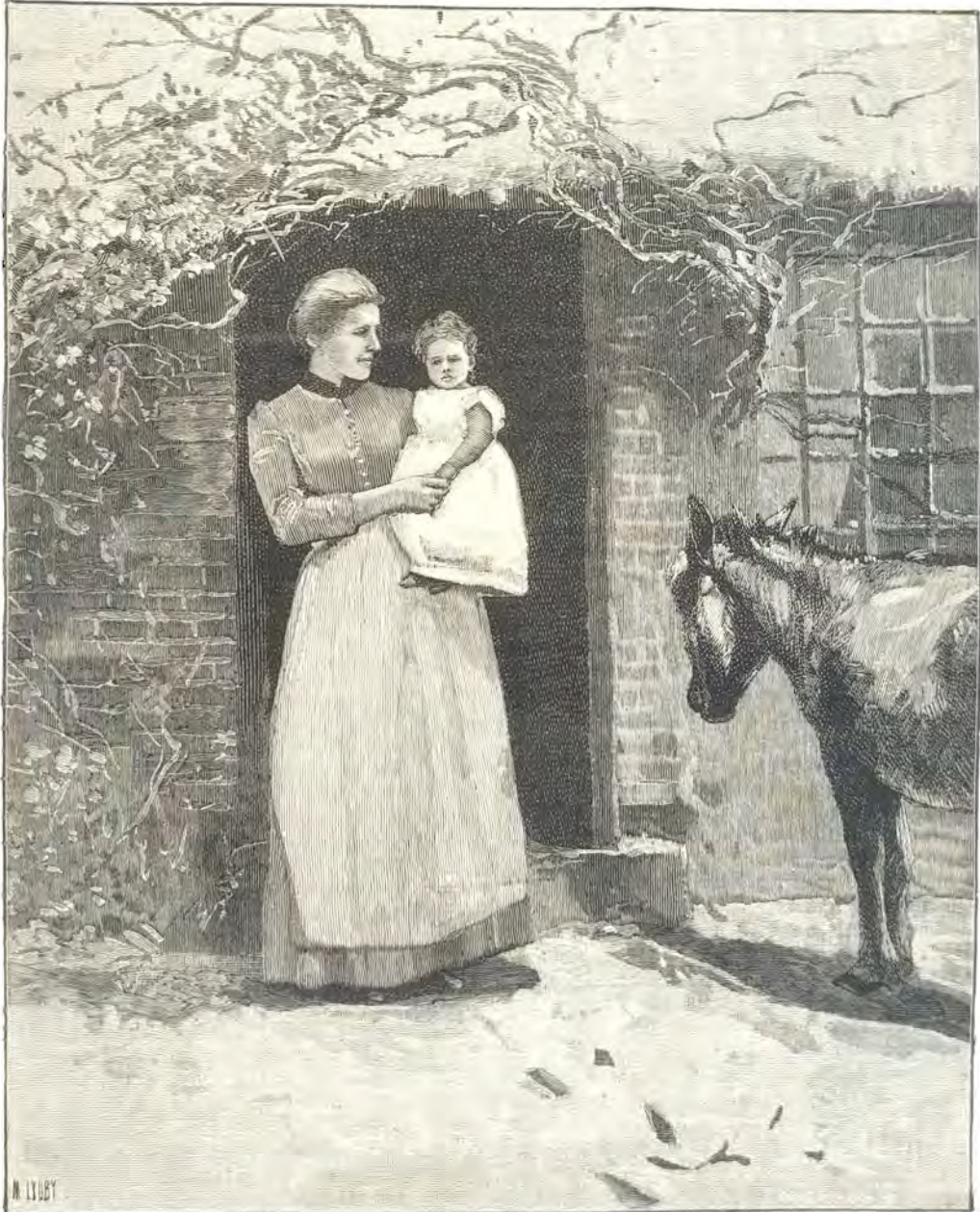


THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



"SHALL WE ASK HIM IN?"

A Mute Appeal.

SO that was what you wanted, dear?
Beating those tiny fists against
The frosty pane;
Trying so hard to make me see—
To let me know the thoughts that filled
Your tiny brain!

You will not be content with staying
All snug and warm, with mother playing,
Because poor Neddy
Stands in the snow, cold and forlornly;
And you would share with him your plenty,
With welcome ready?

And be the succour you can give
Only a passing shelter in
Life's storm and din—
Give it—your best; for inasmuch
As to the least, and lowest, given
It is to Him.

Ah, baby, may that tender heart,
As years go on, and life grows full
With other things,
Be no less quick to see the want,
To catch the "mute appeal" for help
Another brings.

Voiceless, beseeching, at our door
Stand others, empty and forlorn,
Asking of us—
Not for relieving of life's toil—
But heavenly bread and wine—our heart's
Best sympathy.

MARCIA TYNDALE.

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XVII.—MARY ERNSCLIFF ASSERTS HERSELF.

THE thing was done—and Irene Fortescue, looking wan, and shaken, and exhausted, was once more beneath the roof of Ernscliff, a guest of the friend who had stood by her during the stormy interview with her mother, and who had easily succeeded at its close in carrying off the agitated girl to her own house on a visit that was likely to be one of considerable duration.

It was indeed well for Irene that she had had two such supporters as Athol and Mary to stand beside her whilst she made her confession to her mother, for Madam's wrath amounted to positive fury; even the Squire, when informed of the matter by his angry wife in the most uncompromising terms, had showed himself more displeased and choleric than Irene had ever before known him. It had taken all Athol's coaxing blandishments, and all Mary's gentle soothing, to get any semblance of peace restored, and when the latter asked leave to carry Irene back with her to spend the Christmas at Ernscliff, Madam had answered icily that she was perfectly welcome to do so, if she chose, as she had no wish to set eyes upon her untruthful, undutiful and deceitful daughter for some time to come. Since she had chosen to act in this rebellious and disgraceful way, she had better for the future judge for herself.

There would be no pleasure in seeing her at her father's board at the approaching festive season; and Irene had been glad and thankful to escape from these scathing words, and to find herself safely at Ernscliff with Mary.

Athol had remained with her aunt. The Rector and his family always came over to spend Christmas at Rookwood, and Hugh, who had recently been ordained, was about to come home and establish himself there for a time. It seemed a strange thing for Irene to be absent from her home at such a season: but Athol was secretly rather pleased at the arrangement; for her brother George would very soon form one of the party at Rookwood, and Irene's presence at Ernscliff would form an excellent excuse for a good deal of communication between the two houses.

But just now Irene was sunk in the depths of woe, and the bitterest drop in her cup was that she had brought a reproach upon her Christian profession, and had given her mother a reasonable handle against the Methodists, which she knew would be used without stint. Irene saw plainly enough now that she had been wrong, and she knew that if she had been more open with those to whom she had learned to look up to as guides and pastors, some at least amongst

them would have showed to her her error. It may not be denied that with all their earnest desire to do good, and their self-denying zealous lives, many amongst these early Methodists allowed their zeal to overpower their discretion, and that without intentionally countenancing deceit or crooked ways, they did so impress upon their followers the maxim that a man should lose the whole world gladly to save his soul, that the young and inexperienced amongst them were tempted to set up their wills in opposition to that of their parents or lawful guardians; and when placed in a difficult and dependent position, were oft-times led into a course of concealment which culminated, as in Irene's case, in actual falsehood and deceit. There can be no doubt that there was some truth in, and some reason for, the animadversions against the Methodists, made by their opponents, greatly exaggerated as these were. But that families were divided against themselves—parents against children, masters against servants, house against house, cannot be denied. Men were told by some of the more extreme teachers, that it was against the Divine law to make provision for their families—that everything was the Lord's, and all should be given to the poor. Innumerable persons were driven to the verge of madness by excitement or remorse, engendered by the fiery style of preaching in vogue, and some were permanently unhinged in mind and unfitted for any walk in life. Riots were stirred up, damage to life and property was inflicted, and though it would not be fair to charge this upon the Methodists themselves, still it gave a reasonable ground of complaint against them, and caused their appearance in any new district to be anticipated with dread by the authorities.

Madam's wrath had been hot enough before, when she had had no especial and personal grievance—now it passed all bounds. She was too angry even to mention her daughter's name when Irene had once quitted the house; and since it seemed as if some victim must be found upon which her anger should expend itself, she promptly declared it her intention still to prosecute Tom Heron for having been concerned in the sale of stolen goods, the more so that she was perfectly certain that he would have been found to have retained a part of the price of the necklace for himself, in which case she still declared she would have him brought to the gallows.

The Squire, however, here interposed. He would have nothing to do with the matter, nor suffer open steps to be taken. The necklace had been his daughter's own property, and she had given it to Tom to sell. It was not his business to question her right to dispose of her own jewels: the whole responsibility of the transaction rested with Irene, as whose servant he had acted. Baulked of this hope, Madam's wrath rather increased than abated, and she had to content herself with vague threats which boded little good to Tom if ever he should place himself within the reach of her power.

At present all that was known of the young man was, that he was indulging in a wild outbreak of drunken dissipation. He appeared to be living for the most part at the Red Dragon, which

was now his mother's home, though he and his comrades were heard of here there and all through the neighbourhood, committing mischievous depredations, leading savage sports, and making themselves notorious in the old way which had been common enough in Tom's unregenerate days. His old cottage still stood empty, shut up and dreary. People wondered sometimes, since he had given up his Methodist ways, whether he would be allowed to remain there. Madam, however, answered this question with great decision, and with a shrug and a sneer.

"Have back any man who has once turned Methodist! I know better. I know how it will be with him. He will grow weary of debauchery and drunkenness, and then he will go to his Methodist-Jesuits and get absolution, and play the saint again for a few weeks or months, set the whole village by the ears, as he did before, and then break out again and drag all his new and old comrades with him. Did I not always say these men were Papists in disguise; and have I not proved myself in the right? They teach children to lie and deceive their parents, they drive men to madness with their so-called asceticism, and then, when the reaction has taken place, they go through the same formula of conviction and conversion—whatever they call it—and are white-washed and set up again on their pedestals. It will be the same with Tom Heron, as you will see: once a Methodist, and there is no trust to be reposed in him any more. He shall never be a tenant of ours; I will take good care of that."

No one in the house attempted to argue with Madam. Fulk and George sympathised heartily with her. The Squire and his brother and sister had too little sympathy with the "new-fangled" doctrines to stand up in defence of their advocates, even whilst they knew that such wholesale condemnation was unjust. They felt that she had cause just now to be rather bitter, and to argue with Madam was at no time a pleasant thing.

Hugh alone ever ventured to lift up his voice in protest, and then he managed to do it in so moderate and respectful a fashion that his mother was seldom angry. Hugh was sufficiently a stranger at Rookwood just now to command a certain amount of attention and respect. His college career had been distinguished and blameless. His father openly hoped to see him a Dean, or even a Bishop, if he lived long enough. Hugh did not appear to have any such ambition for himself: for the present he declared it to be his wish to remain at home, and assist Mr. Latham in the care of the parish. The failing health of the latter was causing some anxiety in the minds of those who knew and loved him, and they were all glad that he should have some assistance during the inclement months of the winter and early spring.

Christmas had come and gone, and the new year had commenced, when a piece of news reached Madam's ears which roused her to deep displeasure. It had been rumoured for some day's past that Tom Heron had been seen at the forge again, a sign that he had come to his right

mind, and had for a time ceased his wild and intemperate ways; but Madam had firmly declared her intention of rendering his further residence in the village impossible. He should not have his old cottage any more, he should not even be permitted to live either with his uncle or his mother—at least not upon the estate. For any person who was bold enough to give him permanent shelter would promptly receive notice to quit. And it was scarcely likely that either Samson Heron or Nat Crowder would dream for a moment of relinquishing a profitable and long-established business for the sake of a ne'er-do-well like Tom.

Madam thus believed her object of ridding Sax of Tom Heron's presence to have been practically fulfilled, when she was electrified by the news that Mary Ernscliff had actually sought him out and offered him the use of a comfortable little cottage on her estate, only half a mile away from the forge, and that he and his blind sister were already established there, and were ranked as objects of unwonted interest to both the ladies of Ernscliff.

In hot haste Madam ordered her carriage and drove rapidly to Ernscliff. Although the young people from Rookwood had been going and coming constantly to that house, Madam herself had not entered the doors since Irene had been carried there as Mary's guest. Madam did not wish to quarrel with Mary, who since her access of fortune was of more than her former importance in the eyes of the Fortescue family. She hoped most sincerely that her nephew would succeed in winning the hand of the lady, for George might be trusted to put down all eccentricities of this kind with a high hand; but there were certain things which Madam felt it due to herself to insist upon, and it was very plain that if she had given forth the command that Tom Heron was to be an outcast from Sax, Mary must not be allowed to give him an asylum of refuge at Ernscliff. If the matter were clearly put before her, she would surely see it for herself.

Mary and her grandmother received their guest very courteously. Irene did not appear, but that her mother did not regret. She had come full of the one object in hand, and was scarcely seated before she commenced her harangue, pointing out in incisive terms the enormity of Tom's past offences and his highly reprehensible conduct, and telling Mary that both she and her husband had agreed that his presence in the village was doing so much harm that they had agreed to eject him from it without further ceremony.

"Yes, I heard that," answered Mary quietly, "that is how it was I offered him one of my cottages here. Poor fellow, he was very grateful. I trust he will do better in the future; but with that ardent, impulsive nature of his it will be an uphill struggle, and he will need all the help we can give him."

Madam drew herself up very stiff and straight.

"My dear Mary," she said in accents which would have turned Irene hot and cold with embarrassment and shame, "you surely do not mean to tell me that you—you yourself have

held any personal intercourse with that depraved and wicked youth?—I could not have believed it of you. It is terrible to think of."

"Why so, Madam?" asked Mary with a steady brightness in her eyes. "It is not many weeks ago since you had him to your own house and in your own presence. Before he had been for a year of his life a Methodist he was considered a very fine young man, even with all his sins and follies; and although I fully admit that this last outbreak of his has been worse than many others, it has not differed in kind but only in degree from what went before. With all his many wickednesses and weaknesses, there is something fine about Tom Heron; and if I can be in any way the means of helping him through a crisis in his life—a crisis which these next months will most probably bring—and if any act of mine shall help to turn the balance of the scale upon the right side, I shall think no pains or trouble thrown away. He is bowed down now to the very dust with self-reproach and humiliation. It is pitiful to see him and to hear him speak. His little blind sister is the best comforter he has; but all of us who can help him ought to try and do so."

Stiffer and more rigid grew Madam's erect figure.

"Pardon me, my dear," she said at length, "but you are making a very great mistake, and it is my duty to warn you of it. Do you know that in attempting to reclaim this utterly irreclaimable young man you are deliberately opposing your opinions and your authority to mine, trying to put me in the wrong, and setting the whole place talking and wondering? That is a course of action against which really I must protest in strong terms."

Mary was standing with one hand upon the carved chimney-piece. Her face was slightly flushed, but otherwise she gave no sign of emotion.

"I am sorry to have to disagree with you, Madam," she said, "but it is not I who put you in the wrong. I must remind you that I have the same authority at Ernscliff as you at Sax. My cottages are my own; I may let them to whom I please. I have a wise and kind counsellor in my grandmother, who will not be led away by the inexperience of youth, and she has been one with me in my decision on this point. To us it appears a very terrible thing to take a course which seems like pushing the soul of a fellow-man down into the gulf of sin and despair, when a strong and kindly hand might help to draw it out. I dare not but hold out that hand. If I offend you, I regret it, but it does not shake my purpose."

"And I think that Mary is right in following the dictates of her heart," said Mrs. Ernscliff gently, "I am an old woman now, and have a long record to look back upon, a far longer record than even yours, my dear friend. There are many, many acts of cold and even-handed justice which I now look back to with regret, though at the time my judgment approved them; but not one single act of mercy or charity that I would wish undone. As we near the gates of the

eternal city, methinks we learn to think more gently of the faults and failings of our struggling brothers and sisters; or, perchance it is that we begin to catch that first faint echo of the song of joy and praise which the holy angels of God uplift over every sinner that repenteth."

Mary threw a quick look of gratitude at her grandmother, but Madam's face was utterly irresponsive. Good-breeding alone restrained her from an outbreak of really violent anger.

"I do not understand sentimental sophisms," she said, "I deal with plain facts. Tom Heron has disgraced himself again and again. He is a most dangerous man, and his influence in Sax is doing untold harm. I have taken means to rid the place of so pestilent a fellow, and I am naturally exceedingly annoyed to find that you have given him a footing here. I call it very wrong in itself and very disrespectful personally to me: but I have no authority to prevent it."

"I am sorry you disapprove, and make of it a personal question," answered Mrs. Ernscliff, "but our duty seems too plain to be disregarded. We have asked counsel of the church in the person of Mr. Latham, and he thinks as we do about it."

"Oh, I have no patience with Mr. Latham," cried Madam hotly, as if glad to have another object on which to vent her spleen. "But he will be richly rewarded one of these days for his time-serving folly, and so will you also. If this young man does repent of his evil courses, he will have another violent fit of Methodist fury come over him. The next thing will be that he will turn preacher himself, and set all the place by the ears. Why there is no knowing but that he may send for one of his own sect, as it is, to pray over him, or some such nonsense, and work him up into some ecstatic state of pious fury, which they call religion. A nice thing that will be for you of quiet Ernscliff!"

"We think it quite probable that we may ourselves ask one of his own Methodist teachers to come and see him," answered Mary Ernscliff very quietly, "he is in a very peculiar state, and does not respond to Mr. Latham's overtures in the least. We will wait for a time to see if he can be got at by kindness and gentle handling from us: but if not, Mr. Latham thinks of writing to Mr. Wesley himself. He is often in Yorkshire travelling here and there, and if there were good cause, he would doubtless turn aside for a day to see what could be done for Tom Heron."

Madam sat simply transfixed with horror.

"Mary Ernscliff," she said at length, "I think you must be mad."

"I hope not," answered Mary smiling, "but I am interested in Tom, and if, as it now seems, he is only really open to the teaching he can hear from his Methodist friends, why should we not make his way plain, to have of that the best and purest that exists? All we hear of Mr. Wesley himself shows how wise, how full of tact, how earnest in his Master's cause he is. Far better would it be for Tom to have speech with him, than to go to some——"

"Mary, Mary, I have no patience with you—you speak like a child and an imbecile," cried Madam, almost losing her self-control. "What!

you mean to tell me you will actually invite that arch-schismatic Wesley into this very place, to sow seeds of dissension and sectarian strife in your own village? You will teach your people to believe that souls can only be saved by one little sect——"

"Pardon me, Madam"—interrupted Mary, as Madam paused with her sentence half finished, as though she scarce knew what words were strong enough in which to express her reprobation—"it is no sectarian work in which Mr. Wesley is engaged—his call is to the whole of the Christian world—the call as of John the Baptist, to repentance and faith. May it not be that he is but the forerunner of some mighty change, some mighty awakening of God's power in His church? May it not even be that our Lord Himself may be at hand, to gather His first-fruits to Himself? Oh, Madam, pardon me if I speak too freely, but it hurts me to hear any minister of God spoken of with scorn, be his mission ever so small, be his errors even many and great. But one thing I will say, it is you and such as you, that may drive these Methodists into sectarianism. As Mr. Wesley teaches and preaches, all men are bidden to love and revere their church, the Established Church of the land. I have heard it said of him, that he does not even allow himself to be called a dissenter. He loves the church, he bids his followers love it too; and so they do for the most part, save in places where the clergy themselves force them to distrust and fear their own pastors, and rank them as enemies. Tom Heron has some of this feeling. But whose is the fault? Who led him on to overthrow the preacher at Hownston? Who taught him to cast opprobrious epithets at him? Was it not the Rector's own son? Is any one in the place more bitter than George?"

But Madam had heard enough: she rose in visible wrath. Was she to stay to hear Mary animadvert upon the very man who was using all his persuasive arts to try and win her for his wife?

"That will do, Mary—some day, perhaps, you will see the folly of your ways. I have done. I see you are as stubborn as all these persons become, when once they get Methodist frenzies into their heads. I only hope you may not live to repent bitterly the error of your headstrong ways."

It was a relief to see the last of Madam's sweeping garments. But Mary had not altogether done with antagonism, though in another form. George, whose visits to Ernscliff were unwelcome frequent, was greatly amused at hearing of Mary's new protégé, and vowed he would have a hand himself in the conversion of Tom, and turn him out a better fellow than all the Methodists put together.

Mary was far more afraid of George's influence upon him than of any severity he might have to encounter from Madam, had it been possible to suppose her demeaning herself by addressing him. She spoke seriously to George, begging him to let the young man alone, and not try to unsettle Tom's mind even by encouragement that might be kindly meant. George was ready enough to

promise anything to Mary when she spoke so earnestly. Taking her hand in his, he raised it to his lips, and vowed that she should be his queen and mistress, and that he would be in all things her most faithful and submissive slave. Such figures of speech and acts of homage were more customary then than now, and Mary could not well raise any protest, but she quietly withdrew her hand and changed the subject, though George's eyes were fixed upon her face with all the ardour of a lover.

"I would do anything in the world to please you, Mary," he said, "you must know that you are more to me than—"

"Hush, George," she said decisively, "I have told you before that I like not such words."

"Yes, yes, I know; but time changes us all. I am sure it has changed you in some ways, Mary. You cannot always keep me silent."

A quick flush rose suddenly in Mary's face, and as suddenly died down. She rose quietly and passed into the adjoining apartments where Mrs. Ernscliff was sitting. George did not attempt to follow, but looked eagerly after her.

"I verily believe that she is changing," he said to himself. "She has ceased to regard herself as a widow. I shall win her and her fortune yet."



TALKS ABOUT TEXTS.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . . Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king."—1 Samuel xv. 22, 23.

AN eagle was seen one day to rise from its eyrie in the lonely mountains, and soar aloft high above the flight of other birds. Watched in its upward course, it was seen to suddenly stop, as though resting on its wings, then drop, like a stone from the sky, falling at the beholder's feet—dead! The cause of so strange and sad an ending to this king of birds, in the moment when he seemed to be rejoicing in his strength, was not far to seek. A viper, which had crept into his nest, had fastened upon him just as he spread his wings for flight, and, as he soared aloft, caused his sudden fall and death.

As we read the story of King Saul's life, and exaltation, and fall, we cannot but feel that his sudden doom was not unlike that of the eagle. You will remember how clearly his portrait is drawn for us in the wonderful picture-gallery of the Bible. Had his face and figure come down to us carved in stone, or painted on canvas, we should not have been better able to imagine what he must have been like. You will find his portrait in the ninth chapter of this book: "Now there was a man of Benjamin whose name was Kish . . . a mighty man of power. And he had a son, whose name was Saul, a choice young man, and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upwards he was higher than any of the people."

It seems natural, after reading such a description of him, that when God's people cried to Samuel the prophet for a king, God should have directed the crown to have been put on Saul's kingly head. "And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there

is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted and said, God save the king." Thus, in favour with God and man, the young Benjamite rose from the low estate which he himself described in the 21st verse of the ninth chapter, "Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin?" to the highest place which it was possible for a man to occupy. How is it, we may well ask, that from this exalted position he falls, as described in the text, like the eagle in his flight? The cause is not far to seek. Into the king's heart there had crept that deadly viper, haughty pride, and as he rose to power, and wealth, and honour, it drained from him all love and obedience to the holy God who had so abundantly blessed him. So completely had he become dead to the voice of conscience, that when God sent Samuel to remind him of his disobedience, he spoke words of haughty rebellion. "And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me." And he sheltered himself behind the people, making it appear that they had spared the forbidden spoil of sheep and oxen, to sacrifice to the Lord. With sharp and terrible condemnation came the answer, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . . Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." And although Saul continued to reign for many years—about twenty-three—still, in God's sight he was dethroned already, and his fall had begun. A little parable may help to set before us more clearly how such a spirit of pride may bring dishonour and disgrace upon any who allow it to creep into their hearts.

In a certain city there lived a rich and good man, who had adopted as his son a poor boy whose parents were dead. In the neighbourhood there lived a wicked family who hated the rich man because he was good, and would have injured him had it been in their power to do so. Knowing their evil character, the good man forbade his adopted son to speak to them or associate with them, and for a time the lad cheerfully obeyed. But, afterwards, he began to look with longing eyes on the gay and careless family, wishing for the liberty they enjoyed, and for the pleasures they indulged in. The boys did what they could to attract his attention, and went so far as to write letters to him, which they dropped in places where they knew that he alone would see them. All too surely they won his confidence, and stole his affection. They made light of the good man's kindness, making it appear that he was keeping his adopted son from real happiness and liberty. At length the poison they tried to instil worked his ruin. He ran away from his home, taking with him as much of his adopted father's money as he could lay his hands on. He was arrested and cast into prison, and there his benefactor visited him, hoping to find him contrite for his sin. But the boy's conscience was deadened, and he began to defend himself against the charge of disobedience, declaring that he had never actually spoken to any of the wicked family. As the good man had found some of the letters that had passed he was greatly distressed. "Had you shown sorrow for your sin, I might have pardoned you, and restored you to my favour, but now the law must take its course," he said, as he departed. Thus disgraced and disowned, the unfortunate youth became an outcast from goodness, and fell, like King Saul, because of his rebellion. As we read these sad histories we are led to exclaim, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." May we, one and all, be kept in the fear of God, in loving obedience to His holy word, hearing with attentive hearts, His every command, and earnestly desiring to be kept by His grace in childlike trust, faithful unto death.

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.

IX.



ARAB HOME IN AN ANCIENT TOMB.

ON the side of the Mount of Olives lies the Jewish burial-ground. It is so completely filled with grave-stones, and they are so low and so small, that at a little distance the spot might be mistaken for a very stony field. Here the Jews lie buried close beside the city of their love, beside that Jerusalem towards which their hearts have ever turned with longing, during all these long, weary centuries. When we see the passionate love that has survived in the Jewish heart for this their old home, consecrated by so many glorious memories; see, too, the vast riches accumulating in Jewish hands in Europe, America, Algeria, can we doubt that some day, generous rivers of that wealth will flow hitherward to "build again Zion" into something of its ancient glory? The word Jew shall not always be a "byword and a hissing." It is no longer so: it is illustrated by great names in the domain of science, literature, philosophy, music, and art. I knew in Rome a sculptor named Ezekiel, a name which sufficiently marks his nationality, and in his studio I saw a figure of Christ that he had chiselled. It was the only Jewish Christ I ever saw reproduced in either of the sister arts.

"I am glad," said I to the artist, "to see that you have sculptured your Christ like that. You have made it a Jewish Christ."

"Yes," he replied, "I have made Christ a Jew: was He not of our people, born in our land?"

"True," I replied, "but it is the first Jewish Christ I have ever seen."

"I have half a mind to send it to Bismarck," said the sculptor, "and to ask him will he suffer one Jew to be in Germany?"

This was some years ago, when the Anti-Semitic rage was at its height there. It is strange how unheeding of the realities artists have always been. In all the thousands and thousands of Holy Families one sees in the galleries of Europe, there is never one that bears any of the characteristics of the Jewish race. They are Spanish, Italian, French, or blue-eyed Flemings, according to the nationality of the painter, but never Jewish. Has no one ever thought of what the Holy Family really was, and what must have been the features of Joseph and Mary?

The tombs of the Jews and the tombs of the Moslems lie thick outside the walls of the city, and besides these there are the rock tombs of the prophets, and the curious monumental tomb of Absalom and that of Jehoshaphat. It is impossible of course to identify these tombs and say emphatically whose bones lie there, but that the rock tombs are extremely ancient any one

can see. In fact they are such ancient tombs that people have now ceased to remember they are tombs at all. The Arab village of Silwān or Siloam is partly built in the tombs that honeycomb the hillside. The chamber-tombs, as they are called in distinction from the shaft-tombs, have niches for the coffins to repose in, and these lend themselves readily as dwellings for these poor Arabs, whose demands in the way of comfort and decency are so very limited. The niches do nicely as sleeping-places for those who are not nervous or sleep too soundly to be awakened by the ghostly tread of men who died three thousand years ago. And the dead have left no trace of who they were; all we know is these were tombs and are now dwelling-places. After all, why should we think it strange of the Arabs to use the rock niches that suit their house-keeping so well? Is not all the world a burial place? And do we not plough and plant and reap our own battle-fields "where many a gallant head lies low; many a brave heart has ceased to beat?" We may not let our battle-fields lie fallow. There are too many of them. If all battle-fields were to be consecrated to the dead who had fallen upon them, Europe would be well-nigh starved by this time for the lack of good soil wherein to plant her corn.

A little way from Silwān, we came to the Pool of Siloam. I drank of the waters and washed my hands in it, and then on to Job's Well, as the Arabs call it. This well is 123 feet deep, yet it sometimes overflows after the rains. I sat down upon one of the stone troughs to think, and my fancy made pictures of the old times when Hebrew shepherds drew water here for their flocks and herds. The well must have been a busy place then, with the cattle standing round about waiting for the water, and the men disputing and quarrelling over their turn at the bucket. No doubt there was a certain law of custom, whereby the first-comers had the first chance, the others following in their respective turns. But, maybe, there was one great bully who always came late, but who always got his turn at once, because the others were afraid of his wicked eye, and of the strong arm which wielded his staff so relentlessly. That, at least, is their way nowadays at wells when men come to draw water; and no doubt it was the way then, for human nature is always the same, and changes but little, even in three thousand years.

A friend walked with me this day, and showed me these things much better than any guide would have shown them; and in pleasant companionship we loitered slowly along, stopping where we liked and as long as we liked. My friend, who is a resident in Jerusalem, told me how he and his family had been invited to dine with some tourists who were seeing the Holy Land. He described the dinner, the inappropriateness of which struck both him and me. Much food, and in great variety, ten courses, with sparkling wines. And where was this repast served? In the best hotel in Jerusalem, no doubt. No. In a tent on the Mount of Olives! It seemed to me hideous. But some people have no sense of the fitness of

things. And of all people who are endowed with the faculty of seeing nothing and doing the wrong things, the wealthy traveller is the most gifted. I would rather be "personally conducted" by my muleteer, dine simply, sleep in an humble house, or, as I often do, on the earth, and enjoy the still peace of my travels, stopping just when and where I like, making friends among the humbler inhabitants, and learning their way of seeing, thinking, and feeling, than have all the luxury of the wealthy and comfortable traveller. If I were the daughter of Cræsus, I would still prefer my way to his. For I travel to see not merely the outside of foreign life, but as much as possible of the inside too. In Palestine, especially, do we want to see and feel the life of the common people, which is in a good measure the same as it was eighteen hundred years ago. But "*Vive la liberté*;" let each one choose his own way. More and more, as I go about the world, do I wonder that people make themselves such willing slaves to their senses. Socrates said, "How many things I do not want!"

Confucius said: "To eat a little rice, drink some water, lay your head on your bent arm—that is a state that has its satisfactions." Seneca has put the idea into still better form: "It may not be so very fine a thing in itself to eat bread and drink water, but to be able to eat bread and drink water without being unhappy about it, that is a fine thing." And Wordsworth has given us the beautiful phrase: "Plain living and high thinking."

It seems to be the effort of the Arab to suppress his wants, that he may have few cares and little labour; and the effort of the civilised man to create to himself new wants that he may have the pleasure of gratifying them. Which is nearest right? Neither is wholly so.

I visited the Valley of Jehoshaphat, a narrow deep valley, situated without the walls, on the east side of the city. The brook Kedron flows through it, and it is sometimes called the Valley of the Kedron in consequence. It is a rocky valley, wild and desolate, a valley of tombs. It was here that the Jews used to assemble and wail over their lost Jerusalem: a right of tears which they purchased with money from their Turkish rulers.

I sit me down upon a stone and close my eyes. What is that I see gathered upon the heights opposite? A crowd of men, a forest of lances, and banners floating in the blazing summer sunshine, banners of all devices, but having a red cross thereupon, a blood-red cross. These men are warriors, they are mustering for the fray. But there is no martial music, no sound of trumpet, only the voices of priests singing psalms. Strange battle-cry for men arming to fight! The priests still sing on and the great mass moves, moves slowly sullenly down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is an ominous sign when soldiers move sullenly to battle, a sign of victory or death. Now they halt for a moment. The ramparts are alive with white turbans, there is a sound of rushing feet in the city. The priests have ceased to sing the psalms. Raise the *De profundis* now, O priests, for the dead who are to

bo! Ah! they are silent no longer, these sullen warriors in the valley. They shout. What is the cry? *Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!* The heavens are rent with the sound, and the earth trembles with the thunderous rush. They make for the

Will no one help them, no one drag them out? No one. There is no time for pity in battle, every one is in too great a hurry to kill. The heaving mass becomes still; it fills the ditch, it will be useful to place scaling ladders on. The men are



"I OPEN MY EYES AND SEE THE WALLS BEFORE ME."

walls! The white-turbaned soldiers on the ramparts pour down missiles upon those beneath, the sky is darkened by the flying arrows.

What is that dark, heaving mass at the base of the walls? Only dying men, crushed, broken, and killed by the stones and iron weights flung upon them, only dying men gasping out their lives.

dead or dying, or wounded, no one heeds which. Bring ladders! Scale the walls! Ah, there they swarm. No, they are down! But, up again. See that huge man mounting to the wall! He grapples with the Moslem on the top. They fight together! Ah, they are both down: fallen from that rampart into the heaving dead and

dying mass below. The next man is up. He stands on the rampart and waves his banner, and shouts *Dieu le veut!* 'Tis Godfrey de Bouillon, and there is Tancred up too! Jerusalem is ours! Jerusalem is ours! How they swarm to the top! Eustace and Raymond de Toulouse. They go so fast it is impossible to count them. The walls are ours at last. *Dieu le veut!* what a shout of exultation! O God of mercy! What a cry is that which follows. Wails of women, screams of children, and babbling shrieks of men, their life-blood choking their last gasp as it gushes from the headless trunk. Cries, curses, prayers, all in one vain chorus reaching up to heaven out of Jerusalem. Have ye no pity, ye sullen warriors of the cross, are ye human men, or fiends in human shape? Have ye no pity? No; they have no pity, these savage warriors, but go killing, butchering all day long, and their path is strewn with the dying and the dead, with bodies of men, women, and children. And yet they go hacking, cutting, stabbing, and so at last reach the Sepulchre of the Prince of Peace, who taught "good

will towards men." Poor blind Crusaders! Is this the way you honour the name of Christ? Your banner with the red cross upon it hangs limp, heavy, and dripping, from the staff. We see no more the cross upon it, for all is lost in the blood which has dyed it red. Everything is blood-red. The streets, ah, the very sky looks red from the reflected blood of the earth. What tears must be wept to wash away all this blood! Poor blind Crusaders!

I open my eyes and see the walls before me. This is where the assault took place when Jerusalem fell to the swords of the First Crusade. There are no people about; but the evening light rests peacefully upon wall and valley. I have been dreaming again. It is so easy to dream in Jerusalem. It is the land of dreams: the land of a Mighty Past. It is late; I must go home; supper is at six in my friend's house. I will hurry back. So I rise up from the stone where I dreamed and go back into Jerusalem, leaving the still quiet Valley of Jehoshaphat to its memories and its tombs.

SIR JAMES RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S.

(Born, September 29, 1809; Died, December 14, 1891.)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH: DELIVERED AS AN ADDRESS AT HIS FUNERAL.



OUR first impulses to-day are those of sorrow and tender sympathy. A beautiful and noble life has passed away from the sphere of earthly labours and Christian activities; from the associations of friendship, and from that dearer circle of domestic

intimacy in which for long years all that is most exquisite in human reverence and affection had centred round the one beloved name. In the sense of such loss, the sacredness of such grief, we who are here to assist in the last sad offices of love can but join in the prayer that every mourner may receive that comfort which all words of ours are powerless to yield.

Yet there is room, as well, for a calm and holy gladness, in this new proof of the value and the triumph of the Christian faith. It is no ordinary lesson that such a life has to teach. Our friend whom we mourn has been permitted, beyond the ordinary limit of human years, and until the last months of weakness and gradual decay, to live with mental and spiritual powers scarcely touched

by age, and with steadfast unflinching purpose to glorify God and serve his fellow men. The old promise, so profound and gracious in its meaning, has again been fulfilled: "With long life will I satisfy him." His was the happy lot of those who can say, each one as the evening shadows gather: "*Vixi*: my day of life is done,"—filled with high resolves, wise thoughts, unshaken trust, and deeds of helpful service, even to the end.

The beginnings of his life were eminently favourable, under God's blessing, to the formation of such a character. To the last, he was accustomed to speak with filial reverence of his father, the Rev. Dr. James Bennett, so well known throughout Nonconformist churches, and in still wider circles, in the early half of this century, as a Christian teacher of no mean erudition and power, as well as a most able defender of the Christian faith against the prevailing scepticisms of his day. And, going still farther back, our friend would often refer to the life and work of another ancestor, whose name he bore. His mother's grandfather, the Rev. Risdon Darracott, of Wallington, Somerset, often termed by admiring contemporaries, "the Star of the West,"¹ a man whose pastoral activities, intense love of souls, and earnest concern for the spiritual interests of the young, have left a name of which the fragrance lingers even yet.

¹ The name appears to have been given him by Whitefield. It is taken as the title of Darracott's biography, by the Rev. Dr. James Bennett.

Such were the traditions and influences which served to mould the boyhood of our friend, and from the first to point his way into the fold of Christ. Through what stages of conflict or indecision he may have passed, we cannot tell; we only know that from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures, and that with opening manhood the grace of God had fully won his heart, so that he had taken his stand as a devout and intelligent believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. With all the advantages of a liberal education, of foreign travel, of professional training and early distinction, this was still his specialty. He "was not ashamed of the Gospel."

Some opportunities occurred in connection with his early professional career, of showing his sympathy with Christian enterprise. Of these, the most notable, and the most far-reaching in its consequences, was his friendship with David Livingstone, an attendant on his lectures at the Charing Cross Hospital, and a few years younger than himself. Dr. Bennett the elder, then a director of the London Missionary Society, with characteristic wisdom and insight discerned the high capabilities of the future missionary, and eagerly befriended him; the son procuring for him special opportunities of medical study, and forming an intimacy with him that lasted through Livingstone's life. From Kuruman, the grateful missionary writes: "I feel the benefit often of your instructions and of those which I got through your kindness."

Already in those early days, the professional success of Dr. Bennett was well assured. But of his long and distinguished labours as a physician this is not the place to speak. Enough to say that the office of President of the Royal College of Physicians, to which he was appointed for five successive years, and the honour of knighthood conferred on him in 1881, were tributes to his character and ability, which formed a fitting climax to his career; while it is almost needless to add that the various duties of the President's office, both at home and abroad, were discharged by him with signal gracefulness and efficiency.

But throughout his course, no claim of professional life, nor absorption in scientific pursuits, was suffered to interfere with his life-long dedication to Christian service. His position in the church of Christ had been deliberately taken, and was throughout consistently maintained. By deep conviction, as well as by birth, he was a Nonconformist; while he manifested a true, large-hearted catholicity of spirit. His church connexions were to him a source of unflinching interest and delight. Especially may be mentioned here his long association with the late beloved Dr. Alexander Raleigh; first in the church at Hare Court and afterwards at Kensington—a pastor, the very mention of whose name awakens in many hearts a host of tender yet inspiring memories. Then, beyond the immediate circle of church-life, some forms of Christian activity were especially dear to our friend. His attachment to foreign missions may be said to have been hereditary. So early as 1847 he became a director of the London Missionary Society; and

from 1856 held the office of Physician to that Society. In 1861 he joined the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and in 1875 became a Trustee to that institution, rendering in these capacities, as well as in that of Medical Adviser to the Society, constant and valuable service to the end of his life.

All his associates in counsel will long vividly remember the kindly and dignified presence of their colleague, the "beloved physician;" his unflinching interest and kindly courtesy, with many a flash of genial humour; his large and accurate knowledge, his common-sense, his soundness of judgment and the fearlessness with which he maintained his convictions; with his lucid speech, which was a very index to the clearness of his thought and the decision of his views; the simplicity and humility of his prayers; and, above all, his clear unfaltering maintenance of the great verities of the Gospel. He was discriminating, too; and very tolerant; well understanding the limitations of human knowledge. All mere dogmatism was foreign to his nature: he had a reason to give, and he craved like reason from others, for the hope that was in him. To understand and to illustrate Scripture was with him a passion: and in his little though valuable volume on the Diseases of the Bible, he showed how, from the resources of his own profession, vivid and important light might be cast upon the oracles of God.

One of the most constant topics of interest with him was the consistency of the Christian belief with scientific habits of mind. He loved to speak of those distinguished men in the past, as well as of living contemporaries, who have combined an intimate knowledge of nature and her laws with a sincere and humble belief in Christ. This union of science and faith he illustrated in his brief but striking biographical sketch of Albrecht von Haller, one of the greatest physiologists of the eighteenth century.

In what was perhaps the last of his public addresses, that delivered at the annual meeting of the Christian Evidence Society in 1890, he dwelt strongly upon the same thought; and in describing the men of science who had been "firm and devout believers in Christianity," he unconsciously portrayed the ideal of his own life.

"They were men," he said, "gifted with the highest mental endowments, which through life they devoted to the investigation of Truth. They were men ever seeking for and weighing evidence in support of the doctrines they promulgated, who, by habitual and careful mental training, had become eminently fitted for judging of evidence. They were men who saw and felt that there were departments of knowledge distinct from the material universe, and for which evidence was required outside the domain in which they had been working. They felt and admitted the supreme importance of such subjects, not only to their own spiritual nature, and for which they were conscious, but also to the welfare of all mankind. They sought for, found and weighed such evidence in support of revealed religion as satisfied their trained intellects."

And again, in the same address :

"It has been truly said that 'the real evidence of Christianity is its power.' And how can we look round the world and fail to see proof of this power wherever the Gospel is known, among all races of mankind, all classes of society, all ranks of intellect? What is there comparable to Christianity in promoting the happiness and welfare of mankind? The full influence of this power, even as regards the present life, we have indeed yet to see; and we can but faintly appreciate the inestimable light it has shed on the life to come, the full glory of which has yet to be revealed."

Such was almost his closing testimony to the truth, which he had found the strength and solace of his life. Of succeeding days there is

but little to add. Some months ago he was seriously weakened by an attack of influenza. On his partial recovery, he returned to his work with indefatigable zeal, although with powers too obviously impaired. Still he maintained his interest in Christian literature and enterprise. One of the last conversations I had with him was upon the Book of Psalms, which he had been re-reading with the liveliest interest. But weakness gradually increased: he was laid very low. And what to our sorrowing eyes appeared the evening twilight of dimmed faculties and departing strength, becomes to the view of faith rather the twilight of the morning, in which all earthly shadows depart and the path of the just shall continue, shining more and more until the perfect day.

SAMUEL G. GREEN.

THE STORY OF TERJE VIGEN.

FROM THE NORSE.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century there lived on the rocky coast of Norway a sailor named Terje Vigen. In his youth he had been wild, and ran off to sea, where, through his uncontrollable spirits, he often got into trouble. At Amsterdam he deserted his ship, and, feeling homesick, returned to his native place in a trading vessel; but he was so grown in stature and strength, and looked so handsome in his warm and well-fitting garments, that no one recognised him. Finding that his parents and all his other family connexions were dead, he spent a brief season in silent grief, but soon regained his spirits, and went back to the sea, which seemed to promise more rest to his heart than the land on which he had become a stranger. Twelve months later, however, he married somewhat suddenly, and it was generally thought that he soon repented the deed and chafed under the restraints which it imposed.

Be this true or not, after spending the winter in idleness in his little home, he put out to sea again, when the soft spring had loosened the ice, and did not return till the autumn, and even then with regret, not unmingled with envy at the freedom which his comrades enjoyed. But as he peeped in at the window of his long-deserted home, he beheld a sight which thoroughly transformed him. At the spinning-wheel sat his patient young wife, and beside her was a cradle containing a fresh, lively baby-girl, which in his absence had come to brighten his dwelling. The restless roving seaman became from that moment a serious, home-loving man, toiling at his daily work, and employing his leisure moments in singing to his little Annie, as she lay toying in his lap, or rocking her to sleep when the hour of repose arrived. Music and dancing might reach his ear on Sunday evenings from the neighbouring farm, but the attractions within the home proved stronger than those without.

And so the time passed till the year 1809, when the great war begun between the English and Napoleon, in which all Napoleon's allies were inevitably involved. Norway was dragged into the quarrel through her connexion with Denmark, though the only way in which Britain showed her hostility was by blockading the ports, and so stopping the supplies of grain which the people of that rock-bound

coast obtained by sea. The Norsemen, who had done nothing to merit such treatment, endured much bitter suffering; for the harvest at home failed, and rich and poor alike were threatened with starvation. Terje, like the rest, was reduced to a state of helpless misery, but he could not sit still and see his wife and child pining for bread; so he resolved to risk the perils of the sea and the chance of capture, and to go forth in search of grain. It was a daring venture. He started alone, as soon as the wind blew a little less wildly, in an open boat, without mast or sail, choosing the smallest skiff that he could obtain, that he might the better elude the vigilance of the English men-of-war. He reached Fladstrand safely, after a hard row, and having obtained three sacks of barley, proceeded to return. For three days and nights he toiled at the oars, and as the sun rose on the fourth morning he neared his home. The sight of the familiar fields with their rocky peaks filled his heart with gladness, and he was about to offer up a psalm of praise, when, as the fog lifted, he beheld to his dismay an English corvette lying at anchor in Hesnes Sound. He, too, was observed. The nearest opening in the reef was blocked, but he might yet escape westward, so rowing hard, with the corvette in pursuit, he made for some sunken rocks called the Goslings, a little to the east of Homburg Sound, within which, even on the stormiest day, it is generally calm. Shooting through the breakers, he cried aloud to God: "Just in there on the shingle is my poor cottage, and my wife and babe waiting for bread." But the moment that his boat touched the top of the reef, the yawl, which contained fifteen men, also scraped the ground. "Stop," shouted the officer, and raising an oar, drove the blade of it through the skiff's bottom, smashing its planks and ribs, and sinking its precious cargo in two feet of water. But Terje would not give in without a struggle, and dashing through the armed sailors he sought safety by swimming, diving now and again to evade his pursuers. It was all in vain, for muskets and cutlasses were pointed at him on every side. He was obliged to surrender at last. He was carried on board the corvette, where he was made a prisoner, and a salute was fired in honour of this glorious (?) victory.



ALF COOKS. LEADS.

The Fisherman's Wife.

The commander, a youth of eighteen, was naturally proud of this, his first engagement, and only answered poor Terje's tears and entreaties with sneers and mockings. The vessel got off the reef again and put out to sea. Terje was henceforth silent, though full of sorrow, and his perfect calmness astonished his captors, evidently there was some thought in his heart which gave him strength and comfort, but what it was no one could divine.

For five years, it is said, he lay in prison, his head bowed, his hair turned grey with grief, as in solitude he thought of his little home, and those who had awaited his return. At last, in the year 1814, peace was proclaimed, and the Norse prisoners were taken back in a Swedish frigate, and Terje among them. He obtained a pilot's licence from the king, but few recognised him on his return. There was no wife, no child to greet him. Both had long since died of starvation, and had been buried in a pauper's grave. He did not murmur, but quietly fulfilled his duty as a pilot for many years, making one of the outside islands his abode. But though he injured no one, he wore a look akin to a madman's, when the sea broke over the sunken rocks. The time of his revenge drew near. It was a bright moonlight night; the wind was blowing towards the shore. An English yacht, with foresail and mainsail in rags, was driving in, and at her foretop waved a red flag, a sign of distress. Terje started off to her relief, and soon worked his way through the heavy seas, reached the yacht's deck, made his own boat secure, and seizing the wheel in his iron grasp, freed her from the peril that awaited her. The owner, an English nobleman, with his wife and child, came forward and promised Terje that if he would take them safely out of the terrible breakers he would make him as rich as he was now poor. One glance at the suppliant's face was enough. Terje let go the helm, the ship's head turned landwards, and in a moment was high and dry. "She wouldn't obey her helm," said the pilot: "let down the boats. My lord and my lady, come in mine—she'll knock herself to pieces in no time—trust me—but just inside, the shore is safe enough, follow in my wake." The invitation was responded to, and the skiff sped towards the land. But as they neared the Jostling reef, Terje, with a wild and savage look, swung an oar in the air, and drove it blade foremost through the bottom of the boat. The sea rushed through in a foaming torrent; and the wife and mother, pale with terror, lifted her little daughter aloft with an agonising cry: "Anna, my child!" The grey-headed pilot trembled, and seizing the sheet, shoved the helm hard a-lee. The boat shot through the breakers, then struck and sank, but she was now in calm waters hardly knee-deep, and apparently resting on a hidden tongue of land. "Look out," cried the nobleman; "the back of this reef is moving, it's no rock at all."

"No, be easy," was the pilot's quiet reply, "the reef that is holding us up now is a sunken skiff with three sacks of barley." It was a moment of terrible retribution; the nobleman recognised, in that grey-haired weather-beaten pilot, the sailor who had knelt upon his deck years ago and besought him with tears to spare him for the sake of his wife and child. It was now the English noble's turn to fall on his knees and crave the pity he had once refused to bestow. In touching terms Terje reminded him of his hardheartedness and cruelty; and then, seizing the child with one arm, and with the other round the wife, he dared the Briton to take one step forward, or both should be sacrificed.

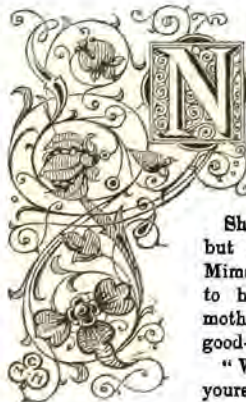
In that one night the nobleman's hair turned grey; but Terje was merciful to him who showed no mercy. Tenderly he put down the child, and kissed its hands. His voice became subdued and gentle. He seemed to breathe

like one just freed from a dungeon, and confessed that he was now himself again, though his blood had been, as he said, "like a river turned to stone." From that hour his body was erect, his brow was peaceful, his step was light, his heart was at rest, and his laugh was as merry as that of a frolicsome boy.

It was the little Anna that had saved the crew. By daybreak all peril was over, and even the yacht was brought safely into harbour. Terje's exploit brought him fame; and the nobleman and his wife and their friends came to his cottage to bid him farewell, and pour forth their gratitude for their deliverance. To all which Terje had one reply. Stroking the child's frock, he said: "No, what saved you at the worst pinch was the little one there, sure enough." And as he watched their departure when they put out to sea, a tear trembled in his eye, as he observed: "Much I have lost, but much has been given me. No doubt it has all been for the best, and so God be thanked for it."

Terje was nearly seventy years of age when he was summoned to his rest. His remains lie in a weather-beaten part of Fjære churchyard. No elaborate monument marks the site; no iron railing encircles it; but at the head of the grave is a small black board, on which is written in white letters: "Thærie Wiigen," with the date of his death.

JANIE'S GIFTS.



NOW, Janie, it's time to start," called mother. "All the children are to meet on the green at ten o'clock, and it won't do for you to be late."

"I'm coming," cried Janie.

She was just seven years old; but such a kind little sister that Mima, and Jim, and baby, clung to her as if she were their little mother, and no one wanted to say good-bye.

"Well, child, I hope you'll enjoy yourself," said mother, "it's very hot. I shall have a handful with the

children, I expect, and shall miss you sadly."

"It's nice to be missed," said Janie, as she ran off, turning round once and again to kiss her hand to the party clustered round the cottage door.

The sun shone brightly. Everything sparkled in the summer light. Janie thought the very brook sang louder than usual, as it rippled over the stones.

For my part, I think it was the happiness in her own heart that made the music.

She hurried through the village to the green, where the children were to meet, and march to the railway station, where special carriages had been engaged to take them for a day's treat, to the seaside.

All the way there, they flourished their handkerchiefs from the windows, and shouted with joy; for many of them, like Janie, had never seen the sea.

When at last they trooped down to the shore, and saw the waves crested with white foam rolling up almost to their feet, a few of the younger children were frightened,

and Joe Smith, a little orphan, began to cry. He was there all alone, and wanted some one to cling to, but when Janie crept up to his side, and held his trembling hand, smiles soon chased the tears from his blue eyes. Janie always carried the sunshine about her, somehow or other.

By-and-by, several of the children took off their shoes and stockings, and paddled in the shallow pools. Others went on the rocks, coming back laden with sprays of beautiful sea-weed to carry home. Among these last were Janie and Joe. They were returning with all sorts of treasures, when a gust of wind blew off Joe's cap. They could not run swiftly across the rock in pursuit of it, on account of the slippery carpet of seaweed, so the cap blew farther and farther away, until at last it was carried out to sea on the crest of a wave.

"Don't cry, Joe," said Janie cheerfully.

"But I don't want to go without a cap all day in the sun," whimpered Joe. "And Aunt Meg will be angry when I go home; it wasn't my cap really, it was her Dick's."

"I'll come with you, and say it wasn't your fault; it blew away," said Janie. "And Joe, you sha'n't go without a cap. I'll make you one when we get on the sands. I've got a new handkerchief with a lovely picture of a Noah's ark, and all the animals going in in twos; and you shall have it. Wait a moment."

As soon as they were on firm ground again, Janie brought out the promised handkerchief (father had only bought it last night), and, tying the four corners into queer little cork-screw knots, she fixed it on Joe's head.

"What a kind little friend you've got, Joe," said Miss Morton, one of the ladies who had come with the children, and witnessed the little scene between Janie and Joe. She also remembered Janie telling another girl about her new handkerchief, and showing it with pride in the train, and she knew that it was from sheer unselfishness she had now given it to Joe. She called Janie aside a moment, and slipped a bright new sixpence into her hand.

"Presently you are all going into the town to have some tea," said Miss Morton, "and you may see something you would like to buy, to remind you of your holiday."

"Oh! thank you, miss; I think I should like——"

Then Janie stopped and laughed, and clapped her hands, for sixpence meant so much to her. She had never possessed more than a halfpenny for her very own, but in one moment she had made up her mind how to spend this large sum.

What do you think she managed to get with it?

Why, for father, she bought a long pipe to smoke in the chimney corner; for mother, a thimble: "she's always working for us," said Janie; for baby, a rattle; for Mima and Jim a wonderful toy each, and for Joe a tin trumpet. As for herself, she had the pleasure of giving.

Thus laden with gifts Janie came home.

Almost all the people in the village had turned out to meet the children at the station, so that by the time they reached the green, there was quite a procession. Janie could not hold Joe's hand, her own were so full; but he trotted by her side, blowing his trumpet from time to time, its shrill blast being to his mind the sweetest music.

"Look at our Janie!" said father, opening the gate. "Well, my girlie, and have you had a good time?"

The others were hurrying out to welcome her.

"Oh! yes," she said, "and Miss Morton gave me sixpence, and we went into the town, and——" Here she brought out her presents.

"You'll smoke this pipe, father, won't you? and mother, you'll put by the old thimble with the hole where the needle is always slipping through and pricking your finger? And baby can't hurt himself with this rattle, it's wicker-work. And, mother, the shop-woman said the paint won't come off these toys for Mima and Jim; and Joe likes his trumpet ever

so much, he hasn't any other toy quite his own. Yes. I've had a lovely day!"

"And so Miss Morton gave you sixpence," said father smiling, "and what did my little girl buy for herself?"

"Why, I didn't want anything," said Janie, her eyes sparkling with happiness. "Please kiss me again, mother, dear, I've got the best of it after all."

E. P. S.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIV.

1. What St. Paul described as the greatest grace.
2. The country of a patriarch noted for patience.
3. A descendant of Anan who rebelled against Moses.
4. A Jewish maiden who became Queen of Persia.

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

W. C.

NO. XV.

The land of which a holy angel said,
"There shall He meet you, risen from the dead:"
The country whither Joseph takes his flight
With the young child and Mary in the night;
To whom did Jesus say—"They blest shall be
Who shall believe although they do not see."
What king desired to see the King of kings,
Hoping to witness strange and wondrous things?
Who asked the Saviour to his home, to meat,
But did not offer water for His feet?
Who stood with Moses on the mount in glory,
And talked with Christ of Calvary's coming story?
Who said to Jesus, in complaining tone,
"My sister, there, leaves me to serve alone?"
To whom, at first, was Jesus captive led?
(All the disciples had, in terror, fled.)
Who, wondering, asked the Rabbi to explain
Those words of His—"Ye must be born again?"
Where did the risen Christ Himself reveal
To two disciples at a simple meal?

These answers, all, are in the gospels found;
Initials name a spot—'tis holy ground—
Where Christ, in anguish, knelt to pray and weep,
His dearest loved ones wrapped in selfish sleep;
"Father, take this cup from Me," cries the Son,
"Nevertheless, Thy will, not Mine, be done."

L. T.

ANSWER TO A CHAPTER OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. I.—p. 160.—Acts xvi.

Phrygia, Galatia, Mysia, Bithynia, Macedonia, and Asia. Derbe, Lystra, Iconium, Jerusalem, Troas, Samothracia, Neapolis, Philippi, Thyatira. Epistle to the Galatians. Macedonia, Jerusalem, Iconium, Lystra, Thyatira, Troas, Philippi, ver. 3, 21, 1, 13, 14, 16. Lydia and Lois. Paul, Silas and Timotheus. Paul's letters to Timothy. The Holy Spirit: ver. 6, 7. Spirit of divination: vers. 16, 19-27, 25-40. Circumcision and baptism: vers. 3, 15, 16-19. The jailer: the earthquake: the magistrates: ver. 38, ver. 31.

Monthly Religious Record.

At the Foot of the Cross. THE beautiful work so long carried on in Whitechapel by Mr. George Holland, has found an earnest pleader in the person of the Marchioness of Stafford. The work itself is its own best plouder, and any one who has come under the spell of the venerable founder of the work among young and old in George Yard, will appreciate the words of the earnest-hearted Marchioness. She writes in the *Queen*: "There are those I know whose lives are not laid in the great metropolis, and there are those in the West-end in hundreds (God bless them!) to whom 'the sweetest surprisals of eternity will be the resurrection of these works of Time.' But it is to others I write, to those who crave for activity, but seem bound by the cords of conventionality, and the wearisome round of London social life. To them, I say, Mr. George Holland, High-street, Whitechapel, will at any time give them a hearty welcome, especially about 8 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays; and, looking back upon an evening spent nearer the foot of the cross maybe than any other life moment, they may realise the happiness of work for others."

Education in Basutoland. SUCH wonderful progress has been made by the French missionaries in Basutoland that large editions of various works are called for, and some are rapidly sold. The price is of course below the cost, and the missionaries come frequently to the Religious Tract Society to aid them. The Rev. A. Mabille writes under date of November that there is need of a third edition of *Line upon Line* by the late Mrs. Mortimer, translated into Sesuto in 1877. He says, "I am asking a great deal, but my excuse is that it is a book read in our day schools, and which we give to the scholars gratuitously. The book is much liked, and missionaries in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal use it also in their schools. In my district this year I have opened three new out-stations, which make now thirty-two for my station alone. I have twenty-five day-schools, and also some evening ones for the shepherds."

Romanism in Basutoland. MR. MABILLE proceeds: "I am now printing a small book comparing Roman Catholicism with the Gospel, and this we shall spread broadcast, giving it to the people, if we can get help. The priests are increasing in numbers, and growing in boldness. They have of late drawn to themselves the own brother of our paramount chief, a backslider from one of our congregations, and also his principal wife who has left our community to be allowed to live as she likes in a worldly manner. And that has made them very bold. I had, a few weeks ago, a large concourse of three thousand persons to witness the baptism of one of the woman's daughters in our church, and there were about sixty Roman Catholics present. With two of their catechists, they did their best between the services to draw the people away from us. I have not heard, however, of any backsliding in that part of the country."

A London Scavenger. THE Baptist Missionary Centenary Fund is rapidly growing. One of the most interesting incidents yet recorded is in connection with the gift of a London scavenger. He brought four five-pound Bank of England notes and giving in place of his name a text of Scripture, said: "Please put that to the Centenary Fund."

Modern Preaching. THE Lord Chancellor at a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster, has been uttering some wise words on the subject of sermons—their composition, length and the need for them. He thinks there are some palpable causes for the outcry against sermons altogether, or for their undue shortening. He said: "It must candidly be allowed that a certain polite unbelief largely prevails among the educated classes." "One of the incidents of this attitude to religion is seen in the less reverent observance of Sunday. This has brought with it an effeminate desire for amusement. The idea that one is not to work on Sunday is fully realised, but a like abstention from amusement is not followed." Lord Halsbury mentioned that on one Sunday, going to the Temple Church

to worship, he had counted no fewer than three hundred and fifty young men on bicycles. He closed by saying it did not occur to him that the condition of things in the present day is such that the clergy ought to yield to the exhortations of those who disparage preaching. "This is no time for the Christian Church to relax its effort. There is a profligate and depraved fiction Press, and there is, unhappily, one court of justice which is causing incalculable evil. In time past the pulpit roused a profligate court and nation to a higher conception of duty. It was not in a highly moral condition of society that Bossuet and Bourdaloue preached, and when our newspapers are defiled with reports of divorce cases, and translations of the worst French novels are being hawked about the streets, there is great need of effective and fervid preaching."

The Earthquake of Exeter. Miss BICKERSTETH, daughter of the Bishop of Exeter, gives an account of the great danger from which they have been mercifully preserved during the serious earthquake in Japan. They were on a visit to the bishop's son, who is Bishop of Japan. First of all from Osaka she describes the time of terror. A number of missionaries had united in a large picnic, and, beyond a thickness in the air, had no cause for alarm. "Next morning," she writes: "about 6.35 I was just finishing some reading and about to take a cup of tea, when a violent earthquake began. The first half-minute I didn't feel disturbed at all, we had so many at Tokyo, and they were over in a few seconds, and only seemed like an express train running under the house. But I soon found this was different. On and on it went, the plaster coming down; every window and wall creaking, swaying, rattling. I was sleeping up at one end of Bishop Poole's Girls' School, a big institution built in a quadrangle. Really I ought to have rushed out the moment the earthquake began . . . and it was a great mercy I was not hurt by a heavy chest of drawers which was just by my bed. The actual earthquake went on for about two and a half minutes, but the 'quivering' went on for a long time, and we had another sharp shock at 7.30. The moment the worst shock was over there was such a noise in the streets from the Japanese, and some soldiers began to pass the house, and we found a great factory had fallen in and many people were killed." She tells how very narrowly her father escaped serious accident by the falling of a chimney in the next house to where he was sleeping. A day or two later from Kobe: "We had only a little earthquake during the night, and all slept capitally. Everybody's hopes are rising that the worst is over. It may seem strange to you that we are so anxious, but the danger is so indefinite, and yet might be so extra definite, that it is very difficult to go on just the same. Father preached a very striking sermon at the English church last night, and about two hundred English were present."

Melchizedek. A DISCOVERY of transcendent interest has recently been made, and an account of it is given by Professor Sayce in the December number of the *Newbury House Magazine*. Three years ago, on the Eastern bank of the Nile, midway between the towns of Minieh and Assiout some mounds were searched, and which are now known by the name of Tel-el-Amarna. They stand on the site of the ancient capital of Egypt. Among the ruins have been unearthed a portion of the archives of Amenophis IV. and his father. These are in cuneiform character on clay tablets, and what invests them with the peculiar interest is that they confirm the Biblical account of the wars with the Khabiri, or Confederate Kings of Genesis xiv. And on these tablets are found a record of Melchizedek, King of Pease. Professor Sayce writes: "A cuneiform tablet tells us that uru means 'city,' and consequently, Uru-salem, or Jerusalem, must signify the city of the god Salem. It was in fact the 'City of Peace.' What a curious anticipation the title is of the Isaiatic prophecy, 'Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river' (Isa. lxxvi. 12)." But Melchizedek was not king of Jerusalem, as he was not a king in the ordinary sense of the term, but by virtue of Divine appointment

he was "Prince of Peace." Well may the writer say: "Narratives which had been discredited by the over-subtle analysis of criticism have been once more brought within the pale of history by the spade of the excavator, and the patient labour of the decipherer. If the account of the campaign of the Babylonian Kings has excited the mistrust of critics, the account of Melchizedek, King of Salem and priest of the most High God has excited still greater mistrust." And yet this recent discovery has now shown that the mysterious references in the Scripture to this mysterious and awe-inspiring personage rested on historical fact, and the name which has excited so much curiosity, and in some quarters doubt, is here found printed on the clay tablet.

The American Evangelists. MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY are rapidly extending their ministry of blessing, and after passing through Argyll, Ross, Inverness and Ross-shires they are far in the north of Scotland. Thurso, Wick and Caithness have heard the word of power and the persuasive melody, and in the midst of all God has not withheld His gifts of pardon and peace. Upon Christians Mr. Moody is ever pleading that the apostolic injunction "Be filled with the Spirit," is as binding as any other of the commands of the Master of the apostles. He urges rightly that the free use of the power and blessing we receive is the best way to ensure more of the Divine gifts. Very earnest calls are now being sent to the evangelists to visit many places in England, and thus the scope of the work grows. One of the last of the pleas urged is that for Oxford, where the time is put forward so far as November, when the visit may be expected. To enable him to take part in this evangelistic work, the Rev. John McNeill, of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, has resigned his charge and preached farewell sermons. He will be much missed in London, but he believes the call was imperative.

The Plaint of the Strangers. MR. CHEOK HONG CHEONG, superintendent of the Church Mission to the Chinese in Victoria, and Miss Soonderbai Powar, a Hindoo lady from Bombay, have come over to this country on a mission which has the object of setting before the people of this country the truth about the opium question from the standpoint of those who are most concerned in the matter. In regard to remedies against the opium habit, Mr. Cheong says: "There are only two remedies for the evils of the traffic—strict confinement or absolute prohibition. The victims themselves are in favour of the latter, because, after many struggles, they feel that any attempt at reformation will be worse than useless, if the temptations are not removed. It is almost impossible for any man, by sheer strength of will and purpose, to give up the habit." Of ninety-six members of the Victorian Legislative Assembly, seventy-four are pledged to support the Bill which has been prepared, prohibiting opium in Victoria except for medicinal purposes. And in their churches the feeling is so strong that no opium smoker, or anyone connected with the traffic, is admitted to membership.

Censorship in Poland. THERE is no abatement of the intensely jealous attitude of the Russian censorship in regard to the diffusion of evangelical literature. Even in Poland the activity of its agents seems to be quickened. A few copies of a translation of the excellent "British Workman" in Polish were discovered after twenty years, in a corner of the tract depot at Warsaw, and a lad sold two copies. They were immediately seized, and the case has been remanded, and notice given to the depot keeper to appear and give explanations in regard to the sale, since it is alleged they were without the stamp of the censor's office. The depositary was new to the work, and finding the papers, concluded that they, with the other numbers of the same periodical, had duly been authorized.

John Newton's Old Church. THOSE who hold dear the memory of John Newton, Cowper's friend, will regret to hear that there is a possibility of the removal of St. Mary Woolnoth, of which he was for many years rector. And the reason is the more painful, since in letters to the *Times*, the present rector describes a very serious state of things. It appears that there are buried under the church the remains of seven or eight thousand bodies, still resting in the vaults; and many of them, from the rector's own knowledge, have never been resolved into dust. So bad is the escape of gases that the church was some time ago temporarily closed and concrete laid down. But the con-

dition of things is again almost as bad as ever, and worshippers and clergy have been made ill, and some have died as a consequence. How little did the friends of departed relatives consider the danger to posterity when they took such pains to preserve that from which the spirit had flown! It is now a question of either removing all the bodies, or closing and taking down the church.

Obituary. DURING the month there has passed away, Sir James Risdon Bennett, M.D., F.R.S., long distinguished as a physician, and who had always taken an active part in Christian and philanthropic work in various ways. He was the son of Dr. James Bennett, an eminent Nonconformist divine. Up to the very last, his interest in the London Missionary Society, of which he was medical referee, and in the Religious Tract Society, on whose Committee he had served for thirty years, was unabated. Of the latter Society he was for many years a trustee, and constant in his attendance at the early hour of eight o'clock each Tuesday morning. Indeed it was with difficulty he could be restrained at the advanced age of eighty-two from venturing out so recently as the middle of last October. In 1876 Sir Risdon Bennett was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians, in which office he served for six years; and in 1886 became a Fellow of the Royal Society. To high culture and polished manners, he added an unwavering devotion to the great evangelical doctrines of Christianity, and ever seemed to maintain a yearning and tender interest in those who by reason of a one-sided regard for intellectual attainment neglected the pressing claims of evangelical faith. Among other works, he was the author of an admirable little treatise on "The Diseases of the Bible."

At the ripe age of eighty-four, and a few weeks after keeping his golden wedding, has died the Right Rev. Charles Perry, D.D., who went out in 1847 as first Bishop of Melbourne. Dr. Perry had a brilliant course at Harrow (where he was contemporary with Bishop Charles Wordsworth, and Cardinal Manning), and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He took his degree before he was twenty-one as Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. Retiring from his colonial bishopric in 1878, he devoted the remainder of his life to various evangelical movements at home, and was a constant friend of the Church Missionary and other missionary and educational societies. He will be remembered too as one of the founders of Wycliff Hall, Oxford, and Ridley Hall, Cambridge. On the Tuesday before his death, he was, as usual, at the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, thus sums up his character: "He was a just man, he was a kind man, he was a gentleman to the backbone, he was courteous, he was open-minded within limits, he was ready to hear and to give an answer, even among men who differed from him; he was hopeful, he was generous, as to the motives, as to the man within the man, of persons who did not see with him—growingly so as life advanced and the soul mellowed towards its ingathering. And now he rests and is perfected. Now he sees all truth in the truth."

THE obituary of the month also includes the name of Dr. Kuenen, of Leyden, one of the advanced leaders of the higher criticism, and author of an "Introduction to the Old Testament," and "The Religion of Israel." In 1882 he was the Hibbert Lecturer and took for his subject "Natural Religions and Universal Religion." He was an accomplished English scholar. Mrs. Kingsley, widow of the late Canon Kingsley, has just died at her residence, near Leamington, at the age of seventy-seven. The Right Rev. Dr. Harold Browne, who resigned in the autumn of last year the See of Winchester, has passed away at the age of eighty. As an author he is best known by his "Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles," a book still used as the textbook for ordination candidates. To these names must be added that of Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., Recorder of London, one of the earliest victims of the great fog which overhung London during the week of Christmas. For the long period of thirty-four years he had sat as judge in the City of London, and to his marked ability as a lawyer he added a keen interest in religious and philanthropic movements. He was one of the earliest members of the Church Association and was at heart a sound Protestant. Like Sir Risdon Bennett, he was a trustee of the Religious Tract Society, having joined its Committee in 1863.