

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.



"I MUST TROUBLE YOU TO COME WITH ME, MADAM."

CHAPTER XXIII.—A WINTER JOURNEY.

"I DO not like winter travelling, my dear; but if it is your duty I must not withhold you," said Mrs. Ernscliff, "there seems real need for your presence at Bantock, I cannot deny that."

"Yes, I think I must go," answered Mary, "if only for a few days. After all, the journey is not a very long one, and it is a frequented road. I

shall post the whole way. And I am hardy—I am not afraid of cold."

"Would it not be better to travel with your own horses and servants all the way, my dear? It is so much more comfortable?"

"I will have one or two servants, certainly, but I think not the horses, or any number of attendants. I shall push on faster if I post. I

will have our own carriage, of course, and then Peter and Jacob can go behind. Oh, I shall be quite safe and comfortable."

"I trust so, my dear, but you will take a maid also?"

"I hardly know whom to choose. Anne is so young and so timid. She would think she saw a highwayman in every tree or horseman along the road; whilst as for good old Dinah, it would be cruel to take her away from the fireside in the midst of the frost and snow."

"There is Molly," said Mrs. Ernscliff, "but she would not be much help in a strange house, and she is very young."

"Molly would at least not be scared by terrors along the road," answered Mary smiling, "I would rather have her than Anne. But I will think about it, and see what can be done. I am just going to walk up to Sheepwold Farm to see Janet. She knows that part of the country, and will be able to tell me something about the best road."

Janet was considered quite an authority in matters of travel, for since her marriage with Farmer Dawson she had paid several visits to her native country, and had the reputation therefore of an experienced traveller. Mrs. Mary was a rare favourite with Janet. She was one of the few beings in the world that that stern woman looked upon with real affection, respect and admiration. She was always proud to welcome the Lady of Ernscliff beneath her roof, and when appealed to for information about the roads, gave it clear and intelligently.

"But I no like your travelling alone mem," said Janet, as she by-and-by heard more of the details of the proposed journey, "and the puir blind lassie, for all she is such a gude lassie, will be no manner of service upon the road. Them posting houses are no the places for a leddy like you to bide in, not without you had your own woman to look after you there. I ken the ways of them as we go north; they be rarely rough and oncomfortable."

"Well, it will not be for long I shall trouble any of them," answered Mary smiling, "and I can put up with a little discomfort if I have to meet it."

Janet was musing, following some train of thought of her own: after a moment's silence she broke out:

"I reckon, mem, that you had better tak' me with ye for a maid. I be no lassie to be skeered with robbers, and I ken the ways of the road and some of the houses we must put up at, and I reckon I could make ye more comfortable than a bit lassie like Anne, or a blind one like Molly. I'd tak' it as an honour if I might gang wi' ye, mem, and I dinna think we shall fall oot by the way. I'd be proud to serve ye ony way I could, and gin ye be ganging to my ain country I think ye could na do better than tak' me wi' ye."

It was Janet's way to relapse into her native dialect when thinking of her own land, or when very much in earnest. Mary's smile was bright and sweet.

"I should be delighted to have you, Janet, and most grateful for your attendance: but what

will your husband say? Can you be spared from home?"

"O ay, the guid man will na objec'. He'll be proud to think I can serve ye, mem. As for the hoose, Meg can luik after that the while. She be a steadier lassie sin' Mike went for a soldier. She promised him then to wed him when he came back. So she does na care to rin after the laddies as she did. She is content to bide at hame."

Mary was very glad to have secured Janet's company for the journey and Mrs. Ernscliff was even more relieved and pleased. Mary had hardly ever left home, and on the one occasion when she had visited Bantock, it had been in the height of the summer, and she had had company upon the road the whole way.

With Janet however to look after her during the journey, and to see to her comfort during the few days she would remain at Bantock, there was no fear that she would be anything but properly served. Of the dangers of the road itself Mary made light. Living as these ladies did, a very secluded and isolated life, they knew little the frequency with which travellers were attacked, and Mary had the high courage which often accompanies a highly-strung temperament. She took with her two men-servants as well as Janet, and these former were possessed of fire-arms. Postillions always rode with pistols in their belts, and Mary was not travelling with any valuables in her possession. The plain carriage and its soberly-dressed occupants with their small and modest baggage would scarcely be likely to be ranked as a prize by freebooters.

The weather was bitterly cold. Deep snow lay upon the ground, but the hard frost made travelling comparatively easy, and along all beaten roads the carriage travelled with sufficient rapidity to satisfy the travellers of those unexact days.

One night had been spent at a wayside posting-house, whose accommodation had exceeded Mary's expectations. She had hoped by an early start to reach Bantock the next night: but the roads grew increasingly bad as they proceeded northwards, the steeper slopes retarded the progress of the carriage. At one posting station they were detained some considerable time before they could obtain fresh horses; and dusk began to fall whilst they knew that they must be still very many miles from their journey's end.

Janet was beginning to feel just a little uncomfortable. She was a shrewd and a sharp woman, and a keen observer of faces, and she had been rendered somewhat uncomfortable by certain things she had seen and heard at the last posting-house where this delay had occurred. She was morally certain, in the first place, that their arrival had been expected: how, she could not have said, it was an instinct, not a conclusion deduced from reasoning, and she knew that no knowledge of their movements had preceded them hitherto. She had had a feeling all the while that there was some purpose to be served by the delay in the providing of horses, and she had suggested more than once to her young mistress that they had better remain the night where they were and proceed on their journey

on the morrow, when they would have the day before them. But there seemed many objections to this plan. The posting-house was a very poor one, and none too clean. The landlord plainly did not wish to have to accommodate the party for the night. The sky looked charged with snow, and it seemed probable that unless they pushed on they might be detained some days in this miserable spot: and Mary Ernscliff, though far from nervous or fanciful, sufficiently disliked and distrusted the faces of those about her to be wishful to get away from the place as quickly as possible.

Janet, too, was by no means certain that to move on would not be the best plan, and as the suggestion as to remaining had been followed suspiciously fast by the appearance of the missing post-horses, and as the postillions declared that they could easily reach Bantock before dark, it was a relief to all the party to be on the road once more, though a few flakes of snow had begun to fall, and the character of the road they were following decidedly belied the character that had been given to it by the post-boys.

The horses toiled along very slowly. They had trotted bravely for the first two or three miles: but now they were out in the midst of wild and snow-covered moors, and it seemed as though they were already wearied out. They crawled slowly along the white road, their drivers making little attempt to urge them on; already the winter twilight was upon them, and soon it would be dark, for though there was a full moon, the heavy snow-clouds threatened to block it out from view altogether.

Janet, now thoroughly uncomfortable both at the manner of the postillions and the peril of being benighted on the moors in a snow-storm, leaned forward and looked out of the window from which she hastily rubbed the coating of ice. She had fancied that she had seen some sort of signal made by the post-boy on the leading horse, and sure enough, no sooner had she looked out, than she saw a band of six or eight men riding furiously down upon the carriage. As they approached nearer she saw that these men were masked, and she drew back with a face that was pale, though resolute and calm.

"I fear me, mem, there are highwaymen upon us," she said, "but dinna fear ower much. The lads behind hae their pistols loaded. I telled them to luik to it at the last halting-place, not being ower pleased with the ways of the place. I doot but this thing was kenned by them there: but if they do rob us they will na gain muckle for their pains."

Mary's face also paled, but it was as much through excitement as fear. She heard already the thud of approaching horse-hoofs, the hail of loud and authoritative voices. She understood that this was no idle alarm on the part of Janet, but that some attack was about to be made upon them.

"I should not wish any blood spilt, any lives lost," she said in quiet tones, though her heart beat thick and fast, "I trust Petor and Jacob will be cautious and patient."

"I dinna think they will stand idle whilst the

ill loons harm their mistress, mem," answered Janet: but the next moment she uttered a quick exclamation and cried out:

"Then it is as I said, it is a vile plot. Mem, there is more in this than we think for. The lads behind have been drugged, or some ill has befallen them. They have fired never a shot, they have raised never a cry. And as for these post-boys, they have left the horses and have run for their lives. We are at the mercy of yon band of ruffians."

It was too true. The postillions, upon finding themselves attacked by so large a band, had simply sprung from their saddles and fled in the direction whence they had come. Not a sound from behind showed whether the two men-servants were living or dead. Mary was almost more alarmed for them than for herself at this moment. Had they been made away with in some foul and secret fashion whilst the carriage proceeded?—or had they been heavily drugged and rendered useless at the last stopping-place, where suspicion had already been aroused, at least in Janet's breast?

But there was no time to ascertain this point. The carriage was already surrounded, and one of the masked men, dismounting from his horse, opened the door and addressed the lady roughly and rudely:

"We must trouble you, madam, to come with us," he said. "We have no more wish than you can have to be benighted in a snow-storm out on the moors: but we must examine our prize before we let it go, and you and your attendant must be searched for valuables, which doubtless you carry upon your persons. We shall therefore drive you to the nearest shelter the moor affords, and the less resistance you make the better it will be for you."

Mary made no reply, but merely leaned back in the carriage, her face pale and stern. That they were perfectly helpless she knew well. There was nothing for it but to submit and to trust to the mighty arm of Providence to help them safely out of this peril.

The door was banged to again. The mounted men took the horses' reins and urged the beasts into a gallop. There was no sparing now of whip or spur, and the carriage bounded along over the rough road with a perilous velocity.

The two women looked at each other with mutual understanding, and their hands met and clasped in the darkness of the gathering night.

"There is more in this than ordinary highway robbery," said Mary in low tones. "I do not know much: but I am certain that this is not the method of ordinary attack. What it does mean I cannot guess. But these men are not practised freebooters."

"Ye are right, mem, I ken that weel. We must watch and luik weel about us, an' try an' see what they be at. It is a' part o' some foul plot, and they of yon post-house were in it. I would I kenned what has become o' the twa laddies. They were na left behind; but I dinna ken what can have happened to them since."

"We shall know in time," said Mary, "I do not think violence is intended."

"If it be, I'll dee sooner than any shall touch thee, mem," cried Janet fiercely; "I hae a good strong arm, and I ken I can use it weel if the time comes."

"I am thankful, indeed, to have you with me, Janet," said Mary, "if I had only a timid girl what should I do in such a plight?"

"Lassies are no fit but to bide at hame," said Janet briefly; then there was silence between the captives, whilst Mary tried to divine what could be the meaning of this extraordinary attack, and utterly failed.

She was not, however, as much alarmed as might have been expected. There was something sufficiently forced and unnatural about the whole thing to excite suspicion rather than terror in her mind. She felt convinced that true highwaymen would have had her baggage, and perhaps her person, searched then and there, would have possessed themselves of their booty, and have ridden off at once. This dragging off of her person was an innovation upon the traditions of the road which at once assured her that there was something unusual in the attack. The peril, to be sure, might be all the greater; but Mary had no lack of courage, and her faith in God's protecting care of His children was so vivid and so real that she was enabled to face even the thought of personal peril with perfect calmness. Nothing could harm her without His will, and in silent prayer for aid the next minutes were passed.

Then, in the darkness and the snow the carriage stopped at a small and deserted hut. The occupants of the carriage were bidden to alight, and hurried into a small room where a fire was burning on the hearth, and where, upon the table, were the remains of some sort of meal.

"You can wait there till we have examined the carriage," said the masked man who had spoken before, "we will come back to you presently," and so saying he thrust them within the room and retired, locking the door after him.

"Come ye to the fire, mem," said Janet, drawing up the one chair the room possessed, and lighting a candle which stood on the table, "It is something to get warmth for the body again. And cheer up, mem, the laddies are a' safe. They be sleeping on their seat behind like tykes by a winter's fire. They be tied safe to their seat too—it's plain they were drugged ere they left yon post-house."

"What does it all mean, Janet?" asked Mary lifting her pale perplexed face to that of the honest Scotchwoman, "we are not carried off like this for nothing. What can it bode?"

"I dinna ken yet, mem, but I doubt na I'll ken before long," answered Janet; "we live in ill days, and the wicked flourish like a green bay tree; but there be honest lads in the world yet, and when Peter and Jacob awake from their trance, I doobt na but what they an' I will find out something to help free ye, my leddy."

"Hark—what is that?" cried Mary, and her cheeks turned white, for she heard the quick report of fire-arms, the shout of angry voices, the clash of cold steel.

Janet sprang to her feet, and stood beside the

door, her eyes dilating with excitement. She had seized up the poker and planted herself between the door and the hearth, as if ready to defend her lady at the cost of her own life.

Blows, curses, oaths resounded from without—there were long minutes of dire confusion, and the clash of weapons was terrible to hear. Then the key turned in the lock, the door was burst open, and Captain Fortescue, his clothes torn and stained with blood, his hair dishevelled, and his face pale as death, stood before them. Making one stride forward he threw himself at Mary's feet.

"Thank Heaven you are safe! Thank Heaven I did not come too late!" he cried, possessing himself of her hand and pressing it to his lips. "Do not fear, sweet lady. Yon caitiff hounds are scattered to the four winds. They will some of them carry to their graves the marks of this night's conflict. But you are safe, you are saved! Thank Heaven I had wind of this vile attack—that I did not come too late."

Mary Ernscliff had risen to her feet and was gazing bewildered upon the young officer. His face was ghastly pale, but he appeared to have voice and strength enough to explain more fully his sudden appearance, and she drew herself a little farther off, bewildered and perplexed, and strangely disconcerted by this sudden apparition.

"Captain Fortescue, how came you here? Are you hurt? What does it all mean?"

"It means, sweet Mary, that I have come to rescue you—to save you, or to die for you," cried the young man with all the fervid eloquence which was the fashion of his day; "A rumour was brought to me that your carriage was to be attacked on the road, and, since hearing that, I have galloped without drawing rein over the untrodden snow to save you—to rescue you. What matters it if I be hurt! I have saved you—that is all I know—all I can think of. Think you I would grudge to lay down my life in your service? It is no hurt that has been gotten in saving you from harm."

There was something in this speech that savoured so much of preparation and theatric effect that Mary involuntarily shrank back. In the bewilderment of this strange adventure, she knew not how to think or reason; but her womanly instincts, which were true and keen, did not fail her even at this crisis, and instinct warned her that there was a false ring about the Captain's eloquence.

"If you are hurt, sir, my good maid here will give you all tendance. I grieve that you should have received hurt in my cause. I thank you for—"

"Thank him not, lady,"—all present turned with a start, and Mary and Janet simultaneously exclaimed, "Tom Heron!" and stood gazing at the intruder rather as if he had risen from the very ground at their feet. They had been dimly aware that some fresh disturbance had been going on without; but so absorbing had been the interest of the scene before them that they had paid no special heed to this.

Tom Heron took one step forward and stood before Mary Ernscliff, his dark eyes flashing, his

voice quivering with scarcely repressed indignation and wrath.

"Thank him not, lady—thank not yon man, who calls himself an officer and a gentleman, and would have you believe he has risked his life to save you. The whole of this night's work is a vile plot to entrap you, and force you into reluctant wedlock with him out of gratitude for his professed rescue. It was he who planned it all from first to last. I will prove it upon him if he dares deny it. I have witnesses here whom I can bring forward. I have the witness of his own handwriting here in my hand. Do you know his writing, lady? Then read this paper. It has just been taken from the leader of those same fellows—his servants—who are yet lurking round, ready, if he needs them again, to help to carry you off by force, if you still prove obdurate to his suit. Nay, sir, the lady shall see for herself," cried Tom Heron, throwing himself between the furious Captain and the shrinking figure of the Lady of Ernscliff, who was holding a closely-written paper, and perusing it with steady attention.

"Fellow, you lie—I will not be thus insulted!" and with an oath the professedly wounded Captain sprang upon Tom Heron with the strength and fury of a madman. But the young blacksmith was his match in strength, and held him clasped tight in his brawny arms until Mary had finished the perusal of the document. Struggle as he would

the Captain could not free himself from that bear-like embrace, and the furious and profane oaths he hurled at his captor made the Lady of Ernscliff shudder as she stood.

She looked up from the perusal of the paper, and dropped it quietly into the fire.

"Let him go now, Tom," she said very quietly, "I do not think he will trouble us more. Captain Fortescue, for the sake of your family and your sister, whom I must always love, I will say no word to you about this night's work; but remember that we meet no more henceforth save as strangers. May God forgive you and turn your heart; that is all I have to say. I ask you now only to be gone. I bear you no ill-will; but I desire that it be long before I see your face again."

Something in the perfect calmness of this dismissal took its effect even upon the excited blood of the young officer. He saw that his plot had failed—he was helpless and powerless. There was nothing for it but to go. He had played for heavy stakes, and had lost. He knew when the game was up. He turned and went without a word to her.

Only as he crossed the threshold he looked back at Tom and said, with scintillating eyes:

"Tom Heron, you have thought it good to cross my path—to defy and thwart me. The day will come when I will be avenged of you for this night's work."

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

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

HIPPOLYTUS OF ROME AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

I HAVE now devoted four papers to the consideration of Aristides and his Apology, and I have done so of a set purpose. Aristides, with his writings, is in some respects the most important discovery of late times, because it is the earliest writing which we have found, to which we can affix a sure and certain date. Tatian's Diatessaron is most important, but it is at least fifty years later than Aristides. The Didache is a most instructive treatise concerning Early Church life, but it may be dated any time between the year 70 and the year 150. The Apology of Aristides stands alone, owing to the circumstance that ancient testimony and modern investigation alike combine to fix it to the year 125 A.D., when Christianity is seen to have been just the same in its great essential doctrines as we now find it; while the Church, even then, possessed a Christian literature and sacred books to which it appealed, though not exactly in the same decisive manner as it did in later times, simply because oral testimony and living memory were still able to testify to the facts of the Gospel Story. Men do not, in any age, begin to make exclusive use, or even large use, of documentary

evidence, so long as living witnesses can be produced who will testify of their own knowledge.

We now pass on to another witness, a century later, who will exemplify our contention and show how steadily the witness of the New Testament was developed in exact proportion, as the men of the second and third generation of Christians departed this life. I have often used an illustration, which will explain this theory of mine, which I shall now repeat. The life of the Rev. John Wesley stretched over, broadly speaking, the whole of the last century, just as the activity of the Apostle John stretched over the whole of the first century. In the year 1825 there were thousands and tens of thousands alive who remembered the words, example and appearance of Mr. Wesley. Just as in 125 there were thousands alive who remembered the words and teaching of St. John and other apostles and apostolic men. In 1825 men had not much need to depend on written documents as to the character of Mr. Wesley's teaching. There were thousands living who could tell what they had heard from his lips. Written documents were not therefore of much importance in this respect.

They were not required to show for instance that Mr. Wesley was not a Calvinist or an Antinomian or a Roman Catholic. But in the year 1900 there will not be a single person alive who will have seen Mr. Wesley, or who could testify by personal knowledge as to his teaching. Written documents will therefore be the only standard of appeal, and around them, their genuineness and their interpretation, will rage the contest if any question be raised. Now it was just the same about Christianity. In 125 A.D., the time of Aristides, men had no need, or at least but little need, to appeal to the written documents which they possessed. Oral testimony and vivid living memory assured them of the teaching of the apostles and the traditions concerning Jesus Christ. But in the year 200 things had quite changed. Written documents and sacred literature were then almost the only sources whence knowledge of the facts of early Christianity could be gained, and therefore the men of that time made frequent appeal to them, regarded them in a light and spoke of them in a manner quite different from that current in the times of Aristides. Of these ideas Hippolytus will form one of the best illustrations, and we take his special case because Modern Discoveries have brought to light very important works of his which were hitherto unknown.

The story of that discovery is both interesting and instructive. About the year 1840 the French government sent out an expedition at the public expense to search for ancient manuscripts in the monasteries of Greece, and specially of Mount Athos. Foreign governments have been always much more liberal in the literary direction than our own. The British government has ever been ready to spend money upon objects of political or commercial interest, and has lavished its treasures in these directions, but it has always been very chary of spending where the interests of learning alone were involved. Perhaps, indeed, the reason of this difference lies in the fact that the great functionaries of state are much oftener chosen in France from amongst journalists and men of literature than with ourselves, where for one literary man promoted to a seat in the cabinet ten are chosen from the ranks of trade and commerce. M. Villemain, Louis Philippe's minister of public instruction, despatched a learned Greek, named Minoides Menas, to Mount Athos, as being then an unexplored region. Mount Athos is not a single monastery. It is a peninsula of North Eastern Greece that is simply swarming with monasteries, some of which have existed there since the seventh and eighth centuries.

The search did not at first appear to have been very fruitful, as the French envoy merely brought back two classical works, some fragments of a Greek writer of popular fables, named Babrias, the original of Æsop's fables, and a logical treatise written by Galen, the celebrated Greek physician of the second century. These works were alone published, and excited a great deal of interest and attention amongst learned men.

There was brought, however, from Athos at the same time another work which, though for

a time completely neglected, was destined to a much wider celebrity. The neglected work was a manuscript written in the fourteenth century, and dealt with the subject of Christian heresies. It was at first naturally enough regarded as merely a theological treatise written by some mediæval Greek divine, and therefore as utterly worthless from a literary point of view.

It is, however, very dangerous to treat any manuscript five or six hundred years old as worthless, for though written in comparatively modern times, it may embody some unknown document of the very earliest date once well-known but long since forgotten. A learned Frenchman named Emanuel Miller one day took up this work, examined it carefully, and found that it was a copy of a very early document dealing with the heresies of the primitive centuries, and bearing incidental testimony to the reception of the New Testament and the books of the Sacred Canon during the second century. Miller identified it with a work ascribed to Origen called the *Philosophumena*, the opening portion of which had been published among the writings of that eminent scholar and critic of the third century. Miller devoted himself to the new manuscript, and in 1851 published it at the expense of the University of Oxford. The new discovery at once created universal attention. It would be impossible to name the vast variety of notices devoted to it. Anyone who wishes to realise the excitement it occasioned need only turn to the leading 'Quarterlies' of that day. The *Quarterly Review*, the *Edinburgh*, the *North British* and the *Dublin Review* hastened to discuss it, while that eminent and learned scholar, the late Baron Bunsen, devoted elaborate works to the discussion of the problems raised by it. All parties soon agreed in Bunsen's verdict that the new manuscript from Athos was no work of Origen's at all, but must be ascribed to Hippolytus, a writer whose life extended from about 170 to 240 A.D. This Hippolytus had been previously known as the author of a good many works which had been gathered together and published at the beginning of the last century by a noted German scholar, named Fabricius; but none of which was half so important or interesting as the newly-discovered document from Mount Athos, not only on account of the light which it threw upon the heresies of the early Church, but most chiefly because of the testimony it bore to the New Testament, and the curious glimpses it gave us of the interior life of the Church of Rome in its earliest and purest days. But before we proceed to discuss the book itself, let us first inquire who was this Hippolytus and how did he get his knowledge?

Saint Hippolytus was an inhabitant of Rome during fifty years at least, and may have been born there. He spoke Greek, and wrote that language as his native tongue, as almost all the earliest Christians of Rome did. All the great writers of the Church of Rome in its primitive days wrote in Greek. Clement of Rome, Hermas—the Pilgrim's Progress of the early church—Justin Martyr, all wrote their works in Greek, just as Saint Paul addressed the Romans in a Greek letter. Investigations in the Catacombs have

testified to the same fact that the early Roman Church was essentially Greek in language, literature and worship. All the early Popes were Greek, as their names bear witness. The names of the first eight Popes are as follows: Linus, Cletus or Anacletus, Clement, Evaristus, Alexander, Xystus, Telesphorus, Hyginus; and these are all Greek names, while the names Anicetus, Soter, and Eleutherus show that the Greeks maintained till the end of the second century their dominant position in the Church. The inscriptions in the Catacombs dealing with early bishops of Rome are all in Greek, while again the Roman Liturgy and the service of the Mass retain many expressions testifying to the fact that the worship of the Early Roman Church was conducted in Greek.

The fact, then, that Hippolytus wrote in Greek and spoke that language, is quite consistent with the theory that he may have been a Roman by birth. We know, however, that he received his early education in Christian theology at Rome, for he listened to Irenæus lecturing in that city not later than the year 190 A.D. Irenæus was a Greek writer, Bishop of Lyons in southern Gaul, and the immediate disciple of Polycarp, who was St. John's intimate friend and companion. Irenæus doubtless could tell Hippolytus many stories about St. John, the details of his private life and of his public ministry of which we know nothing. This fact that Hippolytus listened to the lectures of Irenæus lends especial weight to his testimony concerning the writings of St. John. He then became a presbyter of the Church of Rome, where he was distinguished for ability, learning and active piety. He had a quarrel with the celebrated Pope Callistus who has given a name to the most celebrated and most ancient of Roman Catacombs, and seems to have been chosen as a kind of opposition Pope. It is probable, however, that the quarrel was subsequently made up and the temporary schism healed, as Hippolytus and Pope Pontianus were banished together to the island of Sardinia on account of their brave confession of faith about A.D. 235.

A curious testimony to the truth of his story and the high reputation he enjoyed in the Church of Rome turned up in the sixteenth century, when a statue of Hippolytus seated in an episcopal chair was exhumed at Rome. That ancient monument is still preserved in the library of the church of St. John Lateran at Rome. It represents him in a sitting posture with a high forehead and beard, while the chair itself is covered with Greek inscriptions telling the names of the works of St. Hippolytus, and setting forth a paschal cycle, that is, a table for finding Easter which Hippolytus had in-

vented. This cycle has attracted a great deal of attention from scientific men, among whom Dr. Salmon has shown that we can thence fix the date of the erection of this monument about the year 240. The use of the Greek language shows that the Church of Rome was still as in the previous century largely composed of Greek-speaking people.

These are the leading facts about the life of St. Hippolytus. We must reserve to another paper a notice of his great work discovered fifty years ago at Athos, which is called "A Refutation of all Heresies," from which we hope to show the estimate formed concerning the New Testament



STATUE OF HIPPOLYTUS.¹

by the Church of Rome during the latter half of the second century and the earlier year of the third; to which we shall add a brief account of a work of his discovered a very few years ago at Constantinople, called "A Commentary on the Book of Daniel."

¹ Our engraving is from Bunsen's "Hippolytus," by special permission of Messrs. Longman.

THE MAID MERCY.

SAID the Interpreter:—"Thou art a Ruth, who did, for the love she bare to Naomi and to the Lord her God, leave father and mother and the land of her nativity, to come out and go with a people that she knew not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Even without this clue to the thought that was in Bunyan's mind, one must have been struck by the resemblance between the story of Mercy and that of the gentle Moabitish woman; to each there came the supreme call which each obeyed, forsaking home and kindred for love and duty; to each faithfulness brought its due reward. Of the many travellers whom we meet in our Pilgrim's Progress from this world to the next, Mercy is perhaps the most winsome. Bunyan has drawn her with a very loving and careful touch; hers is the only finished picture of girlhood in all his long gallery. The other maidens whom we meet but flit across the page and vanish—gracious figures, it is true, whom it might be well to know more of; but Innocent dwells in the Interpreter's house to welcome all who seek admittance there, while we have Mercy with us from day to day, and of Phoebe, Grace and Martha we hear nothing at all until close upon the end of the narrative.

Nearest in vividness of portraiture to Mercy stands Miss Much-Afraid, but though our pity is stirred for her, though we forbear to smile at her timid scruples, and reverence the tenderness of conscience that keeps her all her life in bondage to fear, she is not particularly interesting, and it is difficult to feel any active sympathy for her, except perhaps on two occasions. Note, too, how almost invariably she is spoken of with a touch of formality as "Miss Much-Afraid." Here is respect, but none of the playful affection that addresses Mercy as "dear heart," "sweet heart," and alludes to her as "the young lass." We do not wonder to be told that she was welcome at each house of rest where the travellers halted, and that the inmates "bore themselves lovingly towards her"—Mercy, who is pretty and bright and young, so ready with her blushes and smiles, of so quick an intelligence, so kind a heart.

It is this natural goodness, not wholly unknown even in the City of Destruction, that bids her set Christiania on the road on that "sunshine morning" when the widow and her children rose up to go on pilgrimage; but Mercy has gone but a little way when another motive far more impelling than mere neighbourliness bids her throw in her lot with the fugitives.

"If I thought it would be to purpose to go with you," she says, perhaps when the parting is close at hand, "I would never go near the town any more."

Christiania seizes upon the first signs of wavering and, well knowing the sacrifice she

demands, with all the warmth and fervour she can summon, she urges the girl to go with her. Not for her own sake, we may be sure. Christiania was a brave woman, and had hoped for no encouragement, no approval from her late companions in the step she took. Had she been bound on any other journey but this of life, she would have wept and cried in some such words as those of Naomi: "Return to thy kindred, and thy father's house, and God deal kindly with thee, as thou hast dealt with me and mine." But this was no mere home-going after long exile in a foreign land, as in Naomi's case, it was Heaven Christiania was adventuring upon, it was Destruction from which she fled; and knowing the deadly peril in which her townfolk lay, it became her, as it becomes everyone newly-awakened to life and light, to bid her neighbour arise and flee from the darkness to come.

"What is mine is thine," she urges. If need were she would even hire Mercy at a wage, so that as one of the household, a servant, if not a friend, she might pass in at the wicket gate; but already Christiania knows in whom she has trusted. "Thou shalt not be rejected though thou goest but on my invitation. The King who has sent for me and my children is one who delighteth in mercy."

At last she prevails with the young girl to go with her if but as far as the gate. If there she is rejected, the return across the Plain to the beckoning lights of the city is a straight road, and an easy, as many a Timorous, many a Pliable could tell.

Looking back in the after-time, Mercy must have seen the hand of God in the prompting that led her to accompany Christiania beyond the city gates. It was the pivot on which turned the whole of her future history. In the silence of the Plain there was no clamour to drown the voice of her own heart or the urgent entreaties of her friend; to have set forth from her own door avowedly as a pilgrim would have been difficult, perhaps impossible even to one so brave as Mercy. We have had a glimpse of the women who were her friends and associates; we have seen what powers of invective they possessed; what weapons of sarcasm and of scorn. The young are easily influenced, often diffident about asserting their own opinion, readily led to think that those who are older must know best. They shrink before the light-minded mockery that makes a jest of their timid aspirations. Nothing kills like ridicule; many a longing after holiness has its evil breath blighted, many a desire that, encouraged, would have led on to newness of life, has it slain; one has to be old and wise before one can brave even the laughter of fools. And Mercy was leaving others nearer and dearer behind her whose disapproval would have hurt her sensitive spirit far more keenly. Even in the City of Destruction tender ties united parent and child, and love found its seat on the domestic hearth;



THE MAID MERCY.

more than once even in a pilgrimage that was singularly blest the tears are ready to fall, the old yearnings are awakened as she thinks of the "father and mother," and the "dear relatives" left behind.

Never at any stage of life is the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," obeyed without effort that is pain; but when the call comes to a young girl it takes something more than mere natural courage to break through bonds till now held sacred, to renounce allegiance even to father and mother when it must be given at the cost of loyalty to God. How hard is the division of interests and aims in a once united household; in what a sad solitude it sets the soul struggling towards the right; what grief it is to estrange and affront the human love (once all-sufficing), which refuses in its wounded anger to recognise a more supreme claim. None but those who have passed through this fiery trial may know what a martyrdom the young Christian suffers who strives to obey the inner voice in a godless household. Where decisions have been accepted unquestioningly a stand must now be made; acquiescence, so natural to the gentle heart, makes disobedience seem scarce less a crime than consent. And can we wonder that now and then when father or mother, sister or brother, stoops to plead for the restoration of the old ways, the renewal of the old comfortable relations, the timid spirit gives up the struggle and comes faltering home from pilgrimage, striving to dull the voice of conscience in the welcome that awaits it in the City of Destruction? Alas, for those who thus offend the little ones to whom Christ has said, "Follow Me."

But where God's gift of steadfastness enables the young pilgrim to persevere, His love presently suffices to heal all wounds. From the moment Mercy made the supreme choice she is upheld by a joy no man can take from her, and her story as we read it is one long record of blessing. Ah, if all the young Mercys could but choose as she chose! Nothing is to be so deeply envied, nothing so supremely desired as a life from the outset given to God. Beautiful as is the story of the prodigal's return, and infinite as is the Father's love to forgive and restore, the wanderer carries to his dying day the sorrowful and humbling consciousness of his wilful sojourn in the "Far Country"; it has left its stain which no tears will wash away; his purity is sullied; his mind has bought its bitter knowledge of evil. To come back sorrowing is good, but never to set out sinning—is not that better still? Let us rather seek the elder son's portion. "Thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

It is the homeward journey we are making in the company of Christiania and Mercy too, since God wills that we should all reach the Celestial City where is the Father's house; but it was not for them, as for the son in the parable, a backward journey taken in grief and shame, for they were born in the far country and knew of no better till the voice came that said, "Arise and go hence."

There is something very pathetic in the outset of this little band of feeble folk: Christiania scarce arrived at middle life and all unused to travel; Mercy a mere slip of a girl, though so much wiser than Matthew, as maids are apt to be wiser than lads of the same age; the younger children still helpless enough to be an anxiety and care.

And how characteristic are all their fears, their timid alarms! Compare their wanderings with those of Christian and you will see how well Bunyan was versed in knowledge of human nature. Christian hastes to the gate and knocks with a hand made bold by the dread that even here Mr. Worldly Wiseman may overtake him; but the women pause to decide who shall make the appeal, and what excuse shall be offered for their presence when the door is opened. They can do nothing without talking it over: it helps their faltering courage to settle beforehand what course they will follow, just as it heightens their gladness to discuss every little incident later, from the safe shelter of the summer parlour in the house beyond the gate, or in the night-watches when they are too excited to sleep.

Then there is the incident of the dog; we hear of no dog in Christian's time, but the hearts of the little group are in their mouths at the deep-mouthed baying of the mastiff. Christiania dare not lift the knocker again, lest at the opening of the door, this enemy should fly out at them. Just as little possible is it for them to steal away in case the keeper of the gate should see their retreat and be offended. This is very natural, and it strikes the note of all that is to follow. Anyone who reads the narratives consecutively will notice how different both in kind and degree are the dangers and the temptations that visit Christian and his wife, how that which scares and alarms the one has no power over the other. Their comments, too, on what they see and hear, on what befalls them, are characteristic; here the man's view, and here the woman's, and you feel that each is absolutely true to life.

The happier lot falls to the widow and her little flock with a Greatheart for their guide, but is it not often so in our everyday experience? The woman's is the more sheltered life; her concerns seldom call her forth to face and fight the world, and the heart that is well anchored in the home escapes many an unguessed peril. In-somuch the more does it fall to her by silent example and gentle control to guide those committed to her care in ways that are right.

This it may be said is Christiania the matron's part, well befitting her age and position as the mother of children lent her to bring up as sons and daughters of God; but have the children then, the Mercys and Matthews, no share in upholding the standard in a Christian household? One often hears the argument, "Oh, you wouldn't have young people too serious; why should they pull a long face? let them be gay while they may, life will sober them soon enough." Very true, if not new, and undoubtedly there can be no better possession than the memory of an unclouded and happy youth; but does the

inclining of the heart to God necessarily shut it out from every human pleasure? Must one be dull or gloomy in order to be a true follower of Christ? No doubt many of those who confess Him before men get little comfort from their creed—note Mr. Fearing and his kin, but that is not because they love, but because they do not love enough to trust Him wholly. There are Christians too who are sour and narrow, or self-righteous and priggish, but is it logical to blame the doctrine because poor human practice falls short?

Christianity is not always Christ; sometimes it is very far from Him, a poor, sad travesty of His teaching; but He Himself has said that those who trust in Him will find His yoke easy and His burden light, and thousands live to testify that this is true. To love Him robs the disciple of no legitimate pleasure, rather it increases an hundredfold the capacity for joy. Depend on it if the young heart gets no comfort out of its faith there is something wrong either with the heart or the faith; the one may be too cold and the other too feeble.

Mercy at least is a shining example of how delightful a girl may be who keeps all her natural qualities of sprightliness, of bright, brave good humour and unselfishness, while consecrating them to the higher service. Mercy must have been a charming girl even in the City of Destruction; a girl to make a friend of, to fall in love with; but see how her character refines and ripens, into what a noble womanhood she enters as we follow her on the journey of life. There is nothing forbidding or repellent in the portrait; there is everything to attract. Her joy and happiness are expressed over and over again; she cannot sleep for thankfulness that her prayers are answered, and yet she has the self-distrust without which no progress is to be hoped for. There are the beautiful graces of modesty and humility as well as perfect simplicity and sincerity in her trembling answer to the Interpreter's question: "And what moved thee to come hither, sweetheart?" Of her courage she very early gave proof at the Slough of Despond, where already, all uncertain of her own fate, she played the part of comforter to Christiania; at the gate where she could not wait for her friend's intercession, but must needs be bold to knock herself. Of her ready helpfulness, so that wherever there was a service to be rendered she made it her errand, we have instances not a few; she sheds brightness all around her, she laughs out of sheer gladness of heart; we see her smiles and blushes; we hear her quick, intelligent questions and comments, and it surprises us no longer to find her welcomed at every stage of the journey, not as Christiania's young companion but for her own sweet sake. The impression she leaves is charmingly girlish and vivid; there is the incident of Mr. Brisk's courtship—how shrewdly she reads this worldly-minded lover,

and how demurely, with smiles she can scarce hide, she sends him away discomfited!

"I purpose never to have a clog to my soul," she says to gravely anxious Prudence, who has warned her that Mr. Brisk is not all he seems; and when Prudence rejoices, and yet secretly laments a little as women will when a love affair goes wrong, the girlish fun peeps out again in the gay words: "If nobody will have me, I will die a maid."

But Mercy was not to be left an old maid; the story has a fitter end. And it is well that it should be so, and that we should recognise, that love and marriage need not be hindrances but may be greater helps to progress in grace than the single life, even if that should be spent in making garments to clothe the naked. Character has its best security in the double love of God and of home. This implies, of course, that the choice be wise, and that no Mercy gone on pilgrimage is beguiled by the flattery of a Mr. Brisk. Our Mercy had suitors not a few, as she tells us gaily, and as we can very readily believe, but her girlish wisdom was never better displayed than when she agreed to journey for life with her old comrade Matthew. They had known each other from childhood, they had faced danger and hardship together; they had shared many blessings; they looked forward to the same hope. Memories, tastes, aspirations in common, here was treasure store to begin with; nothing to explain, nothing to conceal, only to love a little more and to help a little more as the days go on and the companionship ends here to begin again yonder. No pair ever yet set out with better chances of happiness.

But though we are glad to round the little tale with a romance, and to leave Mercy a happy wife and mother, living peaceful and useful days in the city by the river, it is with her girlhood we have been chiefly occupied, thinking that perhaps in this simple history there might lie some cheer for other girls new set out on the same path. To choose as she did, to be brave as she was, cheerful, contented, unselfish, prayerful, trusting, will bring them to gladness too, so that they will go singing and smiling even over the rough places, will be cheered by many an unlooked for welcome, will earn much love.

These are the earthly rewards reserved for those who in meekness follow the Master's steps—and the heavenly?

Ah, but the river is not yet overpast; mortal eye hath not seen nor ear heard what He hath prepared for those who love Him. The dreamer could but leave us at the river's brim, awed and dazzled by the inexpressible glory that streams from the city set on an hill; and we too, in those rare moments when the world's goings are hushed, when strains of the heavenly music reach us and we see afar off the shining ones walking upon the streets of gold, can but cry with him, "I would that I were there."

LESLIE KEITH.

A FISHER OF MEN, AND A FISHERMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. FRANCIS.

ON the beach at Brighton one bright autumn morning a few years ago, amidst the crowd of health-seeking visitors, there strolled listlessly a gentleman whose whole manner betokened an utter absence of interest in his surroundings. He looked like a man who had tried life at many points, and found it wanting in something that makes for happiness, and on his handsome face the prevailing expression was of weariness, and of an almost cynical dissatisfaction. Suddenly he was accosted by a rough-looking fisherman, who had just pulled ashore, and hauled up his boat.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, with haste in his tone, "but can you tell me whether that gentleman's a-going to preach to-day?"

"I do not know any gentleman who is going to preach," answered Mr. Ainslie. "I should not think it likely that anyone will preach to-day; it is not Sunday."

"But this gentleman preaches any day that folks will come to hear him," persisted the man, evidently trying to keep up his hopes in the face of discouragement, "he isn't a parson, you know."

Mr. Ainslie did not know anything about it, nor did he care, and he was strongly inclined to say so, and walk on, but there was something in the rough, weather-beaten old face that interested him, and he enquired, "What is the name of the gentleman?"

"I don't rightly know that, sir, it's rather a noble kind of a name, and he's a noble man too! I ain't got much of a memory, but I'd know it if I heard it, and I'm well-nigh sure that, as I went down to my boat this morning, I heard one gentleman tell another that he was going to preach to-day. But I'm going along there," he added, pointing to a wooden erection at a little distance, covered with placards and posters. "I thought there might be a bill about it stuck up, and somebody 'll read it for me; I'm no scholar myself."

"I am going that way," said Mr. Ainslie, whose curiosity was now rather excited, "come along with me and we will see what we can make out." In another minute the strangely assorted companions were standing before the varied notices of promenade concerts, theatre benefits, popular lectures, etc., all putting forth their rival claims to public attention. Very prominent amongst the list was the simple announcement: "Lord Radstock at the Pavilion, at two o'clock p.m." Mr. Ainslie read it out, and the old man's face brightened. "That's him! I told you he had a grand name! I must be off now, and thank you kindly, sir."

"But, stop, my good fellow, what makes you so anxious to hear him?" asked Mr. Ainslie, "I should not have thought it would have mattered

to you whether the preacher had a titled name or not."

"That's not it," said the fisherman eagerly, "it's because he told me all about somebody else that's got a title, and that's come to be my friend. I remember His name, because I've spoke to Him every day since, and He speaks back again, and some grand talks we've had together in the boat at nights; they call Him the Lord Jesus Christ, do you happen to have heard tell of Him, sir?"

Yes, Mr. Ainslie had heard of Him often enough, but his heart had never been stirred with joy at the news that He was willing to be his friend, as had the heart of the simple old fisherman. He turned quietly in the direction of the town, and motioned to his companion to walk by his side, hoping that he would go on talking; nor was he disappointed, for old Jim Waters was in the state described by the hymn,

My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare—

and finding Mr. Ainslie willing to listen, he poured forth the history of his first hearing Lord Radstock. "My old woman was ailing, you see, sir, and a good lady come to see her, and she told us about the preaching, and asked me to go, and I went just to please her, for I'd never troubled myself much about that sort of thing. Still, I'd been to different places of worship in my time, but this gentleman just spoke straight away without any ins and outs: no more words than was wanted, sir, just as if he'd got something to say that he wanted very much to tell us because he thought it would do us no end of good. It reminded me," the man went on, "of us fishermen when we're out, sir; we want no nonsense, and we're bad about it if we catch nothing, and it seemed much the same with him; he was in real earnest and no mistake."

"Then what difference has there been in you since you heard this sermon?" inquired Mr. Ainslie. "Perhaps you were an unsteady, swearing man, and you made up your mind then to turn over a new leaf, was that it?"

"I can't say that I was an unsteady man, sir, for I'd been joined tee-total for ten years, and though I might rap out an oath by chance, I was no great hand at it like some of my mates. But I'd never thought about God, except to hope that He wouldn't be over partickler at last, and when the preacher asked, 'What preparation are you making for eternity?' I knew I'd made no more than if there was no eternity at all. And he talked about the Lord Jesus Christ coming out of heaven to die for us 'that, whosoever believed in Him might not perish but have everlasting life,' and he said that was God's way of showing mercy, that anybody who felt he was

a sinner and was sorry for it, and wanted to live a real Christian life and get ready for heaven, Jesus Christ would be there, and put him on the right road as soon as he asked Him. So I began to pray to Him right away, and when I came home I told my old dame, and she prayed too, and we've been praying, off and on, ever since, and now we're as happy as larks, because we know that the Lord Jesus Christ has put our hearts right."

It was wonderful that Mr. Ainslie should listen so patiently to words on such a subject. He had always entertained the thought that religion consisted in attendance at a place of worship once at least on the Sunday, and in a respectable, moral life: but for the rest, he had, like Jim Waters, trusted in a vague way to God's mercy for making all right at last. Now he was brought face to face with Bible Christianity; the heart cleansed from sin by the precious blood of Christ, the nature renewed by the power of the Holy Spirit, the life made beautiful and useful by the constraint of love and gratitude. A strange, uncomfortable conviction seized upon him, and he saw clearly that all his past life had been wrong in the sight of God.

They had ascended the steps from the beach, had crossed the Esplanade, and were in front of an hotel, and here Mr. Ainslie halted for a moment, for he was staying there and luncheon would be ready. Jim touched his hat and respectfully bade him "Good-day" adding "I'll beat up for the pavilion now, it's sure to be full soon."

"But you have had no dinner!" said Mr. Ainslie.

"No matter that, sir," replied Jim, his voice ringing with gladness, "it's little I care for eating when I can hear words like his, chances are that you forget all about it."

The true manliness of Mr. Ainslie's nature was roused. "I will not care more for eating and drinking than that fine old fellow does," he thought to himself, and as soon as he saw Jim fairly on his way to the pavilion, he prepared to follow.

The words of the preacher that day fell on at least two hearts that were as prepared soil for the precious seed. The old fisherman, with glistening face, listened to the truth, and to him

it was "meat and drink." The intelligent, refined man, to whom life had already brought so many good gifts, but who had never found the satisfying food for which his immortal nature craved, listened too, and he felt that the Saviour had indeed said truly: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." And, looking back on the past, he saw that in another respect his experience and that of Jim Waters had run parallel—he had made no provision for eternity. But that day, with a deep consciousness of sin, he beheld the Lamb of God whose blood "cleanseth from all sin"; and like the brave young Captain Hedley Vicars—known and loved so well and so widely—he resolved, "If that verse be true for me, henceforth, by the grace of God, I will live as a man should live who has been washed from sin in the blood of Jesus Christ."

I would not have my days to be
Spent for myself, but rather, Lord, for Thee.

I would not call my hours my own
But count them, gracious Saviour, Thine alone.

I would not speak as I might choose,
But pray Thee, blessed Lord, my lips to use.

I would not have my feet to stray
Where Thou, my Master, dost not point the way.

I would not have my eyes to rove
Where all is not consistent with Thy love.

I would not use my hands for aught
In which Thy will and pleasure are not sought.

I would not seek for earthly fame,
But ask that I may glorify Thy name.

For I am Thine, redeemed by Thee,
Thy willing servant evermore to be.

And I am bound, by bands of love
So sweet that I would fain no longer rove.

The present world is not my home—
I look for perfect bliss when Thou shalt come.

Then make me, Lord, what Thou would'st have
me be,
And let my life be given up to Thee.

My body, soul, and spirit, all Thine own—
Thine always!—Thine for ever!—Thine alone!

THE CHILD ON THE CHAIR.

HAD that child always sat upon that chair? Had he always been waiting for something that he never got? I ask myself these questions now, when it is too late. He was always there whenever I entered the office door—not that I took much notice of him, I was too much engrossed with my own business. I remember I had to wait in that outside office one day, and of course he was waiting there too. I was asked to take a seat within the veil of

faded green baize, and had a whole volume of advertisements given me for my edification and amusement. The child had nothing, I noticed, but twiddled his cap round in his hands, and gazed at the two clerks who were busily doing nothing too. If I thought of the child at all, I supposed he was waiting for proofs or copy, or some of the mysterious things that relate to literary work.

I remember him the first time I entered those

dreaded doors, but I was trembling far too much to notice what he was doing or what he was like. Shall I ever forget going up those stone stairs, after reading among countless other names on the side of the door: "Parliament Quarterly, First Floor," and when I had dragged up that portion of the building, seeing: "Parliament Quarterly, next floor," written up in large letters? Then the debate as to how to get into that room: to walk unannounced into the office appalled me, but to remain outside being the only alternative the venture was made. The child of course sat on the chair, but how could I look at him, how could I think of anything but entering the dread editorial presence? When custom made the strain a little less severe, I had time to notice him, but I never could make out whether it was the same little boy or not. It was always a small boy, dressed in black, and very neat, but his face was so utterly devoid of expression that it was merely a blank face to me, and, had I tried, I doubt if I should have recognised him.

The day I had to wait outside I felt what it was to sit out there. It was not a cold day but a clammy cold crept into my bones and the mysterious silence of the office affected one strangely. I was thankful indeed when a little man with a big beard came out of the inner room and waved me with a grandacious air into the sanctuary, and a solemn face, as if he were bidding me go to my doom. Then I forgot the child, and I doubt if I should ever have thought of him again, any more than the chair he sat on, if something had not happened. I had left the office one day, and was half way down the stone stairs when I heard an irregular light step behind me. There was that child off the chair! He came down in a jerky way, and having passed me, suddenly stopped and doubled himself up till he almost crouched on the stairs. I could see in a moment he was in pain, and, quick as lightning, I put my arm round him to keep him from falling. His face was pale and drawn with spasmodic pain, but he looked at me a little askance, and I drew my arm away. He seemed to recover himself for a minute, and had nearly reached the door, when he stopped again in the same way. Then I saw he was ill, and quickly asked him if he had not better go home. At the same time, I hailed a cab that was passing, and asked the child to tell me where he lived. He told me the name of a small street, and we were soon both in the hansom on the way there. In a few minutes he fell unconscious against me, and I put my arm round him to hold him up.

It was a very, very dirty street that we drove to. The cab had some difficulty in getting to the door of the house indicated, and we were followed by quite a little crowd at the last. "Why, it's little 'Tim Hannafin,'" I heard several people remark, and then they began to call out to one another, and shout at the top of their voices, till a window on the second floor of the house where we stopped was opened, and a woman looked out. "Here's your Tim, Mrs. Hannafin, in a keb, with a laidy," they called out, and the window was shut down smartly and a tidy-looking woman made her appearance at the door. "I am afraid

your little boy is not well," I said, and I helped her carry him in and up two flights of narrow dark stairs. She did not say a word all the way up, except to ask me to look out for the holes in the floor; but when we had entered her room and laid the child on the bed, shutting out the people who had swarmed up the stairs, she turned round to me with a quiet set face, and said: "I fancied he was not well this two or three days. I gave him some salts last night and if I had been able I would not have let him go out. It is just how his father was took, and he has always been delicate on his stomach."

She was undressing him quickly as she spoke, and had put the kettle on the fire as if she knew what she was about. I suggested going for a doctor, and as she made no sign of dissent, I quickly made my way out, and asked a policeman at the corner of the street where I should find the nearest doctor's house. When I had secured some one to go back after me, I returned to the woman, and found the boy conscious, but in such terrible pain I could hear his screams before I entered the house.

It was all too dreadful, and I determined to go home and send whatever was wanted for him, if I could do nothing more. But the woman seemed glad to have me there; and after the doctor left, the child seemed more easy. "It's peritonitis," the woman explained to me as she took off her flannel petticoat and steamed it in water to put on the child's body. "His father was always a delicate-stomached man, and Tim takes after him, and running about from one place to another, and waiting about for the printers' stuff, often gives him cold, I think."

I thought of him on that office chair, and a surging sense of remorse flooded my heart. I had never noticed him even: it made me sick to think how long the hours must have seemed to him on that chair. I went to the bed and knelt down by it, and took the child's little hand in mine, but he drew it away and a half-awed look came into his eyes.

"He is not accustomed to you, mum, he doesn't speak to many ladies, not besides his Sunday-school teacher, which he goes to regular," his mother said, noticing the look. I got up with a tight feeling in my throat, and all I might have done, and all I had not done, forced itself into my mind, and I walked to the window and tried to look out. Mrs. Hannafin came to my side and put her hand on my arm. "Don't take on like that, miss," she said quietly, "it's all for the best, I never did expect to rear him, I am thankful to have had him to be a comfort to me so long. He has been the best boy a mother ever had; and after all if he lived he might have turned out badly. His poor father never did think he would be a man. But in the Heavenly mansions there is no telling what he may be, and his father there all ready to look after him, it's not like as if he was going alone."

Then as if she could not think of the short dark way he had to go alone, a dry hard sob which was more like a choke, broke from her. "Not alone, not alone," I sobbed as I laid my head on her shoulder, and her stiff arms went

round me. "God is kinder than men, and He has not forgotten your boy all through those long waiting hours." She did not understand me, and went back to the bedside.

I stayed with her all through that terrible

night, and only went home to get what I wanted for her, and take some special work to the office of the "Parliament Quarterly." There was no one on the chair when I went in, and I never saw that child on that chair again.

D. M. IMAGE.

CHAPPIE.

CHAPTER II.—THE BOOT TEA.



UE, I want to speak to you before you go home," said Miss Dunkley, as she moved amongst her girls that afternoon.

"Yes, teacher," answered Sue, making up her mind that she would then ask the whereabouts of Paradise, for Miss Dunkley would be "sure to know." But, after school was over, she found that she was not the only girl kept behind. Some twelve or thirteen of the very poorest children were waiting, wondering what "teacher" wanted them for.

They had no fear, though, for Miss Dunkley was always gentle and kind. Even when the girls were troublesome and naughty, she would seem so sorry for them, that the worst child instinctively felt that to do wrong "hurt teacher," which feeling was not without effect on future behaviour.

"I have a treat in store for you, girls," said Miss Dunkley, "some friends of mine are going to give a 'boot tea' to-morrow, and I thought you would like to go."

"A 'boot tea,' teacher, what's that?" asked one of the children.

"Ah! I thought you would wonder! Well, you will find that out when you get there. I don't quite think you will have boots to eat, nor yet to drink from. You must go and see. I have only a certain number of tickets, and each one has to have a name and address on it. So I have filled them in with yours, because I think you do not have so many treats as some of the other girls. You must be at the school-room beside the New Street chapel, at five o'clock. Do you know where that is?"

"I do, teacher," answered one of the biggest girls.

"Very well, Jenny, then you can show the others the way. Good-bye, girls, I shall want to hear all about it afterwards, for I never had an invitation to a 'boot tea,'" and Miss Dunkley turned away.

Sue was so interested that all thought of "Paradise" left her mind. She hurried home, holding her precious ticket tightly in her hand.

"What do you think, Chappie?" she asked almost before she entered the little room, "I'm to go out to tea to-morrow!"

"Out to tea! where?" enquired Chappie.

"Why, with a lot of other girls to New Street school. See here's my name on this card, 'Admit'—that means let in—'Susan Bennett to the Boot Tea at five o'clock.' I don't know what it means; teacher said we'd find out when we got there," and Sue had to stop for want of breath.

"Boots are to wear, not to eat," said Chappie.

"Yes," said Sue, "if you've got them, that is; there's hardly any of mine left now," and she looked ruefully at her little red toes which had poked not only through her stockings, but through what had once been a pair of boots. "I shall have a lot to tell you about. I only wish I could take you too."

"Never mind," said Chappie, "it'll be nice to hear about it."

There was a good deal of wonderment the next day about the "boot tea," and it was only natural that "Paradise" was for the time forgotten. Not by Chappie, though, for he had asked his mother about it the evening before, but she had only replied—

"Paradise? Why, it means heaven, I s'pose."

"But do people have nice things to eat, and feast up in heaven?" had been the next question.

"I don't know, child," his mother had answered, "we don't get much chance of it here, anyway." So the little fellow had not gained much information, and when left alone his thoughts were divided between "Paradise," and the "boot tea."

Sue, with the other girls, led by Jenny Smith, went as soon as they were free to the New Street school-room. They found quite a crowd of children, like themselves, all very poorly clad, eagerly waiting at the closed door. It was soon opened and they entered a large bright room. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and two long tables covered with white cloths were set out with cups and saucers down the centre of the room. Plates piled up with bread and butter, and cake, were also on these tables, but no boots were to be seen. Some half-dozen ladies, with pretty aprons over their dresses, greeted the little guests with smiles of welcome, and showed them their seats. Then a gentleman stepped on the platform, his handsome face glowing with the light of love and compassion, as he said in a firm, manly voice—"We are very pleased to see you, children, and hope you will make a good tea. We will sing grace, and then you can begin."

Singing "Be present," standing at those well-spread tables, seemed altogether different from singing it at close of school, and a dim idea of its meaning came to Sue, with the thought that here she could learn all about "Paradise."

What a tea that was! The bread and butter was so nice, and the tea so sweet, while, as for the cake!—Well, the children at any rate showed they appreciated it. The little ones felt quite at home, for the ladies talked to them, and Mr. Millar walked up and down, patting a curly head here, stroking an extra pale cheek there, and winning a smile from even the most timid. Sue, who had been thinking much of her little brother, put out her hand, and gently pulled the minister's coat as he was passing her. "Oh,

please," she said in a half whisper, "might I take a bit of cake to Chappie?"

"And who is Chappie, my little maid?" asked Mr. Millar, bending over the child.

"He's my little brother, and he's ill, and so lonely."

"Poor laddie! Where do you live?"

"Number three, Foundry Court, at the back of Shore-ditch Church," answered Sue.

"Well, finish your tea, and if we have any cake left, you shall have some to take home to Chappie."

Sue smiled her thanks, and the minister passed on.

Tea was finished at last! The tables were cleared, the forms put back, and then an hour was spent in play. "Oranges and lemons," "Blind man's buff," "Nuts and May," and other well-known games were played one after the other. Some of the children, alas! had to be taught how to play; but they proved apt scholars, and altogether it was a merry time.

"Now, children," said Mr. Millar when he had at length succeeded in quieting the little ones, "we have the last part of our treat for you. Some good friends have sent a great many pairs of boots, and before you go away you are each to have a nice new pair put on your feet. Let the very smallest of you come first, and sit on the edge of the platform, and we will fit them on."

Then a great sack full of bran-new boots was brought in. The youngest children first, and then the others came forward, and the ladies helped to find the right sizes for the many little feet. At last all were fitted, and how the children clattered about, proud indeed of their new possessions.

"Just a word, children," said Mr. Millar. "Do you know who has given you these boots?"

"You, sir," was the reply.

"No, you are not quite right. They were sent, as I told you, by some friends, but it was the Lord Jesus who made them think of your little feet. So really He has sent them; are you not thankful to Him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, shall we tell Him so? Close your eyes, and say very softly after me: 'Dear Lord Jesus, we little ones would like to thank Thee for being so good to us. We cannot see Thee, but Thou canst see us, and hear us. Teach us to know Thee, for to know Thee must be to love Thee, and to love Thee will be to serve Thee. Amen.'"

A hush fell as the simple prayer ceased; and then the party broke up. The children ran away in their new boots, carrying their old ones with them, excepting some, which being so very worn were left behind.

Sue waited till the last. Mr. Millar had not forgotten.

"See, I have some cake for Chappie," he said, handing her a parcel, "and I shall call and see him some day, soon."

"Oh, thank you, sir, Chappie will be so pleased, for he's very lonesome," and Sue made her way home, happier than she had ever been before.

After the new boots had been examined and admired by both the children and their mother, Sue gave a full account of the evening's proceedings, ending with, "And, Chappie, of course the Lord in 'Be present' is the Lord Jesus, I never thought of that till this evening."

"But," said Chappie, "He's up in heaven with all the good people. What's the use of saying 'Be present' to Him?"

"Perhaps He comes down sometimes, does He mother?" asked Sue.

"I don't know. I never saw Him," was the reply.

"I wonder what He's like," said the little fellow. "Perhaps as He sent Sue the boots, He'll send me something nice too. If He knew I can't go out, He might come and see me, one day."

BURIED TEXT.

NO. II.

Choose two consecutive words from each of the following texts. They form a text from the Psalms.

1. There is a lad here, which hath five loaves and two small fishes. John vi. 9.

2. There is not a man upon the earth that can show the king's matter. Dan. ii. 10.

3. And when they had preached the word in Perga they went down into Attalia. Acts xiv. 25.

4. My lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit. Job xxvii. 4.

5. But, lo, he speaketh boldly. John vii. 26.

6. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord. Ps. v. 3.

7. I will cause thee to serve thine enemies in the land which thou knowest not. Jer. xvii. 4.

8. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? 1 Cor. ix. 9, 10. L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVIII.

1. A Christian at Thessalonica who showed hospitality to St. Paul.

2. A disciple who "oft refreshed" St. Paul and "was not ashamed of his chain."

3. A river which had its origin in the garden of Eden.

4. A proselyte of Antioch.

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

W. C.

NO. XIX.

Absalom's captain of his host:

A king who made an empty boast;
Whose bones restored to life a man?

What was the early name of Dan?

These last and first letters, when all have been done,
Will furnish the names of a father and son.

L. T.

A SCRIPTURE ELLIPSIS EXERCISE.

NO. IV.

The Lord sitteth King for ever. — — — — —
strength unto His people.

The glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of
— — — — — truth.

The — — — — — which thou gavest me I have given them.

In me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth — — — — —.

Whither — — — — — go, that we shall not find Him?

None of us shall — — — — — thee his sepulchre.

He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: He is a
buckler to — — — — —.

Find the missing words in these passages. When set in
order they form a text from the Psalms.

L. T.