



BY GOOD LEADS.

" ON THE LUGNY, NORTH WALES. "
From the Picture by E.M. Wimperis, R.I.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.



"THE STARS WERE COMING OUT AS WE RODE INTO THE VALLEY OF SHECHEM."

XI.

WHEN it was time to rouse ourselves and resume our journey, it was found that one disloyal beast had escaped, and was nowhere to be seen; so his master must go to seek him, and we saw him no more that day.

But the deficiency in numbers was made up by a thin, fair complexioned man, with the long side-ringlets that marked him as an eastern Jew. An abject, smiling, poor-looking creature, what else should one expect of a Polish Jew? He was an acquaintance of the woman, and he also was bound for Tiberias. Yakûb did not seem delighted with this addition to our company. He would not be Arab if he did not share the contempt his brethren, the descendants of Ishmael, feel for their cousins the descendants of Isaac.

We went on, and down into a valley; we came

up out of the valley: by-and-by we went down into a deeper one, climbed a steeper, higher hill, and from its summit overlooked a very wide plain, and got a sight of Ebal and Gerizim beyond it, and far away, on the edge of the horizon, I saw outlined against the blue sky the Great Hermon. Down again and out upon that great plain of Makna, by a very bad road, but I am past minding that, for are not all Palestine roads bad? and, besides, I was too much interested in the things that mark the approach to Sychem, Shechem, Naplous, or Nâbulus, whatever it may best suit one to call it. For my part I like the name Shechem best, though Palestinians, whether Christian, Jew, Syrian, or Arab, now say Nâbulus, a corruption of Neapolis, the name given it after the Roman conquest.

Day was declining as we came to Jacob's Well, twenty minutes or a half hour distant from the

city. As I rode along I had re-read the beautiful fourth chapter of John, and as we paused at the well, or cistern, I seemed to see the Nazarene, wearied with His journey, seat Himself upon its brink to rest. I saw the woman come to draw water; saw her startled look as He told her of her sin, and her wonder as she listened to those words of life, which, however, she could not fully understand as yet—saw the surprise of the disciples as they came up and found Him talking familiarly with the woman: for religious, or irreligious intolerance was a strong and bitter thing then and there, as it is now and every where, and “the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.”

“The children of Israel brought up out of Egypt the bones of Joseph and buried them in Shechem in a parcel of ground that Jacob bought,” and which “became the inheritance of the children of Joseph. Now Joseph’s Well was there.” As the Arabs count themselves the children of Abraham, and have a feeling of right of inheritance in the Old Testament patriarchs, they felt it a desirable thing to locate the burial place of Joseph. No trace of it existing, they have given the name to an evidently modern tomb near by. I thought Yakúb, who seemed to have a great veneration for Jacob’s Well, was ill-pleased that I did not believe in Joseph’s tomb also.

The stars were coming out as we rode into the Valley of Shechem, with its cultivated fields and its olive groves, and with Ebal and Gerizim on the right and left. There was a solemn beauty in the scene that touched my heart, and perhaps our Arabs felt it too, for they went slowly along in silence. I did not feel myself in the nineteenth century, but away back in those old times when nomadic Israelitish tribes, dwellers in tents, tended here their flocks and herds.

When we were inside the gate of Nâbulus, Yakúb asked if I would go to an hotel (I do not feel sure that it was an hotel, but it was a place frequented by foreigners). “No, I will not be parted from my company. Their lodging-place shall be mine. I will fare as you fare.” This seemed to please him, and he led me to a khan, a stable, if you like to call it so, a large stone building, one half of its floor of earth devoted to the animals; the other half, with no partition between, was bedroom and sitting-room for humble travellers like us. Straw mats were thrown down for us to sit on; they were also our beds to lie on.

It was probably on such a bed that four men let down into the presence of Jesus him that was sick of the palsy, when the great press of people prevented other access; and it was no way unreasonable for Jesus to bid him that was healed to take up his bed and go his way. I shared my supper with Yakúb, who did not seem to have made any provision for himself. I made him eat freely of my oranges, as he said he had felt unwell and feverish for two days.

The nether garment of the Syrian lad was getting into a bad state. A rent, scarcely perceptible in the morning, had behaved as rents will behave when neglected, and I begged him to go to bed and let me repair his trousers, as

otherwise they would soon be quite past mending. Nothing loth he retreated a few paces, reappearing almost instantly, bare-legged, except for the long shirt-like cotton garment which with the Arab often does duty as complete wardrobe. The one poor lamp that faintly lighted the vast high room, stood on a shelf higher than my head. When I placed it lower that I might see to sew, the master, as he seemed to be, replaced it, with a displeased air.

Several men dropped in and sat talking with their knees drawn up, Arab fashion. After a time I became aware that they were speaking of me. At last one of them said to me, “This man,” pointing to him, “wants to know if you have a tuscara,” a permission to travel in the country, which the Turkish government requires every traveller in Palestine to buy, under penalty of a heavy fine. It is a source of considerable income to the government, but I did not then know that it was necessary.

I answered that I had papers, but that it would be troublesome to open my luggage for them. As I was moving to go for them, the Jew slid along beside me, and with an insinuating smile and voice said low:

“Give me a mejidi, and I will make it that you need not be at the trouble of showing your tuscara.”

Turning around to the men, I said severely: “What is this fellow who says that if I will give him a mejidi, I need not show my papers?” “Oh, he’s a fool” cried one. “Don’t mind what he says, he’s a fool,” said another. I showed some consular letters of recommendation, whose great seals made such an impression that they required nothing more of me. I feel sure they had no right to demand a tuscara, but wished to extort a little money from me, if possible, and that they were in collusion with the Jew.

We remained a good part of the next forenoon in Nâbulus, as a horse needed a shoe, and as, perhaps, they did not like to go on without Dâûd and the strayed horse. Dâûd is the Arabic form for David. I willingly employed the time in strolling about, and in reading up all the places in the Old Testament where Shechem is mentioned.

Ebal and Gerizim stand like guardian giants on either side of the green valley in which Nâbulus stretches itself along. Whatever the city may have been in other days, it does not now present many attractions to the tourist.

But its environs are agreeable; in its fertile neighbourhood there are plenty of olive trees, to supply oil for its more than twenty soap factories; and it has water, as abundant and good as that of Jerusalem is scarce and poor.

Its bazaar, like those of oriental cities in general, is a centre of life, always curious and interesting to a Westerner—a place not for the sale alone of articles of use and luxury, but often for their manufacture also. The artisan is the salesman, and he may frequently be seen at work at the door of the shop where he sells.

The “Great Mosque” was once a church of the crusaders, and two other smaller mosques were also built by the soldiers of the Cross, only to be

in their turn made into mosques by the soldiers of the Crescent. Oh the whirligig of time!

I would have liked to climb Gerizim, the sacred mountain of the Samaritans, where once they had their own holy city and temple, and where they still celebrate the Passover, the feast of weeks, and the feast of tabernacles.

Among the thirteen thousand inhabitants of Nâbulus, mostly Mohammedan, there are one hundred and fifty Samaritans, almost the only members of that sect now left in Palestine, and they are constantly decreasing in number.

They have a very simple synagogue and an hereditary high priest, whom they declare to be a lineal descendant of the Levites. Strongly

there is such an unlimited supply within? Carefully reading the account, I find no ground for cavil. "Jesus came to a city of Samaria called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. And Jesus, wearied with His journey, came and sat on the well (cistern). And there came a woman of Samaria to draw water." It is not said that she lived in Shechem (Nâbulus), nor even that she came out from there. She may have come out from Sychar (now Asker), about as far from the well as Shechem is, and very probably not so well supplied with water as its neighbour city; or she may have lived, or been employed, in the near neighbourhood of the well.



IN THE BAZAAR.

attached to their ancient faith, they observe its ceremonies and keep its festivals.

Sitting under an olive tree, I made a good breakfast of stale bread, with dates from the coast region of south-western Palestine, the only part of the country where the date palm now flourishes; and from "Diogenes' cup" drank the water of a clear rill that flowed near.

Though Nâbulus is built in a valley between two mountains, it is nearly 1900 feet above the Mediterranean level, and the Dead Sea is about 1300 feet below the Mediterranean! Truly Palestine is not a plain.

Some have doubted that what is called Jacob's well is really that where Jesus met the Samaritan woman. They ask why she should have gone nearly a half-hour from the city for water, when

It is to be noted that when she went into the city to call the men to come and see Jesus, she left her water pot, as though it had some other destination than that. Even granting that she did come out from Shechem, we must recollect that the city extended farther towards the well formerly than at present. The traveller has to suffer so much in Palestine from impostures, and from honest mistakes of the over-zealous, that he likes to hold on to a tradition that is not only possibly true, but more than probably so; and I shall not give up my faith in this well as the place of that beautiful incident related in the fourth chapter of John.

I went back to the khan to find our company nearly ready for a start, Dâûd and the horse having arrived. The few pence for my lodging I gave not into the hand of Yakûb, but into that of the host.

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE ITINERANT PREACHER.

"TOM HERON, I verily believe the Lord has called thee to be a proclaimer of the gospel to others. Thou hast put thy hand to the plough, wilt thou be content now to turn back? Remember that we shall one day be called to account for every talent with which the Lord has entrusted us. If it shall be found that we have laid any of them up in a napkin, and have let them rust for want of use, we know that we shall be accounted unprofitable servants, and shall hear a terrible condemnation pronounced upon us."

Tom listened to these words with downcast eyes and an irresolute mien. It was not the first time that John Nelson had so spoken to him: but he had always greatly shrunk from the thought of opening his lips and speaking of the thoughts in his heart. Occasionally he had "engaged in prayer," as it was termed, at some of the many prayer-meetings he attended with his master, as he loved to call Nelson; and in the class-meeting he had—when called upon to state his own experiences and temptations—done so in a fashion which had arrested attention and proved him to be gifted with a rude, terse eloquence and originality of thought decidedly above the average. He had worked hand in hand with Nelson for nearly a year, and had shown himself a most valuable ally both in travelling, and in organising work, but he had never shown any disposition to act independently, or to become one of the growing band of itinerant preachers, notwithstanding the fact that on several occasions persons who had heard his history had made urgent request that "Brother Heron" should address the company.

Tom still laboured under a painful sense of humiliation and inferiority. He still doubted the reality of his conversion: for after his last and worst lapse into sin he had had no instantaneous sense of revelation, pardon, and peace; and though his faith was growing daily in strength, and he was learning to resist temptation as he had never resisted it before, he still felt that there must be some great want in his spiritual condition, and his own friends were inclined to take the same view as he did of his state. At each revivalist service he attended, he and they alike hoped that some special revelation would be made to him, but it never came. There were moments when some of the old depression would return, and he was disposed to look upon himself as a vessel of wrath. But his friends always cheered him with words of encouragement, and Mr. Wesley's own case was cited again and again showing how much good a man might do for others and how he might be a faithful preacher of the word before he had been himself assured of in-

stantaneous salvation, and had lost all sense of the burden of sin.

Others held that as he had once experienced this sudden change, it was not necessary for him to do so a second time, even though he had in the meantime so deeply fallen. His case and his history attracted altogether a great deal of interest and attention, and Tom found himself by degrees a man of greater mark than he had ever thought or wished to be.

But this sense of unworthiness and inferiority made him very very loth to be put forward in any way; and he had always resisted the suggestion made to him by others that he should see if he had not the gift of utterance. He was quite certain that he had not, and did not even desire it; but a day came when through force of circumstances he was forced to make trial of such powers as he had.

Nelson had promised to preach to a colony of rough miners in a certain place in Derbyshire, and Tom was to meet him there at the appointed time to assist in conducting the service. Tom had arrived at the place true to the minute, but to his great surprise Nelson did not turn up. Besides the miners, eager to hear the word, were a number of idle mockers ready to jeer and gibe and scoff, to whom the non-appearance of the preacher gave them a pretext for declaring that he stayed away because he had nothing to say, that the Methodists were all dumb dogs, and that their doctrine was false and empty.

Tom's hot blood was easily stirred within him. As these words fell upon his ears he felt himself tingling from head to foot, and after waiting patiently a full half hour, he felt he could stand it no longer. Nelson had plainly been detained in some very unusual way, and unless the people were to go away unfed, whilst cause was thus given to the enemy to blaspheme, he, and he alone, must strive to feed them, and with the sense of urgent necessity came also the sense of power and inspiration. Calmly stepping upon the little platform of stones that had been erected for the use of the preacher, he told the people that in the enforced absence of his master he would try, however, imperfectly, to fill his place, and opening his Bible at haphazard, and lighting upon the words, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" he launched suddenly and abruptly into his first sermon, and preached to a breathless audience the story of the Man of Sorrows, bringing home to each individual present so strong a sense of his own individual share in the sufferings of the Saviour that strong men wept aloud, and those who had come to scoff stood transfixed in shamofaced silence.

So earnest, so impassioned, so absorbed did Tom

become, that the quiet approach of his master during the course of his sermon passed unnoticed and unknown. Nelson made no attempt to declare himself, but took a place in the outskirts of the crowd, where Tom would be least likely to see him; and only when the discourse had ended, and the crowd had melted away, did he show himself to his confused and astonished pupil, when, taking him by the hand, he gave him solemn warning and counsel not to let a gift such as the Lord had given him rest unused and unknown, when it might be the means of turning many souls to salvation.

The sense of an unexpected power brings with it the natural desire to use that power. Tom was taken out of himself by the discovery of an unsuspected gift, and no longer held back with shrinking and dread. If the Master had called him and had given him a message to utter in His Name, he knew that he must not hang back. He returned to his present quarters very thoughtful and grave, but no longer rebellious; and when the story of his unprepared discourse was told to the little society in which he was for the time being located, he made no remonstrance when it was decided that he should go out into the world to proclaim the gospel wherever he could gain a hearing.

Hitherto he had plied his own trade diligently during the greater part of the week, only attending John Nelson on Sundays and upon such occasions as it was desired of him. He often changed his locality, as his master moved constantly from place to place; but a good blacksmith never found any difficulty in getting employment wherever he might be, while Nelson himself often worked at his stone-cutting by day, giving his evenings to prayer and class meetings and his Sundays to preaching wherever he could find listeners.

Now, however, a new life was to commence for Tom. He still had the good horse Mrs. Mary had given him from the Ernscliff stables, and he was sent forth with but little money in his purse to wander through the wilder districts of Yorkshire and the north, trusting to the piety and good will of those amongst whom he laboured for food and shelter, or, if need be, obtaining work from time to time in order to supply his modest necessities. The spring was quickly coming. During the next months the life of the itinerant preacher would be far from disagreeable. Tom set out upon his mission with a brave heart and steadfast courage, marvelling that he should have been honoured thus to proclaim his Lord's name—he the chief of sinners, as he always felt himself to be—but humbled rather than puffed up by the belief in his call, and steadfastly resolved to do his duty faithfully and unflinchingly, even to the death. Although the perils of the Methodist preacher were on the whole declining as men grew used to them, and the dread of Papist Jacobites abated in the country, still there were hardships and perils enough to be encountered, and it was perhaps not strange to one of Tom's ardent and sensitive temperament that he should sometimes almost wish that he might be called upon to lay down his life for his

Lord—should feel that to be found at his post, doing the Master's work, and working or fighting in the Master's cause, would be the happiest thing for himself, and perhaps the safest too.

But physical perils did not seem likely to come in Tom's way at present. Wild as were the districts he visited, long and solitary as were the rides he took across trackless wastes of moorland and fell, he was not molested by any of the half wild inhabitants of the tiny hamlets, or attacked by the highwaymen who were the terror of the wealthier travellers of those days.

On the contrary, the people he visited appeared to be eager to hear him. Tom was a Yorkshireman born and bred, and in old days had done much wandering about the fells and dales of his native county. He knew the strange dialects spoken there: he was in sympathy with the ignorant and almost heathen folks he often met.

With tribes of wandering gipsies he could establish a bond of union at once, and he seldom met the smallest opposition in proclaiming the message of salvation. The more ignorant and untaught the people, the more ready they appeared to be to hear him. Some of them seemed to be little better than heathens when first he appeared amongst them, and if they had heard of God, they only knew Him as a name. Of the love of Christ the Redeemer they had never heard.

In some of these remoter places up in the fells, the people, though rude and wild, were susceptible to impression, and when the story of His love was told them in homely and comprehensible words, many eagerly crowded round the preacher to hear more, and seemed to take home to their hearts the divine lesson.

It was far easier for Tom to be the first pioneer of the Gospel, than to deal with men who, having heard and in part received it, were distracted by controversy or torn by internal dissensions. He had seen only too much of this latter phase in the larger towns where Nelson's work lay: and it was a marvellous relief to be quit of it, and to address himself to men and women who only strove to grasp at the elementary and primary truths of Christianity, and who accepted his teaching in the childlike spirit of the unlettered and ignorant.

The worst that he met with in these wilder regions was stolid indifference and hopeless lethargy. There were places where he spoke as if to deaf ears, where no impression seemed to be made upon any single soul: but of active opposition he met but little, and of organised resistance none. Idlers would sometimes come round him to gape and stare and make mouths: but there was no stone-throwing, no ducking in horse-ponds, no dragging before magistrates or local authorities.

For one thing, to be sure, the local authorities were generally strangers to the places and people he sought, and if there were a parson within reach, it was not often that he offered any open remonstrance to these evangelical efforts amongst his flock. For the most part, the remoter districts where churches existed were only served by ill-paid curates, who attended occasionally on Sunday, but paid no heed whatever to their flock

at other times. In most cases they lived far away from the place they nominally cared for, and eked out a scanty livelihood by teaching or doing pen-work for some of the larger land-owners.

Tom Heron had learned his lesson of toleration, and did not go about as too many of the itinerant preachers did, abusing the clergy to their parishioners, and descanting on their carelessness or ignorance in scathing terms, whilst at the same time demanding their pulpits in order the better to show up their failings to their flock. Such mistaken men were but too common, and it was in a great measure their indiscriminate vehemence that raised hatred and opposition to Methodism amongst the clergy of the land. There were undoubtedly, grave faults on both sides, faults which in the end led to formal schism; but in Tom Heron's day it was fondly believed by many that this schism would be avoided: and he, having learnt the lesson of toleration and good-will, was careful to do nothing to raise, in the minds of those to whom he spoke, the idea that the Church of Christ was rent in twain by hostile factions.

It was a happy summer, on the whole, for Tom Heron; and the results, if nothing very wonderful, were sufficient to fill him with hope for the future. He felt that a special work had been given him to do, and he was resolved to do it with his might. His untiring energy and zeal, and determination not to spare himself, induced him to prosecute his long rough journeys regardless of fatigue or exposure, with the result that in crossing a swollen stream on horseback once he was drenched to the skin, and riding for many hours in wet clothes and then preaching in them in a cold north wind, he took a chill which brought on a sharp attack of his old enemy the rheumatism.

It was an awkward thing for Tom to find himself next morning in a little wayside cottage (tenanted by a shepherd and his old mother), hardly able to move hand or foot, and utterly incapable of pursuing his journey. The good people who had listened to his discourse the previous evening, and had offered him a night's shelter, were too poor to desire to have a sick man on their hands, and too solicitous for his well-being not to wish him to move into more comfortable quarters. But up here in the hills it was no easy matter to know what was to be done. The few neighbours occupying cottages in the hollow below were as poor and as ill-lodged as the shepherd himself. The news that the preacher was "tuk bad" spread quickly to the hamlet, and the inhabitants mustered together to discuss the matter in full conclave: but Tom, who could hear through the window most of the discussion, did not gather that any of them had any very bright suggestions to offer. The farmer for whom they all worked was plainly not the kind of man likely to take in a travelling preacher, and after his merits had been openly discussed, and the hope of his hospitality finally rejected, there was a long pause which was broken by a woman's voice saying tentatively and timidly:

"There be Muster Annesley for sure: he be a good man and a kind one. Maybe he'd take un in."

"It's a matter o' six miles off, and he be a parson. Some folks say as parsons don't take kind to preachers."

This hamlet was not very many miles from more populous regions, and therefore something of the spirit of the day had permeated to its inhabitants. After this objection had been made, there came a pause of silence, and though the discussion appeared to be recommenced by-and-by, the speakers had moved away farther off, and Tom could not hear how the matter ended.

Nothing was said to him. He lay all day upon the hard pallet bed, of which towards noon he grew so unutterably weary that he contrived, though at the cost of much pain and difficulty, to drag himself up and creep into his clothes, which had been well dried by the fire. He had not long accomplished this task before the sound of wheels made itself heard without, and the wheels stopped at the door of the cabin.

Next moment the latch was lifted, and in walked a very venerable old man, whose silver hair was tied back by a black ribbon, whilst the long black coat and knee breeches and the full white cravat showed that he belonged to the clerical calling. He walked slowly, as if somewhat infirm, and Tom involuntarily rose at sight of him. The mild old face was full of benevolence and by no means lacking in intellectual power. The clergyman removed his hat as he stepped across the threshold, and extending his hand to Tom, said kindly:

"I am glad to see you so far restored, sir; but I can see that you are still unfit for any travelling on horseback. Indeed you would recover faster if you would take to your bed for a few days. I know what rheumatism is: we in these cold latitudes suffer much from it in the winter months. Still I am glad to see you up just now, for I have come to fetch you in my chaise, and as the day threatens rain, the sooner we are under the safe sheiter of my roof the better for us both."

Tom was greatly surprised at the cordiality of this address from a man of a social position so much superior to his own; but something in the calm authority of the old man and the kindly way in which he issued his orders robbed Tom of any power or wish to make excuse. He very soon found himself seated in the chaise beside the old clergyman, and after nearly two hours of rough travelling which gave little scope or wish for conversation, he found himself entering the low doorway of a very quaint old house, surrounded by a trim and exquisitely-kept garden, after which he was shown into a dark, oak-panelled bed-room, and for the first time in his life found himself lying in a great canopied four-post bed, whilst a bright fire blazed upon the hearth.

For three days Tom was forced to keep to his bed, being powerless to rise. His host visited him several times every day, and though he did not talk much, Tom grew to feel towards him that sense of veneration and intimacy which is

the truest test of instinctive sympathy of mind. From the house-keeper he learned that Master Annesley, as he always seemed to be called, lived quite alone, having long ago buried his wife and two children within a year of each other, living now for the flock of his small but scattered parish, and making of it a little oasis in the surrounding desert of neglect and vice.

The more he heard of his host, the more drawn was Tom towards him; and when upon the fourth evening of his stay he managed to dress himself and crawl down to the study, he was more than ready, when asked to do so, to pour out his whole story into the sympathetic ears of the aged clergyman, and long and interesting was the talk that followed respecting the recent revival of religious faith and Mr. Wesley's share in it.

Upon another occasion Tom spoke even more fully, and told his new friend all the trouble that was in his heart respecting his own state, his misgivings lest he were not truly converted, and his fear lest, after having preached to others, he himself might prove a castaway.

He was listened to with profound attention, a smile stealing over the face of the old man as he heard these concluding words.

"My dear young friend," he said as Tom ceased, "You have, if you but knew it, answered your own objection yourself. Who was it that held that same fear? Was it not St. Paul himself? And if there ever was a case on record of instantaneous conversion, was it not his own? Did he feel himself any the safer because his conversion had been miraculous and instantaneous? It appears to me not. He had the same fear that every earnest Christian must have—knowing the evil of the human heart and the power of the devil—that he might fall away and lose the grace of God. So long as we remain in the bonds of the flesh, we are none of us exempt from the danger of falling under the power of Satan, however high has been, or has seemed to be, our state before. Faith in Christ's atoning blood gives us constant assurance of constant forgiveness, so long as we keep close to Him; but that we may ever in this life be freed from fear of sin, or absolutely assured of salvation, can never be: for so long as we remain in the frailty of the flesh, so long is there the possibility that we may fall away. If St. Paul felt this, how can we look to have a fuller assurance? Would it not be a snare and a peril if we had it?"

Tom was silent, but he looked relieved. Presently he said slowly:

"I have heard men speak as though they believed that they did live and could live in a state of sinless perfection, but I have never felt it myself."

"Nor I," answered the old man with a sweet smile, "Indeed I scarce see how we, with our eyes fixed upon the spotless Lamb of God, the only Man who ever did live a sinless life on earth, can feel in regard to our own lives that they have attained any perfection. The very force of contrast will make even our holiest actions dark by comparison, though we know that in His atoning blood our souls are ever

being washed white. Still there must ever be with us, I think, the same feeling that was with St. Paul—'Not as though I had already attained.' At least, it is so I myself read the Scripture—it is so that I think and feel, though God forbid that I should judge another."

"That is how I feel," answered Tom with subdued vehemence, "but I have feared it was because I was not truly converted."

"Say not that, my son," said the old man, "for every man is truly converted who truly turns from the error of his ways and the filth of the flesh, and turns his face God-ward once again."

"But have I done so? I do not know—I had not instantaneous sense of pardon and peace."

"My good friend, try and answer that question yourself. When you did have that quick and powerful illumination, was it the forerunner of a truer conversion than this later one, where it was not vouchsafed? You have told me much of yourself—more, perhaps, than you know. Which conversion has been the more blessed to you?—the first, when, after turning from all your fellow men and striving to live shut up with your hopes and aspirations, you fell once more into the old ways?—or this second turning to God, when there has been a steady growth in grace—a slow but growing faith in Christ's love and atoning salvation, a submissive response to the call of God, and a yielding up your own will to that which has seemed to be His?"

Tom was silent, but there was a new light in his face.

"Think, my young friend, think of the slow growth of grace and knowledge in the hearts of the first apostles. Christ was actually with them in the flesh—but did He convert them instantaneously? How and when were these words spoken to one of their number; 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?' Was it not at the very close of His earthly ministry? And was He not that very night forsaken by all—betrayed by one—denied by another of those selected twelve? And are we to think that if this was the way our blessed Lord worked when He was here amongst us—slowly, gradually, gently leading His followers to Himself and a true and firm faith, that we are to look in these days, and in every individual case, for a semi-supernatural change, and an instantaneous revelation of Himself? I trow not. 'Line upon line, precept upon precept: here a little and there a little'—that has been God's way in His dealings with men from the beginning of the world, and I believe will be His way to the end. Yet do not mistake me. Do not think that I disbelieve or despise sudden conversion—sudden repentance. We have before our eyes the dying thief for the one, the Apostle Paul for the other. Let no man judge, let no man condemn; but you, my young friend, who see much of these so-called instantaneous conversions, be very patient and gentle with those who claim to receive this light, and discourage them not if afterwards they seem to fall away and lose it. The growth of the soul, like the growth of the body, is slow. We cannot attain holiness or perfection at once—we cannot even keep fast hold upon the saving grace without

hard and ceaseless struggle. It is human nature to think that we shall always retain what we have grasped—it is equally human frailty that we find we cannot hold fast any high or holy thing without a constant and a fierce strife. Let all your converts know this, and deal very gently with their backslidings. And for yourself, do not covet that sudden and miraculous illumination of soul; be content to be led by slow and gradual

steps, as were the blessed apostles themselves, until the day come when the clouds shall all roll away, and the Saviour shall reveal Himself as He did to the doubter, and you shall say with him in perfect faith and trust: 'My Lord and my God.'

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, drawing a long breath, and he went to his room that night strangely comforted.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

THE ARRESTED LIFE.

"I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."—*Phil. iii. 12.* (R.V.)

ST. PAUL'S conversion was ever present to his mind as the great critical moment of his life. From that time he had been sped along a new groove, started upon a fresh and divergent path. Now if he has a work to do, a destiny to fulfil, a heavenly prize to win, it is all the issue of that profound experience, "I press on, if so be that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended of Christ Jesus."

This seizure and capture by Christ was the key to the riddle of his life. If in the midst of madly violent hostility to the disciples of Jesus¹ he had suddenly broken with his past, accepted the sway against which he had rebelled, and heralded the faith which once he had destroyed, this was the explanation, sole but sufficient, of that swift and miraculous transformation, "I was apprehended by Christ." If he is found labouring more abundantly than his fellow-apostles, bold where others shrink, faithful where others compromise,² if, undeterred by perils in whatever guise and from whatever source they come, he pursues his vocation, the same explanation holds good. If before him there is a hope that leads him on, a mark which he would reach, a goal he is running to obtain, this is the ground of his hope, the spur to his effort, the secret, inexhaustible source of his endurance: "I was apprehended by Him."

In the emphatic language chosen by the apostle himself, St. Paul's was an arrested life. Up to the day when the Lord Jesus met him near Damascus, he had pursued his course with singleness of motive and aim. That course had been marked out by his birth. Where should this man "of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews" be found save in the ranks of the opponents of Jesus the Nazarene? Was not this the seeming destination of his very birth? Moreover his education co-operated with the influences derived from his descent. Had he not been brought up in the city of Jerusalem, where prophets were killed, and God's messengers were stoned, where the

Incarnate Redeemer was crucified? Was he not a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, learning to purpose the methods of his teacher, the Rabbi Gamaliel, though he failed to acquire his large-hearted tolerance? Where should this youth who had imbibed the life of the Holy City and breathed the atmosphere of her schools, this pupil of a Rabbi, the son of a Pharisee, be found save among those who would war down the Nazarene heresy? Upon the path thus marked out by birth and education he had entered by free and enthusiastic choice; his will had ratified the appointment of outer circumstances. He accepted in all good faith the Pharisaic position, outstripped in zeal his equals in age and standing,¹ and found himself a champion in the host of militant Judaism. Yet while he hastened along this course, with a speed that would have defied interruption by argument, entreaty, or warning, suddenly he turned from it into one wholly divergent. The old life was mysteriously stayed, the natural expected development was arrested, the looked for future was changed into one absolutely different; a mighty arrestive transforming power was manifestly in operation: "I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."

The expression is suggestive of the force required and exerted. There had come down, and rested upon him a hand, mysterious, resolute, irresistible, that at once stayed and altered his career. A power endowed with invincible right had touched the secret spring of his being, and forthwith old things passed away; and now a new course, a new prize, a new destiny, and ambition—in short, a transformed life—lie before him. Yet to arrest, to change such a life as that of Saul of Tarsus demanded no puny arm. It is no easy task to turn a man aside from the course upon which he has been impelled by the triple force of birth, education, and choice. There are no animosities so bitter as those which seem to have the sanction of religion. The path from which he was to be turned promised advantage, social position and religious merit; his new path proffered loss and toil, contumely and persecution.

¹ "Being exceedingly mad against them." (Acts xxvi. 11.)

² Acts xv. 38. Gal. ii. 11.

¹ Gal i. 14.



THE HEALING OF THE BLIND

"Two blind men followed Him, saying, 'Thou Son of David, have mercy on us!'"

To his former life he was deeply committed, both by profession and practice; past successes, hierarchical patronage, the devotion of a self-complacent if deluded conscience bound him to that life. Yet though it meant the public confession of a mistake to which he had consecrated his noblest powers, nevertheless at the bidding of this arrestive influence he accepts the faith which once he destroyed. It was no mean power that stayed the impetus of birth, training, and choice, that quenched a zeal which religion had kindled, that closed the pathway of promise, and launched him upon one of seeming loss, that made him content to stand before the ages in confession of his error and crime.¹ But that irresistible influence is described in few words, "I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."

Men would do well to accept St. Paul's description of his conversion. Many subsidiary causes may have led on towards the great crisis. Stephen was probably a mighty factor therein; his exposition of the history of Israel, the vision of his face lit up with heavenly radiance, the memory of the last words of the martyr-saint, as he requests the pardon of those that slew him, may all have contributed to an ordained result.² But there was a power over and beyond these. Nor must we suppose that St. Paul merely altered his dogmatic convictions and slowly emerged from the bondage of tenets, not to say prejudices, which had their root in his ancestry, his education, his immature opinion and ill-informed choice. St. Paul does not regard himself as merely the subject of altered opinions. Such he certainly was; but the opinions were not charged by the slow processes which might serve the student of science, politics, or history. In his case depths of the soul were touched, which lay far below the intellectual surface; he had become what he was through the personal

presence of Jesus. He had not merely heard an argument; he had seen the Christ of God. He had not merely listened to some new evidence as to the claims of the Nazarene faith; he had felt a hand, tender yet mighty, pierced yet irresistible, that had apprehended him. It was not merely that a man had adopted a new creed, a Pharisee had turned Nazarene; but the ascended Lord had stayed a wild career, ended a fatal course, and had sped him upon a new undreamt-of path. And it was this personal, supernatural, divine element that was foremost in his thought; that grasp had never been loosed, from it he had never sought to escape. The laying upon him of that arrestive hand was the decisive moment of his life. And of the service of the after time, wrought out in boldness, and endurance, sustained amid peril and suffering and imprisonment, and consummated in a martyr's death, this was the sufficing explanation: "I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."

Such a conversion might well be permanent and irrevocable. Those with whom conversion is attachment to an organisation, may easily renounce their choice. Those who have but accepted a scheme of opinions may find reason to change their judgment. Those who have been led by man to take some definite position in faith or practice must be more or less dependent on the strength, purity, and fidelity of him who has exercised such a spell. But such is not the highest manifestation of the grace of conversion. He stands on sure ground who has known a supernatural operation in his deepest soul, who has come under the influence of a Divine Person, "the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever," who has felt upon him the arrestive hand of the Son of God, and can say as the secret of his soul's great crisis: "I was apprehended by Christ Jesus."

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

LAURA HAVILAND'S LIFE-WORK.

II.

IN the course of her long life, Mrs. Haviland has accustomed herself to various kinds of philanthropic work, so that, when the civil war broke out, she was content to share hardship and danger with those who attended to the wants of soldiers in camp and hospital. As was proper, the authorities favoured her operations by giving free transportation both for herself and the necessary supplies which she had collected; and thus Mrs. Haviland found herself at Memphis, at Cairo, and among the islands of the Mississippi. The scenes she witnessed were such as were characteristic of war in general; but the novelty of the scene, and probably also its horrors, was heightened by the fact of its being a civil war. For long generations slavery had been condoned

by a large majority in the North; but when the leaders of the army saw what slavery was, and heard the life-stories of those who won their freedom by escaping to the northern lines, their views were changed, and they became abolitionists. The negroes risked their lives by trying to escape, except such as were old and worn-out, when they might possibly be sent away as useless chattels. The burning down of the mansions of slave-holders was common. Of one of the largest and richest of these it is said: "The proprietor was raking over the *débris* for gold and silver, or other imperishable treasure. Among the ashes were handcuffs, chains, shackles, and other slave-irons. He was occupying one of his slave-cabins, as the long row was vacated by seventy of his former slaves." In former times some of the slaves of this man had escaped, and a carpenter

¹ 1 Tim. i. 13.

² Acts vi. 15; vii. 60.

in the district, suspected of aiding them, had been tarred and feathered, and sent out of the State. Hence these fires represented the reprisals of those who paid back old scores in tyranny's own coin. That was not the Christian method, but it was the way of human nature. It showed the utter degradation of slavery, when people not only looked upon such scenes with equanimity, but with actual satisfaction.

While thus engaged in hospital work among the soldiers, and in relieving with clothes and other necessities the destitute negroes, Mrs. Haviland heard terrible accounts of atrocities committed during what is called the reign of terror in 1860-61, when there was a prospect of Mr. Lincoln being elected. So frantic became the fear of an insurrection in favour of liberty, that a "Vigilance Committee" was appointed, whose murderous action in hanging, or torturing to death hundreds of slaves was worthy of the worst days of the French Revolution. One millionaire, twenty-six of whose slaves were thus dealt with, openly boasted that trouble could not come near him, for he was rich enough to bribe all troubles away. It so happened that the Government engineer wanted a site for a fort in that part of the country; but, although the planter's house was suitable because so commanding, he did not at first feel inclined to destroy so many palatial buildings, until he heard the cruel man's boastful words, and then the engineer said—"Yes, yes; this is the place for our fort."

The owner, Frank Susetts, approached him with the offer of thirty thousand dollars in gold if he would spare his place.

"I cannot accept it, sir," said the engineer.

"I will give you fifty thousand dollars in gold if you will save it. It cost me one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to build this house and the outhouses."

"Should you offer all that you say it cost you, it would be of no consequence. We give you ten days to take away everything movable from your premises, for this house will then be destroyed to make room for the fort. This is the site we have selected."

At the expiration of the time set the house was in flames. Frank Susetts stood a block distant, weeping. Two of his former slaves were looking at the conflagration.

"Ah," said one, "a little time ago it was Master Susett's time, when he had so many of our people hung; now he is helpless to harm us. Praise the Lord! He's here to-day, for sure. Glory to Jesus, Master Susett's day is over; he can never have any more of our people hung."

In the town of Baton, schools were established, especially for the coloured people who were coming in, and many of whom were thankful recipients of Mrs. Haviland's charitable supplies. One of the teachers was a woman who for years had successfully carried on a secret midnight school on a certain plantation, teaching twelve at a time to read and write. At Fort William, where there were found three thousand disabled soldiers, the scene was of another kind, and was said to be indescribable. In this, and many similar instances, how has experience proved that

a few earnest women, moved by Christian zeal, are the best possible ministers of mercy.

In the spring of 1864 Mrs. Haviland was in New Orleans, lodged in such pleasant quarters as that sunny clime could afford, with fig-trees luxuriating beneath the windows. She visited a number of coloured schools, which represented much genuine Christian work in the city. A more extraordinary scene was witnessed on Ship Island, where were three thousand prisoners who had been withdrawn from the Union army for trivial offences by an agent who appeared to be serving the Southern cause in disguise. There was a great demand for the Inspired Word by this motley crowd.

"When we landed, with our large market-basket full of Testaments and other reading matter, the gunboat boys and prisoners gathered around us like hungry children," says Mrs. Haviland. "Prisoners in irons came holding the iron ball in one arm, while the other reached for a Testament, crying out, 'Please give me a Testament, I lost mine in battle'; 'Please give me one, I lost mine in a long march'; 'Please give me something to read, I lost my Testament in a rain-storm.' Many hands were reached over the shoulders of others, until thirty or forty hands at a time were extended."

Mainly through Mrs. Haviland's efforts, the three thousand Union soldiers thus banished were released. The army, as well as the negroes, by such acts soon learned to regard her as their friend and benefactor.

In the spring of 1864, Mrs. Haviland became the agent of the Freedmen's Aid Commission, which at that time was making an endeavour to relieve the pressing want of thousands of persons, both white and coloured, who had left the Confederate States. The work at Raisin Institute had of course in the meantime become suspended, and ultimately the Institute itself was disposed of to the Freedmen's Commission, and thus became the Haviland Home for Homeless and Destitute Children. "This home I intended as a nucleus for a State Orphan Asylum," remarks Mrs. Haviland, "as the war had increased the necessity for such an institution."

Soon afterwards, or in the latter months of 1865, Mrs. Haviland visited Richmond. As she saw a notice at a certain news-shop to the effect that "the New Nation"—an anti-slavery paper—was not sold there, her curiosity was excited. "I thought I would call on the 'insane editor' Mr. Hunnicrat," she remarks. "I ascended to the third story, where I found the busy editor and his son. They were surprised to see a lady of sufficient moral courage to call on them. The editor exhibited a pile of anonymous letters, threatening his life. . . . I left a dollar for a subscription to the 'New Nation' for six months. As I was about to leave, he said, with feeling, 'A select few in this city meet once a week for a prayer-meeting, but I cannot attend it in the evening, as it is unsafe for me to be out after dark.' I told him I had received a secret invitation, and had attended each meeting since my first knowledge of this praying band. I told him it was one of the most solemn meetings I had

ever attended. As in the days of the apostles we met at the hour of prayer in an upper room where I had heard the Editor of the "New Nation" remembered. 'I know,' he said, 'that I have friends in this city. But don't forget to pray for me and my family. I dare not bring my wife and daughter to this city.'"

Such was Richmond in those days of transition, when the power of slavery was being broken by three arguments against which its apologists could not contend—sword, rifle, and cannon. Apart from all this, however, the low parts of the city were in a disgraceful condition. In company with Miss Morrie, a friend of the oppressed in disguise, Mrs. Haviland sought out the sick, the dying, and the destitute in "filthy alleys, dark cold cellars," or the two together would "climb rickety flights of stairs into dark attics."

Still it was possible to find a Sunday-school in which three thousand names were on the books, so that with such enthusiasm for Christian learning and teaching there was little reason to fear an insurrection of the legally freed slaves. "With every day came new scenes, and yet such a similarity; relieving, reading Scriptures, advising, and often by the cot of the sick and dying," remarks Mrs. Haviland, referring to those memorable days. "I often felt myself a stranger in a strange land," she adds, "and yet I was never alone. Although boisterous waves dashed around me, yet the dear Saviour was near at hand."

Mrs. Haviland had found that the chronic winter ailments, which were apt to impede her work, did not give trouble under the more genial southern skies. Because of this she left the service of the Freedmen's Aid Commission, and settled for a time at Atlanta, in Georgia, as an agent of the American Missionary Association. Then, early in 1867, she removed to Memphis, Tennessee, where an anti-negro visit had occurred some months previously. Nor was the diabolical spirit which had inspired and stimulated that outbreak extinct; for while Mrs. Haviland and her friends were pursuing their work of teaching and of mercy, their lives were actually endangered. "One Union woman on our block told me that she had often spent sleepless nights on our account," she says. "She had heard such frequent threats that nigger teachers should be cleared out, as well as free niggers, that she expected every day would be our last, and every pistol-shot she heard in the night, or alarm of fire, caused her to listen and look in the direction of our mission house."

One of the worst things about slavery was the persecution which the oppressed race endured on account of their religion. Though it may not have been generally the case, there were hard-hearted men, who, judged by the treatment meted out to their slaves, might have learned their lessons of life in the schools of Nero or Diocletian. There was an aged man called Uncle Philip, formerly the chattel of "a mighty wicked, swearing cruel, evil man" who could tell of tragic experience and of striking Divine interposition. He was so cruelly ill-treated on account of his prayer-meetings and preaching that he thought he would be killed outright; but all at once there came a change. The slave-holder sent for him and said

that if he must preach he should do so, and on the coming Sunday all the neighbours round about should come to hear "the big preacher." It was supposed that the man merely desired to make sport of these poor people; and if that was really so he got more than he bargained for. The pulpit indeed, was erected as ordered. At first Uncle Philip was extremely nervous; but no sooner did he realise that the Lord was with him than he regained self-possession. There was no more interference with Uncle Philip's preaching.

Mrs. Haviland left this scene of labour in May, 1867, taking with her fifteen homeless orphans to Raisin Institute. "I reached home," she says, "praising the God of Daniel for His keeping-power in the lion's den."

In 1869 Mrs. Haviland again left home and resided for a time in Washington, where were a large number of coloured people, as well as others who needed just such attention as she was able to give. As it was now mid-winter, the soup-kitchens were in full operation, and Mrs. Haviland became a kind of visiting overseer of those institutions. She followed many of the people to their homes, and found much squalid wretchedness. She made the further discovery that two kinds of soup were being served out; the best good enough to "tempt the palate of an epicure," while the other boiled up for "the niggers" was "too forbidding for a human stomach." Of course when the authorities who supplied the rations found out what was being done, on Mrs. Haviland's information, they gave such peremptory orders as justice or common sense demanded.

"Is it a wonder the freedmen flee by hundreds and thousands?" asks Mrs. Haviland, who adds, "there are many sick and dying among them." It is added further: "These poor people, who, between March 1879, and March 1881, have made their escape from an oppression that seems almost incredible, and have come to Kansas to live, now number more than fifty thousand, and still they come."

Of the freedmen, notwithstanding all that they had to suffer, Mrs. Haviland afterwards wrote of these people, "They have great faith that the Lord is leading in a way they know not, and that King Jesus is opening the prison door for them as surely as He opened the prison door for Paul and Silas." She was by no means a pessimist in regard to the general outlook; for after contrasting the pro-slavery sympathies of the North of half a century ago with the sentiments now prevalent, she thinks that a like change will come over the South.

Thus for something like sixty years Mrs. Haviland has toiled for the poor and the oppressed; and now that she has passed the age of fourscore she may be expected to rest from her labours. The Society of Friends on both sides of the Atlantic has produced many noble women; but in abundant labours, and in varied adventure, more or less heroic and perilous, this venerable woman has had few equals. Her name has an abiding place of imperishable honour in the tragic annals of the Underground Railroad.

SOME WORDS OF C. H. SPURGEON.

IN his enforced absence from the pulpit, Mr. Spurgeon sent sermons to be read on the Lord's Day, by those who value his teaching. Very earnest and faithful these are, and many have found them to be profitable as well as delightful. He himself says of his published sermons: "It is a great trial to be unable to preach in the pulpit, but it is no small comfort to be able to preach through the press."

"It is my life to proclaim the everlasting gospel of the grace of God, and it is a happy reflection to me, that through my printed sermons I shall live and speak long after I am dead. It is so many years since these sermons began to be issued (thirty-seven years, nearly), that I cannot but look back with gratitude, and forward with hope. Better days may yet come. It may be we shall live to see a reaction in favour of the old gospel; if not, we will many of us die contending for it."

Here are the closing sentences of one of his sermons sent from Mentone—

"Let me very briefly tell once more 'the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.' Jesus Christ died in the stead of sinners. We deserved to be punished for our sins. Under the law of Moses there was no pardon for sin except through the blood of a sacrifice. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the one Sacrifice for sins for ever, of which the thousands of bullocks and lambs slain under the law were but types. Every man who trusts to the death of the Lamb of God, may know that Jesus Christ was punished in his stead; so that God can be just, and yet forgive the guilty; He can, without violating His justice, remit sin and pardon iniquity, because a Substitute has been found, whose death has an infinite value because of the Divine nature of the Sufferer. He has borne the iniquities of all who trust Him. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.'"

Another extract we take from a sermon on Revelation i. 5, 6: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

"Notice very specially that the exile of Patmos, having known much of Christ, and lived in His presence for many years, sings of love as manifested in the washing away of sins. Some years before, he had written, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that marvellous word 'God is love;' but now, as the end of his life approaches, all love seems for him to be summed up in the blood-washing. This is the climax and summit of the love of Christ. I delight to dwell on this glorious theme. They tell me of God in nature, and speak of the warbling of birds and the beauties of the summer, as revelations of the love of God, as doubtless they are. I read of the matchless life of Christ, and I am charmed with its beauties and its blessedness; but when I would speak of the fulness of His love, I can find nothing to express it but the blood which He shed on Calvary. It is a wonderful work which that blood-shedding accomplishes in taking away

our sins; for that they are taken away at once and for ever when we trust in the Crucified, is a blessed truth about which the Word of God leaves no manner of doubt.

"I do not know whether 'washed' is the best word to express the meaning of the text. We need more than the removal of outside sin. If this idea is to be kept, I prefer the word 'laved,' which gives us a suitable expression of the thought, and also carries us back to the laver used in the typical ordinances of the Tabernacle and Temple of old. The text may be read, 'Unto Him that loved us, and laved us from our sins in His own blood.' If we prefer it, we may render our song as the Revised Version has it, with a deeper shade of meaning, 'Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood,' and with adoring hearts may add, 'to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever.' In His great love He laves away the defilement of our sins, and then looses us from the chains that those sins had thrown around our life.

"Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

IMMORTElLES.

CHAPTER V.



IT never occurred to the city child that it was a formidable undertaking to find her way to a distant town, there to seek for a person whom she did not know even by sight. But the three and a half

miles taxed her strength to the utmost, and she looked a very dusty and travel-worn little figure indeed, when she suddenly appeared about two o'clock that afternoon in the crowded market-place of Oldford. With quiet persistency she threaded her way out and in among the groups of farmers and merchants congregated in the square. She met with no rebuffs. Even the roughest of the men answered her kindly, as with unwearied reiteration she put her question: "Please, can you tell me where I could find Farmer Graham?" Many had seen and spoken to him earlier in the day, and several did their best to direct her to his probable whereabouts. Now here, now there, she went in obedience to each suggestion, only to return again and again to the market-place, baffled and disappointed, but with a patient resolution that never dreamt of giving up the search.

"Here, little one," called out a young farmer, suddenly catching sight of her white tired face, as for the third time

she made her way to his corner, "your man was here a minute ago. Stupid that I was to forget to tell him you were wanting him! But, if you run quick to the White Hart inn, you'll catch him yet."

No need to tell Winnie to run. She was off like an arrow from a bow, and in three minutes had reached the White Hart, where, at the inn door, stood a big man with a kindly face. Winnie's instinct told her this was Farmer Graham. In a rather loud tone of voice he was speaking to a self-satisfied looking young fellow who stood beside him. "I tell you there's no use saying any more about it. You won't suit. I don't deny that you're a piece of perfection in your own eyes, but you're not near that in mine. I want a man who's likely to know an apple from a turnip when he sees one. Hey, child, what is it?"

Timidly drawing closer, Winnie with breathless eagerness gave the farmer the information it had cost her so much to bring.

"What!" he exclaimed, when at last he understood her somewhat incoherent words; "Robert Carver wanting work? Then that will just about fit, for my work's wanting him, and that badly too. Where is he to be found at this minute?"

"He was going to Greenfields to-day, sir, in search of a job."

"Then I'm off to Greenfields after him. Here, you young rascal!" this to the stable-boy. "My gig this minute. Quick, and there will be a sixpence for you." Then to Winnie: "You're a brave little lass to come all this way to track me out. I'm right grateful, and you've well earned your shilling," holding one out to her.

"I can't take it, sir," she replied drawing back. "You see I did it just altogether and only for the father."

The farmer laughed, not ill-pleased, as he stepped into his gig. "Some day, when I've more time than now, I'll have to settle accounts with you for this long walk of yours, little Miss Plain-of-Speech. A harmless crack of his long whip, a cheery "gee-up" to the old mare, and Mr. Graham drove off at a hard trot in the direction of Greenfields.

"It was the Voice that brought me," said Winnie to herself, as she watched him out of sight. "And, if it hadn't been for our dear Miss Annette, I'd never have heard it."

With her heart beating fast for very gladness, Winnie turned her steps homeward again, the gladness for a time preventing her from realising either her fatigue or the fact of its being so long past dinner-time. Presently, however, she was conscious of a strange feeling of faintness that was creeping over her, and which not even her strong desire to reach home could conquer. Turning aside into a stubble field she sat down under the shade of a tree, leant her head against its friendly trunk to rest "just for five minutes," she said to herself. In another moment she was fast asleep. When she awoke the shadows were long upon the grass; she could guess it was late in the afternoon. Hurriedly rising she once more plodded along the dusty high road, her weary feet spurred onwards by the thought of the good news she was carrying to the cottage.

A good distance still lay before her, when her quick eyes spied a foot-path which seemed to cut off a corner. All went well until she reached the farther end of the long meadow, when, to her dismay, she found her progress barred by a stream over which there seemed to be no crossing-plank. The water, swollen by recent rain, nearly covered the stepping-stones. Winnie was inexperienced in fording, and to-day her tired limbs were dangerously unsteady, but anything, she thought, would be easier than going back. After a moment's hesitation she made a spring, then another in safety, with the third she missed her footing; there was a fall, a splash, and a rough encounter with the sharp stones,

and poor Winnie found herself on the other side, wet, shaken, and with her ankle severely bruised and cut. Binding it up as best she could with her handkerchief, she limped along for a few yards, but the pain of her ankle was soon too much for her, and she was forced to sit down. In spite of her brave efforts not to mind, the tears would come. Almost angrily, she dashed them away.

"Winnie Markham," she said aloud, "you're a dreadful girl! How can you cry when God has been so good and kept His promise? Laugh, can't you?"

At this moment Robert Carver, on the other side of the hedge, was walking rapidly homewards, his brow cleared from the shadow of care which had darkened it of late. Suddenly a strange sound, something between a laugh and a sob, arrested his quick strides. Another minute and he had crossed the stile, and found our poor wounded Winnie a little huddled up heap on the bank. Very tenderly she was carried the rest of the way home in the father's strong arms. Although Carver put forth every effort to make the journey as easy as possible for the child, he felt convinced that the motion could not fail to be very distressing to the injured limb, but as often as he bent his tall head to look into the white face resting on his shoulder, as often he got a bright smile and the cheery assurance, "I'm feeling far too happy, father, to feel anything else much."

Two anxious watchers were looking out for them when they arrived at the cottage, and a flood of eager questions was poured forth as to what had happened, and where they had been. The answers to these questions, it must be confessed, were somewhat hurried and confused, and there was little wonder therefore that poor Rosie, left alone for a time, while her parents were attending to Winnie and her injured ankle, felt quite unable to decide whether she had the more cause just then to rejoice or to grieve. "Good news, Rosie! Good news!" Winnie had called out in rather a weak little voice as she was being carried into the house. Yes, it was good news, indeed, if her father had got work; but how could it be good that Winnie was hurt, and hadn't had anything to eat since morning? And Rosie sighed, for it seemed to her as if everything was turning out very differently from the bright picture which she had drawn to herself of the way in which she supposed God would answer their prayers and send work for father, and good times for them all again.

Later in the evening, however, the clouds which darkened her picture rolled themselves away, and all was light and gladness once more in the home of the Carvers. The supper-table which the mother had loaded with good things, had been gay as a birthday feast; the wonderful story of the day's events had been told and retold by the father and Winnie; and now that same dear Winnie, looking pale and worn truly, but free from pain and radiantly happy, lay resting side by side with Rosie on the broad low couch which had been drawn close to the fire, the evening having closed in wet and chilly. Not many spoken words of thanks had rewarded our little Winnie for what she had done that day, but loving looks said over and over again what the hearts were too full to utter aloud. Right well the child understood what these affectionate eyes would say, and it seemed to her that night as if her happiness were almost more than she knew how to bear.

A silence at length fell upon the little group in the cottage kitchen. Rosie thought it was lasting a long while.

"What are you thinking about, Winnie?" she whispered, nestling closer to her adopted sister.

"I was thinking," softly replied Winnie, "about our prayer-meeting last night, and the beautiful answer we have got to-day. Rosie, it is quite true, what Miss Annette says, God's promises are the real immortelles that stand for ever."

M. S. C.

Monthly Religious Record.

The Famine in Russia. No words can exaggerate the condition of things in Russia, and most heartrending accounts continue to come from the newspaper correspondents. In addition to the General Famine Fund, concerning the administration of which much has been said, there are now two others in this country. Hesba Stretton, who is gathering money and sending it for most careful distribution, writes: "The 'English-woman's Russian Famine Relief Fund,' which is by no means confined to women, has now reached 400l. The distributors have lived many years in Russia, and know its language and its people well. Their special work has brought them into contact with the best, the most thoughtful, and the most Christian men in Russia. Hence in those centres of the famine districts, where no Englishmen happen to be living, they know personally some trustworthy people, Russian or German, to whom they can safely transmit any sums, with no fear of it failing to reach the objects of our compassion, without any deduction for travelling or other expenses. The usual plan is to take the responsibility of feeding so many persons until next harvest; having the care of them handed over to our distributors by the commune they belong to. From 20s. to 24s. will be sufficient to do this for one adult; and half that for a child; 36lbs. of grain being giving out monthly for the former, and 18lbs. for a child under five years of age. The treasurer of our fund is Mr. Robert Barclay, who is one of the Bible Society treasurers. The money has been sent by strangers from all parts of the country, and usually in small sums. Several children have sent me little collections made among themselves. I have had as small a contribution as a farthing. Three or four village schools have sent me a few shillings. If I could get such collections made in a number of Sunday schools it would greatly help our funds; and would be a good thing for the children. There is a sad story in one of the letters I have read from a pastor's wife, who says a little child has been lying unburied for some days, because there was not wood enough in all the village to make a coffin for it. All had been burned for firewood; and this at the beginning of winter."

The *Lancet* has gone so far as to say that as a mere matter of self-protection we ought to do what is possible to relieve the distress. The danger in famine periods is famine fever, and we are in the midst of an epidemic at the present time which shows how rapidly these epidemics travel. The Friends have also established a "Friends' Russian Famine Fund," with Mr. J. G. Barclay, of 54 Lombard Street, as treasurer.

A Statue to Cardinal Newman. THE proposal to erect a statue to Cardinal Newman in Broad Street, Oxford, met with very vigorous and determined opposition, not only from those who belong to the Evangelical party in the Church of England, but from many of the High Church party and Nonconformists. Canon Ince wrote to the 'Times' reminding the public that the site proposed "is within a hundred yards, and in immediate sight of the spot opposite Balliol College, marked by a cross in the roadway, where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burnt at the stake. Many devoted members of the Church of England feel that to place the statue there would seem like an affront to the memory of those brave and faithful bishops, who were put to death by the direct sentence of Pope Paul IV. and delegates appointed by him, because they refused to accept the usurped supremacy and the corrupt doctrine of the Papal Church." By the sacrifice of their lives, to use the words of one of the latest historians of the English Reformation, Canon Dixon—"whom none can accuse of unreasoning Protestant bigotry—they loosed the yoke of Rome from the neck of the Church of England." It is impossible to forget that Cardinal Newman is, as Mr. R. H. Hutton has said, the man who certainly caused the defection of a larger number

of cultivated Protestants from their Protestant faith than any other English writer or preacher since the Reformation." A large public meeting was held in Oxford Town Hall, stoutly protesting against the proposal. Dr. J. A. H. Murray stated that he believed the statue had been offered to Trinity and Oriel Colleges, to which Cardinal Newman had belonged in his Oxford days, but that they had declined lest it should injure the colleges. Canon Ince again asked, "Which of the two halves of his career, was it intended to commemorate? The first when he was Vicar of St. Mary's? But he deserted his position in the Church of England; he went over to the enemy's camp; he drew many of the flower of young Oxford after him. Surely the loyal members of the Church of England could not be expected to mark out for special commemoration, one who did the Church so much injury. Or was it the second half of Newman's career that was to be honoured? Were they to raise a statue to a Roman Cardinal, and glorify in his person the triumphs of Ultramontane Romanism whose policy was to thwart free expression of thought, and the accepted traditions of modern civilisation? Who was preparing to erect a statue? Not the city; Newman conferred no benefit on it. Not the University; the vast majority dislike the project." In the event, the Town Council resolved that a site should be granted though the Broad Street one was to be excluded. And this resolution was arrived at notwithstanding that forty-five resident members of the University, including thirteen heads of Colleges, by memorial prayed the Council to refuse to sanction the erection, at least on the Broad Street site.

Spiritual Revival at Johannesburg. THE Rev. Andrew Murray, of Wellington, Cape Colony, the author of the heart-stirring books, "Abide in Christ," "With Christ in the School of Prayer," etc., has lately visited Johannesburg, with Mr. Spencer Walton of the Cape General Mission. In the *Free Church of Scotland Monthly* a vivid account is given of the effect of the meetings and of the earnest preaching of the evangelists. It is well known that, owing to the rapid growth of a population over-eager for wealth, and the attraction to the place of a large number of men of little principle, there has grown up a carelessness in the matter of religion on the part of many who had been accustomed to better things. The writer says, "The very atmosphere of the place has been demoralising and degrading to the spiritual life. But by means of this visit very many, especially the Christian workers, have been lifted to a new plane of life, and received a mighty impulse for Christ's work. One of the most remarkable results of the mission has been in the restoration of backsliders. I believe half of those who remained behind to the enquiry-meeting were backsliding Christians. Many of these, thank God, have now returned to the Master, and have got a new grip of that truth which has been emphasized in the preaching, 'the keeping power of Christ.' Besides this, there has been a great interest created in spiritual things among business people."

In the Far North. A THRILLING account comes from Dr. Ridley, Bishop of Caledonia, of the conversion of the chief of a great tribe which has its headquarters at the very north of his diocese. Sheuksh, the chief of the Kitkatlas, has been a violent opponent of the Gospel, and quite recently the mission church was burnt down, and the teachers fled in sorrow to report to their bishop that their efforts were in vain. But earnest prayer has been offered up by the bishop and his wife for many years, and at the beginning of last month the chief assembled his people in solemn convocation, and in his large house, which covers 3600 square feet, he stood in the midst of his people, while all were eager to know what new movement the king had in his mind. Some Christian natives were there, and seemed half in fear as to what the

utterance might be. Up rose Sheuksh grandly and stretched out his arms as if to display his sturdy person and the royal robe that had figured in many an heathen orgie. He then recounted his varied acts of defiance to the Queen and to the bishop, and concluded: "Most of you approved my doing. But the end has come. Let the waves tell the story of our fathers. Our children's lips will form no fit words. Where do dead things go? This goes with them." Here he threw off his scarlet robe and the other insignia of a heathen chief. "I am naked, but can clothe my body with the white man's clothes." This he there and then proceeded to do. "What will cover my heart? I can wrap nothing round it. God sees it, and He knows all the past and the present. He knows I am ignorant and sinful. He has this summer made me know it. I am not dressed like a Christian. Those tokens of the dark past I will never touch again. What shall I do next? I am too old to go to school. I cannot read. I am like a child, knowing little, but wanting to learn. Will Jesus Christ have me? Will He help me? I will never turn back. I give myself to God. Now pray for me—pray, pray! I want to know what will please Him. I must know. Begin at once to pray!" Then the whole company bowed their heads in prayer, and the Christians started hymns, and prayer and praise followed for some hours. Bishop Ridley asks the question, "Will it last?" What if some of this should prove ephemeral! It will not differ from the purest religious movement, except in degree, even if it should (as doubtless it will) be followed by the carelessness we are familiar with in England of the only nominally Christian. This great demonstration was not without a divine effusion of spiritual power. It was as real as in the nature of such a movement it could be. Doubtless not long hence many will be baptized, but it does not follow that all will wear more than the outward profession of Christianity. The least thing gained is a public acceptance of Christ Jesus as Lord, and that is a great thing in itself.

The Bible in Fiji. THE venerable Fiji missionary, Rev. James Calvert, who was first appointed in 1838, is engaged in his retirement at Hastings on a new edition of the Holy Scriptures for the Fiji islanders. He writes: "I keep uncommonly well, and hope to be quite equal to the heavy work asked of me—to reprint the Bible in Fijian—the third edition."

Biblical Criticism. Dr. Stalker has uttered a noble protest against the pusillanimous and over-eager acceptance of the dogmatic, and often irreverent assumptions of the naturalistic school of Old Testament Bible critics. He recalls the confident declaration by the Strauss school of critics of a generation ago that the New Testament must be given up as an inspired revelation of God's way of salvation through Christ Jesus. He justly asks how we should stand to-day if the English-speaking scholars of that time had not resisted this loose criticism which assumes so many of its facts. "If our scholars had yielded then, as they are doing just now, we should no doubt in time have returned to our right mind, but it would only have been after years, perhaps decades of religious retrogression." In a fine passage Dr. Stalker says: "Whether the histories of the Bible are narratives of fact, or were invented or manipulated by the authors to meet the exigencies of their own times, can matter little to those to whom that literature is nothing more than the product of Hebrew genius—of its weaknesses as well as its virtues—but it matters everything to those to whom it is in any serious sense the Word of God; because, much as it may be abused there is profound truth in the canon, that a thing may not be attributed to God unless it be worthy of Him."

Missions in Mashonaland. THE Metropolitan of Capetown, in a letter to the *Times*, gives a full account of the extension of missions among the tribes in Mashonaland. He encloses a letter from Bishop Knight-Bruce, who says: "I think I have been now between 1200 and 1300 miles mainly either placing catechists, or visiting chiefs to make arrangements for missionaries being shortly placed among them. The work has met with a success I never anticipated, and has taken proportions that I never thought of. There are but few chiefs of any importance in the more accessible parts who have not either one of our teachers living near him, or have definitely accepted our church for his people

... We have decided on Umtali as the central mission, and base of operations on account of its healthiness, its being the centre of a growing European mining population, its being not far from the largest native tribe, and its being comparatively near the sea. There is an opening for mission work in the country, which, I believe, has never been surpassed."

Obituary. THERE has seldom been a month when so many men of mark in various departments of life have fallen victims to illness of one kind and another. The nation has mourned with no feigned grief for the young Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who, expecting in one short month to be a happy bridegroom, has succumbed to the mysterious and widely prevalent epidemic. The lot of the young Princess Victoria May is one which has called forth profoundest sorrow and commiseration. All speak of the gentle character and amiable traits of the Prince who was so shortly to be her husband, and who has left behind him memories which will long be cherished by the English people. Amongst other names announced on the day of the prince's death was that of Cardinal Manning, whose long career has left distinct mark on English ecclesiastical history. Many elements blended in the sympathy which brought vast crowds to the funeral rites. No doubt much was due to the part he had taken in social questions; but the present generation has had few more striking evidences of the place to which Romanism has attained in this country.

THE whole church surrenders a name honoured and beloved in the death of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, whose long struggle terminated at Mentone, on Sunday, January 31.

AMONG other public men who have fallen victims to the epidemic is Dr. Frederic John Wood, who for many years has practised at the Chancery Bar, and who was thought of as the first member of Parliament for the University of London, but stood aside in favour of Mr. Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke. In 1885 he was elected Chairman of Convocation. Dr. Wood has been an active and earnest member of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London City Mission and kindred institutions. He also occupied a foremost position of influence in Grafton Square Congregational Church, and in connection with the London Missionary Society. Mrs. Wood had died a day or two before her husband, and both were buried on the same day in Abney Park Cemetery.

MR. BENJAMIN SCOTT, F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of the City of London, died under almost similar circumstances. His wife had died from influenza, and in three days he also sank at the age of 78, and both were buried together at Weybridge. Mr. Scott had filled the post which he held up to his death, for the long space of thirty-four years. A highly cultured and intelligent man—a part of his duty was to prepare and read the addresses voted to sovereigns and other distinguished persons who received the freedom of the City of London. These were marked by grace, taste and fine literary finish. He took much interest in educational matters, and founded the Working Men's Educational Union, which issued a capital series of Diagrams that have been much used, and are now handed over to the Religious Tract Society for continued publication. Mr. Scott wrote an admirable book on the Cutacombs of Rome which has been quite a classic on the subject. He took keen interest in the Social Purity movement, and was a devoted and active Christian worker in many fields.

THE venerable Samuel Adjai Crowther has also been called to his rest. He was first bishop of the Niger. Born in slavery, but coming under the gracious influence of Christianity he became first a learner, and then a teacher of his negro brethren. When he landed at Sierra Leone, just rescued from the hold of a Portuguese slaver, after his first day at school he begged a halfpenny from a countryman to buy an alphabet card for himself. After six months he could read the New Testament, and after five years he was admitted the first on the roll of students of Fourah Bay College, in which a few months later he was a tutor. He was the first of his countrymen to be admitted to Holy Orders, and in 1864 was consecrated a bishop. One of his important tasks was the translation of the Bible into the Yoruba tongue.