

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.



SAMSON GIVES TOM HIS BLESSING.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A TROUBLESOME CHARGE.

"A FINE sight o' trouble he be giving up there," snorted Old Glegg in fine contempt, as he sat with his pipe and his glass in the parlour of the Red Dragon. "That cooms of folks a-setting of theirselves up agin Madam. I always did say, and I sticks to it through everything, Madam knows what's what. She's got a powerful lot o' grit in her, has Madam, 'specially considering as she's a woman. But folks *will* go their own way, and a fine mess they get into

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with it. I reckon Mrs. Mary wishes rarely as she hadn't took that there Tom into her cottage. What with doctor's bills, and what with one thing and another, there'll be a fine sight to pay, and it's no thanks as she'll get from that graceless lad. He'll be off to his old ways so soon as he can set one foot before another."

"Is he getting any better?" asked Trusbet.

"So they say, but with them rheumatics no one knows how things will turn. Times they fly to the heart, and make an end of a man all in a twinkling, like the snuff of a candle. He'd be a

PRICE ONE PENNY.

fine corpse would Tom Heron," added the sexton, the professional side of his nature getting the upper hand: "I shouldn't wonder now but what he measure six foot four or five in his coffin. They lengthen out a bit dead you see, anyway he'd take a big coffin to hold un. I never thought to dig Tom Heron's grave, but there, there, in the midst o' life we are in death. True enough—true enough. And parson hisself looks as if he'd be the next to go. He'd never ha' got through the winter if he hadn't had Mr. Hugh to help un."

"Be it Mr. Hugh as has set all them new-fangled notions goin'?" asked another of the group. Glegg was a great authority on all matters ecclesiastical, and some recent innovations on old ways had aroused considerable interest and excitement in the village. Madam had raised no open protest, and so long as the great house remained acquiescent, the village was diffident about criticising; but there was a strong feeling that explanation was required, and Glegg was the man who was supposed to be the oracle, if he could but be persuaded to open his lips.

He screwed up his face now into an expression which implied a vast reserve of knowledge, and being pressed by his friends to deliver himself of an opinion, he at last condescended to speak.

"It be Mr. Hugh in part, and Mr. Latham in part," he answered with praiseworthy caution. "If you'd a took in half the meaning of parson's sermons ever since he's been here, you'd a known as he was aiming at some'ut. Bless you, I knew it all along. I've said times and again to myself, we'll have changes here some o' these fine days if Madam will allow it; but I suppose as he was afeared to tackle Madam, and so he bided quiet till his chance came."

"He didn't bide quiet altogether, he put on Sacrament Sunday once a month, and it used only to be three times a year."

"Why, yes, he did that," assented Glegg, and they do say as Madam did not like it over much; not that she minded Sacrament Sunday coming oftener, but she thought as it were impertinent of the curate to want to make changes where she were satisfied herself. But Rector, he said it were the right thing, and he had it in his church, and so we had it too. But Mr. Hugh comes and says as that isn't enough, and every Sunday should be Sacrament Sunday. Them young men from Oxford, they do get hold of a powerful lot o' queer notions. I'd like to know who'd stay every Sunday. Why 'tisn't but half-a-dozen besides the gentry as stop once a month. Folks wants to get home to their dinners, and like enough they should. Mr. Hugh, so they say at the Hall, says as he'd have fewer sermons and Sacrament always; but, lor bless you! the farmers would never put up with that. Why when would they get their Sunday nap if sermon was took off? It won't do; it won't do. And I'll tell Mr. Hugh my own self, if so be as he asks me; and who would be like to know better?"

"Folks say as the ladies of Ernscliff are powerful fond o' new-fangled notions," remarked one of the company tentatively, "I've heerd tell as they got a Methody to Tom when he was so

wild-like; but that he couldn't understand a word that was spoke, and was off his head days and nights together. It do seem strange as they should a took up with un, just as Madam turned un off the estate. It ain't many folks as cares to fly in Madam's face; but they don't seem on-friendly like when they do meet."

Glegg closed one eye in a meaning fashion, and laid his finger against the side of his rubicund nose.

"Madam doesn't wish to quarrel with Mrs. Mary, for all she's a bit wrong-headed and wilful-like. Why, it's plain as anything what the Captain goes there so often for; and they do say as she has a tidy bit of money now; much more than Ernscliff brings her in. I don't see what more a woman wants than a husband like the Captain, and he'd soon cure her of her queer notions. But folks talk and talk, and things don't seem to get on much from what they was a year and more ago. It do seem now as if it was Mr. Hugh who cared the most for her. He be always up there talkin' and talkin' with her, and looking after that there Tom, and as much took up with Ernscliff as ever he is with Sax. Ay! ay! I knows the ways of un. Mr. Hugh knows where the money lies as well as the Captain and Madam. They don't mean that there fortune to go out of the family, that I'll take my Bible oath on. If it bean't one it'll be t'other; you see if it isn't so."

There was a good deal of nodding of heads, and wise looks were exchanged all round. Glegg was the oracle, but all declared that similar thoughts had suggested themselves to each mind individually before, and the assembly broke up in high good-humour, some wishing good luck to the dashing young Captain, whilst others hoped it would be Mr. Hugh, who was always so civil-spoken, and seemed to care to hear the story of the poor man's joys or woes, a less usual thing in those days than it has since become.

As may be gathered from the foregoing bits of village gossip, many things had happened in Sax since Christmas: and the months of the winter and early spring had been a sad time for poor Tom Heron. Weakened by long abstinence and the asceticism he had practised when striving after a better manner of life, he had been still farther unhinged by the wild excesses of those miserable weeks, when he had broken through all bonds and had relapsed into his old vicious ways. The result of all this was that a violent chill, taken at the forge one cold winter's day, prostrated him with inflammatory rheumatism, and for many weeks his life had been almost despaired of. Had he been inhabiting his old damp and unsanitary house, he would scarcely have risen from his sick bed again: but as kind Providence would have it, he now found himself in one of the Ernscliff cottages, where the well-being and comfort of the inhabitants was studied, and moreover the ladies of Ernscliff not only called in adequate medical help, but sent from their own table and kitchen everything needful for the sufferer during his long illness and still longer convalescence. And so with all this help, Tom was slowly and painfully struggling back to life again; and as he lay looking out through

the open lattice window upon the awakening world of nature, he felt a slight stirring of the pulses, and the first faint desire for life that he had known for many a long week.

Janet Dawson sat beside him, stitching with her characteristic industry at some piece of household linen. Strange as it was to see that stern face beside him, Tom had grown used to the sight by this time. The fact was that Janet Dawson was out-and-out the best nurse in the whole country side, and had been induced partly for love and (it must also be confessed) partly for money, to undertake the care of Tom Heron during his long and dangerous illness. Mary Ernscliff had a wonderful faculty for getting her wishes carried out, and it had been her most earnest wish that Tom should have every chance in this severe sickness. Janet had been loth to leave home, but the winter was not the busy season at the farm, the remuneration promised was an inducement, and in the end she had grown interested in the "case" and proud of her skill when the doctors one and all (for more than one had been called in) averred that to her patience and tendance the sick man owed his life.

She had grown fond of the blind child too, in her own silent way, and had taught the little one how to perform many offices for the patient, which she would have feared to attempt alone. Molly was as quick and as sensitive as the blind so often are, and made up for the lack of one faculty by the preternatural acuteness of others; thus she was an apt pupil, and was rapidly learning under Janet's care to be a first-rate little cook and housekeeper.

Now, stealing softly into the room with hushed tread, she whispered to Janet that the Lady of Ernscliff was below and would like to speak to her.

Tom was just beginning to take notice of what went on about him, and his hollow eyes turned eagerly upon Molly.

"The lady," he said in a voice that was little more than a whisper, "please to give her my humble duty, and thank her for all she has done. It fair shames me when I think——"

"Then don't think, ye senseless loon," retorted Janet with her customary sharpness, which, Tom had learnt to know, disguised kindlier feelings. "Haven't I bid ye stop thinking at least a dozen times this very day? It's to get better the young leddy asks of ye—and to think is the best way to stop that," and then Janet bustled off down stairs, leaving Tom alone with his blind sister.

But it was one thing to tell Tom not to think, and quite another to enforce the order. As his bodily health returned, and freedom from pain left his mind at liberty, memory returned with sharp stabs of shame and remorse, and it appeared to Tom as though no creature in the wide world had ever been half so vile as he.

It was not as though his conversion had been a mere passing phase of feeling, engendered by his terror in the fire and narrowness of his escape from peril. It might have been in part due to those immediate causes, but it had taken deep hold upon his mind, and had stood the test of a

whole year. There had always been much that was fine and even noble in Tom Heron's nature, but his circumstances and surroundings had been against him, and that mystery of inherited wildness which ran through his very veins, had helped to make of him the reckless ne'er-do-well, who was at once the pride and the terror of Sax. But with a heart-felt conviction of sin, new feelings had awakened within him, and he had repented earnestly, and had struggled fiercely against temptation and vice. He had believed that he had conquered. He had believed that his old sins had ceased to have power upon him. He had not been happy—but this he had looked upon as the natural consequence of his constant self-denial, and of his conscientious withdrawal from the society of his fellow-men. He had been almost proud to show the world that he could live his life alone—that he had broken off from all the pleasures and interests of the past, and was no longer one of those who rely upon their companions for support and assistance of any kind. And after living thus and beginning to think himself safe from all temptation, how had he fallen? He could not ask the question of himself without groaning aloud, and Janet Dawson was not the most cheerful of companions or counsellors, when he did unclothe his lips to her.

"If ye be one of the elect, you will be saved—but if not you will be damned," was the burden of her talk, and Tom did not feel that it was any consolation to hear such doctrine. For one thing he did not believe it. He still held firmly to the creed taught by his Methodist friends that repentance and faith were sufficient for salvation. But it seemed to him as he lay there, that sin such as his was almost too black for pardon: moreover, in his enfeebled state, he was unable to call up that passionate remorse and agony of mind, which he thought was necessary to true conviction; and he believed that his conscience was seared as with a hot iron, and that his heart was turned to stone, and could never be broken and made meet for the atoning blood of Christ.

And so he fell into a state of profound melancholy, from which nothing seemed to rouse him. Janet Dawson went back to her own home, and only paid him visits from time to time, and little Molly waited on him hand and foot, whilst his old friends from the village would drop in from time to time and cheer him up. But nothing seemed to produce any effect upon him; Mr. Hugh from Rookwood and Mr. Latham the clergyman visited him, and did all they could to lighten the burden of his sorrow; but their words never seemed to reach him, and though he no longer repulsed their friendly overtures, it did not appear as though their teaching had any beyond the most transitory effect upon his mind.

Yet, with all this against him, his bodily health improved; and as soon as the milder weather had fairly set in, he was able to crawl down the narrow staircase into the little living room below, which Molly kept in beautiful order; and sometimes by the aid of a stick and the child's shoulder to creep round the little garden which was bright with spring flowers.

"It is Jos who keeps it all so nice," explained

Molly, "Jos and Miko between them. They are so kind to me. They come almost every day, and do so many things for me."

Tom sighed: he wondered why people were kind to him. He felt so little worthy of kindness. But Michael Portway and Jos Dawson were friends of whom he was not ashamed. They had never been led into the excesses of which he had been guilty. He could trust them as he could trust few besides, whilst they plainly showed that they were no mere fair-weather friends, but valued his friendship for its own sake. Just now, however, Tom was past caring for the companionship of any of his old friends. He passed his days in hopeless brooding, and his nights were disturbed by shifting dreams and fevered fancies. The stronger his body grew, the more this gloom seemed to take hold of him, and he would sit for hours, sometimes for half a day together, with his head buried in his hands, not thinking exactly, still less reading or studying, but brooding in dark despair over his past and future alike, feeling himself a hopeless outcast from his fellow-men, abandoned by the evil and the good.

It was upon one of these dark moods of dreary despair that Mary Ernscliff broke, when one day she stepped unannounced across the threshold of the cottage to find Tom alone there. She had discovered by this time that to take him by surprise would be the only way of obtaining an interview with him. His shame and shrinking were so great that he had avoided meeting her face to face all this time; and though his gratitude and reverential admiration remained unshaken, he felt as though it would kill him to meet the clear glance of her sweet eyes, knowing himself the vile creature he felt himself to be.

Mary had found this out from Molly some time ago, and so she had just taken her difficult charge by surprise. It was some time before she could overcome his strange, fierce shyness, and induce him to resume his seat and open his lips in her presence. But Mary Ernscliff had herself known deep sorrow, which gave her quick and keen insight into the minds of others, and she had what the poor of her neighbourhood were fond of calling "a way with her," that sooner or later won confidence and broke down reserve. At last she got even poor, lonely-hearted, despairing Tom to speak to her of his heavy load of sorrow, and after listening to his burst of wild, passionate words, she said very gently:

"I think, Tom, that the best thing for you will be to see Mr. Wesley himself. Mr. Latham has written to him, and he has said that he is soon coming north, and will turn aside to see you if it will be a comfort to you to speak with him face to face."

A sudden light sprang into Tom's eyes. He had never seen the great revivalist minister as yet: but he had long looked up to him as to his father in God. One of his most bitter troubles now was in the doubts which assailed him as to the truth of the doctrines taught by his late leaders, since when last he had seen them they had been at fierce enmity between themselves. To see Mr. Wesley had been the dream of his

recent life: it had been the one hope which had buoyed him up during these last dismal weeks, the hope that if once he recovered his strength he might set forth on foot to find him, even if he had to go barefoot half the way. And now this wonderful offer was made him by the Lady of Ernscliff, he could not understand it. Was she not one of the most regular attendants at church? And did not Glegg declare that no churchman could possibly be a Methodist? He was fairly puzzled.

"But, ma'am," he stammered, "this is your house. And you belong to the church."

"Of which Mr. Wesley is an ordained minister," answered Mary with a smile, "would you wish to see him, Tom?"

"I would give my right hand to do it, ma'am. I believe he could save my soul—and that nobody but he can. But—but——"

"It is Christ and He alone who can do that, Tom," answered the lady gently, "but if Mr. Wesley can point the way to you more clearly than another it is right that you should see him, and see him you shall. We are not all made alike, and we know that he possesses wonderful power over the human heart. Did you think that he taught some new religion, Tom? Why should we be afraid to let him come amongst us?"

Tom had heard plenty of vehement partizan talk on both sides, but he was not apt at putting his thoughts into words.

"I thought church folks was dead against him," was all the answer he was able to make.

"Perhaps what you and I mean by the church is not quite the same," answered Mary with her luminous glance bent upon the young man's perplexed face; "deeply as I love and revere the Established Church of this land, with its liturgy, its creeds, its ordinances, which I hold to be God-given, and which I know have been given for our help and guidance (Mr. Wesley will tell you just the same, if you ask him), I freely own that there is a wider Church, embracing this and much besides: a Church of which, thank God, all true Christians are members; a Church which would fain gather the whole world within its fold: and to that Church, Tom, you belong, and I trust that you will do noble work in its cause. Some day, I believe, you will see as I see now, that between the members of that Church there should be nothing but brotherly love and harmony: but it is a hard lesson to learn, for it is in human nature to raise disputes, and to grow bitter over small differences, forgetting that at heart we all own one God, one Saviour, and are taught by one Holy Spirit."

This certainly was a new idea to Tom, and one he could not altogether assimilate: but something of its spirit entered into his mind as he sat gazing into the face of his visitor; and in days to come he realised more and more the truth of that word.

Just at this present crisis of his life he was fully convinced that none but a Methodist could be of any help to him: and accordingly a few weeks later all Sax was electrified with astonishment by the news that Mr. John Wesley had spent a night at Ernscliff, that Mr. Latham had met him there and had spent the whole evening

in talk, and that Tom Heron had been visited in his own cottage by the great preacher, who was going on the morrow to take him away with him for some special work amongst his own people.

It was Michael Portway who brought this astounding piece of news to Sax. Mike said he had been present at a portion of the interview between Tom and the preacher, as had also Jos Dawson, who had always had a leaning towards the Methodists. Mike said that Mr. Wesley spoke wonderful words, and it was plain that a great impression had been produced upon his own mind. He reported that Tom had appeared like a new creature ever since he knew that Mr. Wesley was near, and that his strength seemed to come back in full force as soon as he heard the offer made him of working under the great man.

"Will he give us a preaching here before he goes?" asked a number of eager persons, and even Glegg was heard to mutter that he thought he might as well let them hear what he could do before he went away. Mike, however, knew nothing about that. He had heard say that the start was to be made next morning at nine o'clock, and that Tom was to be provided with a serviceable nag out of the Ermscliff stables: but beyond that his knowledge did not go, and the sleep of Sax was disturbed that night, wondering what the next morning would bring forth.

Almost the whole village was gathered together around the open space about the forge next morning, when the cry arose that the expected travellers were coming. Tom Heron was riding a strong animal well known by sight to the whole place, and he held his head erect, with something of the old fearless look in his eyes, though it was tempered by many other feelings harder to analyse. Beside him was a small, spare man, also well-mounted, with a striking face and very penetrating eyes. The crowd, muttering the name of Mr. Wesley, fell back and stared unrestrainedly.

Samson stepped forward and spoke a heartfelt blessing upon his nephew, to which his companion responded by a fervent "Amen." Some of the people gathering courage pressed nearer and asked him to address them, but Wesley only looked round him with a smile.

"My friends," he said, "those of you who need teaching, go you to church and hear it from your own clergyman. I have no message for you that you will not hear as well or better from his lips. Go to church—go to church, every man of you. If all the parishes in this land were supplied as Sax is, I should not be what I am to-day," and with a friendly nod to those about him the great man rode upon his way, and Tom Heron of Sax rode beside him.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THOUGHT IN HOLLAND.

ON medals struck in honour of William, Prince of Orange, was often to be seen the legend *Sævis tranquillus in undis*—"calm amid the wild waves." The words might serve to describe Holland itself, perpetually threatened by the sea, and yet so calm in face of its terrible foe. Should one of its celebrated dykes give way, Amsterdam might be submerged. But the great city appears to feel no sense of danger. The whole nation, in fact, is proverbial for its quiet demeanour and its phlegmatic temperament. This attitude, is not the outcome of indifference, but rather of another mood of mind, which the national motto well expresses—*Je maintiendrai*—"I will hold on." Persistent battling with its foes, persistent endeavour to secure and maintain their rights, these are the qualities which, far more than their phlegm, have marked the Dutch people for more than three hundred years. Under the leadership of the noble Prince of Orange and his successors, they sought and obtained religious freedom, and Holland became the happy asylum where thousands of persecuted Huguenots found a home, large-hearted generosity, and an ample sphere for the exercise of their talents, whether as soldiers, merchants, manufacturers or preachers. To quote the words of one of her historians, Groen van Prinsterer,

"Holland became almost a second Fatherland for Protestants. The Dutch flag became their flag, the emblem of faith and freedom, the token of deliverance, the guarantee against a terrible alternative, apostasy or the galleys, apostasy or death."

Holland, indeed, owes its existence as a state to the Reformation. From being a mere congeries of provinces, more or less obscure, a mere appanage of the Spanish monarchy, it united its forces, and after eighty years of terrible struggles (1568-1648) secured independence and nationality, and took its place, and an honoured one, in the great European commonwealth. And through all the long period of conflict, and in presence of the dangers with which it has so often been beset, its cry has always been *Je maintiendrai*.

But the position and independence of the country being secured, much of the energy of the nation was diverted to theological questions, and many who had contended nobly for freedom of conscience and worship, became intolerant towards their countrymen who ventured to differ from them on abstruse doctrinal questions. At the outset, Lutheranism had been welcomed, but it was gradually superseded by Calvinism, which somehow proved to be better suited to the character and feelings of the people. As soon as peace reigned, election, and other correlated

doctrines were the subjects of violent discussion. Two parties arose in the Calvinist camp—the Supralapsarians and the Sublapsarians. Arminius, who had studied under Théodore de Bèze, in Geneva, and was at the time a decided Calvinist, was called upon by the Supralapsarians to confute their opponents. But in studying these abstruse points carefully, he became convinced of the untenableness of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, and accordingly appeared in print as an advocate of free grace and free will, and of the universality of Christ's redemption. This tergiversation of Arminius only embittered the strife. After his death, his friends drew up a Remonstrance (hence the name given to a section of the Protestant body in Holland at the present day) setting forth their views. Conferences were



I. da Costa.

held, and at length the Contra-Remonstrants, certain of victory, urged the convocation of a synod. It met at Dort, in 1618, and was composed of sixty-one Dutch and twenty-eight foreign theologians. No less than one hundred and fifty-nine sittings were held. Many subjects were discussed, but the chief points of controversy were the differences between the Calvinists and the Arminians. The most notorious result of the protracted discussions was that, largely through the influence of Maurice, the successor to William the Silent, Olden Barneveldt, the noble stadtholder, who held the views of Arminius, was condemned to death and beheaded—a deed which must for ever stain the memory of an otherwise worthy successor of William. The learned Hugo Grotius was also obliged to flee the country to save

his life, and two hundred pastors were deprived of their livings. The proceedings were a sad illustration of the *odium theologicum* which has sometimes animated men calling themselves followers of Christ and advocates of religious liberty.

Thus questions of creed and doctrine occupied the attention of the Dutch at the outset of their course as an independent people, and having embraced Calvinism, they have clung to it with pertinacity. *Je maintiendrai* has been their motto in religion as in politics. By this we do not mean that Holland has always been the theatre of theological discussion. There have been periods when doctrinal questions excited small interest. The general indifference to religion prevailing throughout Europe in the eighteenth century extended to Holland. It was in Holland that Bayle taught and wrote during many years of the seventeenth century, and though deprived of his professorship at Rotterdam on account of his opinions, yet there can be no doubt that, by his "Dictionary," he did much to draw away many Dutch thinkers from the truths that lie at the basis of Calvinism. Certain it is that when the present century opened, the creeds were largely a dead letter. They had not been abolished: ministers and people alike were supposed to hold them, but their influence was slight. Religion had become a mere form.

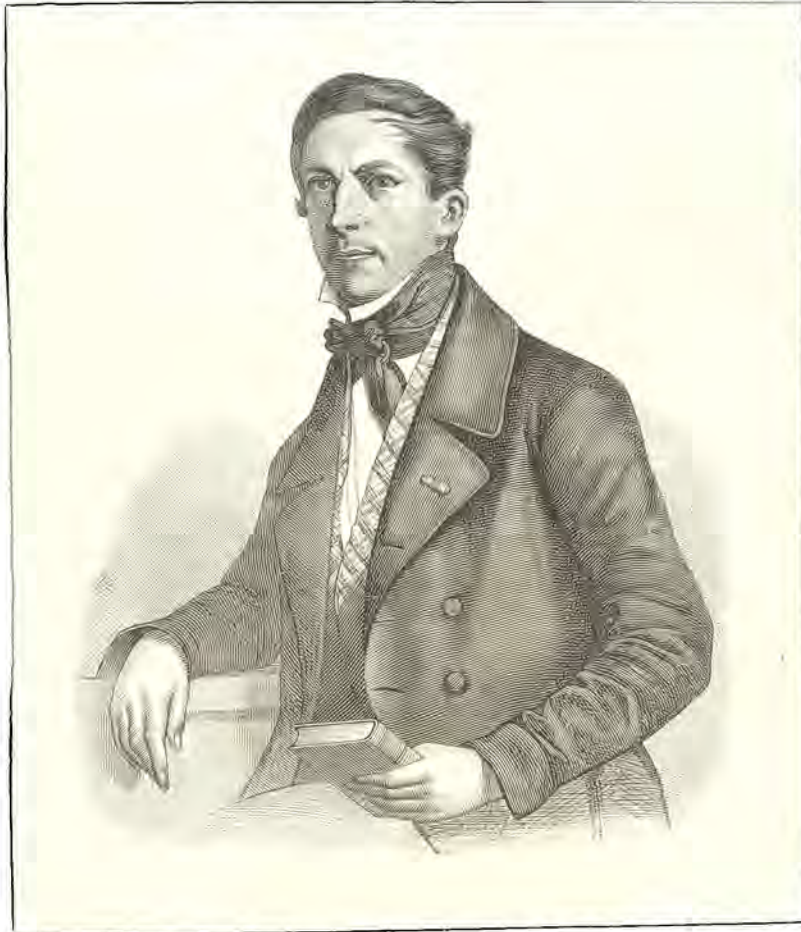
By the time the century entered on its third decade, the reviving breath which had quickened so many souls in Switzerland and France had passed into Holland, and with the same result. There was a stirring among the dry bones. One of the first to feel the reviving influence was the poet Bilderdijk. Persecuted on account of his fervent attachment to the old doctrines of grace, he gathered around him a number of young men of talent, of whom two are worthy of special mention—Isaac da Costa, and Groen van Prinsterer.

Da Costa sprang from a Jewish family which had migrated in 1620 from Portugal to Amsterdam. Through the teachings of Bilderdijk he was led to see that Christianity is the completion of Biblical Judaism, and that the real Jew is a Christian as regards his hopes. Once convinced of this truth, in the attainment of which he was much aided by his friend Capadose, he devoted all his extraordinary talents to the exposition and defence of the Gospel. He published a series of lectures in answer to Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and for many years laboured in connexion with the Scotch Free Church in Amsterdam.

Of equal power, and of far more extended influence, was Groen van Prinsterer. While acting as secretary to King William I. "the Solomon of the nineteenth century," he was pursuing his studies and preparing for those historical labours which have made his name famous. But it is as an ardent believer in the orthodox faith, set forth in the creed of the Netherlands Reformed Church, that we are concerned to present him. In process of time he became the leader of a party to which he himself gave the name *anti-revolutionary*. For him the French Revolution, regarded as a system, proclaimed the rights of man instead of his duties,

natural reason was substituted for Divine revelation, the sovereignty of the people for the sovereignty of God. M. Groen, therefore, set himself to oppose this pernicious system, and thus became an anti-revolutionist. For nearly fifty years he defended the doctrines of the Reformation and maintained Divine sovereignty. In parliament he stood for a long time almost alone; but always true to his principles, and ready to defend them with an eloquence and a zeal that never flagged. *Semper Idem* (always

friends desired. Their purpose was to effect a radical reformation in the National Church, but the returning spiritual life compelled many to wish for a separation from the worldly and unbelieving elements which so largely prevailed in it. The first step in the direction of separation was taken in 1834, when Pastor De Cok, of Ulrum, a village in the province of Gröningen, came out with a large section of his people, because they could not conscientiously use a hymn book appointed by the Synod, and in which



GROEN VAN PRINSTERER.

the same) might have been his motto. To his labours on behalf of Christian education we shall have to refer farther on. For the present we desire to remind our readers that in the doctrinal conflicts which have marked the last fifty or sixty years in Holland, Groen van Prinsterer, whether living or dead (he passed away in 1876) has been a power working to maintain and bring again into favour the Calvinistic faith with which his spirit was so deeply imbued.

One of the first results of the revival of religious life, largely through the teaching of the men whose names we have mentioned, was a secession from the Dutch Reformed Church. This was not what Groen van Prinsterer and his

human hymns had been added to David's Divine Psalms.

Persecution ensued, but in other parishes the example of Ulrum was followed. In time the Separatists formed themselves into the Christian Reformed Church, which now numbers 150,000 members, and has a Theological Faculty at Kampen with about eighty students. Though still firmly attached to the old Confession of faith, and strict in Church discipline, there appears to be a growth in liberal feeling, as there certainly is a hearty participation in most branches of Christian usefulness.

Many members of the National Church who sympathised with the seceders on doctrinal points,

and were equally desirous to see them again taught and believed, felt it best to remain in the Church, in the hope that at no distant day it might again become an orthodox institution, and a powerful instrument for the diffusion of truth. So, amid all subsequent controversies, there has always been within the borders of the Reformed Church a considerable phalanx of staunch Calvinists—a phalanx, which of late years has received large accessions. This is due to Dr. Kuyper, at present one of the most noted personages in Holland.

As a clergyman, Dr. Kuyper's first parish was a village in the Betuwe district, near Arnheim. Here he was struck by finding that, after several centuries, Calvin's doctrine still survived, and was regarded with reverence by his parishioners. This led him to study the works of Calvin and of other reformers of the same school in a different light to that in which Professor Scholten at Leyden had been wont to present them, and thus he was brought to the conclusion that Calvin had founded a Church, and by stern church laws had imparted blessing and peace to many souls. After brief pastorates at the Hague and Amsterdam, Dr. Kuyper felt himself called to devote his whole strength to the promotion of the anti-revolutionary cause, and so he became editor of a daily and also of a weekly paper. To these duties he has now added the care and direction of a Free University which he has founded in Amsterdam. How far this last movement will succeed, remains to be seen. There are about

eighty students, but they are not all studying theology. His aim is to make it, what it now is not, a true university with its several faculties of law and medicine, as well as theology. Should he succeed, it still remains doubtful whether it will ever attract any large number of young men. Ultra-Calvinism, as his tendency may be called, does not find favour with many of the Dutch clergy, although it is popular among some classes of the people, chiefly the poor. Could Dr. Kuyper have induced the Christian Reformed Church to unite with him he might have had some hope of moving the whole country.¹ Instead of that, many of his followers have forsaken him and joined that church. He has five churches in Amsterdam, and though the attendants are almost all servants, or people of the humble class, yet it is said that much money is raised. His hope was that the earnestly religious portion of the Protestant community would see in him and his friends the true Netherlands Reformed Church, and would gather around him, thus enabling him to get the whole church together with its funds into his hands—a desire, it may be remarked, of a somewhat revolutionary character; and yet he styles himself and his friends the anti-revolutionary party. Dr. Kuyper's position is now that of a Dissenter, and though claiming to be the defender of the true faith, he does so under the great disadvantage of being in the eyes of the nation at large a schismatic.

¹ Since the above was written, this union has been accepted, in principle, by the two respective Synods.

At Slumber Time.

THEIR sleep-fringed eyelids all baptized anew
With peace sublime,
The Beulah-land of dreams they wander through,
At slumber time.

Their first few waking steps we count and know,
But who shall say
How far through bliss the little pilgrims go,
At set of day?

Or what high secrets, past our grown-up speech,
Their angels tell,
By the swift smiles, whose impulse none may reach,
Betokened well?

God watches, mother-like, with tireless eyes
Their slumbers sweet:
Yea, the whole helpless world, a cradle lies,
Beside His feet.

But since One filled, for us, in utmost love,
A manger bed,
With special tenderness He bends above
Each baby head.

And, sometimes, He doth stoop where watchers weep,
And softly say,
"Lest any hurt it, I, the Lord, will keep
It night and day."

O earth, so emptied by one tiny grave
Of all but woe!
O little life, love would have died to save
Beyond the foe!

Not waking, orphaned from the sleep of death,
'Mid faces new,
But gathered to the Heart that comforteth
As mothers do.

Safe, come what may, God-shielded, undefiled
Where none molest,
Who would not nestle, as a little child,
Upon His breast?

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.



From the Picture by Charles G. Hurd.

"THE DRULAI LAND OF DREAMS."

[Rehired in the Royal Academy.]

A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN A ROCK-CAVE.



BAN, on the coast of Argyllshire, is a town delightful in itself above all places in the Highlands, with its lovely bay and its view of the mountains of Mull, and is also the central point for numerous excursions.

It is reached either by boat from the Clyde and the Crinan canal, or by rail from Edinburgh or Glasgow, through the most memorable scenes in Scottish song and story. From it, as the starting-point, many tours may be made, each occupying only one day—Staffa and Iona; the Pass of Glencoe; Fort William and Ben Nevis; Loch Awe and the Pass of Melfort; Beregonium, the ancient Pictish capital; Dunstaffnage, where the stone of destiny once was kept, before it became the crowning-place of Scottish kings at Scone, and found its final resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

But beyond the grandeur of mountain scenery and the interest of historical events, there remains in my memory a day of pleasure in visiting a place worthier of being noticed from its moral and spiritual associations, the rock-cave of Dunvalanree,¹ where John Campbell, poet and postmaster of Ledaig, has for many a year held his Sunday school.

I had long heard of "the Bard of Benderloch." Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, who used to spend his summers at his house, Altnacraig, near Oban, had made his name known by translations of many of the poems of the Celtic minstrel. More recently, Mr. William Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools, has given in "Good Words," a bright and sympathetic description of John Campbell's life and works. Since he himself sent to the "Leisure Hour" a poem "On the death of General Gordon" I had been a frequent correspondent, and had received every Christmas a beautiful bouquet of flowers from his garden. Being at Oban last summer, I was glad to go to see the poet and the lovely garden. Best of all, I knew that he was an earnest Christian worker, and I had met with Highlanders who owed their spiritual life to John Campbell, and spoke of him with affectionate regard.

To Connell Ferry we went by train, and crossed Loch Etive to the north side, which can also be reached by steamer direct from Oban. Then there is a good level road for two or three miles, through the plains of Lora, celebrated by Ossian, now a desolate region of rock and bog, with lines of modern larch plantation. Suddenly we come in sight of habitations, and the post-house of Ledaig, a lowly and humble cottage, almost hidden by verdure, and in the midst of undercliff garden-ground, such as one might expect to see

in the Isle of Wight, or on the south coast of Devonshire, instead of in the far north facing the Atlantic. But the genial atmosphere brought by the Gulf Stream tempers the winter cold, and the lofty cliffs shelter the place from bleak northern and eastern winds. No wonder that roses and honeysuckles, fuchsias and passion-flowers, and a host of semi-tropical plants flourish, while in early summer strawberries abundantly ripen, and the fruit trees are laden with their produce in autumn. The cliffs are covered to the very summit with trees planted by the poet's hand, and he can sit "under his own vine and fig tree."

My first sight of the old man was when he was at work in his garden, and immediately I thought of another old man, described by Virgil in the finest passage in his Georgics (iv.: *Vidi Corycium senem*), who made a once barren soil smile with beauty, and, cultivating many an herb and fruit, loaded his table with unbought dainties. John Campbell of Ledaig might have been the very man described by the Roman poet, but in another clime. We do not know if Professor Blackie had the Corycian in his thoughts when he wrote, "Neither the Queen in all her majesty at Balmoral,¹ nor Tennyson in all the beauty of Haslemere, can boast of a dwelling so poetical."

After a long talk in his house, and inspection of his literary treasures, we went out to the garden, climbing first the steep height, with its winding path, and glorious views over sea and land, and then descending and crossing the highway towards the sea cliffs, we entered the far-famed rock-cave. It seems that for twenty years a Sunday evening class was held in a fisherman's cottage on the beach, but on one wild night the cottage was swept away by the Atlantic waves. Then Mr. Campbell thought he would fit up the cave, hitherto only used as a poet's musing-place. Three sides are walled by the native rock, and the fourth, to the west, with a little window looking out to the sea, is partly supported by a growing ash-tree, and closed with rude masonry. Wooden benches were fixed, and shelves fixed at the back for books. A table in the centre of the cave is formed of the section of a broad oak, under which tradition says King Robert the Bruce rested after the battle near Loch Awe.

In ordinary weather the cave is safe enough, the waves breaking upon the shore, to which the garden-ground slopes down. But when storms rage, the billows dash up high on the rocks. In the storm of 1879, the same night which destroyed the Tay Bridge, with its passing train and all therein, the cave was washed by the raging billows, and Campbell was almost drowned amidst the wreckage, when unable to open the door, till his long absence led fears to be entertained, and help came to his rescue. The terrible gales of

¹ Regum aequabat opes animis, seraque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas ocrabat inemptis.
Præius vero rosam, atque autumnis carpere poma."

¹ Dun-bhail-an-rioh, the dun, or hill, of the king's town.

November, 1881, wrought still greater havoc. The window and seaward wall of masonry being broken down, the waves swept all the contents of the cave out to sea, carrying away even the massive oak table. Nothing was left but the shattered lamp suspended from the roof. For days afterwards, when the storm had lulled, the tides threw up, at different and distant parts of the bay, the spoils from the cave, which were diligently searched for, and most of them recovered. The oak table was fortunately found, but split into two pieces, and being brought back with joy, was riveted together, and replaced.

Into this cave, every Sunday evening, there come from scattered homes among the mountains, men, women, and children, for there is no church near, and only at rare intervals a service is held by the parish minister of Ardochattan in the school-room at Selma. The service in the cave is of somewhat irregular character, consisting of prayers in Gaelic and English, reading of the Bible, and a short earnest address, with catechising, and abundance of hearty singing, either original Gaelic hymns, or versions of old familiar English hymns and spiritual songs. "Rock of Ages," and "There are lights along the shore," are special favourites. The cave is seated for thirty comfortably, but on some occasions fifty have been crowded in, and every corner filled with eager listeners and devout worshippers.

Of the poet-priest this is not the place to tell much, but a word must be said about his early history, and the motive that urged him to his useful work. Descended from old highland ancestors, his grandfather, a farmer, and his father, a parish schoolmaster, John was sent to Glasgow to be trained for commercial life. His health failing, he returned to his people, and opened a small shop or store. While he was in Glasgow the disruption of the Scottish Kirk took place, and John "went out," along with most of the highlanders. In due time he was ordained an elder of the Free Church, but he needed no official position to do good as he saw opportunity.

This led to his opening the Sunday school. No one could object, where the population was so scanty and so scattered. The "Highland clearances," of which we have heard much at a distance, stirred the patriotic feeling of Campbell, as they did long before the spirit of Henry Erskine, who wrote the poem "The Emigrant," and of Thomas Campbell, and other Scottish bards. One of the poems of the poet of Ledaig is well known to highlanders, both at home and among the exiles in Canada, Australia, the United States, and wherever the Gaels have gone throughout the world.

The following verses have peculiar significance in our own day, when the sorrows of the Crofters are again before the public.

And dear to my heart are the chivalrous ways,
And the kindly regards of the old Highland days;
When the worth of the chief, and the strength of the clan,
Brought glory and gain to the brave Highland man.

But now with mere sheep they have peopled the brae,
And flung the brave clansman, like rubbish, away;
But should foes we have conquered the struggle renew,
They'd sigh for the boys with the bonnets of blue.

But patriotism, though beautiful in verse, cannot withstand the stern necessities of political economy, and "highland clearances" must continue, while the people are poor, and foreign deer-stalkers are rich. Nothing of such feelings enters into the teaching of the cave, where the good man points the way to a better land, beyond all earthly changes.

One word only in conclusion: the story of Ledaig has got into the ordinary guide-books, and many tourists will now invade the poet's humble home. Let them, as his labours are all for the poor, and freely given, not visit the cave without leaving a contribution in the offertory-box for carrying on so beneficent a work. Many a highland lad and lass get their first start in life from good John Campbell of Ledaig.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

LAURA HAVILAND'S LIFE-WORK.

I.

WHILE to readers of to-day Laura Haviland will, as an octogenarian, appear to belong to a generation that peopled an older world, she is still sufficiently popular in the United States to command many readers for the autobiography she has published in that country. Through a long life, and especially during more than forty years of widowhood, Mrs. Haviland has lived for others, and her term of service promises to become extended into the ninth decade of her eventful career. The interest the mention of the name excites, has been not a little

heightened by the fact that its owner is an ex-director of the Underground Railroad.

Mrs. Haviland's father was Daniel Smith, of Eastern New York, and her mother Sene Blancher, of Vermont, the first being a minister in the Society of Friends, and the other an elder. After their marriage this happy couple resided at Kitloy in Ontario, and there Laura was born in 1808. She was a lively and inquisitive child, and was early impressed by the truths of religion on the one hand, and by the iniquity of slavery on the other. A few weeks before com-

pleting her seventeenth year she was married to Charles Haviland, junior, and the two set up housekeeping at Royalton, Niagara county, New York, but soon after removed to Raisin in the New Michigan territory, where Mrs. Haviland's parents had already settled. The first efforts in philanthropy were made on this virgin soil by opening a school for poor children, whom Mrs. Haviland educated with her own. At that time, the date of our own Queen's accession to the throne, "there was not a school in our young state that would open its door to a coloured person," remarks Mrs. Haviland, who also found that her rapidly developing abolitionist principles, among people who were more anxious to retain their own peace unimpaired than to give back to others their birthrights, were anything but popular. While seeking to impart gospel blessings to others, the Havilands were rewarded by the conversion of four of their own children. While this happy work was in progress in the spring of 1845 death entered the home, first taking the husband and father, and then the youngest child. That seemed indeed to be a dark cloud, but it was not without its silver lining; for soon afterwards Mrs. Haviland was enabled to labour more earnestly on behalf of the oppressed negroes. From the first she was very outspoken in her opinions: slave-holding was nothing less than "the sum of all villainies."

The tactics employed by slaveholders who were in pursuit of runaways were vindictive: but when these fugitives came into the vicinity of a station on the Underground Railroad their discovery was one of the most difficult undertakings possible. But though the friends of fugitive slaves resorted to various remarkable out-of-the-way expedients, they could not surpass the ingenuity of their pursuers, who not only carried revolvers, but would personate persons whom they supposed the "niggers" were most desirous of seeing, and would feign sickness, or do anything else that was likely to allure victims into their trap. Mrs. Haviland tells a curious story of two men, father and son, named Chester, who were of this character; they not only threatened her life because she aided in sheltering the slave-wife of a free man, but wrote letters in the name of a principal friend of the fugitive, and the younger even pretended to be this friend—a well-known Christian elder—and, with his features concealed, further pretended to be confined to bed by illness at a hotel in the neighbourhood. What followed may be told in Mrs. Haviland's own words:—

"After a long walk one day I called at the former residence of the Chester family, and was seated in the front parlour. It is hard to imagine my feelings as I sat in the room where these two men had lain in death's cold embrace—men who had flourished towards my face the six-shooter. It was by this kind of deadly weapon the life of one was taken; and here also, not in feigned but in real sickness, the last week of the life of the other was spent. No wonder the blood seemed to curdle in my veins in contemplating the lives of these men, and their end."

While Mrs. Haviland thus became recognised as a friend of any fugitive slave who might

require assistance, she continued to benefit her neighbourhood as a philanthropist by maintaining the Raisin Institute, which, as a school where all were received on an equality, was not only a witness against slavery, but helped to create a wholesome public opinion. The inhabitants seem to have been sufficiently far away from the chief centres of the slave traffic to be quite out of sympathy with its hardships; and even those whose natural proclivities tended in an opposite direction, would be almost or quite converted to abolitionist views when they witnessed the overjoyful meeting of a mother and her children who had travelled in separate parties towards the land of freedom. At the same time we are permitted to see the best side of the system for the overthrow of which Mrs. Haviland persistently laboured. There was, for example, in one district such "a remarkably kind master" that his slaves forgot that they were "niggers" at all, "they thought they were white;" but notwithstanding, this is how these field-workers fared at dinner in harvest-time:—

"When we entered the kitchen of the house, twelve men and women slaves just came in from the harvest-field for their dinner, which consisted of 'corn-dodgers' placed in piles at convenient distances on the bare table, made of two long rough boards on crossed legs. A large pitcher filled as full as its broken top would allow of sour milk, and a saucer of greens, with a small piece of pork cut in thin slices, were divided among the hands, who were seated on the edge of their table, except a few who occupied stools and broken chairs—not a whole earthen dish or plate was on that table. A broken knife or fork was placed by each plate, and they used each other's knife or fork, and ate their humble repast with apparent zest."

The well-known Levi and Catherine Coffin were co-directors with Mrs. Haviland of the Underground Railroad, the northern terminus of which was in our own Dominion of Canada. One party after another would continually be coming up to need assistance, and as professional slave-hunters were ever on the scene, stimulated to scent out the track of fugitives by the large rewards that were offered, the Vigilance Committee had constantly to devise new disguises or to invent new stratagems in order to prevent fugitives from falling a prey to their pursuers. As a rule, it appears to have answered best to be "carelessly careful," otherwise to be daringly bold in moments of greatest danger. At one time the comely young mulatto for whom a thousand dollars reward might be offered, with the promise of another thousand if the first was not sufficient, would walk limpingly through the streets of a town dressed as an old Quakeress, her face being whitened with flour to make her look through her veil like a delicate invalid.

The slave-hunter and his coveted prize might even be separated only by the thin partition of two houses; and, if the pursuit threatened to become more than ordinarily dangerous, a letter in a fugitive's handwriting, sent on to be posted in Canada long before the toilsome stages of the journey were completed, would at once cause the

chase to collapse. In some instances the slaves were as inventive as their friends, and not a whit less heroic. In one notable case two young slaves, James and George, escaped from bondage to reach in safety a Quaker settlement some hundred miles from their owner's plantation. Both could now have readily reached the land of freedom, as they were on the main line of the underground route, but only James decided to go on, for George had a young and beloved wife in bondage, and he would not escape alone. Having tested the working of the line to his satisfaction, he remained at the settlement long enough to earn eighty dollars, and with these he returned to his old master who received the money with uncommon satisfaction. Soon afterwards George again disappeared, and this time he was accompanied by his wife; of course it was not long before the two found themselves at the northern terminus. One named Jack, who had escaped from Virginia, guided by the north star, was traced to a house in which he had taken refuge by a party of pursuers. They searched every room upstairs and downstairs, even the room wherein Jack lay concealed in a mattress, and went off satisfied that he was not there.

Slave-hunters and slave-owners would hardly believe that members of the injured race had feelings like ordinary white people, but experience was frequently proving otherwise. A woman who was sold away from her seven children became such a spectacle of overwhelming grief, that one who lived only eight miles away bought her in order that she might see her family occasionally; but relief came too late: the literally heart-broken mother died about a month later.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Haviland incurred some risk while engaging in such a service. Friends repeatedly warned her of threatening dangers; and at one time a price of three thousand dollars was said to be put upon her head. But she went forward without flinching, being at all times strengthened by waiting upon the Lord in prayer.

At times when fugitives were supposed to be in a town, watchers, who were liberally paid, would be posted at street-corners; but if the sun was shining these could commonly be eluded by driving boldly by them, and if it were dark the conductors did well to hold their lanterns full in the enemy's face as though they themselves were looking for somebody. While conscience approved, it was altogether an exciting business, with just enough of peril mixed up with it to add zest to its adventures.

One of Mrs. Haviland's chief duties still continued to be the educational work at the Raisin Institute; she was also a comforter of the sick, and a visitor of the poor; and if need arose, she did not shrink from facing the perils of the road with bands of fugitives. The adventures on such occasions, both by night and by day, showed that it was a service of danger from natural causes as well as from enemies in pursuit. During one such journey from Cincinnati to Toledo she gathered some supplies for Calvin Fairbanks. This martyr to the cause was lodged in a Kentucky gaol for the crime of aiding the slave, and, such prisoners

being treated none too tenderly, this represented another danger which had to be seriously taken into account. As regarded the travelling itself under such circumstances, it never lacked excitement. For example, on the occasion just referred to, "As there was a fall of snow a foot deep, the friends concluded to take us across a swamp, which would save a number of miles; and as there were indications of a thaw, one man offered his team and double sledge if a certain coloured man would go that night and drive it. . . . We were soon protected from the prospective inclement weather, with a buffalo-robe presented to myself, and quilts around the rest of our party."

Across this wild tract, which would at least have the advantage of being free from pursuers, the party travelled until three in the morning, when they "came to a large half-finished frame-house, brilliantly lighted, and the owner seemed to be preparing his team for leaving. . . . They were very kind, and insisted on our resting till daylight, and making a warm breakfast. The invitation was accepted with gratitude. I spent my time in conversing with our kind hostess, while my company slept an hour."

By nine o'clock on the following morning the adventurous party found themselves at Carthaginia, and, happening to meet a coloured woman, who at once perceived what was in the wind, she directed them to the house of a friend. "I know you, though I never saw you before," this friend remarked to Mrs. Haviland, who adds, "we followed him to his very comfortable home, and were soon seated at a luxurious table." Immediately after this pleasant and encouraging adventure the frost suddenly broke up and added perils to the way. "Streams with floating ice made fording difficult, especially Mosquito Creek," says the narrative; "but our driver and Simon measured the depth of water, and with rails pushed the floating ice from the ford, to enable me to drive through." Such was travelling in the United States in 1852; but during the thirty-six years which have elapsed since that date what changes have come over the scene. After entailing the penalty of civil war, slavery itself has been abolished, and the iron road now enables the traveller to pass with ease over vast tracts of country.

In her evangelistic work and educational enterprise Mrs. Haviland often found it necessary to overcome prejudice; and, in this respect her success affords an encouragement to others who may encounter opposition and persecution. Part of the work was done at Toledo, and, referring to this town she says: "There were fifteen families of the lower class of Irish who lived in shanties near the canal that ran within a few rods of our schoolhouse. As the most of our scholars passed them, or would have to go half a mile farther, we got from one man in particular a systematic cursing . . . this regular set of curses were for me every time I passed when he was in his cabin, and frequently a number of others standing by would join him."

It would not have answered to oppose this kind of opposition by force or by the arm of the law; nothing remained but to overcome evil

with good. On a certain Saturday, when these Irish had done their work for the week and were sitting on the grass outside their doors, Mrs. Haviland approached to speak with them. "People are too apt to despise other nations and classes of men," she said. "All this is wrong; God made us all as it pleased Him, and it is not for us to find fault with our Heavenly Father, who loves all human families alike. As we acknowledge the Fatherhood of God, we should also acknowledge the brotherhood of man in all nations and classes."

These words drew forth the approval of all the company, and the ringleader in opposition expressed sorrow that he had not known the lady better. "Even my systematic curser was among my best friends after that," says Mrs. Haviland, "and my scholars as well as myself were treated with the utmost respect ever after, while two of them sent for me when very sick and not expected to live, one of whom died a few days after . . . I read to her some of those precious promises of our Saviour, from which she drew great consolation."

In 1852 Mrs. Haviland paid a visit to the great border town of Detroit, opposite the Canadian town of Windsor. About eight miles inland from the last-named town there was a colony of fugitives who were looked after by the Refugee Association, and here it was determined to labour for a time, the field of enterprise being a very inviting one to a person of abolitionist proclivities. Suitable buildings for school and for worship had been erected, while the quondam slaves "had built for themselves small log-houses, and cleared from one to five acres each on their heavily-timbered land, and raised corn, potatoes, and other garden vegetables. A few had put in two or three acres of wheat, and were doing well for their first year."

The happiness of these poor simple people on the free soil of the great Dominion exceeded any one's power of description; it was to them the beginning of life again, or, as might be said, the beginning of their true life. They were anxious to learn to read and write; they vied with each other in farming and in building; and those who had been united only "in slave fashion," were re-married according to the Christian mode. The most exciting times were those when new companies arrived from the slave states. On one memorable occasion a party of nearly thirty all came in at once, headed by the heroic conductor, John Fairfield, who was constantly engaged in this kind of service. One woman, who was almost a nonagenarian, clapped her hands and leaped into the air as she cried, "I's young again, glory to Jesus! I's sixteen!" Standing by, John Fairfield declared that he was well repaid for all the dangers and fatigues of the journey.

The school which Mrs. Haviland opened here was very successful, the place of meeting being crowded with scholars of all ages. "Many frequently came five or six miles with their ox-teams to attend these meetings with their families," she says. "Every man, woman, or child who could read a verse in the Testament, even with

assistance, took part in reading the lesson, and liberty was given to ask questions. A more earnest, truth-seeking congregation we seldom find."

The people manifested complete confidence in Mrs. Haviland. She not only taught them in school, but advised them on business matters, and wrote letters to their friends. The progress the scholars made was not only satisfactory, but surprising to such as were unaware of the negroes' aptitude for learning; and their simple earnest faith in the Gospel truths was a pattern that educated whites might profitably imitate.

Some of the people could, of course, tell very moving stories; and there were some who recognised in Mrs. Haviland a friend who had formerly aided them to escape from bondage. Then some of the life-narratives were of tragic interest, and among these was the striking case of William Hamilton. He had a wife and four children to whom he was greatly attached, and when his master, in order to discharge a heavy debt, sold him away from these, he refused to go. At last they came to threats of violence, but, flourishing a dirk with which he had armed himself, William stood on the defensive, while his master, with a number of attendants, a rope in his pocket, and a bowie-knife in his hand, called upon him to yield. At length the slave-owner rushed forward, but met the weapon of William before he could use his own. If a man had killed a slave in this way he would have been complimented, but, as it was, the affair was magnified into murder and, although Anderson escaped to Canada, the whole South appears to have been agitated, and to have made extraordinary efforts to gain possession of him. But the authorities till the last refused to give up the fugitive.

When the civil war broke out, Mrs. Haviland suspended her work at the Raisin Institute, and became an angel of mercy to those who suffered in the terrible conflict which many shrewd observers had foreseen, and which shattered, past all repair or rebuilding, the fabric of slavery in the United States.

Things New and Old.

THE OBLISK AT ON, OF GENESIS, OR HELIOPOLIS.—Many descriptions have been written of this solitary obelisk, one of the grandest of Egyptian antiquarian relics, but no one has given a more picturesque or suggestive account than Dean Stanley, in his "Sinai and Palestine."

"The obelisk in front of the temple of the Sun has stood for 4000 years. It is the oldest in Egypt, and therefore in the world. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath, daughter of the High Priest of the Temple; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow; of all obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable column is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt."

IMMORTElLES.

CHAPTER I



HE little face pressed close to the window looked pale and shadowy in the softened light of the summer evening. Rose Carver was an invalid. Her world was the room in which she lay, the friends who peopled it were her father and mother, her Sunday-school teacher, and her cousin Jack. This evening she was as usual watching for

her father's return from his work. But he was late, very late to-night, and she had been waiting now for what seemed to her a very long time.

The town clock struck seven. The little girl stared in dismay, and the tears, against which she had been struggling bravely, came now with a rush. They were hurriedly wiped away however, for just that moment a tall figure with quick, firm step turned the corner of the village street, crossed the little strip of garden in front of her window, and entered the cottage.

"Well, Rosie, I thought I should never get away this evening. But here I am at last, and I did not forget your flower service either. Here are some of your namesakes for you," and he put into his little girl's hand a fine bunch of "Gloire de Dijon."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, father! How kind of you to remember——" she broke off and hid her face among the roses to hide her trouble.

But Robert Carver had quick eyes where his little daughter was concerned. "What is it, pet? Will they not do? I know some of them are a trifle full-blown, but they were the best I could get."

"Father, it is not that; they are lovely. But you see it is so late. I am afraid the flower service will be over, and cousin Frank hasn't come as he promised to take my flowers, something must have hindered him, and ——"

"If that's all that's wrong, we'll soon put it right," cheerily replied her father. "Here, mother," he called, as his wife, a motherly-looking woman entered from the back kitchen, "you'll keep supper hot for a bit, won't you? I'm just going to tidy myself and take Rosie's flowers round to the school."

While her father was getting ready, Rosie, her thin fingers trembling with eager haste, arranged her bouquet, and, with her mother's help, carefully attached to the stalks a pretty text-card on which were painted the words: "The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

The simple service was over, and the teachers were busy packing up the flowers to be sent off by rail to a sick children's hospital in London, when Carver reached the classroom. He stood at the door for a minute, watching the pretty sight, and glancing rather wistfully at the groups of healthy, rosy children that stood about, eager to see the

last of the field and garden spoils they had been at such pains to gather for the suffering little ones in the great city.

"Another contribution, Carver?" asked a sweet voice at his elbow.

He turned quickly and respectfully lifted his hat. The lady, tall and handsome, with a singularly winning expression in her soft dark eyes, was a Miss Wards, his little daughter's Sunday-school teacher. "They are from Rosie, Miss Annette. She says they are to go to some little girl who is needing something nice very badly. She was terribly afraid they might be too late."

"No, they are just in time. I am going to town to-morrow, and will take charge of them myself. Tell Rosie with my love that they will be safer with me than packed in the boxes which look too full already."

Faithfully Miss Wards fulfilled her promise, and the roses received her tenderest care. Nevertheless, when the next morning she stepped out of her fly at the hospital gate, and the wind gently blew aside the silk paper covering her basket, she noticed regretfully that already the delicate freshness of more than one fine "Gloire" was slightly tarnished.

"Oh, please, may I look?" timidly asked a little girl hovering near. She was only a poor city waif, but Miss Wards, smiling kindly, at once lifted the basket to the child's face. The little one drew a long breath. "Who are they for?" she asked, not rudely, but with a world of longing in her tone.

"For some sick child in the hospital," replied Miss Wards.

"Then they're not for me, for I'm not sick. I wish I was!" murmured the little girl, putting her hands behind her, and gazing now at the roses, now at the lady's face.

Miss Wards looked at her. She might have been twelve years old, but her care-worn little face with its sharp shrewd features seemed more, and would have had a look of premature old age but for the child-like expression of the pathetic grey eyes. "For some little girl who is needing something nice very badly," Rosie had said. Moved by a sudden impulse Miss Wards put the flowers in the child's hands. "You must have them, dear," she said with gentle pity. "I think they were meant for you."

At the same moment the hospital porter, in answer to the cabman's ring, flung open the great gate. With a pleasant nod and smile to her little friend Miss Wards passed inside, the gate swung back on its hinges, and the child was left alone with her roses. True to the quick instinct of a city Arab she slipped her treasures into her ragged apron, and, clutching the ends tight, looked furtively up and down the street. No danger seemed near, and she stood still for a minute or two trying to realise the joy of her new possessions. "How good it was of her to give them to me! I wonder how she guessed that I want to be a flower-girl and make my fortune selling sweet violets and roses? This will make a grand beginning, won't it? But, oh dear!" softly touching one of the creamy leaves with her finger, "how shall I keep them from withering? Flowers fade so soon. And then there are the boys, they will try to snatch at them. I wish there were no boys in the world. I hate them, I do. I wonder why God made boys. I wish He hadn't. If I waited for a bit I might see the lady again. She is so sweet, just like one of the roses——"

"Now, then, Winnie Markham, what's that you're a-hidin' of there? You'd better tell, or it'll be the worse for you, that's all," and one of Winnie's aversions, a boy, dashed across the street, and laid violent hands upon her apron. "Pooh! only flowers!" and with a contemptuous grimace he maliciously wrenched them out of her grasp, and tossed them into the muddy street, then hurried off with a mocking laugh, as he saw a policeman approach within hail.

She did not cry, but her lips quivered as she picked up the shattered remains of her precious bouquet. It was completely spoilt. The ground at her feet was strewn with fallen leaves, and the roses left upon their stalks looked none the better for their rude contact with the dirty flagstones. As she sorrowfully turned them about, her face a shade paler even than its wont, her eyes fell upon the text-card unnoticed hitherto. "The flower fadeth, but—" she read, then came a muddy smear which entirely obliterated the next words; only the last three could be deciphered: "stand for ever." "Oh, if I could only read it!" she murmured, trying, but in vain, to rub off the stain. "It must be the name of some kind of flowers that don't wither, ones that lasts for always. I'll search and search for them, for I know everybody would buy flowers that stand for ever. But I'll never find them, for I can't read the name one bit, and I don't know who wrote it, and —"

What happened next was the work of a moment. Two young men in rough horse-play dashed suddenly round the corner of the street, and, before they were able to check themselves in their mad career, or Winnie, absorbed in her flowers, could start aside, she was struck against with such force that she lost her balance and fell heavily to the pavement, where she lay insensible. Sorry enough for the mischief their heedlessness had wrought, the lads carried her at once into the hospital.

When Winnie recovered consciousness she found herself lying in the accident ward of St. Luke's, with several persons standing about her bed. Her head felt confused, and everything seemed strange, but a faint smile flitted across her pale lips as she recognised in the face bending over her the lady who had given her the roses.

"She is not much hurt, Miss Wards," the surgeon was saying, "only stunned by the fall. Poor little thing. We must keep her for a day or two. I wish we had an excuse for doing more."

"Mr. Miller," said Miss Wards in an undertone, drawing the doctor aside, "that child interests me. I intend to be in town again next week, and if you judged it safe then for her to travel, I should like to take her back with me to Fordingbridge. I daresay it will not be difficult to find some one there who would be glad to mother her for a few weeks."

The doctor expressed unqualified approval of this scheme, and so it came to pass that one sunny May afternoon Winnie Markham, somewhat bewildered with this unexpected kindness, found herself an inmate of Heathercliff, the residence of Miss Wards' father, in the country town of Fordingbridge.

The following morning, as Miss Wards was busy writing in the library, a maid came in search of her. "If you please, Miss Annette, Mrs. Carver would like to see you about some needlework, if it is convenient for you now."

Miss Wards found Rosie's mother waiting for her in the servants' hall. There, too, was Winnie asleep on the window-settle where she had curled herself up to rest after a long ramble in the Heathercliff gardens, which, to the little city waif, seemed a perfectly unending fairyland of delights. She was sleeping so soundly that the subdued murmur of voices did not disturb her, it only mingled pleasantly with her dreams of birds and flowers. A gentle hand on her forehead roused her at length. "Winnie,

dear," said Miss Wards, "this is my old nurse, Mrs. Carver. I should like you to know her. Won't you wake up and speak to her? She is wondering whether you would like to go by-and-by to stay with her for a while, and help her to take care of her little Rose."

Slowly Winnie uncurled herself, rubbed her eyes hard, and took a long look at the stranger. Apparently satisfied, she edged closer. "Is your rose withering?" she asked, something puzzled by Miss Annette's question.

Mrs. Carver started. Without replying, she turned her head quickly away to hide a sudden rush of tears. Immediately a little hand was laid softly upon her arm. "I've made you cry; I wish I hadn't."

Stooping hurriedly, the mother kissed the child. "Puir bairnie!" she murmured. Mrs. Carver was Scotch, and a long residence in England had not robbed her tongue of the expressions familiar to her childhood's days. Taking Winnie's hand in hers, she said in her gentle voice: "If you would care to come some day and bide with us for a while, Rosie and me would like it fine."

"I should like very much to stay with you," Winnie promptly replied. "I might go just now, only," with a wistful look towards Miss Wards, "shall I not see you again?"

"Oh yes, dear. Rosie is Mrs. Carver's little girl and my Sunday scholar. She is sick just now, and I go to see her often. I did not mean to give you up so soon, but, if nurse would like to take you to-day, I suppose I must not say a word, for I know how glad Rosie will be."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.

Who brought Nathanael to the Saviour's feet?
 Who for his father made some savoury meat?
 Who told king David all the priests were slain?
 A queen of Ethiopia's wide domain:
 What judge in Israel died at ninety-eight?
 What priest "before the altars" met his fate?
 Chief of the singers who to David came:
 Chief of the porters; tell his father's name.
 A priest confessing Israel's sin with tears:
 Tenth son of Heman one of David's seers.
 Who, when he heard some unexpected news,
 Cried out in rage—"What do these feeble Jews?"
 Take finals and initials now, and say,
 Who are the "blessed," filled with heavenly grace;
 Those shall be called God's children day by day.
 And these shall see His face.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

NO. III.

To whom did David say
 "Let me not fall, I pray,
 Into man's hand to-day?"
 Who hears the prophet speak—
 "God waits for you to seek
 Let not your hands be weak."
 Of whom does Jacob say
 "He shall be judge, one day,
 A serpent by the way."

Set down these names; five letters spell the three;
 Initial letters give the first, you see;
 The final letters spell the final name;
 The central one reads every way the same.

L. T.