

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



RUDDERLESS.

"In this virtuous voyage of thy life, hull not about like the ark, without the use of rudder, mast, or sail, and bound for no port."—*Sir T. Browne.*

SURELY from the very beginnings of time the sea must have held in it to those who looked upon its boundless expanse a vision of life. Never moralist, never poet, never preacher to whom it has not appealed, who has not drawn from its sublime mystery lessons touching the brief, troubled voyage of man, who is as the mariner going down to the sea in ships, sailing from the known to the unknown.

The Old Testament is full of this imagery; throughout Job and the Psalms, in Isaiah and Jeremiah, in the Minor Prophets; almost from Exodus to Zechariah, the thunder of the waves is in our ears, the voice of many waters—a restless, resistless force, wild, treacherous, full of tossings and roarings, ever a symbol of terror, of relentless cruelty, and devastating wrath—We realise with a new force the graciousness of that last promise, that lamp of hope lit for us as we close the pages of the New Testament—there shall be “no more sea.” No more storms to alarm, nor waves to devour; no more starless nights of terror, drifting kelpless before the seething surge; the voyage past, safety secured, the haven of our desires reached. Surely this, rather than any literal acceptance of the words, is the meaning we are intended to read for our comfort in the promise which has perhaps troubled some seelovers, to whom even a new heaven and a new earth without this familiar element would seem strange. What that other world is like eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, none has returned to tell us of its surpassing glories: we only know that the tears which the sea has cost here will be dried there, the dead it has claimed given up, and never tempest nor shipwreck vex its peace.

May it not be the old figure used once more, the old figure which we in our ocean-girdled island can so well understand, we who have ploughed the waters, linking shore to shore? It is the perilous voyage of life temporal that ends, life eternal that begins upon the sea of glass; death and all its terrors that are abolished in that reassuring, “no more sea.”

And where, if one were to seek far and wide, could one find a better parallel, a more sure and fitting emblem of life in its strange vicissitudes, its mystery, its uncertainty? We draw from the sea and the sailor's craft a hundred familiar images in daily use. The tides that come and go, the lapping of the waves upon the pebbled shore, the moaning of the harbour bar, the anchor cast within the sheltering haven, the billows that engulf.

And oh, most of all, in the storms that beset, do we read a lesson of life, for never vessel yet, sail it never so merrily, skimming before the caressing breeze, but its hour of peril must one day be met. In every winter gale that howls and beats upon our coasts, some gallant ship is worsted, and all hands told, sinks fathoms deep into the cruel, devouring sea; and so, too, on that other voyage, where we must all perforce be

mariners and there is no lying snugly under a lee-shore, scarce a day goes by without some sad story of wreck and defeat to shadow it. A stately ship it may be, for there are storms which the soundest craft cannot weather, or perhaps only a foolish little bark, sailing some fair, sunny day from harbour, bound for a distant port, never wrecking the clouds that may lower and winds that may blow.

We hear from time to time of a fool-hardy voyager who, for a wager, braves the winter perils of the Atlantic, or the North Sea, in an open boat, and we wonder he can so little esteem the gift of life; but in the voyage from this world to the next, is there not many a sailor who adventures himself upon the ocean no better armed against its dangers than he? While the sun shines, the sea is smooth and the winds are favourable, all goes well; but when deep calls to deep, and the waves rise wall-high, when the trumpet-note of tempest is abroad, what then, poor foolish ship, what then? Sails torn, masts snapped, rudder gone—what better are you than a cork bobbing on the surface of the sea, the sport and play-thing of every ocean current, dashed hither and thither at the pleasure of the waves, carried forward only to be mockingly whisked back again, impotent, defenceless as a leaf before the whirlwind?

In the infancy of seamanship the earliest rudder was an oar; both words indeed are derived from one root, and to the unnautical among us who understand imperfectly the use of tiller or helm the completeness of calamity is perhaps better realised when we think of a little vessel bereft of its oars. In summer excursions within the safe shelter of the bay it often befalls that in our unskilled seamanship we lose one oar. The mishap is matter, perhaps, more for mirth than alarm, and yet how helpless we feel even with one stout blade left, how tantalisingly the errant oar keeps dancing on the ripples, just within reach as it seems and yet always beyond it. How foolishly we spin round in a circle, labouring hard and yet making no progress. Some fellow-traveller upon the sea's highway comes to our rescue, and the little incident is scarce remembered, for all is peace and tranquillity, a summer sea under a summer sky. But think of our plight were this to befall us when the storm-fiend is abroad, when seas roar and the rage of heaven seems to be let loose upon the hapless earth. Ah, vain then to signal to man for help; there is death upon the waters, and while each fights for dear life who shall rescue a neighbour?

Let us suppose for a moment it were possible that the call should come to some sailor to set out from the tranquil peace of the bay for a port unknown to him, unmapped on any chart; he cannot tell how many nights or days, weeks or months may pass before he reaches his destination; what deep ocean currents, what zones of

INDECISION

WITH BOW UNBENT, WHY
 O ARCHER, WHILE THY COMPANES SHOUT
 RINGS GLADLY IN THE RAPID FOOT
 AMID THESE HILLS ENSHADOWING US?
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 OF WINGED ARROWS STRONG AND
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 ARE WET.

UP! JOIN THOSE COMPANIES
 THAT THROG
 THE ROGGED HEIGHTS IN STIRRING
 WITH BRIGHTENING EYE, CHASE
 AND ON THY LIPS A MERRY SONG
 FOR NUMBNESS SEIZETH —
 SLECCARD NIGHT,
 AND SHADOWS DARKEN
 DOUBTING HEARS,
 BUT ACTION TULLEST JOY IN PARTS
 AND HAPPY WEARINESS AT NIGHT.

heat or cold, what regions of storm or calm it may be his lot to pass through, and yet he sets out with no spare gear or tackle, never an extra rudder or pair of oars, or sail or mast—with nothing but the simple furnishing and provision that have served his turn in the safe shelter of the land-locked harbour.

"Incredible, impossible, that the world should hold so great an idiot!" you say, and yet how easily possible, how fatally common is such recklessness among those who go down to the sea of life in ships. The day of our birth we know, the day of our marriage, other happy and sad days gone by we mark in our calendar; but the day of our death—the when of it, the how of it, its nearness or farness, the stress, the trouble, the sorrow that may lie between us and it—what do we know of these? Some whither we are sailing, some time we shall reach the haven; the rest remains unrevealed. Yet how lightly, with what little forethought, with what blind indifference we hoist the mast, unfurl the sail, and catching the favouring breeze set out upon the awful voyage! So through the merry day, and at night we are weary; heavy hands let go the tiller, we sleep, and our helpless little craft, guided no longer, shapes its course to suit the caprice of the wind.

The rudderless folk, how many they are, unstable as the waters on which they "hull about," with never an aim or an object in life, never one poor desire that rises above ignoble idleness. Some of them leave the rudder behind on purpose, thinking in their vanity that they can guide the vessel without its aid; others, too poorly furnished for the enterprise, lose it in the first capful of wind, and are content thenceforward to drift.

"He who floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to higher principles, who has no ideal, no convictions—such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture, a thing moved instead of a living or moving being—an echo, not a voice. The man who has no inner life is the slave of his surroundings, as the barometer is the obedient servant of the air at rest, the weathercock the humble servant of the air in motion."

So wrote Amiel, who felt more than most the tragic solemnity of existence, and surely he wrote well. Something more we must be than bondsmen of the winds and waves, their plaything and their scorn, if we would avert shipwreck, and reach the desired haven. Not mere puppets but masters of our fate, rulers of our destiny, conquering even when beaten; steering ever onwards with steadfast hearts.

The rudderless are not only sad failures in themselves, they are sources of danger to others. Derelicts are not permitted on the high seas. Carrying no lights, bound for no shore, roving the highways of traffic unguided and unrestrained, alas, for the onward pressing ship that in darkness or storm collides with these drifting wrecks. We cannot tow our human derelicts into harbour; the mastless and rudderless we must leave to their fate, to the chance of favouring winds and tides, but if we are wise we shall use them as

beacons and buoys, as though to mark a shoal or reef it were well to steer clear of.

How then, in the midst of so many perils, shall we make sure that we navigate our ships so as to reach the farther shore? One vivid sea-scene in the Old Testament we must all remember. The passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea is often used as an illustration of what faith can do to overcome obstacles that seem overwhelming. With an equal faith in a guiding God, the waves will part for us too, and through many a seemingly impassable flood or storm we shall sail unharmed. Then there is the reverent spirit. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." He who thus sets out upon his cruise will steer safely through the ebb and flow of disturbing thought and doubt, and rich in knowledge, rich in faith and experience, will ever find more to admire and wonder at in the divine, harmonious ordering of life. But the eyes that would see His mysteries must look heavenward.

If the Old Testament is full of the sublime majesty and power of the sea, it is left for the New to point us to the "hope, anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast," to those who have laid hold on it. And how greatly honoured in the Gospels is the business of them that traffic upon the waters. He loved the sea who called so many of His companions from their fishermen's nets, who so often taught from the boat-side, who walked upon the midnight waves, who hushed their raging with His "Peace, be still."

On that memorable night Christ slept for weariness, and His disciples thought that He cared little for their peril. But it would have mattered nothing that He, the Master, slumbered, had their faith waked, for while He is on board the ship no harm can befall it. And is it not just because we let our love of Him grow a vague, mechanical thing; not influencing our lives because we think He is insensible to our needs and dangers, and cease to trust Him, because our faith sleeps, that so many of us suffer disaster on our voyage from this world to the next, and only reach the shore at last, all lost but life, on some spar or broken part of the ship?

An Easter Sonnet.

THE women sought the tomb at dawn of day,
And as they went they wept and made their moan;
"His sepulchre is guarded by a stone—
And who for us shall roll the stone away?"
But, lo!—an Angel, robed in white array,
Had rent the rock and sat thereon alone.
"Fear not," he said; "the Lord hath overthrown
The power of Death: I show you where He lay."
We echo oftentimes that cry of old:
Huge stumbling-blocks confront us whilst we wait
And wonder weeping who will help afford;
But as we question sorrowing, behold!
The stone is rolled away, though it is great,
And on it sits the Angel of the Lord.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE RETURN TO SAX.

THE whole village was in a ferment of excitement. At the Red Dragon, the parlour behind the bar was full to overflowing. Mike Portway was in danger of having his head turned in more senses than one; and his tale, already a thrice told one, appeared never to pall upon his entranced listeners.

"Lawk-a-mussy; to think on the likes on it! Whatever will Madam say? The Cap'en trying to carry off our Lady of Ernscliff, and Tom Heron a-coming to the rescue! Why didn't thee bring Tom along with thee, Mike? It's a rare welcome we'd give un now! I allers said as there was grit in Tom—it were only them Methodies as turned his head for a spell."

Glegg waved his pipe in the air with a gesture which seemed to say that all past faults and follies on Tom's part should be condoned in the light of his recent exploit. It was about noon that very day, that Mrs. Mary's carriage had been desecrated returning to the village; and great had been the astonishment of Sax, to observe that the carriage was attended by a band of four riders on horseback. When these four turned out to be Tom Heron, Mike Portway, Jos Dawson and a stranger evidently known to these three, public excitement rose to a high pitch. Eager hands had been outstretched to detain the riders as they trotted on in the wake of the carriage: but all save Mike had followed it up to Ernscliff, and he had only paused to speak a few words to his mother, and had then galloped after the rest, promising however, to return later and tell all the story.

From the few words he had then dropped the village had become apprised that there had been something of an exciting nature in connection with Mrs. Mary's journey. It was all over the place in less than an hour, that she had been attacked by highwaymen, and that Tom Heron and the other boys of Sax had risked their lives to save her. How the adventure had come about, and how it chanced that the Methodist preacher and the young recruits from York happened to be on the spot at the critical moment, nobody knew or very much cared. It was enough that Sax had heroes of its own, and Mike's reappearance was waited for with the greatest expectation and impatience.

When he did come his story proved even more thrilling than had been anticipated. Naturally it lost nothing in the telling. Mary Ernscliff would very gladly have kept the thing private, and have requested in particular, that no mention should be made of Captain Fortescue's discreditable action in this matter; but her common-sense told her that it would be impossible to hush up a flagrant act of lawlessness, which was known to a number of persons, all connected with Sax and

its environs; and her own unflinching uprightness made her shrink from imposing upon any other persons an injunction of secrecy which they would find it hard to observe, and which might lead them to fall into falsehood and equivocation.

After all, according to the lax ideas so prevalent in the upper circles of society, the Captain's action would only be looked upon as a rather dashing and daring attempt at winning a bride, and would be, if anything, something of a feather in his cap. Most likely the most galling part of the business to the young blade himself, would be the fact that he had been thwarted in his plan through the interference of a ranting Methodist. At any rate, Mary Ernscliff, after turning the matter well over in her mind, had resolved to make no great effort after secrecy. The truth, she was certain, would of necessity come to light before long, and it might be just as well to have the excitement over early as late.

So Mike had gone down to the village, after receiving, reluctantly enough, the thanks of the ladies of Ernscliff, coupled with a handsome reward, and now the whole village knew his story, and were calling for it again and again with every fresh arrival at the Red Dragon.

"And so thee went on with her to Bantock, did thee? And did thee stay all the time she was there?"

"Ay, that we did, and brought her safe back to Sax again at the end of the four days. Did ye think we'd have left her to travel alone after what had gone before? There were four on us stout fellows—Tom and Jos, and Dick Carew, as was converted by Tom's preaching in the barrack-yard, and got his discharge with us, just before we heard of what the Captain purposed. I reckon the Captain won't care to show his face here for a bit. I reckon, too, he'll do a bad turn to any of us if he can, leastways, if he knows as we was there. He saw Tom, and knew him fast enough, but I don't know if he paid any heed to the rest of us. Tom had best look to his own skin, if ever the Captain comes nigh him again."

"It were half a pity, too, as he didn't run off with her and wed her," observed the landlord, who was heart and soul a Fortescue partisan, "they do say as Mrs. Mary has a pretty fortune of her own now, and I'm thinking it be a pity she should not change her name to Fortescue, and give us Fortescues at Ernscliff as well as at Rookwood."

"And who says as she won't one of these days?" asked Glegg, just winking his eye with a slow humour: "there be more ways of doing that than by her being run off with to Gretna Green by a dashing young sogger—eh, neighbours?"

There was a murmur of assent from Glegg's

chronies, who made it a point of honour to agree with him, and the clerk went on in his slow drawling way :

"Muster Hugh, he be main fond of Sax. I tell ye he might have been Rector of yon fine church over by Wilton Abbots, where Lord and Lady Lovel live, and his sister did everything she could to coax him to come and live there; for she was always main fond of Muster Hugh. But, no, he wouldn't budge an inch from Sax, not though Madam flew into one of her rages, and peppered him well with her tongue, for a fool and a Methodist in disguise. He said as his work lay at Sax, and at Sax he meant to stay. The Rector had offered him the curacy, and he had took it, and here he would stop. But, mark me, neighbours, he don't stay altogether for love of we, not but what he does us a power of good, and for a young man he has a powerful gift of preaching, though it would be more respectable like if he would look more at his paper, and not speak so much of it out of his own head like. But why do he leave his comfortable home, and take Mr. Latham's old lodgings at widow Tring's? why that there cottage is but a stone's throw from the Ernscliff property, and he, like Mr. Latham, looks after Ernscliff as well as Sax. I've got eyes in my head, that I have. I know a thing or two, and one of these days we shall all hear something we shall like. And even Madam then will smooth down her feathers, I reckon: but she will be in a fine taking to hear how Tom Heron has bested the Captain, for she was always a friend to that match."

"Be Tom Heron coming back to Sax to live?" asked several voices of Mike, "we'd be glad to have un amongst us again. He be a fine fellow, be Tom. Why didn't thee bring un along with thee to-night? He should have a welcome, that he should."

"He was that took up with Molly that he had no thought for any one else," answered Mike, "and Tom don't ever drink naught but water nowadays, and he'd likely not care to come to the Red Dragon unless it were to speak his mind to them as were there. He's a powerful gift of preaching, has Tom. Why, he was sent round the country last summer into all sorts of wild places: and then he came to York, and we had him often to the barrack-yard. Tom Heron isn't the lad he was when he lived here: but he's a right good fellow for all that, nothing of canting or snivelling about un. I'd lay down my life for Tom, that I would right gladly, and I know he'd lay down his sooner than do a thing he thought was wrong."

Michael's honest admiration for his old comrade evoked a species of sympathetic enthusiasm from his audience, who were now quite disposed to look upon Tom as a hero. They would have been glad to hear that he proposed living once more amongst them, but Mike did not suppose that likely. At any rate they meant to give him a very warm welcome when he did appear; and great was Tom's surprise, and something his confusion upon the following day to find himself a person of such importance wherever he appeared, welcomed by young and

old with every mark of cordiality, and pressed on all hands to make a long stay, or even to settle again in his old quarters at Ernscliff and be one of themselves once more.

Nobody gave him a heartier reception than his uncle Samson. The forge was dear to Tom from old association, and it was pleasant to him to swing the great hammers once again, and to stand beside the anvil and give blow for blow upon the molten metal with the senior smith.

For some time little was said between them. Tom had dropped in at a busy time, and had taken up his position as his uncle's assistant almost as a matter of course. But when the dusk fell and the forge fire glowed warm and red, when work had slackened off, and the two men stood face to face alone together, Samson put out his brawny arm and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, saying with unwonted display of feeling:

"It is good to see thee once again, to have thee back in thy old place, Tom, my boy."

"It is good of thee to feel it so," answered Tom, "for I was a power of trouble to thee in old days."

"If thee has but turned a new leaf, as I verily believe, thee wilt hear naught of old days from me, Tom," answered Samson. "Come to the house, and tell me all thy tale. The village is on fire with it: but I would have it from thine own lips."

Long and earnestly did the two men talk together over their homely dish of tea, a luxury the smith allowed himself from time to time, and to which Tom was very partial, though tea was an expensive luxury not much seen in humble homes. The old morose reserve which had characterised Tom's first days of religious fervour had passed completely away, and he spoke out fully and frankly of himself, his trials, his temptations, his convictions and his resolutions. Having become practised in speaking he could do it well, and Samson listened with undivided attention and interest. And before the tale was ended came a knock at the outer door, and Samson, who had risen to answer the summons, came back with a look of pride upon his face, ushering in Hugh Fortescue, now the clergyman in whose cure lay the villages of Ernscliffe and Sax.

Tom rose quickly to his feet, and Hugh held out his hand.

"I have been wanting to see you and to thank you, Tom, ever since I heard yesterday of the service you were able to render us all in coming to the assistance of Mrs. Mary Ernscliff. It was told me in the village that I should find you here. Sit down, Samson, sit down, Tom; yes, let me have a cup of your good tea, and pray do not let me interrupt the conversation. I am sure Tom is telling you something of his story. I am as wishful to hear that as even you can be."

Hugh had the gift of a truly well-bred man, that of putting at ease with a few words those who found themselves in his company. In a short time Tom was speaking as freely to him as he had formerly done to his uncle, and the three men were quickly engrossed in a discussion

partly theological, partly personal, with as much mutual understanding and lack of constraint as though they had been socially on an equality. All Tom's old instinctive hostility to the ministers of the Established Church had vanished. He had begun to enter into Mary Ernscliff's and Mr. Wesley's conception of a Church large enough, Catholic enough, to embrace all true believers in Christ. The old feeling prompting him to feel, if not to say, "I am right, and you are wrong," was merging in the wider and truer conception of a faith which sees how the Church, though, alas! divided into hostile camps, divided against herself, is yet all one, each part holding some great integral truth, each with its own share of the light, though some with less and some with more. So his instinct now was to exclaim, "Yes, you are right, my brother; you have light too. Give me all of yours that I do not hold, and take of me that which I have, which may have been lost by you. Let us not strive and contend; let us help one another, love one another, and find in the Word of God which guides us both, not contradiction and paradox, but the most perfect harmony and agreement."

"Tom," said Hugh, after they had talked for some time, "I could find it in my heart to wish, if it were not taking you from a wider and more useful sphere elsewhere, that you would come and work with me in and around Sax."

Tom looked up surprised, and Hugh continued eagerly:

"Yes, Tom, I mean it. There is a great work to be done here, and how to accomplish it single-handed I do not know. There are the stone quarries over against Writtingdon. They have increased in size very greatly these past years, and the people are living in a state of absolute heathendom. There are the colliers at Hownston. Since the split in the Methodist camp two years back, little has been accomplished there. Half the community went over to the Moravians, while the chapel which was built is occupied by the Calvinist fraternity, and the hold upon the colliers is almost gone. My uncle the Rector would be very glad for me to institute regular teaching and instruction amongst them, and we know the way has been paved. But single-handed I can accomplish little, and I have not much experience of these rougher phases of life. Tom, if you would join me, I believe a great work might be done around Sax."

Tom's eyes lighted. The very notion of a distinct and urgently needed mission, especially amongst men of his own place and his own class, appealed to him powerfully: but he could not shake off old feelings, old associations, and he looked straight at Hugh, as he said:

"Wherever there is work to do for God, I will gladly be a worker. But how would it be possible for you to have a Methodist working under you? I am a Methodist, I will not recall the name. I will not seem to be ashamed of the cause to which I have given myself, heart and soul. I know now that there need be no hostility betwixt Methodism and the Church, but it took me long to learn it, and others do not know.

They will not understand. They will think and wonder——"

"And will that hurt us?" answered Hugh smiling. "May it not help to prove to them by the experience of their own senses that what we strive to set before them, the wonderful unity and beauty and harmony of God's purposes towards men, is no mere figure of speech, but a practical reality? You are right not to give up your old name, to stick to your colours, even though we see that it would be better if we could avoid all names and factions and be content to belong to the fold of Christ without distinction. Tom, I do not ask you to cease to be a Methodist, I only ask if you think that you can work with me, and help me to do the work that seems to rise up before me and claim me as its servant."

"What will Madam say?"

The question was too natural not to provoke a smile, but Hugh's reply was grave enough.

"My mother may not approve. I am sorry that we cannot agree in all things; but where such is the case we must agree to differ. You would not be a tenant of ours. You would remain, I doubt not, in the cottage upon the Ernscliff estate which is ready for you. We will think of all these things later, when you have had time to see your way and make up your mind. It is not a matter to be decided in haste. But there is no lack of work to be done in and around Sax, and I have many times thought in contemplating it, that Tom Heron would be the best assistant that I could have."

A flush rose in Tom's cheek. It was sweeter to him to hear words like these from one who had known and seen him in his wild and lawless days, and who had known the details of his early life, than to receive higher praise from strangers, who only knew by hearsay of his dark past. To be honoured and looked up to in his native place had been a thing Tom had never hoped to achieve. He felt a throb of gratitude and exultation he could not have analysed in words. Surely if he had been the means in Sax of leading others astray, this might be a call from God Himself to a work that should make some atonement for the sins and follies of the past. He paused awhile in deep thought, and then said:

"Sir, have you any objection to my writing to Mr. Wesley and taking his advice? He gave me leave to do so, if ever I was in doubt and difficulty, and I believe he would advise me well. I am afraid of being too much led by personal inclination."

"By all means write to him," answered Hugh. "I have the greatest confidence in Mr. Wesley's judgment and Christian discernment. Write to him, and abide by the advice you receive. And meantime as all Sax is clamouring to hear you preach, I hope you will address your old neighbours and comrades in the churchyard on Sunday next. If you were an ordained man I would invite you to use my pulpit."

"Thank you, sir, but I do not think I could preach anywhere so well as in the open air. I love to have the canopy of heaven over me. If you wish it I will gladly do so, but——"

"I do wish it. You will teach them no new doctrine, you will but put before them in perhaps a more forcible and homely way the same truths as I try week by week to impress upon them. I think I need not ask you now whether I may hope to see you at the service and at the Lord's Table earlier in the day. With your permission I shall do myself the pleasure of hearing your sermon when the time comes, and I shall advise my people to come and hear it when I address them in the morning."

"Sir," said Samson, as Hugh rose to his feet and held out his hand to Tom, "I verily believe that if all this land were served with men like you and Mr. Latham, there would be but one fold beneath one Shepherd throughout its length and breath."

"I am in these things but the pupil of our dear departed brother," said Hugh with feeling, "Tom, do you know that your name was the last on Mr. Latham's lips before he died?—that you were his last charge to me? For that alone, if for no other reason, I think that you and I must always be friends."

Tom was startled by finding his eyes wet with tears.

"I never valued Mr. Latham as I should," he said, "I have wished unsaid, wished undone so many of my words and acts to him. I was very blind in those days, but perhaps he understands now. I think he knew when we parted last that I should one day understand."

It seemed as if Sax were to be kept in a perpetual ferment of excitement. The church on Sunday was crowded, partly because every one wished to obtain a glimpse of the Lady of Ernscliff after her adventure, partly because all were anxious to see if Tom Heron would be there. Of late the church had always been well attended, but to-day it would scarcely contain the worshippers. Yet not one present but felt himself amply rewarded for having come, when Tom Heron, in a white surplice, stood forward to read the lessons, his clear enunciation, learned in preaching, and his naturally good voice and accent, refined of late through contact with men of culture, giving to the familiar words a force and emphasis which many had never believed them to possess before.

It was observed by some that Madam started when she saw who occupied the lectern, and that she drew the curtain sharply, as if to shut out the obnoxious sight; but few had any thought to spare for her: and there was yet another and greater surprise in store for the people when their young clergyman calmly announced that their old comrade Tom Heron would at two o'clock deliver a sermon in the churchyard, and that the afternoon service would in consequence be postponed for half an hour and not commence till half-past three.

Not a creature who had been in church, save Madam, failed to be present in the churchyard at two o'clock to hear Tom Heron give an address upon the parable of the Prodigal Son. As he delivered his own version of the wickedness, the broken-hearted misery, the repentance of that erring son, many amongst his audience wept

aloud; and when he came to speak of the love of the father, the love which made him see and recognise the wanderer whilst he was yet "a long way off,"—and how the son had not to plead with hired servants admission to his father's house, but was met and brought in by that father himself, his own voice shook and faltered, and there was scarcely a dry eye to be found amongst his congregation.

He preached for an hour to a silent and breathless crowd, and it was Hugh who stood beside him to pronounce the benediction at the end, and shake the preacher by the hand before them all. But perhaps the greatest triumph of the hour was when Janet Dawson stood forward—the Scotchwoman, who had been a cold and bitter enemy of Methodist ways and teaching all these years—and taking him by the hand exclaimed:

"Eh, laddie, laddie, but it's a wunnerful doctrine ye preach, an' I will na ca' ye a vessel of wrath again, nor yet my own laddie, as ye helped to turn to the Lord. Maybe ye are richt, an' that He does na damn them from eternity. I'd fain believe that He was watching for each of them to come hame, that He would see them afar off, and lead them back His ain sel'. It wud be a gran' thing for this wicked world gin it were so."

"Thank you for your sermon, Tom," said Mary Ernscliff as she passed into the church, and Glegg, not to be behindhand with the great folks, seized Tom by the hand and said:

"Eh, but you have improved rarely; you have a firm grip on the gospel now. I allers said to my neighbours there that a few more reasonings with me on Scripture doctrines would make a man of you yet!"



The Faithfulness of God.

"For He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—
Heb. viii. 5.

GREAT God of love, through all my various days,
Whate'er befall, I pray remember me;
That light from heaven may shine on all my ways,
And guide me on the path that leads to Thee.

Should dark or lonely be my onward road,
Do Thou with peace my aching bosom fill;
O keep me ever near Thee, gracious God,
That I may feel Thy Presence, and be still.

I cannot fear, if Thou art ever nigh
To bear each burden, and each anxious care,
To hearken to my breathing and my cry,
And all my trials and my sorrows share.

Only, dear Lord, with cords and bands of love
Draw me, and bind me to Thy sacred feet;
Raise heart and mind and soul to things above,
Then all Thou sendest will to me be sweet.

If life be mine,—why then to Thee I live;
If death should come,—why then to Thee I die;
Whate'er it be, I hail what Thou dost give,
Though shines the sun, or clouds obscure the sky.

CANON BELL, D.D.

Cheltenham.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERK, PH.D.

THE JAIN TEMPLE AT GWALIOR.

IN a preceding paper we have given a short account of the religion of the Jains. We have traced the relationship which it bears to Buddhism, and the opposition in which it stands to Brahmanism. We observe in this instance, what we noticed before, that the history of religious development has been written in stone, and that the various phases of thought and of feeling within the Hindoo mind are clearly reflected in the sculpture and architecture of Indian temples. The two sects of the Buddhists and the Jains, which rose five centuries B.C. in a common protest against the traditions of the Vedas, against the rule of gods and of priests, have left behind sacred shrines and monuments which are quite different from Brahman temples, but which amongst themselves present a great likeness of plan and of outline. The history of Buddhism, its rise and its fall, has been dealt with in the earlier papers of this series (SUNDAY AT HOME, November and December 1891); and we have seen how the decline of this religion which between the fifth and seventh centuries A.D., had been gradual and gentle, set in after that period with great rapidity.

There followed a time of war and civil strife, when records were destroyed and temples levelled to the ground, and at the close of the tenth century we find that Buddhism has disappeared, that it has been absorbed into Brahmanism, not however without leaving its mark on the mind of the Hindoos, noticeable to this day in the teaching of their priests and the character of their temples.

The destruction of stone-built remains during the dark age renders it difficult to follow the course of architectural developments, or to show how the Buddhist assembly-hall and monastery was gradually converted into the Hindoo temple, of which we possess in Southern India numerous examples. Whilst the church established by Gautama was destroyed, the sect which owed its origin to Mahavira, being less directly opposed to the orthodox creed, survived the troublous days and descended to our time.

Now there exists a connection between the sacred buildings of the two religious communities, between the monasteries where in cells, built like pigeon-holes along the four walls of a courtyard, Buddhist monks sat cross-legged and meditated, and prayed—and the Jain temples, enclosed by courtyards with similar cells, occupied not by living men but by the stone-carved images of a Jaina saint sitting cross-legged, with folded hands and a look of stolid contemplation on its face (comp. picture, p. 249). It is, however, by no means easy to trace this connection; for the

monasteries are heaps of ruins, excepting those that have been, like cellars, cut out of the rock. And the gulf of the dark centuries separates the latest Buddhist rock-carved sanctuaries from the earliest perfect Jain temples; we are consequently at a loss to see by what course of evolutions structures that remind us of crypts, have changed into edifices that compare with cathedrals.

The ruins of monasteries in the vicinity of Peshawar, dating probably from the fourth or fifth century of our era, disclose square courtyards which have along their walls rows of cells, and in their midst a square or circular altar. The enclosure of the court with its beehive of cells we recognise in the Jain temple; the place of the altar in the middle is now taken by a round or square hall containing the image of a saint; above this arises the Sikra, the tower. Regarding the shape of the latter, the most sacred part of the sanctuary, we obtain a hint from a sepulchre at Mylassa, dating probably from the fourth century, which consists of a dome supported by twelve pillars—as well as from the great cave at Bagh, in Central India, of the sixth or seventh century.

But the clearest evidence of the conversion of the Buddhist church into the Jain temple, we have in the shrine at Aiwulli in Dharwar in Western India. If we were to compare this building with a Christian church we should say, that its hall corresponds to our chancel encircled by a procession-path; in front there is a double row of pillars, four on each side, which divide the nave from the aisles; beyond these lies the porch which serves as an entrance; the whole building is surrounded by a verandah. An inscription on the outer gateway shows that it was built between 650 and 680 A.D.

When we compare this structure with one erected at Pittadkul, a place in the same district, a few centuries later, we find that in the course of time some remarkable changes have taken place. The round "chancel" has become square, it holds the image of a god; it is enclosed by four walls of considerable thickness; it is capped by a tower. Four pillars standing at the entrance, divide it from the body of "the church." The "nave" with its "two aisles" has become quite a distinct part of the building; it forms a perfect square of equal length and breadth, resting on sixteen pillars. This structure brings out the essential features of Hindoo and Jain temples.

There is a vast difference between these attempts at architecture which we meet at Aiwulli and Pittadkul, and the edifices complete and perfect in all their parts which we see on



JAIN TEMPLE, GWALIOR.

Mount Abu. There intervenes a long period of continuous architectural development which it is now almost impossible to trace. Amongst the various shrines raised on the top of that mountain there are two at Deulwara¹ which represent the highly developed style; the one is a pattern of purity and perfection, the other of rich and luxurious ornamentation. They are both built of white marble; and as the mines in the neighbourhood yield stone too hard and too brittle to be worked, the materials must have been carried from a distance of perhaps two hundred miles. The earlier of the two temples was erected about 1032 A.D. by Vimalasah, a merchant prince, in honour of Rishabha, the first of that line of twenty-four saints, of whom an account has been given in the last paper. The picture on page 249 gives us a good idea of the image of a Jain saint, with all his gorgeous mythological surroundings carved in stone. The principal sculpture is placed inside the cell, which forms the centre of the sanctuary, above it rises the sikra, the pyramidal spire; before it stands a portico supported by forty-eight pillars, so placed as to form the design of a cross. One of the richly-carved pillars is visible, in the picture, to the left of the image. The central part of the portico is formed by a dome, which rests on twelve pillars. The whole—the cell with its tower and the portico with its colonnade—is enclosed by a courtyard 140 feet long and 90 feet broad. Along the inside walls of this square there runs a double row of smaller pillars resembling cloisters; behind these, along the face of the wall, is a line of cells, altogether fifty-five, each of which is exactly like the other, and contains a statue of the saint. The visitor thus passes two pillars which form a small portico, ere he enters a wall-cell, which forms a tiny temple. The principle of building a number so to speak of chapels, of precisely the same pattern is a characteristic of the Jain religion and has been in some places carried out on a large and extensive scale.

Opposite the temple of Vimalasah, on the north side, there is another erected between 1197 and 1247 A.D. by the brothers Tejapala and Vastupala, in honour of Neminath, the twenty-second saint. The builders were merchants of great wealth and of high position; they served as chief ministers to the first king of the Waghela dynasty who ruled over Guzerat. The greatness of their influence, their riches and their piety, the two brothers showed by erecting two temples of noble proportions and of exquisite workmanship—one on Mount Abu, the other on the hill of Girnar, in the south of Guzerat. The fact that these houses devoted to "saints and gods" were founded far away from human habitations on the lonely heights of mountains, and in such numbers as to form complete sacred cities, seems strange at first sight. But it must be borne in mind that these fanes did not owe their origin to the command of a magnificent prince, or the munificence of a community, but to the devotion of single individuals. They lack size and grandeur,

but they display all the finish which pious care could bestow upon them.

More than any other Hindoo sect were the followers of Mahavira inspired with the belief, that erecting a house to a god was doing a good deed, expressing "a prayer in stone," which could never be repeated too often. The long lines of cells that encompass the larger temples, and the great numbers of temples that cover the hills of Palitana, and of Girnar, exemplify this principle. At Palitana the shrines are scattered by hundreds over the summits of two extensive hills; the larger stand separate, surrounded by high fortified walls; the smaller ones joined together, form complete streets. Only priests live here to perform the daily services and to feed the pigeons, the sole denizens of the place. The worshippers ascend in the morning; they offer their prayers and devotions and leave before the sun sets, the silent city of the gods.

At Girnar, on the south coast of Guzerat, there are perched on the side of a hill, on a rocky ledge, about 3000 feet above the sea, no less than sixteen temples.

We cannot wonder when we consider this tendency of Jain believers, that they should have selected Mount Abu as the place, on which they erected their most perfect sanctuaries. Separated from the Aravalli range of hills by a valley fifteen miles in breadth, this mountain rises from the plains of Marwar "like a granite island from the sea;"¹ its highest point, Guru Sikar, or Saints' Pinnacle, attains the height of 5653 feet above the sea. Its precipitous sides intersected by ravines present bold and picturesque outlines; but the top opens out into a plateau, fourteen miles long and two to four miles broad. This plateau is cut up everywhere by granite rocks of the most fantastic shapes, overgrown with luxurious vegetation. In its midst lies the Nakhi Talao, or pearl-lake, which richly deserves its name; it is a perfect gem of its kind. About a mile to the north, at Deulwara, is the place sacred to the Jains, which is covered by a group of temples. There are altogether five. The finest amongst them are the two shrines above mentioned, built of white marble and "carved with all the delicacy of ornament which the resources of Indian art could devise."²

The impression they produce on the European visitor who enters their courts for the first time can be best described in the words of James Fergusson.³ "The temple of Vimalasah, he says, presents externally no architectural feature, being merely a plain wall, covered with plaster; over it is seen the sikra on which repeated coats of whitewash have obliterated any ornament it may have possessed. The external porch too is insignificant, so that one is totally unprepared for the splendour of the interior which bursts on the astonished traveller. The

¹ Sir W. Hunter, *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, vol. i. p. 5 *et seq.*

² Sir W. Hunter.

³ *Picturesque Illustrations of Ancient Architecture in Hindostan*, London, 1848, p. 40, and *History of Architecture*, vol. iii. p. 236 *et seq.*

¹ A picture of the cell of one of these temples was given on page 249, SUNDAY AT HOME.

whole of its floor, pillars, and roof, are of the finest white marble, and every portion—except the floor—is carved with a delicacy and beauty of which the engraving (comp. p. 249) gives but a very faint idea; all is now sharp and perfect as the day it was built, and seen in a bright, clear Indian sun, and with a clear, blue sky to contrast with its dazzling whiteness, it will be long before I forget the effect it produced on me. The modern temple is richer and more exuberant in ornament than the older; the difference between the two is much the same that exists between the choir of Westminster Abbey and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, that stands behind it. But the carvings introduced by the Gothic architects in that chapel, are coarse and clumsy in comparison with those that adorn the porch of the Jain temple. A picture may give an idea of, but can never reproduce, the lace-like delicacy of the fairy forms into which the patient chisel of the Hindoo has carved the white marble."

A few miles southward of the foot of Mount Abu in the plains are the extensive remains of an ancient city, Chaudravati; it was destroyed by the Mohammedan invasion in the middle of the fourteenth century; its ruins have served the neighbouring villagers as a quarry; of many of its temples little more than solitary pillars have been left.

The highest point of the hills in Bengal south of Rajmahal, Parsvanath, is sacred to the Jains. It ought to be the most hallowed spot of all; for no less than nineteen out of twenty-four saints have died and been buried on its heights, and the last but one, Parsvanath, has given it his name. But the architecture is not in keeping with the sanctity of the place; and the numerous temples scattered over the hill seem to be all modern or defaced by modern repairs.¹

The love of solitude and of the picturesque which forms so striking a feature of this religious sect, is shown by a group of buildings, erected in a remote and lonely valley which pierces the western flank of the Aravalli range. The principal temple at Sadri is 220 feet by 225; its central shrine is surrounded by twenty domes, resting on 420 pillars. The variety and beauty of its details, the play of light and shade in this forest of columns has a most excellent effect.

The rock of Gwalior, "one of the most remarkable high places of Central India," was built upon by Hindoos and Jains. It rises about 300 feet above the plain; it is crowned by long lines of battlements, beyond which spring up the domes of a noble palace and the towers of temples "grey with the moss of ages." The citadel was stormed by the Moslem emperor, Altamsh, of Delhi, in 1232; its Hindoo sanctuaries narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of the fanatical Sikandar Lodi, in 1516. There are altogether eleven shrines, some standing, some lying in ruins; a picture of one of them, the loftiest and most striking in outline, was given on p. 104, SUNDAY AT HOME, December 1891. Close by are two Jain temples, one great, the other small, called Sas Bahee, "the hundred armed," and commonly

surnamed "mother-in-law and daughter-in-law." The print on p. 377 represents the larger of the two. An inscription informs us that it was built by Raja Mahipala, and finished in 1093 A.D., in honour of Padmanatha, the sixth of the saints. There are numerous sculptures of the Hindoo gods over the various doorways; and the figure of Vishnu appears in the centre above the main entrance; but the Jains admitted the deities of the Brahmans into their pantheon. What we see before us in the picture is merely the porch, built in shape of a cross; it is 100 feet long from north to south, and 63 feet broad from east to west. The sanctuary itself, with its cell and tower, has disappeared; but the porch is still entire, though dreadfully ruined. It consists of three stories of opened pillared porticoes, which are covered by projecting corrugated eaves. The lower half of the basement story is divided into square niches filled with sculptures; many of the figures have disappeared, much of the carved stone of the plinth has been removed; the roof is much shattered; the height of the building which was originally at least 100 feet, has now been reduced to 70 feet; still, after the ravages of time and men, the ruin presents a picturesque sight.

The smaller temple close by, has also a cruciform shape; it consists of only a single story. An older shrine further to the north, built against the eastern wall of the fort, was discovered in 1844 by General Cunningham; but it has been used as a mosque, and though made up of Jaina materials, it is perhaps an entirely Mohammedan building.

The face of the rock, moreover, on which the fort stands, has been scooped out into innumerable caves and niches, some containing sculptures of gigantic size, representing Jaina saints; they must have been carved between 1497 and 1530 within 33 years. In the temples built upon, in the excavations sunk into the rocks, the religion of Mahavira and of the twenty-four saints has left memorial of itself that seems as lasting as the hill of Gwalior.

The Palette and the Picture.

A SPLASH of crimson, and a dash of blue;
A stain of brown, a spot of faded green—
There on the Palette lay each ill-matched line,
While still the artist sat, with eye serene
Gazing upon his Picture—on the face
That mirrored a sweet soul for all to see.
Then came his little boy into the place—
"Father! this cannot a nice Picture be!"
(His small eyes level with the Palette's daubs.)
The artist pointed upward as he smiled
Then thought I humbly 'tween my heart's great throbs,
"Have I not been as foolish as this child?"
Wondering at Life's blurred Palette—looking low—
While—high—the Picture fair begins to grow.

¹ J. Fergusson, p. 239 *et seq.*

SEEKING THE DEAD, FINDING THE LIVING CHRIST.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"—*John* xx. 15.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary."—*John* xx. 16.

IT was the morning of the first Easter Day.

Among those who had come to Jerusalem to witness not the annual Paschal sacrifices only, but also the offering of the "one full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world," was Mary of Magdala, a famous and prosperous city on the western side of the Galilæan lake. She was one of those who had sadly watched the scene enacted on Calvary.¹ She was one of two who had watched the loving reverence with which the believing Sanhedrists, Nicodemus and Joseph, had laid the sacred body in the tomb. She had been a member of the first company that on the Easter morning had come to embalm the body of the Lord. Speeding with the angelic message to the disciples, she had returned to the garden, and stood now, without the rock-hewn tomb, in silent prolonged contemplation. When the angel visitants of that sepulchre sought to comfort her, she told them of her hopeless grief, and turned away from the proffered consolation. As she turned, there met her gaze an unrecognised form. He asked her, "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" Thinking he had borne away the body of her Lord, she asked where it had been laid; then hearing her own name uttered by a voice which she thought was stilled in death, she recognised it to be none other than the Lord who had asked "Why weepest thou?"

Why did she weep? Because she was a woman who possessed but a dead Christ. The Christ she had known and loved had been nailed upon the cross, pierced by cruel, laid by loving hands in the grave. She had witnessed that entombment; all hope was extinguished. Forget the Christ she could not. Did not the most blessed of memories cluster round the life that He had lived in Galilee? Had He not spoken wondrous parables of love, for He was a "Teacher sent from God?" Were not the words He uttered such as "never man spake," and could the memory of such matchless miracles as He performed ever fade away? Had she not especial proof of His saving power when He rid her of the domination of seven devils? But this was but memory; for now the Christ had died. He was no longer teaching the Father's love; no longer laying His hands on the sick and healing them. He was not the Christ of a present salvation upholding those who were weak and distressed. He was no longer what He had been, the Christ of a present consolation. He was a dead Christ, and even the consolation of lavishing her grateful love upon His lifeless body was now denied.

They, too, are sad who to-day have but a dead Christ. Not, indeed, that they deny the Gospel narrations of that first Easter Day. Yet they

have not the sense of a living, present Christ. He is a Christ that was; speaking, teaching, working, suffering as the Gospels tell us. He is a Christ that died, that rose, that is ascended into glory. But He is not a Christ present to their spiritual senses, a living Christ ever with them; a Saviour to whom they can turn for present comfort, for strength, for deliverance. He brings no calm into life's tempest, no light into life's darkness; He is no more to them for communion, for counsel, for consolation, for strength, than the dead. Men need a present, living Jesus.

Yet how near was He whom she sought! It seems as if during the interval after the Resurrection there was something which hindered the recognition of the Lord Jesus.¹ She stood by, contemplating Him, yet knew Him not. He spoke to her, yet gained no recognition. He interpreted her very sorrow; showed that He knew it was a friend that she had lost; asked, "Whom seekest thou?" Yet still her "eyes were holden." So is He near us still, speaking to us. He is coming near to restless, discontented hearts who have not found a present living Saviour. He is near, seeking to interpret to unquiet souls the secret of their restlessness—they need a Friend. Even in the deepest darkness when all hope seems blotted out, He is near to cheer us. Yea, while we dream of but a dead Christ, all memory, with no present comforting grace, then, even then, He is but waiting, yearning, to reveal Himself to our hearts: "Behold, I am alive for evermore."

Then she who had come to revere a dead, found a living Christ. Still unrecognised, He who had asked "Why weepest thou?" uttered her name "Mary." The name, the tone, brought recognition. It was a living voice, and the voice was that of her Lord. He was not dead, but alive. She had seen Him laid in the tomb, but now He was risen. No longer was He a Christ of memory, of past yet treasured deeds of love and deliverance. He was a Christ of present salvation and consolation, already wiping away tears, already binding up the broken-hearted, giving beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.²

For this transformation one word had sufficed, He had said unto her, Mary. The prophetic utterance had received a new fulfilment, "Fear not, I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine."³ The parable of the Good Shepherd was true, "He calleth His own sheep by name;" and this, too, the sheep "know His voice."⁴

Blessed are they whom the Living Christ, the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep, calls by name. It was thus Saul of Tarsus

¹ Compare the story of the walk to Emmaus in *Luke* xxiv.

² *Isa.* lxi. 1, 3.

³ *Isa.* xliii.

⁴ *John* x. 3, 4.

¹ *Matt.* xxvii. 56; *Mark* xv. 47; *Matt.* xxvii. 61.

learnt that the Crucified was risen and alive; with the emphasis of repetition He called him "Saul, Saul." And if the very name is not repeated, as to some it still seems to be, yet there is an individual calling, a tender remembrance of our personal difficulties. He calls us according to our individual natures and dispositions, not startling the timid, yet rousing the slumbering. He discovers the name of each, and calls each to his own duty, or sacrifice; each one finding in Christ his own need satisfied. And it is in this personal fellowship with Christ that we prove Him to be living. Every man may possess this indubitable evidence of the Eastertide miracle. Ours is not a dead Christ; not one who merely rose again; He is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of Hell and Death.¹ He is a present Consoler, a Teacher now in our midst, a Saviour working for us present deliverances, a living unchanging Friend, "the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever." Called by our name, we find a living Christ.

Many in Christendom to-day will miss the resurrection joy. They will come to revere a dead Christ, or at least adore one risen aforetime, when they should exult in one living and present.

Some will think of the historic Jesus, depicted in the Gospels, the record of whose wondrous words and acts we have to-day. To these the story of the Resurrection is remote. Its issue and meaning to them is not a Christ who can say, "I am alive," "Lo I am with you always." Christ is rather the nucleus of the most famous of miracles, than the source of a present peace, and joy, and strength. They are the victims of the sorrow known of all who have not received the consolation of a living Saviour. If they do not weep to-day at the foot of the cross, they certainly are not present when He speaks, "Peace be unto you."¹ At the best they bow by a vacant tomb. Yet He is near whom they seek, endowed with glory exceeding all their thought, no longer dead but living. Perchance, too, He is calling them, in accents that to each should speak His love. Thrice blessed will they be who this Easter morn, respond to the call of the living Jesus, "Rabboni, Master," who take Him to rule, and guide, and save, who find Him, a living Saviour, a present Consolation, the Eternal Life. To them it belongs to say not only "The Lord is risen indeed," but also, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES,

AND THE QUESTION OF MIRACULOUS HEALING BY RELICS.

WITHOUT entering for a moment on the discussion of the possible or probable authenticity of the ancient woollen tunic that has been shown at Treves as the seamless robe of our Lord, and publicly vouched for by the Bishop as such on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, and visited by endless processions of pilgrims, we may just glance for a moment at one or two remarks upon it made by a well-known Romanist writer (the Editor of the "Month"). Arguing from the fact that the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment was made whole by "virtue" that went out of the Lord, he proceeds to assert that in the same way "virtue" proceeds from the Virgin when the water of the spring at Lourdes heals any sick person; and "virtue" still goes out from Christ when anyone is healed after touching the Treves relic.

There is, therefore, the writer says, "an infused and derived virtue in the garment itself." How contrary this is to the spirit of Christianity, the words of our Lord plainly show when He rebuked the Jews of His day for their worship of shrines and relics in those memorable words, "Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous." These, like their successors, worshipped and honoured

the material relics of God's messengers while turning a deaf ear to their solemn message.

The proofs that the present exhibition of the Holy Coat has been attended by miraculous cures will (we are told) be given to the world shortly. They are at present withheld, as the Bishop of Treves has "thought it well not to publish the miracles God has wrought until they have been thoroughly tested by the lapse of time and by scientific investigation;" a highly praiseworthy course, and one which we commend in earnestness and sincerity to all interested in the subject of "faith-healing."

A brief *résumé* is, however, given of "miracles" wrought by the coat in 1844. Curiously enough, the writer admits the possibility that, even in the case of a spurious relic, cures might be wrought, though necessarily limited to "*the effect of a strong imagination, or of the influence on the nervous system of a persuasion of the miracle-working qualities of the article in question.*" No words could better express to our minds the true cause of the miracles at shrines and relic-exhibitions at Treves, Lourdes, and elsewhere.

But let us glance at the three most "remarkable" that were wrought in 1844, as selected by the writer on account of their indubitably supernatural origin.

The Countess von Droste-Vischering had her

¹ Rev. i. 18.

¹ John xx. 21.

right leg fixed at a right angle by a swelling in the knee of two years' standing. On touching the relic she was able to put the foot to the ground, and though the pain and a limp continued she was sufficiently recovered to become a Sister of Charity and partially to use the limb.

Sir Benjamin Brodie long ago said that four-fifths of the cases of knee diseases among the upper classes were purely hysterical. Further comment is needless: the case being fully explained by the sentence printed in italics; the only difficulty being why the cure was not more complete—for we have seen many such cases recovering entirely; neither pain nor limp remaining. The "miracle" was lamentably imperfect, and yet this was "the cure that made most stir in 1844."

The description of the next miracle is so confused and horribly grotesque as to be almost beyond criticism. We are told a girl, Caroline Koch, met with an accident that cut the "pupil of her eye" in two. It is impossible to conceive what is meant by this. This accident apparently fixed the eye in some extraordinary way for it no longer "moved to and fro with the other." But the "cure" is the most marvellous part. The iris, we are told, partly reappeared, and an "artificial" pupil formed to replace the original one that had been destroyed. This extraordinary nonsense is, of course, best appreciated by the medical mind; but all will wonder how an "artificial" pupil can "form" in an eye. In the first place the

"pupil" is not anything at all, but merely the name for the hole in the centre of the iris, that looks black because the interior of the eyeball is dark. But, even supposing the pupil was anything, how could it be artificial if it "formed?" unless, indeed, the whole "miracle" were so? Surely the writer meant to say a "natural pupil," but he does not do so, and even if he did, we should only have one absurdity replaced by another.

The third and last case of the three selected samples is that of Anna Wagner, a woman of thirty-seven, who, for four years, had gangrene of the lower jaw. This sounds dreadful, but is not uncommon, and is certainly not incurable. On laying a picture of the Holy Coat on her face when at Treves, she returned home perfectly cured. It is impossible to say more about this case, save that the absence of all details renders it impossible to attempt to estimate its value or the suddenness of the cure.

That many cures have been effected last year as well, and will by-and-by be published, we have not the least doubt; but we think the writer has in the italicised paragraph clearly suggested the *modus operandi*. For the sake of truth, and for the sake of the church's faith, let us hope that the "scientific investigation" which is promised, may be strictly carried out. All Christendom, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, and the medical world also, desires to know the facts.

ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.

AN ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE following incident of the early years of the Queen pleasantly illustrates her goodness of heart. It occurred in October 1843, three years and a half after her marriage to Prince Albert, which took place on February 10th, 1840, and it is therefore possible that the circumstances were known also to the Prince Consort; but whether it was so or not, his Royal Highness does not appear in the matter. We know, however, that his disposition of generous charity was the same; and when he heard of the vote in the House of Commons greatly limiting his allowance, the only regret expressed by him was that he would have less to dispose of in helping others. His own wants were few, and his personal expenses moderate. But we must confine ourselves to the facts of the case which we would now recall.

An aged bookseller, William Jones, a native of Poulton, near Chester, where he was born in 1762, had removed to London in 1809, and had long struggled to support himself by his shop, and by his writings, one of which was a "History of the Waldenses." His father, and his grandfather before him, had been tenants of a small farm, under the ancestors of the present Duke of Westminster, then Earl Grosvenor. At first

William Jones had been designed for the Church, and was placed under the care of a clergyman to be educated with this view. But meeting with a book written by a "Scotch Baptist," he joined himself to that communion, first at Chester, then at Liverpool, where he became pastor of a Baptist church, and finally came to London.

In his old age he fell into great poverty, and his name was brought under the charitable notice of Royalty. A letter was sent to him, signed G. E. Anson, then Secretary to her Majesty. The latter, dated Windsor Castle, October 22nd, 1843, thus commenced: "Sir,—Her Majesty has been informed of the situation to which you are reduced, and is sorry to find that an author to whom the public is so considerably indebted should arrive at the state in which her Majesty understands you are now placed; and I am commanded to write to you to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to you to avail yourself of the benefit of a charitable institution for decayed persons who have seen better days, to which her Majesty could nominate you."

The appointment was "a poor brotherhood of the Charter House," and the letter explained in detail all the benefits of that well-known institution, where so many literary men have found

in their old age a comfortable and peaceful refuge. He also stated the qualifications for appointment, namely, that the brother "must be a bachelor or widower, a British subject, a member of the Church of England, and not under fifty when admitted." The letter ended with the words, "Should it suit you to accept this appointment, the Queen has much pleasure in offering it to you, and will nominate you forthwith."

Two or three days afterwards, Mr. William Jones, A.M., sent a very long reply to the royal Secretary. He began by saying that the communication with which he had been favoured, by Her Majesty's gracious command, was so wholly unexpected, and so completely a matter of surprise, that he found himself quite overpowered by the royal condescension, and incapacitated from making any immediate reply.

After expressing his extreme gratitude and his fervent loyalty, the good old man, wrote an elaborate statement of his reasons for conscientiously declining so desirable a position—the substance of the reply being that he could not accept it as he was "a dissenter upon principle." Craving pardon for his prolixity, which he begged might be set down to "the garrulity which is one of the infirmities of age," he concluded by desiring every blessing upon the Queen and the Royal family.

Many people would have put aside this letter as that of a foolish old man. But what did her Majesty do? She directed that the sum of 60*l.* should be paid to Mr. Jones from the Royal Bounty Fund in annual instalments of 20*l.* each. The recipient was then eighty-two, and he lived to receive two of the payments. In our day we suppose this would have been a fit case for the aid of the Royal Literary Fund; but not the less is the charity and patience of the Queen to be admired, and her respect for the conscientious scruples of this "dissenter on principle."

J. M.

CHAPPIE.

CHAPTER III.—CHAPPIE'S VISITOR.



It was afternoon. Chappie had been hard at work; by his side were some tiny chairs cut out of pieces of rough wood. Tired out, the little fellow had lain back to rest.

Half an hour later, Mr. Millar entered Foundry Court. Stopping at No. 3, he asked some children who were playing on the doorstep if Mrs. Bennett lived there. "Yes," was the reply, "back room at the top, you'll be sure to find Chappie."

Mr. Millar went up the narrow staircase, and knocked gently at the door. There was no answer, so he pushed it open, and softly entered. Chappie had fallen asleep. So frail did the child look, that tears filled Mr. Millar's eyes as he bent over him.

"Poor little fellow," he murmured, "we must try to do something for you."

Perhaps it was the magnetism of the look that roused

Chappie, for just at that moment his blue eyes opened. He did not seem in the least surprised, but as his gaze met that of the stranger, a smile lit up his pale face, and he asked:

"Is you Lord Jesus?"

"No, my little man," was the answer, "but I am His servant, and He has sent me to you."

"Has He? how good of Him! Then you can tell me all 'bout Him?"

"Ycs."

"And do you know where 'Paradise' is too?" was the eager question.

"Ycs, I can tell you that also. But would you like to come on my knee for a change? You are not too big to be nursed, are you?" asked Mr. Millar.

"No, mother nurses me sometimes on Sundays, after she's done the washing," answered Chappie.

So Mr. Millar wrapped the quilt round the child, and sitting down took him on his knee, resting the fair, curly head against his breast.

"Now tell me 'bout Lord Jesus, and 'Paradise,'" said the little fellow.

"I will tell you a story first. There was once a good king who was ruler over many lands, and whose greatest wish was to make his people happy. He made laws, which if obeyed would bring about the well-being of his subjects. He taught, not only by words, but by his life also, that it is good to serve others, and that to make others happy is to be joyful oneself. Many of the people obeyed these laws, and tried to live as their king did, and were very happy. But in a far off part of his kingdom were some who thought it would be fine to do as they liked, and who said they would not obey any one. They would look after themselves, and please themselves. So they took no notice of the king's commands, but acted as they liked. They no longer sought to serve one another, but each thought of his own good only, and tried to get riches and happiness for himself. If one did not get quite so well off as his neighbour he began to grow jealous, and to hate him. In a little time this part of the kingdom became a very unhappy place, and the people grew cruel and hard. The beautiful things the king had given them were spoiled, because they were no longer looked after and rightly used. When the king heard about it he was greatly troubled, and longed to help these poor foolish people. So he sent his son to them, to make known his laws, and save them from the consequences of their disobedience. The prince went, and although he was not well received, a few of the people listened to him and did as he told them. He always talked about his father, telling how good he was, and showing that the laws had been made for their welfare. Yet he was very badly treated, some few learned to love him, and through him, learned to know and love the king. Those who obeyed him began to be different. Their manners became more gentle, and they far happier. But the prince was slain. Strange to say, death had no power over him. He shook off its chains, and went home to his father, sending help to his followers. But, Chappie, my story is not half good enough to show you what I want to. There is, really, a greater and better King than this. God is our Father-King, and we are His children. The Lord Jesus is His Son, and our Brother, and He came once to live on this earth because people did not understand God. He came to show us what His Father and ours is, and to save us from our sins. He died for us. And although He went away again, He never really loses sight of His people. We cannot see Him, but He is always near to make us happy. Wherever Jesus is, it is like Paradise."

"Then it isn't heaven?" asked Chappie.

"Heaven is where we shall go when our Father calls us nearer to Him. Ycs, heaven is sometimes called Paradise,

but we need not wait until we go to heaven to know what its happiness will be like," answered Mr. Millar.

"People can't go to heaven till they die, can they?" enquired the child.

"No, but they can have a foretaste of heaven here. Wherever Jesus is, there is love, and love makes Paradise."

"But mother says it isn't likely that Lord Jesus would come to such a place as this," said Chappie in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, yes, He will. The more places and people need Him, the more He is willing to come. He will come here; why, Chappie, He sent me to tell you so."

"I'm glad He'll come," said the child, "'cause I'se so lonely when mother and Sue are out."

"Well, next time you are lonely you think of Him, and talk to Him. Though you cannot see Him, He can see and will hear you. Shall we tell Him you want Him now?" and the minister's voice was very soft and yet so full of trust, that Chappie was sure he was talking to some one who was quite close, as he said:

"Dear Lord Jesus, be with the little lad, and help him to understand."

There was just a moment's quietness, and then Mr. Millar said, "How would you like to go into the country, Chappie?"

"Are you going to take me to be 'nearer the king'?" asked the child still thinking of the story.

"Yes, and no. He is not going to take you to heaven yet; but we should like to send you into the country for a few weeks, that you may see the green grass, and the fine old trees, and pluck the flowers; and watch the beautiful sky."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Chappie, "once mother took Sue and me to the park."

"Well, the country is better even than the park. Would you like to go there and stay with some one I know? You might grow strong and well before you came back."

"Then I could go to school along o' Sue, and learn things," and the child's eyes danced with delight at the thought.

"We will see if it can be managed. But I must go now," and Mr. Millar tenderly laid the little fellow back on his bed, and as he stooped to kiss the upturned face said, "I will come again, Chappie, and tell you more, and see your mother. Good-bye, little man."

Very thoughtfully the minister walked home. "Poor laddie," he said to himself, "the first step will be to send him away. Mrs. Lee's farm will be the place, and she is just the woman to care for him, and teach him too. I will write to her to-night."

CHAPTER IV.—HOLLY FARM.

THE letter was written, and very soon came the answer that Mrs. Lee would gladly receive the little lad. As he could not travel alone it was decided that Sue should go with him, and remain a fortnight at Holly Farm, by the end of which Chappie would have become used to his surroundings. Mr. Millar interested some of his friends in the Bennetts, and by the time all was arranged, suitable clothing was ready for both the children.

From the day that Chappie knew he was really going into the country, he began to grow stronger. A purpose seemed to have entered his life, and there was little doubt that a few months spent in the pure fresh air of Hampshire, with good wholesome food, would bring health and strength to his frail little body.

There was great excitement in Foundry Court on the morning that Mr. Millar drove to the entrance in a cab; and many were the good wishes expressed by the neighbours when Chappie was carried downstairs, and comfortably settled with his mother and sister to drive to the station. Sue was half wild with delight, but Chappie was

a little sad at the thought of leaving his mother. However, Mr. Millar talked so cheerily, and drew such pictures of his home-coming, that although the tears were very near the surface, the little face was bright with smiles, even when the train steamed away from the platform. Mrs. Bennett turned to the minister and said in a husky voice, "God bless you, sir, for caring for my little lad," and then hurried away.

Mrs. Lee met the children at the country station. Sue and Chappie would never forget the kindness of her welcome, and the delight of that first drive in the farm cart. Holly Farm was six miles from the station, and the first view the children had of the old house was a very pretty one. Leaving the village of Cadnam, and crossing a wooden bridge that spanned a little stream, they entered a winding country lane. Hedges and trees grew on either side, while here and there was a farm-house, in front of which whole families of pigs grunted and snorted. At a bend in the lane the thatched roof of Holly Farm came into sight. The house itself nestling amongst the trees at the foot of a hill looked very inviting. A large staghound barked joyfully as the cart neared the gate, and Mrs. Lee's daughter Rose came out to welcome the little visitors.

How soon they felt at home, and what a mansion that farm-house seemed to them, with its big low-ceilinged rooms, and its queer staircase! and how pretty the beds looked with their white hangings! It was but a small farm, and house and furniture had long since seen their best days, but Chappie and Sue had never before seen any place to compare with it.

It was sweet spring weather. The warmth of the sun was changing the full buds on the bushes and trees into tender little leaves, while amongst the fresh grass and soft moss bloomed the golden primroses. On the morning after their arrival Rose took the children on to the common, and spread an old shawl in the sunshine on which she placed Chappie. He lay on the sloping hillside drinking in the glory around him. The soft breezes came to him like angel's kisses, and the songs of the birds, as he watched them fly across the blue sky, were wafted to him as the singing of those who were "nearest the king." To him it seemed in very truth a "Paradise."

Sue was dancing about, stopping now and again to gather primroses, or to search for the violets that hid themselves more closely amongst the grass and leaves. Presently she sat down beside her brother, and began to arrange her flowers.

"See, Chappie, are not these lovely?" and she handed him a bunch of primroses.

"Yes, but I like to see 'em growing best. Why, Sue, they look as if the stars had dropped down out of the sky in the night, and had gone on shining in the daytime. It's 'most a pity to pick them."

"Oh, there's plenty more," said Sue. "What do these look like? You always fancy such queer things, Chappie," and she pointed to the rich dark violets.

"Why, like as if a bit of the evening sky had dropped with the stars," dreamily answered the child.

"I mean to take a big bunch home to mother," said Sue, "and I'll tell her what you say about them."

"Poor mother! I 'spects she misses us," said Chappie, "won't you have a lot to tell her, Sue?"

* * * *

All too quickly the time passed, and Sue's holiday came to an end. She and her little brother had never before been parted, but the thought that he was growing stronger, took away most of the pain of separation. If the little room in Foundry Court did look more dingy on her return, it was lighted up by pictures of the sweet country she had seen, and filled with visions of a brighter future, for was not Chappie coming back to her strong and well?