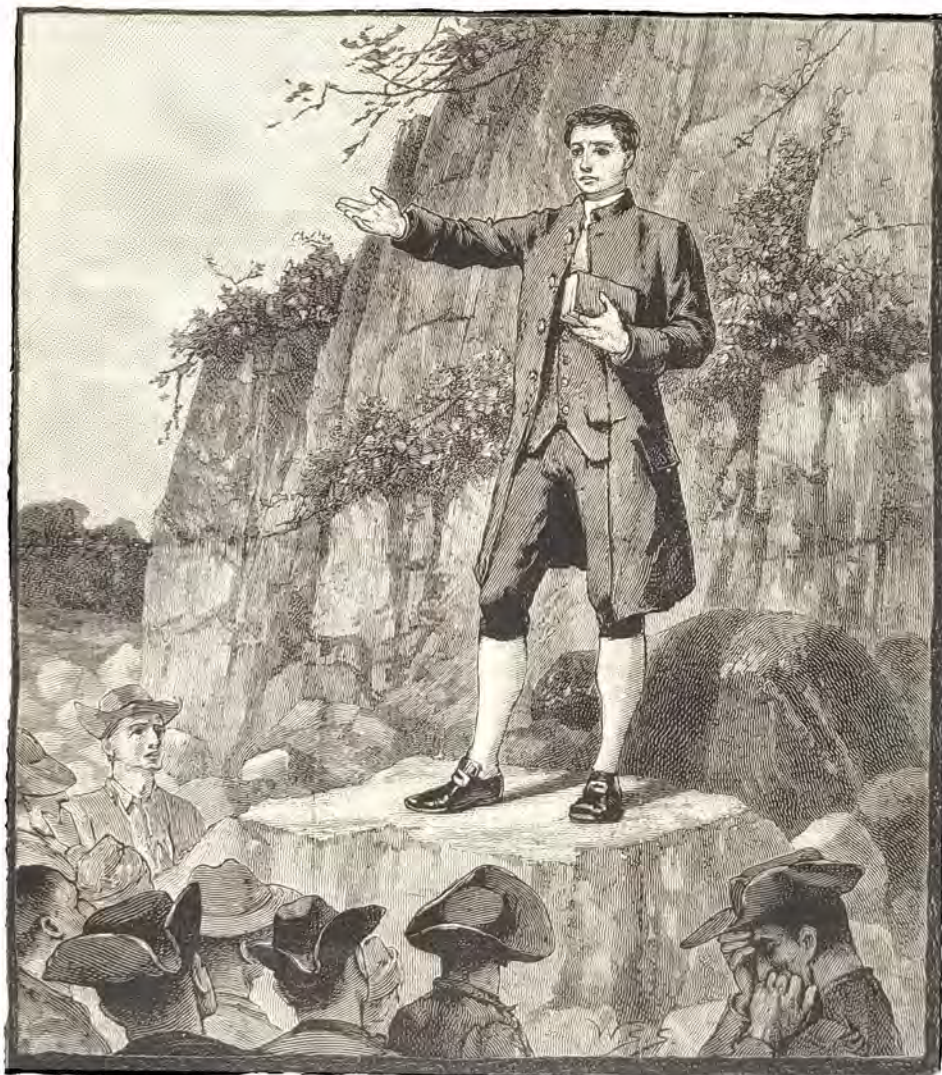


THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.'



A MARK FOR THE BULLET.

CHAPTER XXVI.—FOUND AT HIS POST.

"TOM HERON, don't thee go to preach at the Quarries this even. There is mischief meant thee, if thee goes. If thee regards thy safety stay away. From, One who knows."

These words were scrawled, with many false spellings, upon a piece of dirty paper, and thrust beneath the door of Tom's cottage at Ernscliff.

No. 1983.—APRIL 30, 1892.

It was a Sunday morning, and he was eating his breakfast when blind Molly brought the scrap of paper she had found, and asked if it was anything of importance.

The young man cast his eyes over the words, and then folded the paper and slipped it into his pocket.

"Something about the preaching to-day," he answered quietly as he turned to his food again.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Sit thee down, Molly, lassie, and take thy breakfast with me."

"Thee be going to preach at the colliery this morning, Tom?"

"Ay, and at the Quarries at sundown. I like preaching there of a summer night, Molly: the great red sun dips down behind the hill opposite like a ball of fire, and the sky is all a blaze of gold and red and purple, and sometimes it seems as if one could look on and on and up into heaven itself, the great white gates of pearl, and the gold and precious stones of the Heavenly Jerusalem. It is a beautiful world as God made it, my Molly, and only cruel and wicked and hideous where man's handiwork comes in. It sets one thinking sometimes what the eternal home will be like—where naught that defileth can enter in."

It was not often that Tom spoke in this vein, and Molly looked at him with the wistful gaze of sightless eyes, as if to question mutely if anything were amiss.

"I would like to go with thee, Tom," she said.

"'Twould be too far for thee to walk, lassie; thee had better go to church with the rest. Maybe this evening towards sun-down thee might find some one to walk out with thee towards the Quarries, and I will bring thee home; but thee must not come alone."

"I'd like to hear thee preach, Tom, thee does it so beautiful."

He smiled and passed his hand thoughtfully across his brow.

"Well, well, if thee can find some trusty companion, thee can do as thee will; but it might be better for thee to bide at home to-day."

"Why, Tom?"

"Nay, I know not. 'Tis but a feeling I have. God bless thee, lassie, and good-bye. Thou hast been a good sister and a blessing to me."

He stooped over her and kissed her as he rose to go, and Molly, warmly returning the embrace, felt a sudden chill as of misgiving or alarm. Tom was a very kind and gentle brother, but he was not demonstrative, and embraces between the two were of rare occurrence.

"Good-bye, Tom, there; there bea'n't anything the matter with thee, be there?" she asked tentatively, feeling too helpless in her blindness to read his face for information as others would have done.

"Nay, nay, there be naught amiss with me," answered Tom stroking her soft hair caressingly: "But there be times in a man's life when he likes to speak a bit of his love, and I do love thee, Molly, my lassie, though there be times when I have been an ill brother to thee. Give my love to mother, if thee should see her. I be main glad she goes to church so regular, and that they keep no company of a Sunday now at the Red Dragon. Sax be a different place from what it used to be four or five years back."

"It do be, indeed," answered Molly eagerly, "and folks say as thee has had a deal to do with it, Tom."

"Folks speak a deal too well of me now," said Tom thoughtfully, varying expressions chasing themselves over his face as he prepared to depart. "Sometimes I wonder if it be good for one to be

praised. The disciple should scarce be above his Lord, and He was despised and rejected. But there, there, He knows best, and He divides His gifts to every man as He will, sometimes keeping us in the shadow, sometimes bidding us walk on in sunshine."

With one backward look at his old home, and another up towards the great house upon the crest of the rising ground, Tom Heron hurried away in the direction of Hownston. He hardly knew why his heart was filled with this sudden rush of emotion. Certainly the warning he had received seemed to point to the conclusion that the period of calm which he had enjoyed for some time past was to be broken in upon, and that some hostile and menacing movement was to be made; but that was not a matter greatly to disturb him. He had passed through many such crises in various places before. He had been with Nelson and others in scenes of violence and peril, and the result had always showed him that those who were doing the Lord's work were preserved by Him from grievous bodily harm. Tom did not look to be miraculously preserved, but he did hold that it was his duty to go calmly upon his way, undeterred by any threat or violence that might be offered him. His duty was plain, to think of the cause first, and himself second. If peril came he would meet it bravely, and strive to overcome it; but to be deterred from fulfilling any engagement he had made, just because he had received an anonymous warning, was a thing that never seriously entered his head. He had seen and heard enough of Mr. Wesley's cool intrepidity under similar circumstances to feel perfectly resolved as to his own course. It might be even that the warning was but a ruse to try and scare him away from his post, and to let it be known then what manner of man the preacher was, who fled from his flock at the first hint of danger. Tom actually smiled to himself as he thought of this; and he tramped the long miles to Hownston in the hot sunshine of an early August morning, as steady and resolved as though that mysteriously worded missive in his pocket had no existence.

He preached to a large gathering of colliers that morning, dined with the foreman of the pit, and met one or two classes in the afternoon. It was afterwards remarked that the words spoken to each person that day were particularly apt and convincing; and he left the place escorted by a number of rough fellows, resolved to hear him again at the Quarries.

The rich glow of an August sunset was lighting up the hillside upon which the Quarries were situated when Tom Heron stood forth before the large assembly gathered to hear him, and gave out his text: "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

Behind the preacher was a small pinewood, the dark foliage of the trees making a telling background for the stalwart and erect figure. The preacher looked straight across the valley westward to the spot where the golden sun was sinking in gorgeous panoply of red and gold to its nightly rest. The ground fell away so rapidly that, without any sort of pulpit, he was raised above his hearers as effectually as if he occupied

an artificially-raised platform, and his powerful voice rang out over the heads of his audience in tones that were distinctly audible to every soul in the crowd.

Tom did not to-night play upon the terrors of his listeners. His talk was not of the fearful doom of the wicked, the torment and eternal misery of hell, the seething wickedness of this present world, and the headstrong way in which men were hurrying on to their doom.

No, to-night he took another theme—the blessedness of those who, watching in faith and steadfast hope for the coming of their Lord, should be found with minds and heart turned heavenwards, when the day should come for their Lord to call them to Himself, or should Himself return to them and bid them give an account of their stewardship.

Probably Tom had preached in his time many more thrilling sermons, but there was something in his whole look and manner as he spoke to his hearers to-night that held them spell-bound, and brought tears of feeling to many unaccustomed eyes. The effect produced upon the hearers of the word is doubtless greatly proportioned to the depth of feeling in the heart of the preacher: and to-night Tom was speaking from his very heart, not declaiming, denouncing, driving men to repentance by sheer fear of the consequences and the hideousness of sin: but pleading, imploring, reasoning with them: not threatening them, not speaking to them as impenitent sinners to be drawn to receive the atonement of the Cross, but as brothers and fellow-labourers in the vineyard, who have accepted that atonement, and having become the servants of the Lord, should be found by Him always abiding in their faith and love, true to themselves, and to the holy cause in which they had enrolled themselves, with minds and hearts fixed heavenwards, waiting and watching, and counting each day lost that was not one step nearer to God—that had not brought them in some small degree nearer to the loving Saviour, whose gracious words to all had been: “Come unto Me, I will give you rest.”

These words had just passed his lips—“I will give you rest;” and in the momentary pause he made, his eyes had turned from his congregation towards the sunset sky, now one blaze of radiant glory. Some of the glory seemed to be reflected upon the face of the preacher; many saw the strange look in his dark eyes, as though for him the heavens themselves had opened, as though he looked upon sights which from their eyes were hidden. A hush, a pause as of expectancy fell upon the assembled crowd, and then there rang out sharp and clear the report of fire-arms.

A start—a smothered exclamation from a hundred tongues, and the whole mass swayed and surged back and forward like the waves of a troubled sea; for Tom Heron, the preacher, two seconds after the report which had startled them all, threw up his arms in a sudden and spasmodic way, tottered forward a few steps, and then fell heavily face downwards and lay still and motionless upon the ground.

A wild cry went up from the assembled crowd, and for a moment it seemed as if a spell of horror

had fallen upon them. Then two strong men came dashing out from the panic-stricken crowd, and with them a young girl, who clung fast to the arm of one. The next moment Molly was holding Tom's head upon her lap, whilst Jos Dawson and Mike Portway bent over him, striving in their tender, but unskilled fashion to discover the extent of the injury done him.

Tom's face was ashy-pale, his half-closed eyes seemed to be glazing with the film of death. There was no great effusion of blood, but the bullet had struck him in the back, and what its course might be those about him could not even guess.

“Tom, Tom,” cried Molly in a voice sharpened by terror and anguish, “Oh, Jos, say that he is not dead.”

As the clear accents of the girl's voice fell upon the still air, Tom's eyes suddenly unclosed, and he slightly raised his head and gazed about him.

“What is it?” he asked faintly, and then recollection appeared to come back to him, and he looked round him with a strange smile.

“Is that Molly there? so thee came to hear Tom preach his last sermon, lassie? Molly, I thought to have taken care of thee till we grew old together: but the Lord knows best. The Lady of Ernscliff will not let thee want. My humble duty to her, and my blessing for all she has been to me and thee.”

These words fell cold upon the hearts of the listeners. Was Tom indeed stricken for death? Truly he looked like it, and he seemed to feel the approach of the last messenger. None of those gathered about him tried to combat his conviction, for they believed only too well that he was fast passing away, and out there in that wild spot there was no help to be had.

“Tom,” said Jos, kneeling down beside his old comrade, “thee need have no fear for Molly. She shall bide with the Lady of Ernscliff or with mother till she is a bit older, and then she shall come to me. I will make a home for her. I will take care of her. I have never cared for anybody in the world but Molly, and I will make her a good husband when she is grown old enough to come to me. Thee can trust her to me, Tom Heron? I know the lassie will not say me nay.”

Tom smiled faintly, and for answer took hold of Molly's fingers and placed them in the horny hand of Jos Dawson, who held them fast, whilst Molly, divided betwixt choking sobs and a sense of loving dependence upon Jos, remained passive, clinging unconsciously to the strong hand held out to her in token of life-long service.

“There be only Molly to look to me,” said Tom faintly, “God bless thee, Jos. I know thee'll make her a good husband some day. My love to mother. I wish I had been a better son to her—but we did better by each other at the end. God bless Sax, and all the folks there, I think His blessing has come upon them.”

“Tom, Tom, don't leave us—don't leave us—what shall we do without thee?”

This was the burden of the cry going up from hearts of the crowd now gathered about the little

group upon that lofty plateau. Tom's heavy eyelids lifted themselves once more, and he raised his head with a last access of strength.

"God bless you, lads," he said, in stronger accents than any in which he had yet spoken, "God bless you all, and keep you faithful till we meet again. I'd like to feel that I would see every one of you out there in yon bright land. Will you all try to come thither in God's good time?"

"We will, we will—ay, that we will," cried every man of that assembly. The hoarse voices broken by emotion surged round Tom like the tumultuous beating of waves upon the shore. His eyes were fixed upon the flaming western sky, his lips were parted in a smile. The hue of his face was death-like, but beneath the ashen pallor there seemed to shine an unearthly radiance. His lips moved, and Molly bent her head to catch the whispered words:

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word. Come unto Me—I will give you rest. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

That same evening, some two hours after sunset, the village of Sax became aware of some strange and unwonted commotion. The villagers heard the measured tread of hundreds of feet approaching along the road from the north—the measured tread as of a great army. Rushing out from their cottages they beheld a strange sight—the whole population, as it seemed, of the Quarry settlement, recruited by numbers of colliers and rustics from the outlying districts, all marching bare-headed at a slow and even pace four abreast, whilst in their midst was a number of their strongest fellows who were carrying upon their shoulders some heavy burden borne upon a hurdle, and draped in a white sheet.

There could be no mistaking the nature of such a burden, and ere the long procession had reached the first cottage in the place, all Sax knew that Tom Heron was dead, and that his body was lying cold and stiff beneath that white pall.

As the procession wound along the village street, there was not a man or boy, and hardly a woman who did not fall in into rank, and follow the bearers as they steadily toiled along. A great awe fell upon the place—there were many tears, but no loud lamentations. One had been suddenly called away from them by a fearful summons, but as they all whispered one to the other, "He was fit to go," and the tears shed were rather for those who had lost a friend and a brother, than for him who had been taken home in the midst of his work.

And thus it was that Tom Heron was brought home to Sax.

By whose hand he had met his death was never known. In the consternation of the moment nobody had attempted to pursue the miscreant, who must have hidden in the wood; and all after-search proved unavailing. Crimes and outrages were by no means rare in that as in later times, and many murderers went unpunished, many dark mysteries remain unravelled.

There were whispers abroad, ugly sinister whispers, that if Tom Heron had never thwarted

Captain Fortescue in his hoped-for abduction of Mrs. Mary Ernscliff, he would never have come to this violent end. Not that anybody believed the Captain to be directly connected with the matter. He was away from England on active service abroad, and however furious he might have been at the time, he would never have stooped to anything so base as secret assassination. But there was a strong feeling that this deed might have been an act of vengeance on the part of some of the lawless men he had hired on that occasion, who had heard his threats of vengeance, and had also themselves suffered through Tom's prompt action, in having missed the liberal reward promised to them should the ruse be successful, and the lady be entrapped into willing or unwilling wedlock. Mutterings had been heard from time to time in various quarters, and the note found upon Tom's person proved that the knowledge of a preconcerted scheme of attack had got wind in some quarter. But the mystery was never unravelled: all was speculation and surmise. Tom was dead—nothing could give him back again. Sax mourned for him long and truly; whilst those who knew him best felt that he would have rejoiced to know that none had suffered the penalty of the law on his account. He had been ready—even glad to go. Perchance another soul hurried into eternity with such a crime staining it might have been lost for ever. There was a strong feeling that things were better as they were, and that Tom would have been the first to say so.

His funeral was an event that was talked of for years. Hugh Fortescue had difficulty in getting through the solemn and touching service without faltering: his young wife stood very close to the open grave, with Molly's hand in hers, and together they placed upon the coffin a cross of pure white flowers before it was slowly lowered to its last resting-place, "in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the churchyard of Sax there long stood a rather remarkable tombstone. It was not a slab, but a square pillar-like fragment of rock, roughly hewn into shape, and only chiselled smooth upon one side. The stone had come from the quarries in the hill-side not far away, and for long the story was told of how a Methodist preacher—a native of the village—had met his death whilst standing on that very stone to preach to the people of the lonely hamlet.

Upon the smooth face of the stone, which had been quarried out and brought down by the hands of the men who had heard that last sermon, was the following simple inscription, the words of which had been selected by his comrades in life:—

TOM HERON OF SAX,

SOLDIER AND SERVANT OF CHRIST.

CALLED HOME BY HIS CAPTAIN

ON THE TENTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1750:

AND, WHEN CALLED,

FOUND AT HIS POST.

A SUNDAY AT SWATOW.



FORESHORE OF STATION.

FROM Hong Kong we sailed in a north-easterly direction to Swatow, which we reached after a protracted voyage of fifty-one hours, in company with the genial Captain Pocock, since murdered by pirates. We remained at Swatow several days. In the midst of the incessant missionary operations of the Presbyterian Church of England, Sunday came as a day of rest from all manual labour. The pounding of grain, the click of the shuttle, the crunch of the printing press, were no longer heard; but the day was filled with every variety of vigilant service for the spiritual good of the people within the mission sphere. I now propose to give an account of that Sunday's activities, which may be taken as a fair specimen of what goes on at other missionary centres.

When 11.30, the hour for the English service approached, we proceeded to the boats, by which we were to cross to the little church on the other side of a narrow strait. We found the boats lying high and dry on a flat of mud from which the tide had receded. The water stood far out from the shore, and between us and it spread a broad expanse of ooze, festering in the hot sun. We took our seats in the flat-bottomed boats, and two stout Chinamen on either side, knee-deep in the black slime, dragged each boat to the water, and then springing in beside us, rowed us swiftly to the other side.

Our service was a demonstration of Christian union only possible abroad. Consuls and bankers, missionaries and merchants, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Baptists, joined together on heathen soil, in the slightly modified liturgical service, read by a Presbyterian minister, and then I had the privilege of preaching to the dispersed of many Christian homes. It was very touching to see the

brave young fellows, who had gone out to the big world of China with their plucky, devoted wives, to fight for fortune, and win the right to live at home in comfort; but it was more touching still to meet accomplished scholars from the universities, and ladies from luxurious homes, who had given up all this world's prizes, present and prospective, and who had made their homes in China, determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, that they might draw the heathen to the Saviour of the world, who loved them, and had given Himself for them. Merchants and missionaries cordially united to help our Bible work in China, and on the following Monday a meeting was held at an early hour, in the drawing-room of one of the leading men, to form an auxiliary to the Bible Society.

When the service was ended we returned to the boats. But a great change had taken place in the meantime. The moon floating high up in the skies had drawn the sea after her, and the tide had risen and covered the black, festering slime. The sapphire sea danced and played, and flashed in triumph over the submerged mud, blotting out and concealing things which appeared to my eyes unsightly, unhealthy, and foul. And as our boat skimmed the rippling surface, where wave glanced sunbeam to wave, regardless of the sticky silt beneath, I had before my eyes a parable and pledge of the triumph that is to be, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Faithful men and women are now labouring and praying for the conversion of China, and while they are working in faith, and waiting with patience, there is an Almighty force in the heavens drawing the people to God. Christ is lifted up, and the attractive power of the Cross is swaying hearts with the irresistible force of

Divine gravitation; and in the limitation of our vision, we may hope to see the old lifeless religious and evil customs of China precipitated and submerged by the incoming tide of gospel truth and life, and the mighty empire of China become "the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ."

On reaching the Mission compound, I had before me another parable and pledge of future triumph. The admirable Mission premises of the Presbyterian Church of England are not only the creation of the missionaries, but the very ground on which they stand has been won from the sea. An embankment was thrown, at low tide, round an expanse of slimy deposit, the enclosure filled in, and buildings erected on the reclaimed ground. These buildings comprise healthy residences for half-a-dozen missionary families, a church, hospital, and hospital chapel, schools, and dormitories for boarders, college, printing offices, and the other structures required in a great missionary centre. Not only the converts, but the very ground on which they stand has been reclaimed for Christ. The work of re-creation and reclamation is well begun. More than 1100 converts drawn from the heathen are now in church-membership. Thirty years ago there were just three. The number of communicants was doubled during the last seven years, and they increased in the same ratio during the previous seven years. It was interesting to contemplate the work that produced such splendid results.

I was lying awake as the Sunday began to dawn, listening to the chirruping of strange birds, when suddenly the strains of a familiar hymn floated in through our open window. It was sung by the thirty-two little Chinese maidens in the boarding school. These little girls are under the care of the missionaries' wives, and they are educated and trained to do all kinds of plain household work. They were up with the lark, and singing a Christian hymn, as happy as the birds whose notes they drowned. They have a weekly prayer-meeting among themselves, at which they pray that God would open all their hearts to His love. A class of fifteen little boys begins the Christian Sabbath in the same happy manner.

At 8.0 A.M. the children were assembled, by one of the ladies who superintends them, for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. At the same hour a native service was conducted in the hospital chapel. At 9.30 A.M. there was public worship in the church. A wooden partition ran down the middle of the church, separating the men from the women. The congregation were ranged in three tiers, facing the minister. The nearest place to the pulpit was occupied by the children. The youths and maidens came next, in their respective sides of the church. The third tier was composed of the older people, who filled the whole back of the building. The preaching was earnest and Scriptural, and it was evident from the faces of the listeners that it was well understood. Even children of twelve years of age listened with intent, earnest faces.

At the same hour a service was proceeding in the hospital chapel for patients. The hospital is the largest in China, and has always an average

of about two hundred in-patients, in addition to outside patients. In this way about 20,000 sufferers are attended to yearly at the Society's hospitals, and thus come under the sound of the gospel. The patients, while under treatment, are generally willing to give heed to the spiritual instruction of the men who have been so kind and skilful in dealing with their bodily diseases. "John Chinaman" is the "John Bull" of the East. He has a practical eye for the value of things, and there is nothing like the gospel of practical benevolence for breaking down the hostile prejudices and arrogant pretensions of an exclusive people like the Chinese, who look on all men as "barbarians" but themselves.

Among the many self-denying and devoted labours of the missionaries, nothing that I saw in China impressed me so much as the work in the hospitals. As an old missionary I knew that I could take a share in the various kinds of mission work, and missionary privations; but I felt that I never could, under any circumstances, take a place in the noble army of missionary doctors. These men, not only did their duty to their patients, but they seemed to have an amount of professional enthusiasm in dealing with foul and repulsive cases. In the great hospitals of Canton, and Hong-kong, as well as in that of Swatow, the same heartiness, as well as tenderness, was manifest in all operations. The hospital work is a most Christlike work. "Jesus had compassion on the multitude;" but "He healed their sick," before He fed them. The hospital at Swatow has proved, in many cases, to be the door of the church. It is the fulcrum for the gospel lever, by which the missionaries are moving China. The doctor who puts forth a hand to heal a sick child, lays a hand on the mother's heart. In the Canton hospital, Dr. Kerr has treated 520,000 patients, trained a hundred assistants, and published twenty-five medical and surgical books.

At twelve o'clock, evangelistic services were conducted in the native town, by native converts. These services are intended for the heathen who have not yet been drawn to the missionaries by either teaching or healing. By such services, native churches are gathered together; and there are now, twenty-seven separate congregations, with about two thousand members and adherents. Of the ninety-three converts baptized last year, the greater part were brought to Christ through the testimony of native Christians.

At two o'clock, there was a class of native women, taught by ladies of the mission; and it was interesting to see Christian women of Europe in touch with their less favoured sisters in China, and to watch them breaking the Bread of life to suit their limited capacities.

At three o'clock, there was again public worship in the church, for all comers; and after a short discourse by one of the missionaries, I had an opportunity of addressing the congregation, through an interpreter. I tried the parabolic and picturesque style which I used to find most effective with the Arabs, but Chinese thought and experience flow so widely apart from European, and even from Syrian, that I felt my points were

not being apprehended. When I came, however, to the story of the Cross, with its depth of suffering, and wealth of love, I found myself on common ground with my hearers. The Christ of the gospel is brother to all men.

Simultaneously with our church service, an examination of candidates for baptism was proceeding in the hospital chapel. The importance of this service will be recognised, when it is remembered that nearly one hundred adults were baptized last year, after satisfying the missionaries as to their consistent lives, as well as their competent knowledge. In accordance with apostolic precept, the missionaries "lay hands suddenly on no man," and only receive converts

that is in him. The missionaries seek to make each new member of the church a missionary to his brethren, and to such men the mission owes much of its success. They have an insight into the motives and ideas of their companions and fellow-workers, which the missionary can never attain; and the missionaries find from experience, that the best work is got from the converts on whose training the missionaries have expended most labour.

At 7.30 P.M., public worship was conducted in the hospital chapel, for both in- and out-patients, and for any others who wished to attend. This brought to an end the regular services of a public character for the day.



GROUP OF BIBLE WOMEN.

to the ordinance of baptism when they have given proof of a saving knowledge of the truth, by the evidence of a walk and conversation becoming the gospel. The vague and gross ideas regarding baptism, expressed by some of the more ignorant candidates, would have given pause to those who advocate the extension of the right to all who apply for it. Such opportunities are used by the missionaries, not only for testing and teaching the catechumens, but for edifying the general congregation and correcting mistaken ideas. The baptism of a heathen convert in a heathen land is an important event. The baptized convert goes back again to his work among the heathen, who are a curious and quick-witted people, and it is necessary that he should be not only able to justify the steps he has taken, but also to give a reason for the hope

The Sunday at Swatow was a busy day, but there was no hurry. From early dawn to dewy eve service followed service in quick succession, but besides these there were offices of charity and mercy which the missionaries gladly attended. One of these, which was of special and touching interest, may fitly close this paper. Some thirteen years ago, a boarding school for young girls was commenced by the missionary ladies. One of the girls showed early signs of deep Christian conviction, and decided to give herself to the Lord. At the same time, she declared that she would not allow her feet to be deformed, and that she would never submit to be married to a heathen. She became a bright intelligent Christian, and useful member of the church; and after a time she was happily married to a native convert. She never enjoyed robust

a horse on the day of rest. In many places the more or less uneducated among the people are so strongly prejudiced against the singing of hymns that one frequently sees closed lips and downcast looks during the singing, but no sooner is a psalm given out than a full burst of voices accompanies the majestic tones of the organ. It may appear strange, but the conscientiousness that hinders many in humble life from singing hymns will prompt them to go long distances on a cold winter's night to the bedside of the sick or dying, and some are known to give away all their superfluous cash at the end of the year in order that clothing and food may be supplied to the poor.

The congregations that follow Dr. Kuyper's lead call themselves *Doleerende*, or mourning churches, because they are obliged to take a separate position. They give utterance to their praises only in psalms, hymns being forbidden. The Bibles used in their churches bear the old German type, the spelling and print are very old, and many of the words used are no longer in vogue. The greater the age of these Bibles, the more highly they are valued.¹ This last fact reminds the writer of a church in one of the Channel Islands where, forty years since, a committee of ladies, appointed for the purpose, purchased for pulpit use the oldest Bible they could procure, supposing they would thus obtain a volume as near as possible to the original!

Besides the Reformed Church, but of much smaller proportions, are several churches calling for brief notice. The Remonstrants, already referred to (twenty or thirty churches, supported by the State), have entirely "abandoned the old type of Arminian doctrine and thrown open their doors to all who desire to cherish religious life on the foundation of the Gospel of Jesus." Thus Professor van Oosterzee described their position in 1867. The modern theology of the Leyden University, where their two or three students are now taught is perfectly satisfactory to the Remonstrant Churches, whose desire now is to promote freedom and toleration. Some years since, many members of the Reformed Church, wishing to be wholly freed from the yoke of Calvinism, sought admission among the Remonstrants, and were accepted, but solely because to have refused them would have been a departure from their principle of absolute freedom of thought. The great object of the Remonstrants

seems now to be to maintain a reputation for learning. It was in their seminary, founded in Amsterdam, in 1634, that Episcopius and Ph. Limborch, Clericus and Wetstein taught. At Leyden they are now represented by Professor Thiele, a man of considerable renown.

Lutheranism, as we have seen, entered Holland before Calvinism, but did not gain the ascendancy. At the present day the Lutheran Churches (80,000 adherents) form two distinct yet closely related bodies: the Evangelical Lutherans and the Old Lutherans, or as they are more frequently called, the Restored (*hersteld*) Lutherans. The division took place in 1791, and was the result of the growth of rationalism in the Evangelical Lutheran Church. At present, owing to the revival of faith in some sections of the original church, the two parties are drawing more and more closely together. In this work of union, Pastor Westhoff is very active. He was a minister of the older church, but has become president of the synod and director of the theological seminary



JANSENIST CHURCH AT HILBENSUM.

of the younger church, and already twelve of his pupils have received calls to pulpits in the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Lutheranism in Holland resembles the Reformed Communion in its forms

¹ We ourselves remember worshipping, some years since, in an English church in Holland where the prayer-books in use took us back to the days of George III.—ED. S.H.

of worship and in its absence of adornment in its churches; you would look in vain for the altars and crucifixes, the liturgies and school-singing, so universal in Germany.

The Dutch Mennonites retain the doctrine of their founder, Simon Menno, respecting adult baptism, but on other points they differ entirely from their predecessors. Their primitive notion was that the Church should consist of saints, "a community without spot or wrinkle," and that its purity should be maintained by strict discipline. But now that their pastors and their professors in the Amsterdam University have abandoned their faith in a Divine revelation, there has been a great relaxation in discipline. There is no confession of faith. Each congregation is an independent body, and receives no help from the State. They never attempt to proselytise, which in the absence of any fixed doctrinal belief is not surprising. In this they differ from the Dutch Baptist Union, modelled on English principles, and numbering nineteen churches, with 1068 members.

Among the smaller Protestant communities may be mentioned the Moravians, chiefly to be found at Zeist, near Utrecht (about 250 members at most), the seventeen or eighteen Walloon or French churches, the remnant of the seventy-two churches existing when persecution raged in France, and the Congregationalists, about 4500 in number.

The Jansenists (5000 or 6000 souls) are the sole remnant in Holland of the great Jansenist movement with which the names of Pascal and other noble men and women will ever be connected. They still regard the Pope as their spiritual head, although rejecting the later decrees of the Romish Church, and especially Papal infallibility. When called to choose a new bishop, they invariably transmit his name to the Pope, but have never received recognition. They are spiritually governed by an Archbishop (Utrecht), and by two bishops (Haarlem and Deventer), and twenty-five priests. Their small churches are plainer than is usually the case with Roman Catholic churches, although they admit statues and pictures. The Bible is allowed amongst them, and much of the church service is conducted in Dutch. They are a quiet, non-proselytising folk, and are hoping, but surely in vain, for reconciliation with the Pope at some future day. Of late years the world has heard of them in connection with the Old Catholics of Germany, who, wishing to ordain Bishop Reinkens, appealed to their Archbishop to perform the rite.

Romanism in Holland is not an unimportant factor, although it is still usual to say that the country is a Protestant one. Two-fifths of the population own the supremacy of the Pope, and since 1853, when the government granted the Roman Catholic Church the right of establishing a hierarchy, they have been ruled by an archbishop (Utrecht) assisted by four suffragan bishops (Haarlem, Bois-le-Duc, Breda and Roermond). There are 2090 priests, against the 1300 clergy of the Netherlands Reformed Church. It is,

however, chiefly in the provinces of Limburg and North Brabant, lying on the frontiers of Popish Belgium, that the great mass of the Romish population is to be found. In the extreme north of the country they are very few in number.

The relations between the two parties, Romanists and Protestants, are at present undisturbed by any violent controversy. The leaders of the Romish party do not forget the old watchword of the Ultramontanes on Dutch soil: "We maintain the heritage of our fathers." Still there is no very open proselytism, and during the last fifty years there have not been, relatively, many accessions to the Romish camp. Meanwhile, as their Church is supported by the State (though not controlled by it) they are able to devote all their vast resources to the erection of splendid churches and institutions, apparently in view of the day when, as they hope, through the self-disintegration of the Reformed Church, they will be looked to as the ark of safety. The traveller can hardly fail to observe new Romish churches in most of the principal cities and towns. Close by the Reformed church at Delft, where William the Silent lies buried, there stands a fine Catholic church, with two towers. They are taking an active part, also, in caring for the sick in the hospitals. Again, a large number of the shopkeepers in Amsterdam and other places are Roman Catholics. It is alleged that they are supported by societies established for the purpose. It is to be feared, too, that Romish influence is being increased by Dr. Kuyper, the leader of the Ultra-Protestant party, who in his zeal to advance his own objects urges his followers to vote with the Roman Catholics at the elections. So the Romish Church in Holland, as in other lands, is steadily pressing forward, not making many proselytes, but gradually spreading out its network of institutions, by means of which it expects, at no very distant day, to effect a very marked onward movement.

The primary school question in Holland has for many years been a burning one, and the action taken in regard to it indicates the importance attached to religious instruction throughout the land. The Government schools are non-confessional, and since 1857 Scriptural instruction has been forbidden, though it is ordained that all the children, Jews included, are to be trained in the performance of social and Christian virtues. Against the entire exclusion of the Bible from the State schools several of the aristocracy, and notably Elout van Soeterwoude, and Groen van Prinsterer, at once raised a vigorous protest, and in 1860 they succeeded in forming a society for Christian national school instruction. It was a bold step, but was warmly supported. Thus encouraged, Groen van Prinsterer, who had been appointed president of the society, devoted his great powers to the promotion of the movement. His "History of Holland" was one of his many contributions towards the proper training of children in the understanding of Christian principles and movements. (The history used in Government schools presents in very pale colours

the glorious struggle for independence and for religious freedom.) Schools were opened in many places; and some of the pious teachers, who had formerly been in the State schools, where their salary was secure, and where in old age they would receive pensions, gave up these advantages and threw in their lot with this society with all the uncertainty attaching to such an institution. For a time all went well, the schools increased, and were well-attended, and sufficient funds were forthcoming from the school fees and from subscriptions. But, in 1878, the whole scheme seemed doomed to disappear. In that year the government determined to impose a heavy school-tax on the nation; so compelling parents whose children attended the Christian schools to pay what was really a double school-tax—one for the State, and the other for the Christian schools. A petition against the measure was set on foot, and when presented to the King it was found that 305,000 signatures had been attached to it (all Protestants of full age). In spite of this formidable protest the measure became law. Nothing daunted, the Christian School Society went forward, and the parents in almost every case submitted to the fiscal burden rather than deprive their children of sound Biblical instruction. On the anniversary of the presentation of the great petition (August) a collection is made throughout the country for the benefit of the schools in the poorer districts, and thus 100,000 florins are annually raised. The collection is organised by a society called The Union: a School with the Bible. At the present time some twenty new schools are opened every year, and whereas in 1877 the schools numbered 280, there are now some 450 with 70,000 or 80,000 pupils. The Roman Catholics have followed the same course, and have set up 443 schools, with at least 70,000 scholars. (The Government schools number 2900, with 415,000 pupils.) In fact, were the requisite funds forthcoming for the establishment of confessional schools in every part of the land, it is probable that the State schools would be almost deserted. Especially would this be the case if the law against the exclusion of religious instruction were strictly enforced. In Roman Catholic Brabant, where no protest is

raised, religious instruction is winked at, and so in the Betuwe (Protestant) district between the Lek and the Zuyder Zee, Bible reading, singing and prayer are common in many of the Government schools.

The Christian School Society has also under its direction four Normal schools, at Nymegen (1846), Doetinchem (1878), Franeker (1883), and at Zetten, for female teachers (1864). The total cost of the schools and Normal Institutions is about 150,000*l.* including school fees, and this large amount is raised among a Protestant population numbering little over two millions. The distribution of interest in these Christian schools is unequal. Among cities it is greatest in Rotterdam and Utrecht, which excel in the amount of Christian work generally. In Amsterdam one half of all the children who attend school, are found in the non-government ones, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. In the provinces of Utrecht and South Holland, and especially Friesland, the Christian schools abound, while some are to be found in Gelderland, Gröningen and Zealand. In the provinces of Drenthe, Overijssel, and North Holland, where the modern and intermediate theological tendencies prevail, the Protestants are generally content to send their children to the State schools. As a rule the opening of a Christian school in any place is almost always followed by the desertion of the National school by the majority of the children. At Zeist, near Utrecht, the Christian school has some 450 pupils, the Roman Catholic school 200, and the Government one only 200. We are dealing with facts, and not discussing questions of national policy, but it must be noted that the success of the Christian schools is due not only to the desire of the parents that their children should be instructed in Christian truth, but to the reputation and character of the teachers. Thus the movement started by Groen Van Prinsterer and his compeers holds on its way, and from year to year strengthens its position. But the number of untaught children in the larger cities is so great that some action must soon be taken in regard to them, if Holland is to keep pace with other European countries in the matter of education.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE CONQUERING LORD.

"Thanks be unto God, which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."—2 *Cor.* ii. 14 (R.V.).

IN St. Paul's later epistles we find not infrequent reference to the imprisonment he was at that time suffering. He calls himself a prisoner, describes himself as an "ambassador in bonds."¹ When we look into his inmost mind we discover that his outer circumstances have often been

used as the illustration of spiritual truth. He was a captive in Nero's barracks, in literal fact he was Nero's prisoner; but the apostle's mind is filled with the thought of his captivity to a higher than the imperial power. Other fetters than those of iron bound him; stronger bars than man ever forged held him in; he endured a stricter captivity than man ever inflicted, and

¹ Eph. vi. 20.

bore it gladly; he was "the prisoner of Jesus Christ."¹

It is probable that the circumstances of his life led him to use the figure so frequently. St. Paul is accustomed to find the illustrations of his theme in the surroundings, history, sayings of those whom he addresses; when he lived the life of a prisoner it was natural that the language and figures of the prison-house should flow from his pen. But years before, ere the thought of personal captivity had cast its dark shadow across his path—St. Paul had found in the figure the expression of his religious experience. He had spoken of Andronicus and Junia as his fellow prisoners,² or, in the passage at the head of this paper, he had described himself as a captive led in the train of a conquering Lord. Combined, the passages are full of suggestion. In the first he speaks of himself a "captive taken by the spear," for such is the literal meaning of the word, a "prisoner of war:" while, in the second, the figure is matured, the victor now celebrates his triumph, and exhibits his trophies, and amid the throng of those who follow his chariot the apostle finds himself—"He leadeth me in triumph."

The figure was probably one that deeply stirred the hearts of St. Paul's correspondents. A couple of centuries before Corinth had fallen before the military prowess of Rome. The ruin of the city had been completed by a conflagration in which as St. Paul had before reminded them,³ the hovels of the vast slave population, built of "wood, hay, stubble," had been consumed. But in addition, Mommius, the victorious consul, had collected many of the pictures and statues of the city to adorn, together with a train of captives, his triumph. Perhaps the ancestors of some of those to whom Paul wrote had been of that throng; the memory at least of that humiliation could not have died away. Yet the blush of shame which the mention thereof brought to the face must have been lost in astonishment at one who rejoiced in his defeat, and exulted in that he was led captive—and that always—by the conquering grace of God.

The figure is suggestive of the struggle that had been waged in the soul of Saul of Tarsus. He was one who had resolutely kicked against the pricks. He had stood out against the claims of the new faith and allegiance to the sway of Christ. "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth."⁴ This rebel heart Jesus would win. As there have been men whose defeat has seemed essential to the extension of the kingdom of God, foemen whose boldness or strength of character has marked them as heroes in the ranks of wickedness, so was this enthusiast for Judaism a foe whom Christ would vanquish, and bind, and then win over to Himself. As Captain of our Salvation He entered upon the campaign, and in the broad plain outside the gates of Damascus there was struck the decisive blow that broke down the

persecutor's resistance, vanquished him in the struggle, and led him away a conquered man. Yet learning that this loss was gain, that in his defeat by Christ it was as though he had won a splendid victory, he cries: "I thank Him who leadeth me in triumph."

But the figure suggests that the conversion of St. Paul was a conquest retained. The story of human warfare tells of struggles renewed, of reverses of fortune, of victors who have become the vanquished. But Christ's victory over Saul knew no reverse, it was complete and permanent. He cast down for ever the weapons of his rebellion, submitted himself entirely to the conqueror. The struggle he never after attempted or desired to renew. He faced for three years the ponderings and questions of his solitary heart, he endured the perils of missionary travel and toil, experienced the hostility of false brethren, the persecution of heathen Jews, was exposed to peril so great that he seemed to be "delivered out of the mouth of the lion,"¹ but none of these things moved him: the vow of submission was never recalled, the bonds were never cast off.

But beyond this mere submission, St. Paul confesses, rejoices that he is led on the train of the conquering Lord. This he declares is the real significance of his apostolic ministry. Across rivers and seas, over mountains and across plains, into cities and through wildernesses, among cultured yet degenerate men, among hardy highlanders is he led, the trophy of divine grace. Yet in that service he never wearies, but loses himself in the joy of the victorious Lord. His wanderings are not self-chosen, he is but a captive following the Conqueror's car. Men gaze at him spending his life, sacrificing his comfort and all else to diffuse a faith he once resolutely opposed; they see the unshrinking, unmeasured devotion which dedicates his very being to his apostolic work. Well, he is but a vanquished man, whose whole work now is to adorn, as best he may, his Conqueror's triumph. If men would know the invincible power of the Lord of armies, let them mark him who now attends His triumph, the former champion of Judaism, of old the persecutor of the church; and let them listen to his boast, "I thank Him who always leadeth me in triumph." For the hand of Jesus bound up the wound, assuaged the aching smart of his discomfiture; the victory of divine might became the victory of divine love; and the submission of defeat grew into the allegiance of devotion.

Here too the conversion of St. Paul becomes typical, a pattern to each devout Christian. The victory of Jesus over most may seem less memorable and splendid than that over Saul, the persecutor. Yet we dare not doubt that we are all trophies of divine grace, who have been vanquished by the mighty love of the Lord. Surely there is no one who may not, if he reads aright the story of his life, recognise himself as conquered and led in triumph by his Saviour. Our rebellion may have been puny and contemptible, too pitiful in aim to be contrasted

¹ Eph. iii. 1.

² Rom. xvi. 7.

³ 1 Cor. iii. 13.

⁴ Acts xxvi. 9.

¹ 2 Tim. iv. 17.

with that of the great antagonist of Christ, yet He who won our hearts, and holds them in allegiance has not rejected us as too poor and mean to deck His progress and triumph. We too with apostles, confessors and martyrs, with the wise and kingly and saintly have our place among the trophies of His love. And this is our privilege, not occasionally but "always" to be "led in triumph," to be the Christ's trophies ever and in all things. For those whose hearts have been conquered and enslaved by the Redeemer's love, and who by purity of life and beauty of character declare themselves to be His, those who are "in Christ" are, even in "the trivial round, the common task" always led in triumph, and led in exultation.

CHAPPIE.

CHAPTER VI.—DREAMING AND DOING.



MEANWHILE things had been looking up in Foundery Court. Mr. Miller's interest in the Bennetts had not ceased when Chappie was sent to Holly Farm. He had succeeded in procuring regular work for Mrs. Bennett, as assistant to an office-keeper in a large City firm, and although the pay was but small to keep a family upon, it was better than

it had been for the wood-sorting. Besides which it only occupied the early part of the day, leaving the mother time to look after her children.

Several times during the summer, letters had come from Rose Lee, telling how much stronger Chappie was growing. Thankful as Mrs. Bennett was for the kindness shown to her little son, she often greatly longed to see him; and when October came, Mr. Millar thought it right for him to return to his home, and made arrangements accordingly.

Sue was nearly beside herself with joy, and would have been at Waterloo station soon after breakfast, only she was obliged to wait for her mother to come home from work. As it was, they were there a full hour before the train Chappie was to travel by was due. When he did come, he had to recognise them, for scarcely could the mother and sister believe their eyes when the tall, brown-faced laddie jumped out of the carriage, such a change had six months in the country wrought upon Chappie. Indeed, through Sue's joy shot a momentary pain to think that her brother would need so little tending now; but that was soon forgotten, and the three were shortly making their way towards Shoreditch.

Tea that evening was quite a feast. Mrs. Lee had sent some butter and eggs, and Rose had made a cake for Sue. They lingered over the meal, for Chappie had much to tell. He recounted his doings; told of Farmer Lissen and Alfred; of the old minister with his pockets full of apples and nuts;

of Miss Osborn and her singing, and of going to tea in her garden; and of a hundred and one other things.

"Now, Chappie, I have something to tell, too," said Sue, "for since you left I have been to school on Sundays as well as on week-days. I was so lonely without you, you know, and Mr. Millar asked me to go to the New Street School."

"That's fine," said Chappie, "we can go together next Sunday."

"Yes; and teacher gives us a paper every week, with a picture on it about the next Sunday's lesson; and underneath a text that we have to learn. 'Golden Texts' they call them. See, here's the one for next Sunday. 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' Isn't the picture pretty? Look at those dear little lambs, and who does the shepherd put you in mind of, Chappie?"

"Why, he's like Mr. Millar," answered Chappie.

"Yes, isn't he? Well, we'll always learn our 'golden texts' together, shall we? Oh, Chappie, I'm so glad you are home."

"So am I," said Chappie, "home's nice, if it isn't Holly Farm."

Chappie went to school, not only on Sundays, but also to the Board School. It was very strange to him at first, and he was considerably behind other boys of his age, but he was so anxious to learn that he soon made way. The cold weather tried him a little, but on the whole he kept fairly well. Then came December, and folks began to talk about Christmas.

Even in Foundery Court the day that commemorates the coming of the Christ-child was wont to bring some brightness, although until this year Sue and Chappie knew nothing of what made Christmas, and their mother had thought little of it. Now it was different. At school the Sunday before, Chappie's teacher had given a Christmas lesson, and had repeated the oft-told story of the Baby Jesus; and the child felt that it was the presence of Christ that made all gladness.

The Board School did not close for the holidays until Christmas Eve, but on that day lessons were ended rather earlier than usual. Miss Dunkley gave to each of her girls a bonbon, most of which were at once pulled, and amid much laughter and merriment, the caps they contained were placed on the heads of their owners. For about an hour Miss Dunkley became a girl amongst the others, and played as merrily as any of them. Then with a bright smile, and a wish for a "Happy Christmas" to each, the teacher and her scholars parted for a fortnight. Sue carried her bonbon home, for no one but Chappie should help pull it!

No stockings were hung up in the Bennetts' home, for the children had never heard of Santa Claus, but they were not forgotten. A hamper came addressed to Chappie. Mrs. Lee sent a chicken, ready cooked, and a letter accompanying it, stated that it was one of a brood that had been hatched during Chappie's stay at Holly Farm. So the little family fared royally on Christmas Day, especially as Mrs. Bennett made a real plum-pudding! Nor did they forget to say "grace" before they began their grand dinner, although Sue said, "chick-a-biddy" was asking them to taste how good he was. "Be present" had become a real prayer to Chappie, and no joy would seem complete that he did not ask the Lord Jesus to bless.

It was the last evening of the year, and Sue and Chappie started to go to the New Street Band of Hope. For a few weeks past they had attended it, and were now among the most regular members. Perhaps it was because they had only lately been in the habit of hearing addresses, that they were more attentive than many children were, or it may have been that the workers at New Street believed in

making the evenings as bright and attractive as possible. Anyway Chappie and his sister looked eagerly forward to Band of Hope night.

"Mr. Millar's going to give the address this evening," said Sue.

"Yes, I'm glad. No one else is quite like him, and he hasn't been at the Band of Hope since we've belonged to it," said Chappie.

"He's going to talk about the 'dead year,'" went on Sue. "Isn't that queer? I don't see how years live and die."

They entered the schoolroom, and found it already nearly full. After one or two melodies had been sung, a little girl gave a recitation, which all the children clapped vigorously, although not half of them had heard it. Then Mr. Millar rose and said:

"Have you ever sat by a fire, and fancied you could see pictures in the red glowing coals? To-night I want you to look at a few pictures, not in a dying fire, but in a dying year. When things are passing away, we often say they are dying, but that is not always true. I shall try to show you that this year, so nearly gone, will not die, but will live on. In four ways at least it will live, and each of these begins with the letters that form the word dead, so we will turn dead into living, shall we?"

"The first letter D shall stand for Deeds. All through the year people have been doing, and the deeds they have done are now like pictures. Do you know that each of you has a picture-gallery of your own, which is full of pictures that you and those around you have been painting? Memory galleries, we call them. Some great, heroic deeds have been done this year, and they live in the memories of hundreds. But their number is small compared to the thousands of little deeds, which you might think not worth remembering. Yet these live also, not only in our memories, but in their influence upon our lives. Many a life has been made brighter through little deeds of kindness; some lives, alas! have been darkened through little deeds of wrong. As the tiny minutes have together formed this year, so tiny deeds make up our lives, and either mar or bless them. What have we been doing, for next year will depend largely upon what this one has been?"

"The second letter E, stands for Example, and that will live also.

"Deeds are what we do; example is what we are. Right deeds may be done from wrong motives, but if they are, the true self will be sure to show through them sooner or later. During this year you and I have been setting an example. Has it been good or bad? for it will live on.

"The third letter A must stand for Affection. That is a long word, and I like the little word love better. Love cannot die, because it is stronger than death. To some of us, this year has brought new loves; perhaps in your home a new baby has come, or you may have made new friends; or perhaps—" and here Mr. Millar's voice grew very tender, and his eyes met those of Chappie, "perhaps some of you have learned to know the Lord Jesus, and seeing how good He is, you have begun to love Him. If so, I am quite sure that love will not die, but will live and grow, and make your life good and beautiful.

"Now comes the last letter, another D, and that shall stand for Dreams. I believe in dreams, not only those that come to us in sleep, but day-dreams. They help us to do. All of us had dreams last New Year's day; and perhaps many of them have come to nothing. But not all; some have lived. We dreamed we would be good all the year, and we have not been; but the dream helped us to try. We dreamed we would learn and grow wise, and we are not very wise now. But our dream helped us with our lessons, and we have learned a little. So some of our dreams live,

and I say dream on; dream and do. So you will find as time passes, that no year will die, but each will become part of a glad and beautiful life.

"I have had printed on some cards what we will call a dream song: each of you are to have one, and I want you to try to do as this song tells you. Listen and I will read it to you.

"Build your castle in the air,
Paint a picture very fair,
Dream a vision bright and rare,
Then be true;
Strive to carry out your plan,
Doing everything you can
To become a noble man,
Dream and do!

"Dream not all your time away,
Do some deed of love each day,
Scatter brightness o'er life's way,
So be true;
Thus you will to others show
You are striving here below
Like the Lord of Heaven to grow,
Dream and do!

"You have not to strive alone,
Christ will count your work His own,
Hear Him say in sweetest tone
'I am true;
And will help you to fulfil
Every dream of good, until
You have perfected my will,
Dream and do!'"

On their way home Chappie said:

"It's all true, Sue, I've had lovely dreams this year. Being at Holly Farm was like a dream, only I went to sleep weak and ill, and I've woken up strong and well. And haven't we got a lot of new loves too? There's Mr. Millar, and Mrs. Lee and all the Cadnam people, and, best of all, the Lord Jesus. I mean to try to grow like Him."

"I'd like to as well," said Sue, "only I don't know how."

"Miss Osborn said we should grow like Jesus, by doing what He tells us," went on Chappie, thoughtfully. "Just now I s'pose that means helping mother all we can, and learning things. By-and-by it will mean going to work and doing that as well as ever we can. Oh, Sue! won't it be grand when I go to work? I shall be able to take care of mother and you then!"

The dream-song was hung over the mantelpiece in the little room, and became a help to both children in their endeavours to live like Jesus. They did not always succeed, for as Chappie grew stronger and more like other boys, he was sometimes naughty, and found it was not easy to do right. Often he repeated "Be present," for he came to see that to make life noble and good the Lord must be always with him; and that he had other mercies than food to thank God for. Thus the "grace" was an influence on his life, and through it the home in Foundry Court became a different place. The Lord Jesus was there, and wherever Jesus is, love dwells, and love makes even the poorest home like a Paradise.

Chappie is still alive. Mr. Millar seeing the boy's skill with his knife and pieces of wood, placed him, when old enough, at a cabinet maker's, where he is learning a trade. In the workshop, as in the home, he believes in the presence of Christ, and although he does not say much about it, those who know him find out that he is trying to fulfil his childish dream.

Monthly Religious Record.

Continental PUBLIC attention in Europe is again being directed towards religious questions. Famine in Russia has not stayed the hand of persecution; another exodus of Jews, distress in Vienna, riot in Berlin—these things all help to indicate the social stress. The German Emperor has, for some time past, shown a disposition to re-enforce the moral sanctions by his imperial authority, and even to call religion in aid to the safety of the State and the solution of modern problems. The Prussian School Bill may perhaps be regarded as an expression of this desire. The sharpness of the controversy which it has provoked is evidence of the limitations which beset all endeavours of this kind. The Emperor, Count Caprivi and Dr. Miquel, advocate denominational elementary schools, the gradual cessation of undenominational teaching, thorough instruction in religion, and a more religious character in the curriculum. At the same time they are opposed to the predominance of the clergy in these schools. All sections of Liberals are united in hostility to the Bill as imposed by authority; and it is said that the ministry cannot obtain a majority for it without concessions to the Roman Catholics of the Centre, who approve it.

In France, meanwhile, the governmental pendulum swings far in the opposite direction. The Associations Bill was not extinguished with the fall of the De Freycinet Government. Its far-reaching provisions have yet to be considered in detail, but as we read them they include not only all religious orders, but even Protestant associations, though the aim of the measure is political rather than ecclesiastical. Any Association not industrial or commercial "may be registered, if it sends in a list of its members, and places nothing in its rules contrary to order or morality; but it may not own land, or receive legacies, even through trustees, or do any corporate act, unless it obtains special permission to exercise corporate rights; and if its members live in communion, they are liable to inspection by administrative or judicial authorities." Much more is implied in these proposals than the supremacy of the State over all international or dangerous societies. Commenting on them, the *Spectator* points out that "if a similar law were in force in England, the Church Missionary Society would have to return all its subscriptions"; and that, supposing the Concordat abolished at any time, the Roman Catholic Church would then, if this Bill were law, become a simple Association liable to all these restrictions. What, then, must be the case now with the Protestant communities? We cannot suppose that French Liberalism will finally endorse such a measure, without consideration of its scope; but, whatever its fate, its introduction under the auspices of M. de Freycinet will remain a significant fact.

Much interest attaches also to the Encyclical of the Pope, addressed to the French bishops. "There have been," writes the Pope, "many governments in France during this century, and each has had its distinctive form—Imperial, Monarchical, and Republican. Each of these is good so long only as it makes for the common well-being, and one form may be good at one time and another at another. Catholics, like all citizens, have a perfect right to prefer one form to another, as none of these forms, in itself, is opposed to Christian teaching. The Church has always, in its dealings with States, fully recognised this principle. Acceptance of a new Government is therefore not only permissible, it is a duty."

Another question, which now and again reappears, is that relating to the Temporal Power of the Pope himself. The view of many English Roman Catholics has been recently set forth, at Birmingham, in an address by Mr. W. S. Lilly. He confesses to strong sympathy with the national movement in Italy, and says that he rejoiced to see the downfall of the petty princes who thrived upon its disunity and degradation. Recalling the words of Cardinal Newman that the movement for any restoration of the Temporal Power must come from within Rome, not without, he declares his belief that there is no probability of such a movement. There are forces—revolutionary forces—behind

the Italian Government which make the restoration of the pontifical city to the Pope impossible, even if the inhabitants of Rome desired it. But he justifies the Pope in declining to place himself under the Law of Guarantees, and blames the Italians for their "preposterous pretension of treating the Papal question as a mere Italian question." For the view of English Roman Catholics, according to Mr. Lilly, is that the question is international. The basis of the *modus vivendi* which he advocates is a guarantee of the Great Powers, which should be sufficient to secure the Pope's independence. It is possible that diplomacy may yet move in this direction; but as to any final solution of this sort it may be said that as there are forces behind the Italian Government, so there are powers greater than the Great Powers, which would fight in their courses against it.

Emile de Laveleye. IN the SUNDAY AT HOME for January we gave a portrait of Emile de Laveleye, the illustrious writer and philanthropist, one of the most conspicuous lights of Protestant Belgium, little thinking that its appearance would take place almost at the same time as he was passing from amongst us. M. de Laveleye himself, although in the autumn of life, still hoped to do much for the cause of progress in Belgium. He fell a victim to the prevailing epidemic, or rather to its results, on January 3, 1892.

Born at Bruges, April 5, 1822, Emile Louis Victor de Laveleye was educated at the Athenæum of that city and then at the College Stanislas at Paris, and finally at the University at Ghent, where he specially studied law. Although the son of a devout Roman Catholic mother, to whom he was most dutiful, he was entirely a man of the nineteenth century, filled with all its higher aspirations. And thus, though a man of taste and a philosopher, he was one of the most doughty champions of the opposition to Ultramontane encroachments to be found in Europe. And he took this position very early in his career. As far back as 1848 he was writing in various journals defending liberal principles against Ultramontane ideas. His contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which he commenced in 1858, soon rendered him famous, and in 1861 there was some hope of his entering into public life as a deputy to the Belgian Parliament. But he kept to his true rôle which was that of a writer on economical, political, and social questions, in all of which his sympathies were conspicuously humane. In 1864 he was called to the chair of political economy at the University of Liège, which he occupied for twenty-eight years, the last year of his life being signalised by his candidature for the rectorship of that University in which, however, he was defeated by his Ultramontane opponents. The King of the Belgians wishing to mark his sense of the good work he had done, created him Baron de Laveleye, but he never used the title.

Not only has he taken an active and leading part in all the political and social movements of his time, but he has been earnest in the moral and religious ones. His conviction of the deep importance of the latter led him at last to come completely out of his traditional religion: the religion of those relatively dear to him, and openly to identify himself with a Protestant congregation in Liège. This undoubtedly was a peculiarly courageous act for a man of philosophic temperament, with a great literary reputation. He had, however, the moral support of his wife whose piety and good works are highly spoken of.

His numberless writings attest the breadth of his mind, the nobility of his heart, and the versatility of his genius. He was well known and highly esteemed in England, and in point of fact, his reputation was world-wide. A number of his works have been translated into English, as for example, his "Elements of Political Economy," separate translations of which have been published in London and New York. And his "Letters from Italy," and his "Balkan Peninsula," as well as his "Socialism of To-day," have also been translated and published here. But he is so well known by his important pamphlets on European questions,

as for example, his "Land Systems of Belgium and Holland," and "Provincial and Communal Institutions of Belgium and Holland," both published by the Cobden Club, and by his various articles in the *Contemporary Review*, that no students of the subjects which agitate the world in our time would neglect the works of De Laveleye.

He took, as from his long connection with his University might be expected, a deep interest in education, and indeed in everything that could raise and moralise mankind. Thus he was an earnest advocate of arbitration in place of war, a zealous friend of the anti-slavery cause, and took a decided part against the regulation of vice by the State.

In private life he was delightful; the charm of his conversation and the sweetness of his manner would have won the admiration even of an opponent. A light certainly went out in Europe when Emile de Laveleye went to his rest.

Uganda. PARLIAMENT has by a decisive majority agreed that a survey shall be undertaken for the proposed railway between the coast and Uganda. The plea most effective was that by such a railway more could be done towards the suppression of the slave-trade than by any other means. The results as regards missionary action may prove even more important. Not long since a rough map was sent home showing the divisions of the countries the chiefs of which are asking for teachers. Thirty-six chiefs have offered each to build a house, and to maintain a European missionary, if men will go and reside at their places. Two such stations besides the capital, are at present occupied.

Hook-swinging. It was generally believed that hook-swinging was to be numbered amongst the extinct practices of heathenism in India, but it is not so. The Madras Government has called for a report on the recent case at Sholavandan. A Madura correspondent of the *Standard* states that the leaders of this hook-swinging festival have announced that it is their intention to continue their festivals from time to time. "It is well known to them that the Local Government was petitioned to prevent the occurrence, and that an evasive answer was returned. It is also well known in the surrounding country that the superintendent of police was present at the hook-swinging, but had no authority to interfere. The man who was swung at Sholavandan is alive and well, and, judging from the report of a medical man present at the time of the ordeal, his bodily suffering was considerably within the limits of endurance. As to their reason for wishing to carry on this festival, the natives say that it is to propitiate the goddess to send rain. But for two weeks before the date appointed for the swinging to take place, heavy and continuous rains had fallen, the whole surface of the country was under water, and wet cultivation was in a most satisfactory state." It is among the Kullers—a robber caste—and among them only, that the custom of hook-swinging exists. "Although people of all castes and conditions flock to see the spectacle, it is the Kullers who manage the festival and supply the victims. Another fact which sheds some light on the matter is that the man who is chosen to swing is free to go about the country for three months, showing the hooks and ropes, and to receive money from the people, who do not dare, and perhaps do not care, to refuse to give. The man who was swung in Sholavandan received between four and five hundred rupees for his performance, which is more than he could have earned by hard labour in eight or ten years. In fact, the festival of hook-swinging is a spectacular show, enacted before a festival-loving people, a brutalising exhibition by a caste who are themselves brutal and addicted to bloody deeds."

The Newman Statue. THERE is to be no statue to Cardinal Newman in Oxford. The long controversy has been ended by a declaration from the Statue Committee, to the effect that they "feel that it would not be respectful to the memory of Cardinal Newman" to accept the offer of the Oxford City Council, granting a site in that town, "in face of the violent opposition to it, fomented, much to their surprise, by eminent members of the University of Oxford." They therefore, "with deep regret, beg of the City Council to allow them to place the statue elsewhere." This conclusion will be thankfully accepted, without much regard to the terms in which it is couched.

C. H. Spurgeon. We have spoken elsewhere of Mr. Spurgeon. All the circumstances of his funeral attested the public sense of a great loss, the full measure of which cannot even yet be realised. The body embalmed and brought home from Mentone, lay in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and received there the last homage of many thousands of people. The memorial services held on two subsequent days were of varied character, and included representatives of different denominations. The first was a gathering of the church and congregation, and of those representing the institutions and organisations which grew out of the pastor's labours. The second was attended by ministers and students of all denominations—Dr. Maclaren, Canon Fleming, Dr. Monro Gibson, Dr. Herbert Evans and Dr. Stephenson each bringing their tribute of brotherly regard. The third was for Christian workers, and brought together another vast audience. At the funeral service at the Tabernacle, Dr. Pierson, who had also taken part on previous occasions, was the chief speaker. All along the route to Norwood cemetery a dense throng lined the way. At the graveside the service was brief. Mr. Archibald Brown expressed the triumphant hope of the believer in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; and after prayer by Dr. Pierson, the Bishop of Rochester pronounced the benediction. It is a noticeable fact in relation to Mr. Spurgeon that the judgment of the religious world thus variously expressed has been sustained by a consensus of outside opinion. Men far removed from him in thought and practice,—"men of the world," as they would be called,—were yet not slow to recognise his sterling qualities. They saw in him a man who served his own generation with unflinching consistency and with unselfish devotion, true to his convictions, and strong in his work—some saw the sturdy Englishman in him; others "the honest man," that "noblest work of God;" and more still, *the man in Christ Jesus*, whom he once so ably depicted to the men of the Stock Exchange. One well-known American, who went with hostile prepossessions from his own antagonistic pulpit, long ago confessed that he was subdued by the strong humanity of what he heard. Thousands, whom nothing else could have persuaded, have surrendered to that nobler passion of the Cross which found continual voice in his preaching. When all is said, this was the strength of his ministrations that he set forth the Gospel of the Grace of God unto the uttermost.

Donald Fraser. THIS fatal year has left its mark also on the Presbyterian Church of England, in the death of Dr. Donald Fraser, after a brief illness, another victim of pneumonia. He had just completed his sixty-sixth year. A graduate of Aberdeen University, he commenced his ministry at Montreal, his family having settled in Canada; but some years later was summoned back to Inverness, his native town. From Scotland he came to Marylebone where, for more than twenty-one years, he ministered to a deeply-attached congregation, and exercised an influence far beyond the bounds of his denomination.

James Calvert. THE church universal has lost one of its greatest missionaries in the death of the veteran James Calvert. A native of Yorkshire, he was sent out in 1838, in company with John Hunt—who was but a Yorkshire ploughman—to labour in cannibal Fiji. There he remained for eighteen years, during which time he witnessed most marvellous triumphs of the Gospel. No one who met the quiet-hearted, humble old man of later years, would have guessed from his bearing the stirring scenes in which he once had part. In his labours he was ably assisted by an heroic wife, and much of the wonderful success of that time is ascribed to her patient, self-denying labours. The Fijian king, Thakombau, was converted to Christianity, renounced polygamy, and for many years after lived a most consistent life. His last act as a king was to cede Fiji to Great Britain. In 1856 Mr. Calvert returned to England, and during his stay in this country superintended the printing of the entire Scriptures into the Fijian language. In 1872 he was sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to South Africa. On the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity, Mr. Calvert visited Fiji to inspect and confirm the churches, and as the bearer of fraternal congratulations from England. He died at Hastings at the advanced age of seventy-nine.