times of perplexity, Irene—one thing that can never be wrong," answered Mary quietly, "and that is to tell the whole truth, whatever it may be. It may be hard; it may seem to be almost impossible: but God is always ready to help us to be brave in His service, and we know that He is the Truth."

"Oh, Mary, Mary, Mary, how can I tell my mother? Oh, if only I had spoken at first, it might have been easy, but now that it has gone on for a year. Oh, I do not know what to do!"

Mary did not affect to misunderstand her; though this was the first time she had spoken so openly of her secret.

"You mean about your sympathy with the Methodist revival, as it is called? Come, Irene, try to be calm, and let us look the matter quietly in the face. But first about this necklace—how did it come into Tom's possession?"

"I gave it him," cried Irene, "I gave it him to sell for the chapel. Nancy said it was right, and I thought it was too. We were both afraid to sell it ourselves, but we thought if Tom did it it would be quite safe, and he was not afraid."

"But your mother might have asked at any time what had become of it. What would you have said then?"

Irene's face was still hidden, but she was speaking freely now, and without subterfuge.

"I do not exactly know—we hoped it might seem as if it were lost. We had tided over difficulties before, and hoped to again. Oh, Mary, I know it sounds very deceitful: but it did seem as though to save our souls and be soldiers of Christ, it was worth everything it cost."

Mary could not restrain a smile at these words.

"And did you think, little one, that salvation was only to be found in Methodism, and that Christ's soldiers had to begin their campaign by disobeying some of His most solemn commandments? But, Irene, dear, you might have saved

yourself much misery and perplexity if you had taken better counsel than that of a well-meaning but ignorant girl like Nancy Dawson——”

“Oh, indeed, I might! I am dreadfully disappointed in Nancy,” answered Irene with a fresh access of sorrow. “It was only last week that she suddenly gave notice, and declared she would stay no longer in a house so wicked as ours. It is true she had been asked to do some work on Sunday, which it was not quite her place to do: but I found out very soon that her real reason in leaving was, that she had had the offer of a place in a rich family in Hownston, where the people are all more or less Methodists. The housekeeper was angry with her, and said she might go at once, and she packed up and went off the next day. She did not seem to have the least feeling for me—left alone, without a soul to speak to about—about the things we care for. She said it was her duty to go and live in a godly household when she had the chance, and I dare say it was—but I did think she might have shown a little feeling for me, after leading me and teaching me, and warning me never to let mother know anything.”

“Do you mean that Nancy deliberately tried to turn you into a Methodist, when she entered your service as a maid?” asked Athol.

“Yes, indeed she did,” answered Irene, “and she soon made me see that only the Methodists knew the way of salvation. Before I had been so happy sometimes in listening to Mr. Latham. When he came instead of those curates who went before, and was so different from them, I began to think I was learning the truth, and life looked different, and I was happy. And then—oh, I hardly know how it began—but I found out the real way—and then we went to Bath, and Nancy took me to the early morning meetings, and I was convinced of sin, and by-and-by found peace. Oh, it was such a happy, blessed time!—and I thought I should be happy always: but somehow, now that I am here, all seems different. I cannot get to the preachings, and church has been spoiled for me—it is all so cold, so hard, so formal.”

“If it is that, Irene, the fault is in yourself,” answered Mary smiling, “If you do not believe me, ask Mr. Wesley himself. He is a true son of the established as well as of the universal church. My dear, dear child, you have been making a sad mistake all this time in thinking that the repentance for sin and the ardent faith in the crucified Saviour, are only to be found amongst Methodists. When you get home, get your Prayer-book, and see what that teaches you. Compare its teaching with that in your Bible. Is not John Wesley himself a clergyman, and does he not love the church of his land? Have you not been like those of old, who said, ‘I am of Paul,’ or ‘I am of Apollos?’ Is Christ divided now, more than He was then? Does He wish to be found in one small part of this great world, and excluded from all the rest? Think, Irene, what it means when you speak as if souls could be saved by Methodists alone? Is it not denying that Christ died for all?—is it not,

if pushed to its logical conclusion, almost as much as saying that *men* hold the key of heaven or hell—is it not claiming for them what they never dream of claiming for themselves, and would not such teaching lead at last to something worse than Romish superstition and error?”

Irene gazed at Mary with dilated eyes. The poor child had gone through a great deal during the past eighteen months of her life; the false position in which she had placed herself with regard to her mother, had sealed her lips and caused her to prey upon herself in secret; whilst she had no counsellor but an ignorant girl, who had shown herself anything but a wise guide. No wonder that her mind had become strangely perverted, and her ideas all thrown into confusion. Tossed about in a sea of doubt and uncertainty, she clung to Mary as if in her she found a sheet-anchor.

“Then it would not be wicked to cease being a Methodist, and to let myself be happy in church and enjoy the service again?”

“Do we worship another God in the church here?” asked Mary smiling, “or have you learnt to worship a new one with your Methodist friends?”

Irene hung her head, and murmured that it seemed different.

“Just so, dear child, the differences are in externals, not in the deep underlying truth. In many places—formerly in Sax itself, the clergy were sleeping and the church seemed to slumber with them: it needed that a call should be made to startle and awake them, and God has caused His name to be proclaimed aloud by unlettered men whom the world despises. But leaving the wider question, let us think only of your position. You are in your parents’ house, under their care, and they would not wish you to openly join yourself to a body whose action is not approved by your mother. Here in Sax we are blessed by a good and holy pastor, who does not withhold the Word from his flock: therefore there can be no call upon you to go elsewhere for the Bread of life. Irene, you must tell your mother your story, the mystery about the necklace renders any more concealment absolutely impossible: but, in telling her, you can tell her also that you repent your false step, and that you will no longer act in opposition to her wishes. It may be hard to do—but it is the right course to take, and there is always compensation in that thought, although there may be suffering and punishment. Come, tell me that you will be brave and do it: think what the relief will be when all is known. Let me hear you say that you will confess all.”

“Oh, I will, I will!” cried Irene, with sudden passionate fervour, “But, Mary, dear Mary, will you come with me whilst I do it?”

“I will do so gladly,” answered Mary, rising with alacrity, “Let us lose no time in setting forth.”

And Athol sprang up and threw her arm around Irene crying:

“We will all go together—we will all help you through with it.”

PSALM CX.

THE CXth Psalm is a signal prophecy of the Lord Jesus Christ, describing His person, kingdom, priesthood, and the work of redemption wrought by Him. Parts of this prophecy are quoted and applied in the New Testament; by our Lord Himself, Matt. xxii. 43; by St. Peter, Acts ii. 34; by St. Paul, 1 Corinthians xv. 25, and also in Hebrews v. 6. If we consider how directly this Psalm is applied to Christ, and how plainly all the passages of it are associated with the faith of Christians, concerning the work and offices of the Messiah, we need not be surprised that in every age of the Church it has been regarded as "Messianic." The fathers of the English Reformation, viewing it as a declaration of faith scarcely to be paralleled in any other part of Scripture, appointed it as one of the proper Psalms to be read on Christmas Day in all the churches.

The manner in which our Lord Himself used the Psalm is worthy of special notice. The narrative is given in all the Synoptic gospels, and with such variations by each evangelist as to fix the attention more surely on the occurrence. In Matthew we read (xxii. 41-45): "While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he? They say unto him, The son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?"

In Mark (xii. 35-37) we are told that it was when He was teaching in the temple, He said: "How say the scribes that Christ is the Son of David? For David himself said by the Holy Ghost, The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool. David therefore himself calleth him Lord; and whence is he then his son?"

And in Luke (xx. 42-44) it is more pointedly said: "David himself saith in the book of Psalms, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool." In the Revised Version the rendering is substantially the same in all the gospels, save that in Matthew, "the spirit" is given "Spirit;" while in Mark it is given, "David himself said in the Holy Spirit." And in Matthew it is, "till I put thine enemies underneath thy feet."

Not only is the Psalm distinctly appropriated to Himself by our Lord and Saviour, but also the Psalm is ascribed by the great Teacher to David, "speaking by the Holy Ghost," as the author of the Psalm. The Jewish commentators, seeing how the Christian faith recognizes the application to Christ, endeavoured to wrest the meaning; though some of their masters, when not thinking of the controversy with Christians, refer some of the things spoken of to the world to come, or the

days of the expected Messiah. In fact, until the outbreak of German rationalist interpretation, no one questioned the Messianic bearing of this Psalm.

Will it be believed that the author of a recent English work, the "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," with these plain words of the New Testament before him, says, "There is no record of the question whether a particular portion of the Old Testament was written by Moses, or David, or Isaiah, having ever been submitted to Him; or had it been so submitted, we have no means of knowing what His answer would have been." He explains himself by saying that our Lord "accepted as the basis of His teaching the opinions respecting the Old Testament current around Him"; and that "this Psalm, though it may be ancient, can hardly have been composed by David. If read without *præjudicium*, it produces the irresistible impression of having been written not by a king with reference to an invisible Spiritual Being standing above him as his superior, but by a prophet with reference to the theocratic king." Of course this view implies assertion not only of the limited knowledge of the Divine Saviour, but of His accommodating His teaching to the ignorance and prejudices of the Jews of His day.

The following extracts from the Commentary of good Bishop Horne will delight all who believe in the Bible as the word of God, and have faith in Christ as a Divine Saviour.

"1. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

We are here informed of Jehovah's eternal and unchangeable decree concerning the kingdom of Messiah, its extension, power, and duration. That Messiah should, after his sufferings, be thus exalted, was determined in the divine counsel and covenant, before the world began. Whether we suppose the Psalmist to be speaking of that determination, or of its actual accomplishment at the time of Christ's ascension into heaven, it maketh no great difference. The substance of the decree is the same. It was addressed by the Father to the Son, by Jehovah to Messiah, whom David in spirit styloth, יְיָ, "my Lord;" not one that should come after him, as his offspring according to the flesh; but one in dignity of person, and greatness of power, far superior to him, and to every earthly potentate; King of kings, and Lord of lords; God and man united in one person. To this person it was said by the Father, "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool;" in other words, Seeing, O my Son Messiah, thou hast glorified me on the earth, and finished the work which I gave thee to do, the great work of man's redemption; take now the throne prepared for thee from the foundation of the world; behold, all power is given unto thee; enter upon thy mediatorial kingdom, and reign till every opposer shall have submitted himself to thee, and sin and death shall have felt thy all conquering arm.

"2. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies."

In the foregoing verse, David related the words spoken

by the Father to the Son. In this, he himself, as a prophet, directeth his speech to King Messiah, predicting the glorious consequences of his enthronization, and the manner in which "his enemies" are to be "made his footstool." The "rod," or sceptre of Christ's "strength" is his word, accompanied by his Spirit. The law was given to Israel from Sinai, but the gospel went forth from "Sion;" it was "preached to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem," Luke xxiv. 47; there began the spiritual kingdom of Jesus; there were the first converts made; and from thence the faith was propagated by the apostles, to the ends of the earth; and the church thus erected and established among the nations, hath been as marvellously preserved, "in the midst of her enemies," unto this day; yea, and the world shall sooner be destroyed, than she shall cease to be preserved.

"3. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness: from the womb of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth."

The blessed effects of the Gospel, upon its publication, are here foretold. "The people" of Christ are those given him by his Father, and gathered to him by the preachers of his word. "The day of his power" is the season of their conversion, when the corruptions of nature can no longer hold out against the prevailing influences of grace; when the heart, will, and affections turn from the world to God; and they make, as the first disciples did, a free and voluntary offer of themselves, and all they have, to their Redeemer. Then it is that they appear "in the beauties of holiness," adorned with humility, faith, hope, love, and all the graces of the Spirit. The whole verse containeth a lively character of the subjects of Christ's spiritual kingdom, who are described by their relation to him as "his people;" by their "willingness" to obey and serve him; by their honourable attire, the rich and splendid robes of "holiness;" and by their multitudes, resembling the drops of "dew" upon the grass.

"4. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek."

From Christ's regal office and the administration thereof by the sceptre of his word and Spirit, the prophet passeth to his sacerdotal office, which was also conferred on him by the decree of the Father, and that decree, as we are told, ratified by an oath; "Jehovah hath sworn, and will not repent," or, change his purpose. We have a priest in heaven, who standeth continually pleading the merits of His sacrifice once offered upon the cross: "Who ever liveth to make intercession for us;" and who is ready at all times to bless us, "by turning away every man from his iniquities," Acts iii. 26, by aiding us against our enemies, and supporting us under our necessities. Oblation, intercession, and benediction are the three branches of the sacerdotal office, which our great High Priest now exerciseth for us, and in the exercise of which the Father hath condescended in the most awful manner to promise that he will hear and accept him on our behalf. His priesthood is not, like that of Aaron, figurative, successive, and transient, but real and effectual, fixed and incommunicable, eternal and unchangeable, according to that pattern of it exhibited to Abraham, before the law, in the person of Melchizedek, Gen. xiv. 18-20, and discoursed upon at large by the apostle, Heb. vii. throughout.

"5. The Lord upon thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath."

"6. He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries;" *Heb.* the head over much country.

By "the Lord upon thy right hand" (אֲדֹנָי עַל יְמִינִי), the same person must undoubtedly be understood, who is mentioned in the first verse under the same title, אֲדֹנָי, as "sitting at the right hand of Jehovah." And the Psalmist, who has hitherto addressed himself to Messiah, or the Son, must be supposed now to make a sudden apostrophe to Jehovah, or the Father; as if he had said, "This, my Lord Messiah, who sitteth at Thy right hand, O Jehovah, shall smite through kings in the day of his wrath; the kings of the earth will endeavour to destroy his religion, and put an end to his kingdom; but 'the Lamb shall overcome them;' he shall 'judge' and shall punish the impenitent." There is a day of forbearance, during which he will have his church to be, like himself, oppressed and afflicted, humble and resigned; but there is also a future day of wrath and recompense, when the sins and provocations of her persecutors shall be ripe for judgment; when their triumphs and her sufferings shall be at an end.

"7. He shall drink of the brook, or, torrent, in the way; and therefore shall he lift up his head."

The means by which Christ should obtain his universal kingdom and everlasting priesthood seem here to be assigned. In his "way" to glory, he was to drink deep of the waters of affliction¹; the swollen "torrent" occurred in the way, and presented itself between him and the throne of God. To this "torrent in the way" the Saviour descended; he bowed himself down, and "drank" of it for us all; "and therefore (לְכָל) did he lift up his head;" that is, he arose victorious, and reigneth till "his enemies be made his footstool." St. Paul expressed the same sentiment in literal terms; "He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross: wherefore (διό) God also hath highly exalted him" (Phil. ii. 8).

It is a happy thing that, even in Germany, books of devotion, and books of hymns, have had so much influence among those people who are professedly Christian. Scepticism and rationalism have chiefly prevailed among the learned at the universities, and the readers of their books. Learning is good, but not when sought at the expense of devout and reverent feeling. Nor is it from the cold critics of the letter of the Scripture that we expect to hear the grateful, joyous utterance of praise—

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine,
And blessings more than we can give
Do, Lord, for ever Thine.

¹ Other commentators refer the drinking of the brook not to waters of affliction, but to wells of refreshment. In the "Book of Psalms, with explanatory notes" (R. T. S.), we read: "As a conqueror refreshed by a hasty draught at a brook continues the fight and pursuit till his foes are completely subdued, so the Messiah's strength shall never fail until the last enemy is destroyed."

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERK, PH.D.

IMAGE OF A JAIN SAINT IN A TEMPLE ON MOUNT ABU.

THE picture (p. 249) represents a Jain temple. The innermost part of the sanctuary is a cell containing the image of a saint, who is seated cross-legged, the palms of his hands turned upwards, in a state of fixed contemplation. The attitude is the same in which Buddha appears in ancient sculptures; the likeness is so great as to leave it doubtful, in other similar instances, who is represented by the statues; in this case however the fact that the figure is "sky-clad"—that means unclothed—and attended by shapes of animals that appear in bas-relief, makes it certain, that we have before us the likeness of a Jain saint. Like a white picture it appears, surrounded by a framework of marble carving of exquisite workmanship. It is lighted up not from above—for there are no windows to the cells—but from the door, that opens in front and leads into a pillared hall. The cell and the hall are surrounded by an oblong court and enclosed by walls, along which are rows of apartments, like so many pigeon-holes, containing each the image of a cross-legged saint of exactly the same size and shape. The temple is one of a small group of shrines, built on the top of Mount Abu, which rises like a green island above the Rajputana plain. The naked image, the cells, the structure of the temple, its position on the height of a solitary mountain removed from human habitations, are all characteristic features of the Hindoo sect of which we propose giving a brief account in this paper.

In the earlier numbers of this series of articles the rise and the fall of Buddhism was traced in short outlines. Jainism was formerly held to be a descendant of that religion which had once spread over the continent of India, and which has now disappeared from it. The earlier census confounded Buddhists and Jains; but the later returns¹ show that in 1881 there were over 3½ millions of Buddhists, but less than half a million Jains in the British dominions. The latter are scattered in small communities over Calcutta and the cities of the Ganges valley, over Mewar, Guzerat, and the upper part of the Malabar coast. They are traders and merchants, closely connected by intermarriage, and united by the strong ties of religion and of money; their wealth, exhibited by the many sacred buildings which private individuals amongst them have erected and endowed, gives them an importance out of proportion to their small number. Recent researches² have shown that the Buddhist and

the Jain religions are akin, and yet unlike one another, and do not stand in the relationship of church and sect, of tree and branch, but that they are both growths out of the same grounds; both have "developed out of Brahmanism" in that religious movement which in the sixth century B.C. made itself felt throughout the Ganges valley, and which was a protest against the authority of the Vedas, the worship of gods and the practice of sacrifices. The Jains, however, did not oppose the orthodox creed to the same extent as the disciples of Buddha; they admitted to a certain degree caste in their communities, and assigned a subordinate position to the Hindoo gods in their temples; they did not accordingly arouse the same amount of hostility against themselves; they were not subjected to persecutions; and whilst the Buddhists disappeared, the Jains survived and took their place.

The founder of the church, the last of the long line of "perfect saints," whom the Jains revere, was Mahavira, a contemporary of Buddha; he belonged to the same class of society, and the surroundings of his life have a striking resemblance to those of his great rival. His father, Siddhartha, was the chief of the village of Kundagrama; his mother, Trisala, was sister to Ketaka, king of Vaisali. Wonderful signs and portents heralded, we are told, the birth of the venerable teacher. His mother beheld no less than fourteen bright dreams and visions; his father's house increased in "silver, gold, majesty, and power," the parents resolved that the baby about to be born, should be called Vardhamana, that means "the increasing one."¹ In the night of its birth, the celestial-ones "descending and ascending shed a divine lustre over the universe . . . and the conflux of gods caused great confusion and noise." Great festivities were held and gifts distributed in the chieftain's hall. Nor did the signs prove vain, for the child thus brought into the world, grew up "a clever man and of great beauty." He remained in his home till his 29th year, when he entered, after the death of his parents, with the permission of his elder brother, on a spiritual career. There came for him, as for Buddha, the hour of Renunciation, when he "left his silver and gold and distributed presents amongst the poor." He gave up, one by one, everything that had been dear to him; "going to a wood called Shandavana of the Guatris he took off his ornaments, garlands, finery; and leaving his house he entered the state of houselessness." But the venerable ascetic Mahavira went a good deal further than Buddha; he plucked out his hair in five handfuls; after a year he abandoned

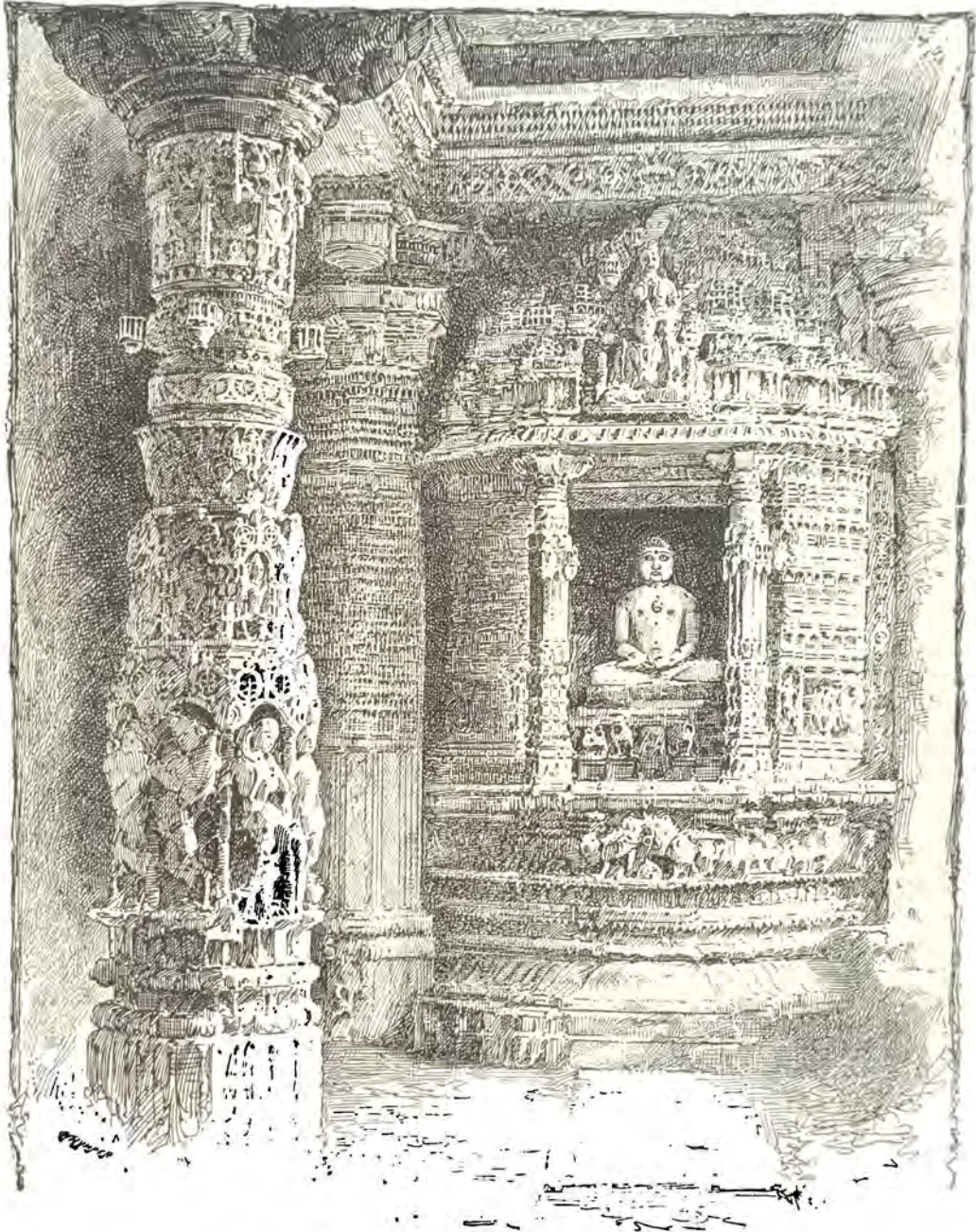
¹ Sir W. Hunter. Imperial Gazetteer of India. Second edition. 1886. Vol. vi. p. 158 *et seq.*

² H. Jacobi, in Max Müller, Sacred Books of the East, 1884. Vol. xxii. Gaiina Sutras. Introduction, p. xxxii. *et seq.*

¹ Page 251 *et seq.* H. Jacobi. Gaiina Sutras.

the use of clothes and went naked in the wilderness. We may indeed believe after this that "he neglected his body and cared not for it." But he was attentive to his duties as regards things

Kevala, "the highest knowledge and intuition." He had risen to that stage, where he was indifferent alike to dirt and gold, attached neither to this world nor to that beyond; he had arrived



INTERIOR OF THE DELWARA TEMPLE, MOUNT ABU.

external and internal. He was "circumspect in walking, sitting and standing; guarding his thoughts, words and acts, guarding his senses, guarding his chastity, he remained without wrath, pride, and greed, calm, tranquil, and free from temptation." Thus did he after twelve years of bodily and mental training attain unto

"at the other shore of the great ocean," he had become Mahavira, a perfect saint. Thirty years he lived to teach his religious system and to found an order of ascetics. Like Buddha, he appears to have been moving incessantly from place to place, during eight months of the year, passing not more than one night in a village; but the

four months of the rainy season he spent in some larger town; the cities of Rajgir and Sravasti entertained hospitably the two religious teachers of the age. Their followers and disciples were recruited from the same class of society, the landed aristocracy; Bimbisara, king of Magadha, is praised alike by Buddhist and Jain writers as friend and patron; his son, Kunika, founded the Maurya empire, and opened thus a new field of activity to the apostles of either faith. There are few events in the life of Mahavira which we can record; we hear of his rivalry with, and victory over, Gosala, the son of Makkhali; and we know the names of his eleven disciples, whom he gathered, and to whom he left the example of his life and doctrine. His followers, however, appear to have "freed themselves" before him "of all earthly pains;" and when the master, in the 42nd year of his "renunciation," in the 30th year of his "knowledge," in the 72nd year of his life—breathed his last in the small town of Papa, he left one apostle, Sudharman, to become the head of the church and to preserve the continuity of tradition.

The history of the origin and the early development of Jainism, is placed beyond a doubt by the numerous references found in the sacred books of their rivals, the Buddhists. The writings of the latter preserved in the north in Tibet, as well as in the south in Ceylon (the southern canon dates from the third century B.C.), describe sects which closely correspond to the Jains, and they speak of their leader Nataputta, who is identified with Mahavira. His death, which took place about 500 A.D., preceded that of Gautama; and the ascetic order of monks which he established, is as old as the greater brotherhood, which had gathered round his rival. One of Asoka's edicts (250 A.D.) makes mention of the Niganthas "who have cast away every tie;" the early Greek writers express their admiration of, or surprise at, the Indian gymnosophists, the wise men who dispensed with the use of garments; and authors of a later date, like Porphyry, learned to distinguish between "the Brahmanes" (the Brahmans) whom they alternately style philosophers, sophists and priests, and the Samanaeans, the sects that knew nothing of caste-distinction. Clement of Alexandria was acquainted with the differences that existed amongst the latter, he drew a line between Buddhists and Jains. An inscription, found at Mysore, dating from the sixth century of our æra, mentions the two principal sects, into which the church had been divided.

When we turn from the evidence given by outsiders to that handed down within the community itself, we find that for two centuries the traditions of Mahavira and of the saints before him, were transmitted by word of mouth from generation to generation; the sacred lore appears first to have been fixed in writing and collected in a volume about three centuries B.C.; at that time also, most likely the division took place, which has remained till our times, of the two sects, the Svetambaras, "the White-Robed," and the Digambaras, "the Sky-clad." The fashion of dress and the manner of life which these two

religious orders observe, is sufficiently indicated by their names; but the Digambaras have, in course of time, so far conformed to the laws of decency, that they appear "air-clad" only when taking their food. Jainism never aspired to become a universal religion; it did not extend its boundaries, nor experience an inner development, nor suffer persecutions, like Buddhism. The course of its history was smooth; its philosophy remained unchanged; and the sacred canon, the Bible of the Jains, ultimately fixed at the council of Valabhi, 454 A.D., faithfully reflects the teaching of their master. This volume contains forty-five books, called Agamas, and classed under the heads of Angas, Upangas, etc.

In his teaching, Mahavira appears to have started from the same supposition as Buddha. He believed in transmigration and in retribution; he was oppressed with the thought that a human being might be born again and again into this world, for thousands of years, receiving in each life, the punishment for ill deeds (the Karma), committed in the previous existence. The soul, he taught, is in the bonds of existence; capable of knowing all things, it is kept from true intuition by disbelief, by want of restraint, by indifference and sin; these are the four causes of bondage; they darken understanding, as a cloud obscures the sun. The great object of the wise man is to attain Samvara, by which the influence of Karma, of past actions, is neutralised. There are three "gems" that effect the liberation of the soul. Right intuition, right knowledge, of which there are five kinds, and right conduct, which consists in the keeping of the five vows. The obligations of the Jain mendicant not to kill, not to steal, to speak the truth, to preserve his chastity, to abstain from earthly as well as heavenly desires, and from taking any interest in the things of this world—are similar to those imposed on the Buddhist. For Jains and Buddhists alike copied the Brahman ascetics; but the former of the two were more extreme and more punctilious in their mode of living. Their outfit was that of an Indian monk; it consisted of a stick, a rope, a cloth for straining water, a water-vessel, and an alms-bowl. But whilst the Buddhists illustrated the Brahman rule of simplicity in dress by appearing in the yellow robe of the friar, the Jains were satisfied with "an old rag," or else they eschewed all clothing, and went "sky-clad." Whilst the former shaved, the latter tore out the hairs of their head. Peculiar to the followers of Mahavira, is the doctrine that animals and plants and even the particles of the elements are endowed with living souls; earth, water, fire and air, they say, possess each an organ or sense of perception; insects and reptiles have two or three, large animals men and gods, five senses. Thus the first duty, not to injure life, becomes difficult of fulfilment, and strict Jains always carry with them a cloth to strain their drinking-water; they wear muslin before their mouths, lest by any chance they swallow minute insects; they have a broom to sweep the road before them, lest inadvertently they tread on a worm.

Thus were the noble commandments enjoining renunciation of the world, and tenderness to life

resolved into a number of small precepts, which appear to us ridiculous and repellent; and "the weightier matters of the law" were forgotten because men's minds were too much occupied in "giving tithes of mint and till." A curious picture of "the perfect saint," is that given in a description of the aged Mahavira, "on whose body for more than four months many sorts of living beings gathered, and crawled about it and caused there pain." But "he bore the pains of cold, heat, flies and gnats" with perfect indifference.

By such self-discipline, continued for years, does his follower hope to rise from one degree of knowledge to the other, till he attains unto Kevala, that is unto omniscience or perfect intuition. He obtains thus Moksha, deliverance from the bonds of existence; for the influence of past actions has ceased; no fresh deeds are done, that require retribution in a later existence; delivered from works, the soul rises upwards like the flame by its own tendency; he remains in perfect bliss, in knowledge, untainted by pain. He desires neither life nor death. He has become "Jina," a conquering saint—"Arhat," venerable—"Sarva-jna," omniscient—"Bhagavat," holy—"Buddha," enlightened. An ancient verse runs:

However often they go away, the sun, moon, and planets
return,
But never to this day have returned any who have gone
to Alokakasa.

The strong colours with which Jain authors depict the happiness of such deliverance, remind us of the descriptions which Buddhist writers give of the bliss of Nirvana; and the names Arhat, Bhagavat, etc., applied to those that have become perfect, are the same in both schools. But it is worthy of note that the title Tirthankara, he "who has accomplished the passage" with which Jain's honour Mahavira, the father of their church, denotes amongst Buddhists the author of a heresy. And whereas Buddha built up his philosophy on a few great truths referring to the soul of man, the Jains accepted besides many Brahman ceremonies; their belief seems "an assemblage of mythological ideas borrowed from other sects and joined to many visionary notions of their own."¹

They believe, like the Hindoos, that the truth which existed from the beginning, could not remain concealed, but was made known by holy men, who in successive periods were born into this world. The monotony of eternity is broken by cycles of years of enormous duration, that come and go, that rise and fall. The ascending cycle is called Utsarpini, the descending Avasarpini; each of these is divided into six stages; the former rises on the scale of bad-bad, bad, bad-good, good-good, the latter declines according to the same ratio. It may interest us to know that we are in the fifth stage of the second cycle, "in bad times," and that a "bad-bad" age is to follow. But this dark prospect need not trouble either us or our immediate descendants; for the

Indian philosophers tell us that the two cycles taken together fill twenty billions of oceans of years; and the extent of an ocean is difficult to compute or to imagine. It is equal to the time required to empty, a thousand million times over a vast cavern filled with chopped straw, at the rate of a hair a century. The exuberance of Indian imagination, its tendency towards the colossal and the grotesque, is curiously illustrated by such conceits.

During the present descending cycle men have been continually declining in age and stature. Of the twenty-four saints that appeared in it, the first, the greatest, was Rishabh; he lived 8,400,000 years and grew to a height of 500 poles. He is more frequently worshipped than any of the Tirthankars that came after him, except perhaps the last two. The figure in white marble, seated aloft, in a state of contemplation, surrounded by numerous emblems (*vide* picture, p. 249) represents him, the earliest of the saints. The age of his successor declined to 7,200,000 years, his height to 450 poles; the downward movement thus continued throughout the following generations. The last two Tirthankars, Parsvanath and Mahavira, were human as regards their life and their size. They are both historical characters; the former founded, the latter reformed, the religious community which has descended to our times.

Agas may come and go, such is the Jain belief, but the world is eternal. It is figured sometimes as a spindle resting on the half of another, sometimes as three cups, the lowest of which is inverted. Above and below it are ranges upon ranges of heavens and of hells. In the highest heaven there rest the deified saints, beneath them are the gods; they are divided into four different kinds; the lowest place is given to the gods of the Hindoos. Clearly do the Jains show that they accept the Brahman worship in a modified degree; and they have left memorials of this fact in their temples, where frequently these figures of Vishnu and Shiva appear sculptured beside the images of their saints. They have admitted four castes amongst them, and they claim to be regarded as Hindoos. In Western India the priests of some Jain temples are said to be Brahmans. Their architecture and sculpture set forth, with nice accuracy, the intermediate position which they hold in regard to Buddhism and to Brahmanism.

The history and the character of their sacred shrines we propose to consider in the next paper. But we cannot look at the picture before us (p. 249) without being struck by the manner in which it portrays the character of the Jain religion; there is much in it that is grotesque and gross, but the student may be permitted to see in the superb whiteness of the stone, in the patient labour, the reverence and devotion shown in the exquisite finish of the figure and of the surrounding ornaments—an emblem of that longing for purity and righteousness in the heart of man who with patient toil and thought tries to work out his salvation, and, however wrong he may go, exemplifies that he is "seeking after God if haply he may find Him."

¹ H. T. Colebrooke, "Miscellaneous Essays," edited by E. B. Cowell, 1873.

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D.

V.—THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIDES.

SOME eminent scholars have expressed their disappointment with this last discovery of Primitive Church writings because it has told us so little that was new. I am, however, rather pleased with it because it confirms so much that was old and well known already, showing us that the tradition of Christian doctrine and practice has been preserved so faithfully in times of which we knew so little. But I think that a careful and critical comparative study of this Apology will show something that is new. The relation between the two sections of the Church, the Jewish and the Gentile, has been always more or less a topic of debate and controversy. There were in St. Paul's day two Christian Churches practically quite distinct from one another. The Jewish Christian Church observed the Jewish law and in addition believed in Christ. The Gentile Christian Church believed in Christ but rejected circumcision and the whole Levitical ritual. The Jewish Christian party were always trying to bring the Gentiles over to their view and lead them to adopt the Jewish ritual. The Epistles to the Galatians and the Colossians show us how very determined St. Paul was in his opposition to this Jewish view which would have enslaved and ruined true Christianity. In the Epistle to the Colossians, for instance, St. Paul protests in the strongest manner against any kind of obedience on the part of the Gentiles, to Jewish ritual. "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a feast day, or a new moon, or a Sabbath day; which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is Christ's. Let no man rob you of your prize by a voluntary humility and worshipping of the angels, dwelling in the things he hath seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind." Aristides shows how thoroughly seventy years had done its work, how completely St. Paul's teaching and ideas had triumphed in the Church of Athens, as the Epistle of St. Barnabas shows how they had triumphed in the Alexandrian Church of the same period. The Church of Athens, one, too, of St. Paul's own founding, held vigorously to his views as expounded in the Epistles to the Colossians and Galatians. It had completely cast off the slough of Judaism; and therefore we find Aristides writing in chap. xiv. concerning the Jews in the following terms: "Nevertheless, the Jews, too, have gone astray from accurate knowledge, and they suppose in their minds that they are serving God, but in the methods of their actions their service is to angels and not to God, in that they observe Sabbaths, and new moons, and the Passover, and the great fast, and circumcision, and cleanness of meats." For Aristides the observance of the Jewish ritual was no longer a tolerable thing for a Jew who had become a Christian, as it was in St. Paul's day. It was an evidence of angel-worship, and quite inconsistent

with a true and accurate knowledge of the Christian religion. In Athens, at least, Christianity had entirely broken with Judaism in the earliest days of the second century. This is a very important point.

There has been an extraordinary theory powerfully advocated in Germany in modern times which teaches that Jewish Christianity, that is a system which observed the whole Jewish law, and at the same accepted Christ as a Divine Teacher and Prophet, but as nothing more, was supreme in the Church till a generation or two after the time of Aristides. This theory practically represents Primitive Christianity as having been a kind of mild Unitarianism till the close of the second century; the Christianity of the early Christians having been, in fact, not an independent revelation, but a supplement merely tacked on to Judaism which remained their great central belief. This theory is simply a piece of German romance invented for the purpose of representing Christian faith and doctrine as we now have them as the work of St. Paul and his school, as distinguished from St. Peter and the rest of the Twelve. Aristides and his Apology emphatically contradict this theory, and proclaim that in Athens, at any rate, the Christian Church had for a generation, at least, utterly broken with Judaism, and believed, as St. Paul did, that neither Jews nor Gentiles had now anything whatsoever to do with the Levitical law and its institutions. To put the matter in plain language, this Apology of Aristides helps to overthrow the celebrated Tübingen or Baur theory concerning Early Church History, which nearly twenty years ago was popularised for the English-speaking world in the pages of a book now largely forgotten, called "Supernatural Religion."

This Apology again confirms the Acts of the Apostles by its Jewish references. Judaism and the Synagogue and its ritual were all well known to Aristides. Acts xvii. 17 tells us that when St. Paul came to Athens and was left there alone "he reasoned in the synagogue with the Jews and the devout persons;" showing us that the Jews had a synagogue at Athens as in all the other great cities of the Empire. History tells us the same thing. Long before Christ came at all the Athenians erected the statue of Hyrcanus, the Jewish high priest in one of the principal temples of Athens, as Josephus tell us. Philo, St. Paul's, contemporary mentions the presence of Jewish colonies at Athens, Corinth, and the other leading Greek cities;¹ and now comes modern research to testify the same thing. Athens has been thoroughly excavated in our own times, specially through the exertions of a body of foreign scholars called the French School of

¹ See the letter of Agrippa to the Emperor Caius in the story of Philo's Embassy to Caius, translated among Philo's works in Bohn's Library.

Athens, who, combining that energy with which the brilliant French nation is so gifted, with the power of exposition, in which they reign supreme, have published the results of their labours to the world. One of this company, M. Bayet, has written a treatise on the Christian remains of Athens, where he incidentally touches upon the Jewish inscriptions, giving us the very names of those who may have debated with the apostle, or heard his speech to the philosophers of the Areopagus.

It is a curious fact that, while we thus rejoice over this newly-found work of a primitive Christian, we yet had it substantially all the time.

This came about in the following manner. In the sixth or seventh century some eastern monks were composing a Christian novel, as we should say. The ancient monks, as modern discoveries in Egypt and elsewhere have shown, were just as fond of reading fiction as other people. They read the Pagan novels, which had been produced in abundance, and then they set to work to produce Christianised fiction. This they did in Syria and Egypt, and within the last ten years, considerable quantities of these early Christian stories have been found and published by German scholars. The Syrian Churches of the East had in those times considerable intercourse with India where Christianity by their means made such progress that Churches were then established which remain to this day. Some of these Syrian monks composed a tale called the story of Barlaam and Josaphat. Twenty years ago, and more, our own Professor Max Müller, the well-known philologist of Oxford, called attention to this tale as being, in his opinion, only a Christianised form of the life and adventures of Buddha, who thus has been turned into a Christian saint, finding a place in the martyrologies or lists of saints, of both the Eastern and Western Churches. In this view, embodied by that learned writer in an article in the fourth volume of his popular "Chips from a German Workshop," most scholars now agree. But it was not known, till the complete text of Aristides turned up in the Syrian Monastery of St. Catharine, that the author of this tale had not only used Buddhist materials, but had also incorporated Christian documents in his story. The story of Barlaam and Josaphat is a pretty one. An Indian prince was a stern persecutor of Christianity. He was childless for a long time, but at length was blessed with a son, whom he named Josaphat, and determined to bring up with the greatest care, shielding him from all danger, and specially from all contact with Christianity. The boy was extremely thoughtful, and as he grew up began to inquire into the causes of sorrow, decay, and death. His attendants and teachers could afford him no assistance, till he met Barlaam, a Christian missionary, in the guise of a merchant, who had thus obtained an entrance to the prince's presence, which was otherwise debarred to him. His arguments told so powerfully, that the young prince became a Christian, and after many years long-suffering converted even his father; after whose death he retired into a wilderness in search of Barlaam, with whom he lived a life of seclusion and self-denial till his

death. The author of this tale found part of the materials of his novel in Buddha's life, but then when he wanted materials for the Christian part of his story, he fell back upon the Syriac copy of Aristides' Apology, which he found in his monastic library. There, he found elaborate arguments of various kinds, written by a philosopher of Athens, for the use of a philosophic Emperor of Rome. This was the very thing to suit his purpose. He took it, altered the names and addresses; struck out local references, but embodied all the arguments substantially, and even verbally, enabling a Christian student now to study the kind of arguments with which Eastern missionaries of a most successful type then assailed Indian Paganism, and providentially offering Christian students a test whereby to try and supplement this precious relic of an age closest upon the very days of Inspiration itself.

Things New and Old.

THE LATE PROFESSOR SIR J. Y. SIMPSON, BART.—A poor fisherman belonging to the town of Nairn, on the Moray Firth, had for some years been afflicted with a troublesome cough, and, having consulted many doctors, was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. He had heard, however, that there were very skilful medical men in Edinburgh, and he determined, poor though he was, to go there as a last resource. Accordingly, hearing of a vessel in the harbour about to sail for Leith, he applied to the captain to be taken on board, offering to work his passage. During the voyage, he told some of the sailors his object in going to Edinburgh; and they advised him to go to Sir James Simpson.

It was often a very difficult matter to get an interview with Sir James. But, to his surprise, he was at once admitted to the consulting room, stated his case, and after a short examination, Sir James said:

"You've applied to many doctors already, you said?"

"Yes, sir, a good many."

"Have you gone to the Great Physician?"

The man was silent.

"Well, my good man," resumed Sir James, "I advise you to go to Him; I am sorry I can do you little good. You had better go home, and just take as good care of yourself as you can."

The man was very much affected, for he now understood that his case appeared hopeless. Putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out a few coins, he said, "What have I to pay you, doctor?"

"My friend," said, Sir James, putting his hand kindly on his shoulder, "I don't want any money from you. I ask only an interest in your prayers. Pray for yourself, and pray for me, James! Good-bye! Don't forget to go to the Great Physician."

After thanking the doctor for his kind reception, and good counsel, he returned to Nairn; and the event, soon proved that the illness, as Sir James had seen, was hopeless. The narrator of the incident, which was known to few beyond the poor fellow's companions, adds that he had reason to hope that which the good doctor said to him about the Great Physician was to him, "a word in season."

SOCIAL EVENINGS FOR WOMEN.



ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an axiom recognised as applying to the poor, as well as to their more fortunate neighbours in these days, and in response to this general demand for recreation, workmen's clubs, both social and political, have sprung up in all directions, as well as other forms of amusement calculated to draw men away from the gaily-lighted, all-enticing public house.

But while "Jack" has thus been well-cared for in the matter of recreation, very little has been done for his companion "Jill." She, less selfish, has not insisted upon her right to be unharnessed sometimes, and allowed to relax her grip of the all-absorbing duties of life as they have grown upon her, and so she has gone on her treadmill round, day after day, month after month, year after year, with no break in the drear monotony of life, after she is once married and become a mother.

Up to that time she may have some small share of what is going, for there are girls' clubs, and the "Girls' Friendly Society" recognise this need of their nature, and provide for it, as far possible, but no one who has worked among the poor, gone in and out of their dull little homes, but must have felt, that life pressed all too hardly on these poor women, and was accountable for many a premature breakdown of health, and often early death.

Think of it, many a woman in these days has to assist in bread winning, standing all day at the wash-tub, and returning home at night to her disorderly home, which must be made clean and tidy before she goes to bed, and the children washed ready for school the next morning. Perhaps she goes out one or two days a week like this, overtaking her strength to earn a shilling or two, and so eke out her husband's wages.

The rest of her time is spent in the small kitchen at home, where she washes, makes and mends for her family. Here the children must play when they come home from school, and though "mother" may have a headache, and her nerves all overstrung, from weariness and the long-continued monotony of her life, with its care and anxiety to make ends meet, she must endure the noise, and the little quarrels that spring up until bed-time comes round. Her husband cannot stand it. Oh, no! though he has been out all day in other scenes, and amid other faces,

the children make too much noise for him, and he goes off to his club or his reading-room, where he can smoke his pipe in peace, read the newspaper, and chat with his friends.

It is calculated that nearly ninety per cent. of married women suffer from certain forms of disease that mainly have their origin in an over-taxed condition of the nervous system, and, considering the drear monotony of their lives, this is not to be wondered at.

How often has the writer heard a mother complain against herself, for her impatience with the children, and then add, "If I could only have an hour away from them sometimes, just a little change, it would do me so much good."

Now it was for these overwearied women, into whose lives there seldom comes a ray of sunshine, that the problem of recreation presented itself to a few of their friends a short time ago, and at last it was thought, that "Mothers' at Homes," or "Women's Social Evenings," might be tried, at least as an experiment.

Those who organised it had no previous experience to go upon, and nothing they had heard of seemed quite to meet the requirements of the class of women they sought to benefit. They secured the use of a mission-room in the autumn, and then begged for plants that were being removed from gardens for the winter, potted these, and filled the window-ledges of the room to give it a more home-like appearance. Then a few cheap, small tables were bought, and one lady made gay-coloured cretonne covers for them.

These were scattered about the room, and chairs placed round them, somewhat after the fashion of the old French salon. On each table were placed picture scrap-books, illustrated magazines, photographic views, and the room, though large, really looked cheerful and home-like.

Invitations had been given, through the district visitors and other friends, to all women who liked to come; no children were to be admitted except those in arms, and no men unless their wives brought them. A penny was charged for admission by way of making it more open, and that no one might have to say she could not come because she had not been invited.

We were very anxious over the success of our experiment, for the women we wanted to help were very shy, and did not like the idea of meeting strangers. They came in little groups, neighbours and friends, helping to keep each other's courage up, and seemed greatly relieved to find they could take possession of a table, and cluster of chairs, and so sit all together.

District visitors were at hand to greet and welcome them, and as soon as a few were assembled, cups of tea were handed round, with cake and bread and butter, and a lady went to the piano and played some lively airs.

They were all painfully shy and awkward at first, but under cover of the music, and the influence of tiny tongues, soon began to loosen. How to entertain our guests, and what time to close our meeting, had been anxiously debated beforehand, and when cups and saucers had been collected, and our sixty guests looked at us mutely, asking what next, we did wonder how the next two or three hours were to be passed.

Parlour games of all kinds had been kindly lent by friends, and there was a large bagatelle board on a centre table; we also had a good company of helpers of all ages, who had volunteered to come and entertain our guests.

So the games were brought out, and groups gathered round the tables, to be instructed and played with, and their minds drawn away from the all-absorbing cares of homes, and the hard struggle for existence.

But it was announced that no one need sit still if they liked to walk about. They could go round and look at the pictures on the walls, or watch those who were playing bagatelle, all that was desired was that they should spend a restful, enjoyable evening.

I do not think any of us were prepared for the form the "enjoyment" took an hour later, but some of our young lady helpers, invited a few of the younger women, to join in a game of "Family Coach." The invitation was received with delight, and very soon in the further corner of the room there was gathered a merry group whose shouts of laughter did one's heart good.

One or two of our grave helpers were inclined to discountenance this, but when we saw how one and another of our guests slipped away from the tables to join the "Family Coach" in the corner, how the rigid lines in hard-worked faces relaxed and melted away for the time in the unaccustomed fun that prevailed, it was allowed to go on. Here, too, they were free to unbend and be young again for an hour if they could, for there were no critical eyes upon them, but all were ready to smile approval, if they did not actually join in the frolic.

The older portion of our guests seemed to enjoy watching this game quite as much as those who joined in it. It did them good, they assured me, to sit still and see the fun.

Occasionally we had a break between the games, and one of our helpers gave a recitation or sang a simple ballad. Two or three of the women also sang themselves, and very sweetly, too—not going to the platform, they had not sufficient courage to do that, but singing where they sat.

These songs were of the old-fashioned sort, like "The Troubadour," or pathetic temperance pieces. The piano was kept going nearly all the time, for we found that, when the music ceased, the pleasant buzz of talk stopped, for people were afraid of hearing their own voices.

The plan upon which these "Women's Social Evenings" were arranged, was for one lady to be hostess for the evening, bring her own friends to assist in entertaining her guests, make up any deficiency in the cost of tea, bread-and-butter, etc., which the women's pence did not cover, and

arrange the entertainment as best commended itself to her mind.

All make an effort to come as neatly-dressed as possible; but sometimes a woman has washed her face, thrown on her shawl, and rushed away from the washing-tub without turning down her sleeves until she got to the Mission Room, where she gave the final touches to her apparel, after securing the seat she desired among her own particular group of friends.

This gathering also affords an opportunity for the district-visitor to say a word of friendly counsel and advice, that she cannot say to a woman when there are two or three little listeners standing near at home, and better than all else, it enables rich and poor to meet on common ground—the ground of womanhood.

At the outset, we agreed that all class distinctions should be set aside for that evening, and whatever the social status of the hostess and her immediate friends might be, all should mingle together for the common enjoyment. In this way, we, one evening, had a very popular physician among us, who conducted "Post" with as much zeal as though he was entertaining a distinguished company in his own drawing-room.

These meetings have been held every fortnight since the first week in October, and will be continued until the end of April. That the women appreciate them we have abundant proof, and that husbands are willing to hurry home from work and be the caretakers at home for this evening, speaks well also for their appreciation of our experiment.

That it is not directly religious we are well aware; but to lighten the burden of life, where its burdens are so unequally divided, is something, and to give these domestic martyrs but a glimpse of human sympathy is more, and enables us to speak at other times of that Divine sympathy that is the root of all lovingkindness, and is easier of comprehension when translated into kindly deeds through human channels.

E. L.

The Wintry Days.

THE wintry days are dark and drear,
Nature lies dying on her bier,
Snows form her shroud all white and cold,
Winds in their wail her requiem hold,
And smite with pain the troubled ear.
We sorrow for the passing year,
And o'er its loss let fall a tear,
For brought they pleasures manifold,
The wintry days!

Yet still we have this hope to cheer,
Though rain-clouds gather far and near,
That spring shall soon sweet flow'rs unfold
And carpet all the earth with gold,
While like a dream shall then appear
The wintry days!

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

THE VILLAGE ROSE.



SARAH JARVIS looked so comfortable when I peeped in this morning, mother," said Beatrice. "I can't think how a blind person can be cheerful, yet everything about her is as neat and clean as a new pin. I wonder how she manages?"

"The poor are so good to each other," said Lady Fergusson; "but I don't know who looks after Jane: if you remind me, I'll enquire the next time we go down the village."

"I expect I should be unbearably cross if I couldn't see what was going on. Oh, dear; I've got nothing to do!" yawned Beatrice.

"Please don't shake the table," said Lady Fergusson, "can't you see I am trying to write a letter?"

Beatrice moved her foot for an instant, then opening a book at a very dog's-eared page, began repeating in a sing-song voice—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The deep, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"I never shall be able to learn this horrible verse. What do I care about—

"A flower being born to blush unseen?"

"What's the good of anything that's never seen?"

"It's not always the showiest things that are the best," said Lady Fergusson, quietly, looking at the bright picture of her child surrounded by every luxury that money could obtain.

"However silently the flower blows it does the work it was born to do, even if it be only to gladden a sad heart for a moment."

"What's that to me!" grumbled Beatrice, giving the table another push. Then she began again—

"Full many a flower——"

"I believe Miss Gordon gave me this stupid rhyme on purpose: it was just like her . . . !"

In the cottage at the end of the village sat blind Sarah Jarvis. By her side was a broken cup with a pink rose in it, and a sprig of sweet briar. A faint smile played over her face as a little girl, in a very poor, but neat dress, prepared her simple dinner.

"And what have you done this morning, Rosie, since you came to help me get up?" asked Sarah.

"Nothing much. I've only washed baby, hung out the clothes on the line to dry, and tidied up for mother a bit," replied Rosie.

"Ah! and now you're looking after me," said Sarah. "Well, you've done your share of work, I think. I've got a piece of news for you. A visitor has been here this morning—Miss Beatrice from the Hall—and she brought me six new laid eggs from her ladyship's own hens. There's one for you, one for mother, and one for baby. That's fair, isn't it? It leaves three for me; we'll go share and share alike, Rosie."

"But I have so many things"—began Rosie,

"You gave me your only rose, and a sprig of your favourite briar," said Sarah. "It wasn't you told me, not likely. No one knows all the little kindnesses you do," said Sarah fondly. "I think your mother must have seen the truth shining in your eyes long ago when she called you Rose. . . ."

Years passed, and Beatrice went out into the world. She was rich and beautiful, but no one seemed the brighter for her presence—no life the happier; although she came with a noise and glitter that sometimes dazzled for the moment.

Rosie, too, grew up. Her experience was very limited. She rarely had time to go beyond the village, but wherever there was sickness, or pain, or sorrow, her hand was the first to aid, her ready sympathy to comfort.

Rosie did not possess any reading-book, except that used in the village school, but one day her mother, rocking a fretful child to sleep, opened it at the same verse as had once so puzzled Beatrice.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"Well, well," she said, spelling it out slowly, "don't tell me the flowers are wasted. I guess they all blow for some good. Just the same as all the folks that come into the world. Some are born in high places; some— Why, look at you, Rose, not many beyond this village know about you, or what you are, and yet the very meaning of your name is Love."

E. P. S.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIII.

1. The name of a woman who had "chosen the good part."
2. A disciple who brought his brother to Jesus.
3. One of the patriarchs of whom it was said, "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel."
4. The name of one of Job's daughters.

Put together the initial letters of each word,
And you have the name of a man who wrote about
our Lord. W. O.

A SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. I.

This verse gives some words of the first king of Israel after the division of the kingdoms; it is the beginning of a deliberate resolution to establish idolatry, by which this king won for himself perpetual shame. He said the words "in his heart," but in the next verse we find that he takes counsel and carries them into action. He is spoken of before as being "industrious" and chosen as a king's servant, and the prophet Ahijah promised him a great future. But he had no faith in God, and in this verse expresses fear both for his kingdom and for his life. Mention is made of the temple, and of the people's obedience to the command in Deut. xii. 5, 6; also of a king whose folly displeased his people, and who "made speed to get him up to his chariot to flee to Jerusalem." In the following verse, two idols are mentioned, and an expression occurs to be found in Exodus xxxii. 4. The verse contains forty-seven words. L. T.