

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE DALRYMPLES," ETC.



"ANYBODY CAN WHO CHOOSES," SAID FELIX.

CHAPTER I.—IN BRIGHTON LODGINGS.

"IT doesn't matter! That's to say, it can't be helped. I wouldn't have done the same in your place, Sissie. But perhaps you were right. I don't know exactly how we should have managed. I don't mean to be indebted to

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him or to anybody. I have my own way to make in the world; and I mean to make it. I'll get on—somehow."

The words were spoken resolutely, and the speaker, a lad of about seventeen or eighteen, gave a slight toss to his head, which shook back a loose lock of hair, given to dropping over the

PRICE ONE PENNY.

brow. It was a gesture characteristic of Felix Anderson. He was a good-looking young fellow, not tall but well-made, with a resolute square jaw.

"I mean to get on, and I will," he repeated. "Anybody can who chooses. I have to begin at the bottom of the ladder: but that's no reason why I shouldn't get to the top some day. Anyhow, I don't mean to be easily beaten. If I take this thing now, it is only as a stepping-stone to something better. I shall not be a bookseller's accountant all my days." There was a touch of egoism in all this, but egoism is almost an essential part of youth, and the boy was thinking of others beside himself. "I wouldn't have written to Dr. Bryant in your place,—after the way he treated my father and your mother. But if you thought it best—"

"I could not see what else to do. It is hard enough to ask help of anybody. For myself I would not—only for you and Lettice."

"Not for me. I can do without him, thank goodness! I wouldn't touch a dirty penny of the old fellow's with a pair of tongs! Not for anything you could mention," declared Felix, with unnecessary vehemence. "It is different for you and Lettice. Not that I couldn't have kept you both."

"On seventeen shillings and sixpence a week! Forty-five pounds a year!"

"It will be a pound a week soon. Besides, I shall make more somehow. Something would have turned up," said Felix, with juvenile hopefulness. "And in time you will be able to teach again,—not a great deal so as to knock yourself up, but enough to be a help. I mean to have a home for you both before long."

The faded woman, lying on a sofa near the fire—faded, though scarcely thirty-five in age—knew better. She was too well aware that the prospective home would not be for her.

It was a shabby little room: a most ordinary specimen of a second-rate lodging-house "parlour" in a dull back street of Brighton. Yet there was about it a certain refinement of air and tone. Cecilia Anderson was a lady, both by birth and by education: and her personality told upon her surroundings. Rows of well-bound books spoke of better days: and a graceful arrangement of moss and ferns gave evidence of somebody's love for beauty. Moreover, the three present, though to some extent shabby, were also scrupulously neat; and while work lay about, it was not flung about: and neither tablecloth nor carpet was bestrewn with the shreds of white cotton, too often seen in the wake of tasteless females.

Lettice had not spoken yet. She knew well that Felix's opinion, not hers, was the important question, even though her future might be more acutely affected than his by the correspondence between Miss Anderson and Dr. Bryant. Not being self-assertive, she was in no haste to thrust herself into the discussion, but sat quietly, work in hand, glancing between the stitches from one to the other.

"What did uncle Bryant do?" she at length asked, in the rather long silence following her brother's last words.

"He's not your uncle,—or mine."

"He is Sissie's,—" with a glance at Miss Anderson.

"And what is mine is yours, of course," added Cecilia Anderson.

"Oh, well—but you can't make a thing to be, when it isn't," rejoined Felix. "He's no scrap of relation to Lettice or me, you know—really—and he must have behaved abominably to your mother."

"What did he do?" persisted Lettice.

"He objected to my mother's marriage. I suppose there were hot words spoken—as usual, in family quarrels. I am not sure about the 'behaving abominably.' He tried to prevent what he did not think would be for her happiness. My mother had her way—and there was no further intercourse between them."

"And you to write to him—after all these years—"

"That is it! So many years and years ago;—before I was born! My uncle must be quite an elderly man now. I don't think one ought to make too much of things spoken so very long since! He thought he was in the right,—and he did not really know our father. At least, he never learnt to love him. That is what I mean. It is all over now; and one has to forget sometimes. And he is my uncle. Better to be helped by him than by strangers."

"I wonder why Dr. Bryant didn't like your mother to marry papa," Lettice conjectured dreamily. "Did anybody mind *our* mother marrying him?"

"People sometimes take fancies—unreasonable fancies. Dr. Bryant was always strong in his dislikes, I have been told. Mind, Lettice, you know now all that there is any need for you to know. You are not to ask any more questions, and you are never to discuss the matter with my uncle."

"No." The word came slowly, and Lettice's eyes widened into a thoughtful gaze, her needle lying neglected. She had a somewhat childish look for her fifteen years: and her small-featured pale face scarcely told of the firm nerves or indomitable pluck of her brother and half-sister. Yet it was a happy face, contented and cheery: and the girl, if of more sensitive make than they, was capable of resolute effort, and of patient endurance, though as yet she had not been greatly called upon for the exercise of either.

Cecilia Anderson was a woman of remarkable force and courage. She had been practically a mother to Felix and Lettice, since the death of their own mother, when Lettice was only six months old: and from the death of their father—hers and theirs also—whereby they were at once reduced from ease to penury, she had borne up with unflinching determination. Not only by her exertions had she made a home for the two children, and given them thus far a good education: but she had also paid all her father's debts—not large, perhaps, in actual amount, but very large in proportion to Cecilia's means. She knew no rest till they were liquidated: and she would have done twice as much in love to her father's

memory. He had not been a gifted man, or an estimable man, or a man of high principle: but he had had the power to make all women believe in him.

Cecilia was cultivated in no common degree; thoroughly well-taught, and well-read: a good French and German scholar: a good musician: a passable artist: and with these powers she possessed also an unlimited capacity for work. No doubt her handsome face, her refined and dignified manner, helped her to make way. Until recently her time had been for years more than full: and the incessant toil had been sufficiently repaid.

But of late a change had come. She had begun slowly to drop out of the ranks of the always employed, and to find large gaps in her time, once entirely occupied. Competition in a place like Brighton is very keen: and perhaps she was wearing out physically under the long strain, not able to teach so well. She had often sat up for hours at night, correcting exercises, when her days were over-full: and even in her holidays she had known no rest with incessant holiday-engagements. Nature will in time take its revenge.

One pupil after another dropped away; and fresh pupils no longer sprang to supply the vacant places. The worry of this told upon her severely. She could stand work, but she could not stand the absence of work. It was scarcely a year since the last of her father's debts had been paid; and she had hoped for a time of less pressure, when she might lay by a little for the future. Now, this new reverse was come!

Treading upon the heels of lessening work came soon the direful question, how to get on?—how to pay rent and bills, how to procure food and clothing, how to meet educational expenses?

Lettice went daily to a school near: one of the earlier modern High schools. Felix, who showed signs of considerable ability, had only left school this last Michaelmas. Cecilia idolised Felix. She loved Lettice, quietly: but her whole heart was bound up in the boy, this young half-brother, to whom she had been sister and mother and friend, all in one, and for whose success in life she would gladly have flung away her own happiness. Once upon a time she had indulged in a wild dream of College; but this dream had faded under the stringent necessity of finding work for him, without delay.

At first she sought the "something" with ideas far too lofty of what might be expected; since, surely, there were few boys in Brighton like her Felix. Employers did not view the matter with her sisterly eyes, however; and step by step she had to descend in her notions, as hope after hope faded.

Had Felix and Lettice been a little more experienced, they might have read in Cecilia tokens of the impending break-down, during the autumn term: but they did not. To the last she never complained, never gave in, never failed in a single lesson. When the collapse came it was sudden and entire. In the morning she went out as usual: before night she was dangerously ill.

The immediate danger lasted only a few days: but recovery was fitful and slow. Cecilia at

length insisted on hearing the whole truth from her doctor: and it was a truth which she had long suspected. She was the victim of complicated and hopeless disease. She might to some extent rally, and even resume ordinary life; but she would never again be strong, or fit for teaching; and at any time an acute attack might carry her off.

Miss Anderson said not a word of this to Felix or Lettice. She thought it over quietly: and when again able to sit up, she determined to write to the only near relative she possessed—her uncle, Dr. Bryant, alienated many many years earlier by his only sister's marriage to Francis Anderson.

This decision was hastened by an opening for Felix, as accountant in a stationer's shop. He would begin at once going daily, to learn his business: and after a fortnight would receive the sum of 17s. 6d. weekly, with prospects of an early rise if he gave satisfaction. Cecilia had looked for something widely different, but others told her how fortunate he was; and the common-sense of the boy fully acquiesced. Cecilia gave in, and wrote to Dr. Bryant, resolved that Felix should at least, if possible, be unhampered.

The reply was prompt. If Cecilia would travel down to the west with Lettice, as soon as she could bear the journey, Dr. Bryant would give them both a home. To meet immediate expenses he enclosed a £10 note. The letter was not in style affectionate, but Maurice Bryant never had written affectionately. Some people, demonstrative in manner, are icy by post; and some, who never thaw in personal intercourse, are unexpectedly genial in correspondence. He might be none the less warm, because he expressed himself coldly.

On the whole, satisfaction predominated in Cecilia's mind. To be compelled to seek aid from anyone was a source of distress: but she was not a person of puny make, always in arms against imaginary slights, neither was she herself demonstrative. Why should she expect a show of feeling from others?

"We will offer you a home!" Dr. Bryant wrote, and she wondered over the plural pronoun. She had always thought of her uncle as an old bachelor, possibly an eccentric one: but he might have married, without the fact reaching her ears. If so, the future happiness of herself and Lettice would depend greatly upon the manner of wife he had chosen.

Cecilia was not a woman of many friends, using the word in a sense which implies intimacy—partly in consequence of her innate reserve, partly because she held back from possible friendships. She was proud as well as reserved; and she would not endure to have it said that she went after anybody with an object. Neither would she permit towards herself kindness which might border on patronage. Even the families of long-standing pupils would drop away, when the engagement ended. People admired and respected Miss Anderson, but few loved her; and all her thought and care were concentrated in Felix and Lettice—more especially in Felix.

So when those troubles came, she had no one

to turn to for help: none except the lodging-house keeper, Mrs. Crofton, who, like everybody, admired and respected her lodger, and who would have done anything in the world for Lettice. Mrs. Crofton did do much; nursing the invalid night and day through the worst of the illness, and sparing every possible moment from work to be in the sick-room. The doctor, summoned at hap-hazard from a neighbouring street, was kindness itself: and the clergyman of the parish called often; but though Mrs. Anderson had been years in this house, she was a stranger to both of them. Despite all their efforts to break through her shield of reticence, she and they remained "strangers yet." Nor was she so grateful as she might have been for their exertions on behalf of Felix, since the result meant to herself deep disappointment.

"I have been talking with Mrs. Crofton about you, Felix: and we both wish you to stay on here, when Lettice and I are gone."

"If I can afford it." Felix did not seem enamoured with the plan. Freedom had its charms for him, and he might be more free elsewhere.

"She will let you have the top back bed-room for half-a-crown a week, and will do everything for you. It would be impossible to get a furnished room anywhere else for so little."

"Ten shillings a month. About six pounds a year. I could manage that, of course. But I say, Sis——" and the lad flushed up hotly; "will it repay her?"

"She says so. I did hesitate—and I told her it ought at least to be more in the season: but she would not listen. She declares that she owes us a great deal, and perhaps it is true. We have never been behindhand, all these years, in our rent; and of course I have done her many little kindnesses. By-and-by, it may be in your power to repay her more fully."

"I hate to be indebted to anybody."

"Yes, I know!"—with full understanding, while Lettice glanced uncomprehendingly from one to the other. "But Mrs. Crofton is a good creature. I would rather be indebted to her than to most people. And the room is not bad—it is neatly furnished, and only one side of the ceiling slants. I told her the plan would be a comfort to me."

"Oh, it will do—as well as anything. I just have to get along for the present. I don't mean to be in a shop all my days—or in a garret bed-room."

"You won't—I am sure. It would make me wretched to think so."

"I shall not. I'll get on, somehow. I mean to get on. The chance will come to me, and I shall use it. You'll see."

Would she see? or would she soon be far away, beyond reach of this idolised brother?

The question came acutely, bringing a shadow with it. For no brightness lay in the thought. Neither by bringing-up nor by after-conviction was Cecilia in any sense a religious woman. She had a philosophical way of viewing troubles, and a spirited fashion of making the best of things: and what was inevitable she would accept

courageously. But death, for her, meant simply being cut off from her dearest ones—above and beyond all, from Felix! The land on the other side of the grave was, for her, not a Paradise of joy and reunion, but a blank existence of absence and forgetfulness. All her energies had been expended on this life: all her treasure was lodged in this world. She had only a faint confidence in a vague "Providence" to help her through the last struggle, when it should come.

It was not exactly fear that she felt, looking forward. On the whole she counted that she had done her duty, and that things would not go hardly with her. She had kept up a respectable show of religion, going pretty often to church on Sunday morning, if wet weather did not offer an excuse for staying at home—though no rain kept her in on other days. She had a Bible in her room: not often opened. She had been scrupulously honourable as to her father's debts: strictly true in all her dealings: a hard-working careful and self-denying sister. Could more be required? She dreaded having to leave all whom she loved: otherwise she was prepared—or she thought so—to meet the last enemy bravely, as she had met many lesser enemies.

"I wish you would get me another shawl, Lettice. I am so chilly."

Lettice sprang up eagerly: rather too eagerly. A certain impulsiveness and rapidity of movement were natural to her; unlike the dignified ease which had always characterised Cecilia, and unlike the confident composure of Felix. The impulsiveness worried Cecilia, who had done her best to engraft her own manner upon the young girl, hitherto without success. They had never "suited one another," so completely as Cecilia and Felix "suited:" but Lettice was scarcely aware of this fact. She was of a happy disposition, humble as to her own merits, passionately fond of Cecilia, and always sure that Cecilia was in the right. It had become a received fact in the little circle, that Lettice, though well-meaning and affectionate, was hopelessly awkward and dull—a mere foil to her handsome and clever brother. Lettice acquiesced in this version of affairs as fully as anyone. She never expected to be anything else than dull; and that her occasional *gaucheries* should arouse Cecilia's vexation was a matter of course. Lettice was always more annoyed with herself than Cecilia could be with her.

The hurried start to obey was a mistake. As she sprang up, she caught her foot in the rug, and stumbled against the couch—then, in her desperate effort to avoid coming down upon the invalid, she fell sideways towards the fireplace, striking her head sharply against the corner of the marble mantelpiece.

"Lettice!" Cecilia said reproachfully—aware only of the unpleasant jar she had herself received.

"You stupid child!" exclaimed Felix, with brotherly frankness.

Lettice pulled herself up slowly, and laughed—keeping her face turned away. "I'm sorry," she said in a lively voice. "I didn't mean—I'll get the shawl——"

"Don't knock anything down by the way," said Cecilia, with some sharpness.

"O no—I'll——" Lettice laughed again, and went straight out of the room.

"Did you ever see such a child?" asked Cecilia. "And she doesn't care in the least!"

Lettice fled to the top of the first flight, and there stood still, holding the balusters. Resolution failed for the moment to carry her further. The blow had been severe enough to half-stun her, though not to overcome her courage, and tears streamed from her eyes with the pain—an involuntary overflow: muscular, not mental. Lettice would have scorned to cry for such a cause: but she was stupefied, and five minutes passed unmeasured. Then the parlour door opened for a shout:

"Lettice! what are you after? You little slow-coach! Sissie wants her shawl."

Lettice rushed to Cecilia's bed-room door, and called out, "Yes, yes, I'm coming."

"Make haste! what an age you have been!"

Lettice caught up the shawl and ran downstairs. When she entered the other two were again in earnest conference, and they scarcely noticed her. Cecilia only remarked carelessly, "I do wish you would learn to be a little more attentive, Lettice;" and went on with what she was saying. Lettice attempted no defence. She sat down, not in her former place, but well in the shade behind the couch, and made believe to be at work again.

A tap at the door was followed by the announcement—

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Kelly wants to see you!"

"Mr. Kelly! O dear!"

"He've been a lot of times, ma'am, when you was too ill: and he said maybe you'd be able now."

"Well, I suppose he must come in for once. It is to be hoped that he will not stay long."

Felix crossed over to where Lettice sat. "I'm off," he whispered. "I'll be back in an hour. I say—you didn't really hurt yourself? I saw you got an uncommonly hard bang."

"Oh, it's nothing—" and she smiled.

"Not bad now."

"No, it's getting better."

"Sis didn't notice, so I said nothing. She'd only lie and bother. You'll be all the colours of the rainbow in a day or two."

Felix dashed across the room, intent on escape; and Cecilia's eyes followed him with hungry looks. She could hardly bear to have him out of sight, now that the parting was so near. Parting! for how long? Suppose the separation were to be final? Suppose she should never meet the boy again in this world? If not in this world—but beyond, all was blank. Such questions haunted her continually: and they came now with a sudden vehemence which, for the moment, caused forgetfulness of all beside. She forgot to look up and welcome the clergyman, advancing dubiously, after a collision with Felix in the doorway. She entirely forgot the presence of a silent girl in the shade behind her couch. All Cecilia's force was for the moment needed to grapple with the inrush of sad thoughts—the desolate realisation that she had soon to leave the one whom most in all the world she loved; and that the leaving might be final.

GEORGE BOWEN.

ON February 5, 1888, there quietly fell asleep, unattended by any earthly hands, George Bowen, for more than forty years missionary in Bombay.

He was born at Middlebury, Vermont, in the United States of America, on April 30, 1816. His father, who was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was of a literary turn of mind, and collected a good library, but was anxious that his son George should succeed him as a dry-goods merchant. And with that end in view George entered his father's counting-house at the age of twelve. From that age he had no further education beyond such as he gave himself. While still a youth he read with eagerness such books as "Plutarch's Lives," Rollin's "Ancient History," Xenophon's "Cyropædia," Hume's "History of England," "Memoirs of Duc du Sully," Washington Irving's Works, "Locke on the Understanding," Dugald Stewart, "Arabian Nights," Scott's Novels, and Shakespeare. He learnt French, Italian, and Spanish in his spare evenings, and varied these studies with listening to Italian operatic music, of which he was very fond. Finding a mercantile life distasteful, with the

grudgingly-given permission of his father, he left it in October, 1854, with a view of devoting himself entirely to literary work.

Charmed with the style of Gibbon, whom he greatly admired, he was led shortly before this to the opinion that Christianity had no well-founded claims as a Divine institution, and became, as he styles himself, an unbeliever.

The peace which Christians professed to get from their religion he regarded as a confession of their weakness in needing such a support; while he prided himself upon his own independence and self-sufficiency. He was considered by those who knew him to be a very moral man, but he himself declared that he would not "for all the world have consented that certain facts should be divulged to man."

His nature at the time was strangely impulsive and unreasonably chivalrous, as is evidenced by his sending a threatening letter to the President of the United States, and by his standing godfather "for the oddity of the thing" to the child of an Italian patriot who had suffered much in his efforts to liberate Italy from the Austrian yoke.

In 1836 he started for Europe and spent some years in travel; now entering into the gaieties of Paris, and now spending his time in devouring German and French books. He states that in 1858 he read eighty German volumes in six months, translating some of them into blank verse. After visiting Upper Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, he returned to New York in 1840.

The taste for German, French, Italian, and Spanish works of fiction, poetry, philosophy, and history did not cease when he returned home, for he continued to devour them with avidity. He appears from his journal to have advocated at one time the theory of the transmigration of souls, and speaks on his twenty-sixth birthday of it being "another flea-hop through eternity." At another stage in the mental career of this singular man he is found greatly admiring Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," while on yet another occasion he speaks with approval of Spinoza's and Goethe's pantheism on the ground that it shifted all the corruption of humanity upon God.

In 1842 the death of the beautiful and accomplished lady to whom he had become affianced proved to be the letting in of the first rays of light into his soul. The death of the object of his affections, together with a perusal of Fichte's work translated into French, "*La destination de l'homme*," banished from his mind all doubt as to the immortality of the soul.

On her death-bed the young lady was enabled to give evidence of the pardon of her sins. She left to George Bowen her Bible "with words of benediction on the clasp and an injunction from her to read it daily and also to attend the house of God." The entry in his diary after her death was as follows: "There remains nothing now but the constant, perennial, hourly necessity of such preparation as shall ensure the earliest meeting in that exalted sphere to which she has gone." This Bible he valued at first simply because it had been the means of consolation to her. He read it indeed, but without any idea that it was a revelation from God; at the same time he began to attend some Episcopal Church every Sunday.

About March 24, 1844, he one night gave expression to the following soliloquy: "If there is One above all who notices the desires of men, I wish that He would take note of this fact, that if it please Him to make known His will concerning me, I shall think it my highest privilege to do that will whatsoever it may be and whatever it may involve." Little did George Bowen think how soon this wish would be put to the test, or how wonderfully he would be helped by Divine grace to fulfil its terms.

Four days afterwards he went to the Mercantile Library at New York and asked for Paley's "Natural Theology." On reaching home he was mortified to find that the "Evidences of Christianity" by the same author had by mistake been given to him. Unwilling to traverse again that day the two miles that separated him from the Library, he retained the book, but with the remark, "I cannot waste my time on a book that

tries to show that the Bible is from God, for I know well enough that it is not."

However, on turning over the pages his eye lit on the first sentence, which is as follows: "I deem it unnecessary to prove that mankind stood in need of a revelation, because I have met with no serious person who thinks that, even under the Christian revelation, we have too much light or any degree of assurance that is superfluous. Let it be remembered, too, that the question lies between this religion or none; for if the Christian religion be not credible, no one with whom we have to do will support the pretensions of any other." Greatly struck with this, and pleased with the style and candour of the author, he read on a few pages, but as he found he was beginning to take an interest in the subject, and was fearful lest he should become a believer in Christianity, he shut the book. Shortly after this event he went to visit a friend in the country, and fell in with Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which he read. He returned home determined to find out at any cost the truth about the Christian religion. And so set himself in earnest to read Paley's *Evidences*. When he had read half through the book a change began to come over him, and in heaven the joyful news was sounded forth "Behold, he prayeth," for there went up from that hitherto proud, but now seeking heart, the touching cry, "Help Thou mine unbelief." From the perusal of this book George Bowen arose convinced by the Divine Spirit of the truth of the Bible. It will be interesting to insert at this point his opinion of the book which was made such a blessing to him. Paley's *Evidences*, he remarks, "has been the means of bringing many unbelievers to the knowledge of the truth. We say not that it is the book best adapted to all phases of scepticism, we do not think it is; but to an out and out unbeliever, of a logical turn of mind, we believe it well adapted."

When Bowen had finished the study of Paley's *Evidences*, he turned again to the chapter of Gibbon which had led him so much astray, and was able now to see clearly the extreme weakness of its arguments. From that time he devoted himself to the study of God's word. He read it, however, with the idea that it did not contain the doctrines which people professed to see in it, and with a determination to find out for himself what it really taught. The teaching revealed to him first of all that he was a sinner, and next that there was for him the Saviour he needed. That Saviour he took as his own, and became henceforth a true and devoted servant of Christ.

Shortly after his conversion, he joined the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church. He was baptised on June 9th, and partook the same day for the first time of the Lord's Supper. Dr. Skinner, his pastor, having learned his desire to become a missionary, advised him to enter the Union Theological Seminary. He at once began to apply himself to the study of Greek, and a college friend says that, though older than the rest of the students, and without the preliminary scholastic education which they had enjoyed, his Greek and Hebrew examinations were among the

best in the seminary. Those who have read Mr. Bowen's works will have noticed how fresh and unconventional are the thoughts there expressed. His college friend, Dr. Robert Aikman, remarks that the same feature was characteristic of his student days, and accounts for it by the fact that up to that time he had read no theological works, but had confined his studies in this direction to the Bible; and that he brought to bear upon it his keen unbiassed though sanctified intellect.

While at college George Bowen grew very rapidly in grace. He was led to devote himself with more whole-hearted consecration to the service of God, and strove to get into the habit of constantly realising the personal presence of the Saviour with him. So that in company with several of his friends, he one day remarked: "I have at this moment a more vivid sense that Jesus is in the room here than I have that either of you three are."

While pursuing his studies, he engaged in Christian work, taking a class in the Sunday school, and visiting a district as a tract distributor.

He had up to his conversion been a victim of the habit of using profane language, this he was enabled to overcome. He gave up smoking also, to which he had been greatly addicted; and became an abstainer from intoxicating drink, while he was also the leading spirit in the college prayer and experience meetings.

Having finished his college course on April 19, 1847, he began his public ministrations by preaching three times. He was ordained to the ministry on July 4th, in the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, and having been accepted by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he set sail the same month for Bombay.

In going forth as a missionary he made up his mind on two points, that he would never marry, and that he would never return to America. Such resolves as these are generally most undesirable. In this case however they were both faithfully acted upon.

He arrived in Bombay on January 29, 1848, and began at once to study the vernacular language, acquiring it with very great facility.

After being in India a few months he heard of the death of his father. This event left his mother and sisters entirely unprovided for. He felt it right however to remain at his work in India, but contrived to put aside some four pounds a month out of his small salary for their support.

In the month of August of this year a serious illness befell him, which he himself thought likely to be fatal. On recovering he was ordered to leave India immediately, but nevertheless he determined to stay at what seemed his post of duty. During these months of his sojourn in India he exercised his mind very largely about plans of missionary work, and was impressed with the idea that his labours would be greatly helped if he adopted a much simpler mode of life than that of most missionaries, and more after the style of the ordinary natives. He even went so far as to write a letter to the other missionaries

working in India, urging upon them these views. His motive in adopting this plan is thus expressed in his diary. "By the grace of God I will put myself in a position where all men shall see that I am the disinterested servant of Christ. By the help of God I will honour the gospel and conform myself to it with all strictness."

This plan of procedure George Bowen carried out for many years, but eventually he expressed his disappointment at the result of this mode of living, in its effect upon the natives.

In carrying out this purpose of a simpler manner of life, he gave up the salary of about two hundred pounds, which the American Board of Missions was paying him, and left the mission house where he had been living, in order to occupy a room in a part of Bombay inhabited entirely by Portuguese and natives. He writes thus, after this change was completed. "At length, thanks be to God, I am in that situation which I have so long desired to be in. The Lord did not more truly guide me to India than He has guided me to this humble spot. Were the Apostle Paul in Bombay, I should be far more content in receiving him where I now am than where I have hitherto been. On opening my Bible the first text that met my eyes was, 'Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city.'"

In order to support himself he engaged in private tuition for a few hours a week.

He laboured incessantly in preaching the Gospel to the natives, spending hours of the night in prayer for a blessing. He often fasted for long periods, and sometimes gave away all that he possessed.

In 1851 George Bowen issued the first number of the "Bombay Guardian," a paper which, with but a short interval, continued under his able editorship up to the end of his life to advocate with great ability the cause of evangelical truth.

Although he had ceased to receive any salary from the missionary society, he continued his connection with it until 1856, when he thought it better to be entirely independent.

Thus he laboured on quietly in Bombay, seldom going into society, but when he did do so, charming every one with his musical talent, as well as with the wise and helpful words which dropped from his lips.

After some time he became the Secretary of the Bombay Religious Tract Society; and took up his abode at the dépôt. The work, which was in addition to his other duties, he undertook as a labour of love, though not altogether with success as regards management.

In literature he was quite at home. He wrote many tracts and pamphlets, and his three books, "The Amens of Christ," "Daily Meditations," and "Love Revealed," especially the last, are rich with the unction of deep piety, and holy Christian experience. Any one reading his works will find them "a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined."

When, in 1871, the Rev. William, now Bishop, Taylor, began work in India, George Bowen sup-

ported him very heartily. He became one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was on several occasions appointed president of the annual conferences of that body in India. His last public acts were in connection with this office. Having been elected President of the South Indian Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in January 1888, he preached a remarkable sermon on "Union with Christ." He spoke on the same day in Marathi to a large number of school-children; and after presiding at the conference, returned as usual to Bombay. The next day he took part in a farewell service to a retiring minister, but contracted a chill from which he never recovered.

On Sunday morning, February 5th, "the nurse on entering the room was startled by his appearance, and on drawing near found he was dead."¹ Thus at the age of seventy-two he entered into his well-earned rest.

His forty years of life in India were full of earnest, whole-hearted work for God, and yet it has been remarked as a somewhat singular fact, that but few conversions can be traced to his personal efforts. One who knew him well states that he asked him on one occasion if he did not feel discouraged; his reply was, "Thank God I can only say I have never experienced such a feeling. The thought 'In Thy favour is life,' swallows up all others. It is enough for me." (Preface to *Daily Meditations*.) His life-work appears to have been to live "soberly, godly, and righteously," in that city where he was called to dwell. By his devoted and simple habit of life he won universal respect, and became the valued counsellor of workers of all churches, who constantly resorted to him for advice. Amidst many whole-hearted men and women who are spending and being spent in the Master's service in that great country, it was reserved for George Bowen to be called "the Saint of India."

The *Times of India*, of February 11th 1888, in recording his death, thus spoke of him:—

"George Bowen was known to most as a missionary who chose, for the furtherance of the cause to which he had devoted himself, a style of life marked by extreme self-sacrifice and prudence; by many he was regarded as a kind of Christian *faqir*. From his humble dwelling he issued every morning on missions of love to those needing Christian guidance and consolation, and on visits to his Christian friends and fellow-workers. He might be seen returning with quick step when the sun was already well up, and during the hotter hours of the day he would be found busy at his desk, engaged in study and correspondence, in receiving visits from inquirers whom he instructed, or in the editorial duties connected with the *Bombay Guardian*. Again as evening drew near, he sallied forth to the places where he was wont to preach in the open air to the passing crowds. On many an evening he might have been seen standing on the steps at the base of the great lamp in front of the Money School, proclaiming his message to the large congregation of passers-by that usually gathered around him. In the later evening he would be found conducting religious services in the churches with which he was connected, or taking part in the important work of Bible

translation or revision, or visiting the homes of his most intimate friends, into which his presence seemed always to bring something of the higher atmosphere in which he lived and worked.

"Reality and self-forgetting sympathy were the most marked features of his character, and these are the qualities which most inspire confidence and affection. He was self-denying, not because he was conscious of the esteem and admiration which self-denial wins, but because this was the form in which his life found its most natural expression. He was humble, not because humility is beautiful and attractive, but because he had learned to be meek and lowly in heart. Hence the power and influence of his devotional writings, so different from much that is written on similar subjects; hence the manly vigour of his thought when it entered the most sacred regions of the soul and touched the highest themes. Through forty years that life has been among us, from its very character mingling little with the busy currents of public movement that have been flowing onwards, guided by other aims and other plans; and yet we cannot but feel poorer that a life so rich in noble purpose and lofty aim has passed away from among us. Gladly and ungrudgingly, therefore, do we offer this tribute of honour to the memory of one who neither loved nor sought it while he lived."

J. P. HOBSON.

At Evening Time.

ALL day the homeless mists had swept
Adown the rock-bound lea,
O'er gorse-fringed hills and vales they crept,
And tryst among the heather kept,
But now, at evening time, they slept
Upon a sleeping sea.

Soft as the grey-white plumage worn
Upon a sea-bird's breast,
Or fleece of firstling newly shorn,
One drift they seemed, save where, upborne
Through some brief rift asunder torn,
Gleamed white a sail at rest.

But when the hour of sunset came,
Across their phantom floor,
Bright hues of crimson and of flame
The chill and pallor put to shame,
Until the mists one fire became
That burned from sky to shore.

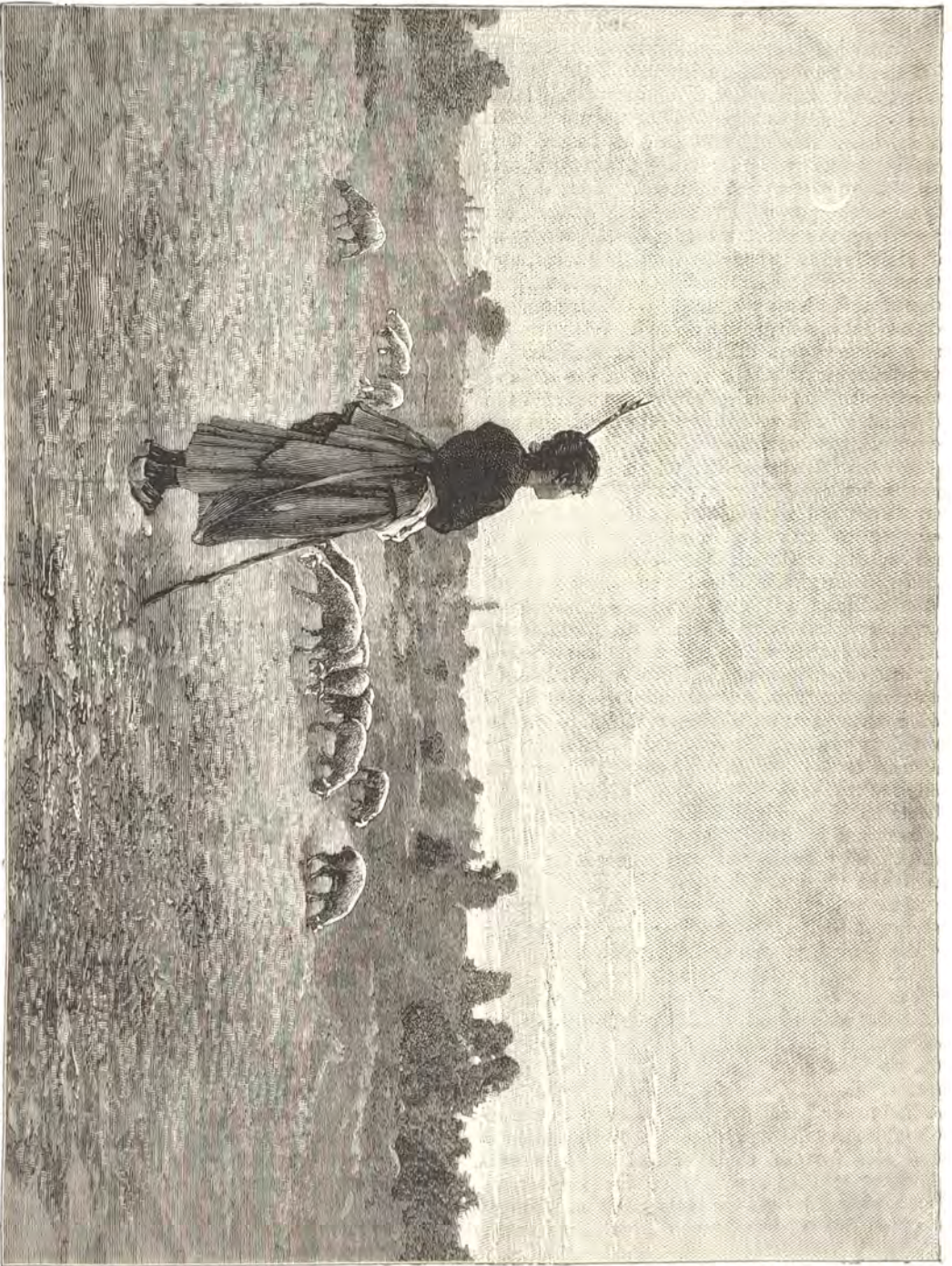
And, tipped with gold beneath the sun,
A purple isle afar
Stood clearly out, as fearing none,
And watched the sunset triumph won,
While over it, when all was done,
Looked forth the evening star.

So, up and down the shores of time
All day the vapours go,
They shroud our isles of faith sublime,
And round our watch-towers drift and climb;
But when life strikes its even-chime,
All massed in light below,

The very mists that dimmed our way,
Suffused with heavenly gleams,
Shall make above the waters grey
A roseate pavement o'er the bay
Towards the Island of the Day,
The haven of our dreams!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

¹ *A Brief Biography of George Bowen*. Published by the *Methodist Mission, Bombay*.



TWILIGHT.

[J. LeVoyse. Salon, 1898.

LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

BY W. T. LYNN, D.A., F.R.A.S.

“WHEN I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?” However delightful and entrancing is the sight of nature in the daytime, when the glorious sun in its majesty flings light and warmth, beauty, colours, and radiance over the aspect of nature, even deeper thoughts of the power and immensity of God, are suggested by the spectacle of a cloudless sky at night, the silver and apparently smiling moon, and still more the glittering hosts of stars, of various degrees of brightness which stud the firmament. Never has this feeling been more finely expressed than in these words of David. It includes an overpowering sense of the vastness of the scale of creation, and of the wonderful condescension of the great Creator in His dealings of providence and of grace with man whose nature He has made little less than divine, and to whom He has given the dominion over all other living creatures in the world around him. But does life, intellectual life similar to that of man, exist in the orbs of heaven, which modern astronomy has taught us to look upon as globes, situated in many respects like that which we inhabit? Of these bodies we know most about those which form part of our own system; and, whilst we know that God’s mercy and care are over all His works, it is only in reference to them that science enables us to consider the question whether they are to be regarded as probable abodes of life, in a similar manner to that in which we know that our own planet, the earth, is.

Before the invention of the telescope, nothing whatever was known of the planets but their motions. But careful study of these, led Copernicus to the view, which from him is called the Copernican system, that they could be much more simply explained by regarding the sun, rather than the earth as the centre round which all revolved. The progress of astronomy since his time has converted this view, from a probable hypothesis (which is all that it was in his hands) into one of the best established facts in science, which no one who has studied it can fail to accept. This would have been so even if the telescope had never been invented. But in that case we should have known nothing of the planets beyond the fact of their orbital motions and approximately the amounts of the masses of matter which they respectively contain. Many of the planets also would never have been known at all.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, however, man obtained the means of using, so to speak, a more powerful eye than his own, enabling him to see distinctly objects otherwise beyond his ken, whether from the minuteness of their sizes or the magnitudes of their distances. Pointing telescopes to the planets, it was seen, not only that they were themselves opaque bodies and illumi-

nated by the sun, being light only on that half of their surfaces which was turned towards him, but that they rotated or turned round on their own axes, so that each part, as on our own earth, had an alternative of light and darkness similar to our day and night, and that these axes were, like that of the earth, more or less inclined to the planes of their orbits, so that a succession of seasons would take place on large portions of some of the planets such as is experienced to take place on our own earth. It was also discovered that some of the planets and those more distant from the sun than ourselves, had, not one moon, like our earth, but several satellites or moons revolving around them, and it was thought that the reflected light of those bodies might in some measure make up for the deficiency of direct sunlight on those planets. Putting all these things together, the conclusion was arrived at, with more decision than the facts of the case warranted, that all the planets were probably abodes of sentient and perhaps intellectual life.

There are few persons but who will here think of Fontenelle’s “Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes” (first published in 1686), the almost certainty with which he assures the imaginary Marchioness that every-body in the solar system, excepting the sun, is peopled with inhabitants. The principal argument is the similarity of circumstance in many respects (though varied in degree) which such supposed planetary inhabitants would be placed in when compared with our own.

But how much is contained in that word “degree!” Had the planets more distant from the sun than ourselves, been only at about two or three times our distance from the source of light and heat, the argument would have possessed much force. But with the exception of Mars, a planet considerably smaller than the earth, and the hundreds of little planets which have been discovered in the present century, the next planet reckoning outwards (Jupiter), is more than five times as far from the sun as we are, and receives, therefore, an amount of light and heat from him less than the twenty-sixth part of that which we do. But, it was suggested, his four moons make up to some extent for this smaller amount of light. It was quite forgotten that the moons or satellites also receive this smaller proportion of light, and as there is no reason to suppose that their reflecting power is very different, the four together cannot give anything like so much light to Jupiter as our one moon does to us.

Still more strongly does this argument apply to Saturn, which is nearly ten times as far from the sun as the earth, and can receive but about the hundredth part of the same light and heat. Uranus is nearly twenty, and Neptune more than thirty times as far from the central luminary of the system as ourselves; the light and heat radiated to the latter from the sun is scarcely more than the thousandth part of that which we have.

There is of course one body in the system situated almost exactly as we are with regard to solar influence, and that is our own moon. But the progress of astronomical research, aided by the powerful telescopes of the present century, has revealed so much of the surface and physical condition of that body, destitute (at any rate almost so) of air and water, that no one now supposes that it can be the abode of sentient life.

As regards the sun, modern discoveries in physical science and the laws of propagation of heat have shown that an idea, started in the last century, that its light and heat proceeded from its outer envelope, and that the interior might be protected by some reflective canopy and be capable of maintaining some kind of life, is quite untenable.

The greater proximity of Mercury and Venus to the solar rays makes it very improbable that they can be abodes of life, especially if the results of some recent observations are confirmed which make it probable that they rotate on their axes in the same times as those in which they revolve round the sun; the consequence of which would be that on one side their surfaces would be always exposed to his heat, and on the other side never, that is to say, that their rotation would not answer the purpose of giving an alternative of day and night at all.

A consideration of all these circumstances has led thinkers in recent times to reduce the supposed populations of the larger bodies of the solar system, and to suggest (more modestly than did Fontenelle), that the most probable scenes of life in it, are the comparatively small planet Mars (the surface of which is about a quarter that of the earth), and the satellites of Jupiter, it being thought probable that so far from these moons making up to their primary planet for the deficiency of sunlight, he may have sufficient internal heat to supply them with the warmth of which they can receive so little from the sun. Jupiter and his moons are too distant for it to be likely that we shall ever, in our present state, obtain any knowledge of the inhabitants of these satellites, should there be any. But Mars, with the single exception of Venus, is our nearest neighbour among the planets, and very special interest has on this account, been felt lately in the study of his surface, and the conditions likely to obtain there with the view of ascertaining whether any probability can thus be shown to exist of life being sustained upon it. Some visionaries have gone so far as to entertain the idea that it might be possible to hold communication by signals with the supposed Martian inhabitants; and reference was made to this in a recent number of the "Leisure Hour." Such persons do not consider that Mars, when nearest to us, is distant about thirty-five millions of miles, or more than a third part of the sun's mean distance. The most powerful telescope ever made, used under the most favourable circumstances, could not place us in a better position for seeing such an object, than if we were contemplating it with the naked eye at the distance of about five thousand miles. How would any signal made by created hands be large enough

to be perceptible at this, or even very much less than this, distance? Thus much we do know about Mars; that he turns on his axis in a period of time little more than half an hour longer than our earth does; that he is surrounded by an atmosphere much less dense than that around us; and that his surface is diversified by tracts of land and water, which are unlike our earth in this respect, that the part covered by water is much smaller than that which is dry land. Much has been said about some long streaks to which the name of canals has been given; but it is exceedingly unlikely that they are really artificial, any more than the streaks called rills on the moon, and their nature is far from being fully understood. An Italian astronomer claims to have frequently seen them in double lines, but confirmation of this with other instruments is desirable before the duplicity can be accepted. Certain appearances have been occasionally observed, which seemed to indicate that portions of the land on Mars have been submerged.

It will be noticed that what has been said in this article refers to the bodies of the solar system only. Whether life, and what kind of life, may exist on the millions of bodies which modern astronomy and modern telescope-makers have brought within our cognizance can ever be, whilst we are in our present state, but matter of conjecture and inference from analogy. It is conceivable that there may be worlds in other systems as adapted to the sustenance of life as is this earth; or that life itself may be conformable to other conditions in spheres beyond our present ken. The glittering bodies which stud the heavens are not planets, but suns, sources of light and doubtless of heat. Many of them may have opaque bodies, similar to the planets in our solar system, revolving round them and receiving light and heat from their rays. Indications of several kinds have been found of the existence of such opaque bodies by their effects on the visibility and motions of others; but reflected light cannot reach us from the enormous distances by which we are separated from the fixed stars. It becomes man to be humble in his speculations; and whilst grateful for the wondrous light which the study of science has given us respecting some of the handiwork of the Great Creator, let us remember that, after all, our knowledge is but feeble and similar, according to the well-known comparison of Sir Isaac Newton, to that of a child who picks up a few shells on the sea-shore, while the ocean of truth, out of which they are thrown, lies undiscovered and unknown.

Waiting.

THE trees stand silent in their summer dress;
No south wind stirs them with its sweet caress;
No sunshine rests upon the trembling leaves;
No song of birds beneath their sheltering eaves;
All waiting for the sun, and summer air,
Only Heaven's sunshine makes the earth look fair.
So waits my heart, Lord, for Thy grace divine,
Thy power alone can make me rise and shine.

M. S. WRIGHT.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

"THE ILLUMINED HEART."

"It pleased God . . . to reveal His Son in me."—*Gal. i. 15, 16.*

WHEN, bound with a chain, the Apostle Paul stood before Agrippa, and in "words of truth and soberness" uttered his defence, he declared, "As I went to Damascus, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me!"¹ The words describe a more than earth-born splendour. For he claims to have seen not merely a beam that illumined darkness, not merely a lightning flash that made itself visible athwart a storm-darkened sky, but a radiance brighter and stronger than when "in a Syrian noon, the sun shines fiercely overhead in an intolerable blaze of boundless light, the cloudless sky glows like molten brass, the white earth under the feet glares like iron in the furnace, the whole air seems to quiver as though it were pervaded with subtle flames."² Well might the brightness that excelled the mid-day sun of a Syrian sky seem divine. To the leader of the band of persecutors that hastened to fulfil their commission at Damascus, it came with blinding force; and, when raised from the ground, Saul was a sightless man, whose organs of vision—smitten it may be as they feasted upon the lovely city destined for the scene of his inquisitorial zeal,—had been blinded by that surpassing splendour.

But it opened other eyes, even of the soul, that had long been closed. We cannot tell how much of Christian opportunity, influence, teaching Saul of Tarsus might have enjoyed. He had witnessed Stephen's death, had beheld the patient fidelity of the Nazarenes, whom he would have forced to blaspheme; he had heard their arguments, their testimony, their appeals. All had been without result. Yet now, the long closed eyes of the heart see, the closed ears of the soul are opened. "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me."

This experience produced a life-long decision. It was decisive for all time to come, in all circumstances that might arise. It was a revelation, authoritative, final, divine; beyond which he could not go, from which he dared not withdraw. It was not instruction by a fellow man however richly endowed with acuteness of mind; this another might disprove or the scholar himself doubt and reject. It was not discovery, whether by some happy alighting upon truth or by laborious and exhaustive investigation. This was revelation; in St. Paul's language elsewhere, "God shone in the heart,"³ or, as he describes it here, "He called me and revealed His Son." And this glorious experience wrought a sound and lasting conversion. Apostacy from Christ and Christianity were among the dangers

warned against in those early days; men "went out from us," "fell from their own steadfastness," "drew back unto perdition." But this man never even verged upon such a relapse, his decision was life-long, that radiance which dawned upon and within his soul knew no diminution, that light "shone more and more unto the perfect day." The hour when God "revealed His Son," was decisive for all the years that should come after.

But such a conversion as this might well be permanent. It was not effected by a revelation made to him, but made "in" him. There are revelations, authoritative and divine, made to a man. God showed to Moses the pattern of the things he should make; He opened the eyes of the prophet's servant to see the mountain filled with chariots and horses of fire; He showed to Zechariah the mystic symbols of spiritual powers. But there was a certain inwardness about St. Paul's experience; the revelation he received was of a different and higher order; the Christ he beheld was not merely revealed to his vision but within his heart. The eyes which beheld the glory were not merely the blinded eyes of his body, for "the eyes of his heart"¹ were enlightened. The tablets upon which the revelation was inscribed were the "fleshly tables of the heart." God became his teacher, and through no human agency, by no human power of argument, but by an inward, miraculous, divine operation revealed, portrayed His Son. It was not primarily a doctrinal revelation that was made to Saul. The persecutor was not shown a new setting of the Messianic argument, was not instructed in some overlooked evidences of Christianity, had not presented to him, for credence or rejection a complete and finished system of doctrine; but the personal living Christ, the rejected and crucified, the risen and now enthroned Jesus was revealed in him. And the glorious object of faith and love became the theme of his apostolic ministry. The Son of God, the chief corner-stone, the ransom for all, the life, the one "who loved me, gave Himself for me," had been revealed in him that he might preach Him. Out of that personal experience all his theology had its rise. He had known this revealing process, and the truth he proclaimed was assured knowledge, indubitable certainty. The language of hesitation, "We trusted it had been He which should have redeemed" is never on his lips; it is his to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded."

And in the brightness of that inner revelation all other things had been reduced to their true insignificance. When upon that eventful day

¹ Acts xxvi. 12, 13.

² Dr. Farrar.

³ 2 Cor. iv. 6.

¹ Eph. i. 18 (R.V.).

the sun arose, it blotted out the splendid jewelry of stars that had decked the sky in the Syrian night. So had this glory brought to dulness or overwhelmed in comparative insignificance all other glories. All the brightest things of the present life became for ever extinguished before the radiance that illumined his heart. Hereafter they appear but as memories, as dimmer luminaries quenched by an all glorious sun. He had hotly pursued Rabbinic culture, but life's great lesson was learnt when Christ was revealed. A prospect of positive honour, fame, of satisfied ambition opened before him; but the fascination disappeared at Christ's appearing. Even the glorious past of the nation from which he sprung, the privileges with which God had endowed His peculiar possession, all the gains that in bygone years he had esteemed his great possessions, these now appeared of nothing worth, and seemed poor and lustreless in the splendour of revelation of the Son of God. As in the morning light, star after star fades away, the fainter earlier, the most resplendent last of all, till before the risen sun all alike, no matter what their radiance, are extinguished and lost, so were all these poor and nothing worth when God shone in his heart and revealed His Son. Jewish prerogative, Benjamite descent, Pharisaic merit, inquisitorial zeal, the ban of the synagogue, social ostracism, the pain of persecution, the endurance of manual toil, to be—

Lone on the land, and homeless on the water—

all these were trivial things to be sacrificed or to be suffered as of no moment, faint points of light lost in the meridian splendour of the revelation of Christ in him.

We need not wonder that such an experience was a never forgotten lesson, a sufficient theme for an apostolic ministry, a life-long decision; that it filled so large a space in St. Paul's thought, and is so often referred to in his epistles. He contemplates it in profound humility. "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me." Yet he sees its glorious antitype in the work of that first creative day when—

Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep;

and came forth responsive to the Almighty's word. "God that said, light shall shine out of darkness, shined in our hearts."¹ This was the secret of St. Paul's life, of his devotion to Christ, of his fidelity unto death, of that glorious conversion that transformed the persecutor into the apostle. Yet not for him alone was the privilege reserved. There may be in us no persecuting enmity, no Damascus Road, no light above the brightness of the sun; but the better, inner revelation may be ours. There are processes of Christian toil by which men are brought to Christ, conversions in which men discover Christ. Yet the deepest and richest experience is that of the man who can say, "It pleased God to reveal His Son to me." M.

TALKS WITH WORKERS.

The
Return to
Old
Testament
Studies.

THE present day return to Old Testament studies is one of the greatest movements of our time. It can hardly fail to result in a great legacy and trust of precious and inspiring knowledge, into which the next generation, rather than we ourselves, may expect to enter. The astonishing progress we are witnessing in the sciences of Assyriology and Egyptology and general oriental palæography yields us, nearly every month, some new and startling trophy, some surprising and fascinating page of recovered history. The narratives of Genesis and Exodus are seen in the glow of a newer light. And the glow has warmth as well as light.

Some of
the
Newer
Discoveries.

Our Sunday class-rooms, young men's guilds, upper Bible classes and "pleasant Sunday afternoons" are adding to their repertoire such romantic stories of subterranean adventure as that entitled "Four thousand years underground, or the finding of Pharaoh's mummy." Our young people are shown newly-discovered portraits of Bible races of men sculptured by command of the great Rameses himself—portraits of Hittite, Amorite, and Philistine contemporaries of Moses in Egypt.

The
Treasure-
Trove
Is
for all.

It would not be difficult to mention many such instances of the great achievements and rewards of Old Testament study and work with the pick and spade. Rather, it would be easier to show that we are at the beginning, and not at the end, of such revelations. And happily these discoveries are at once made accessible to all. This community of goods in the Christian commonwealth is indeed a thing to be thankful for. It is one of the best features of our age. Even mighty London, with its noble British Museum and library, has no monopoly of the monuments and records of present day Biblical archæology.

But undeniably I have found it pleasant to take a crowd of young people through the Egyptian and Assyrian galleries at Bloomsbury, and show them such startling sights as the black obelisk of Shalmaneser, on which, at a "durbar" held by the dusky monarch, the vassal Jelu of Israel is seen paying tribute; or to stop and look at the very sunburnt bricks from the cities of Egypt, bearing the cartouch or signature of the Great Oppressor and imperial brickmaker; or to see their surprise at the famous clay cylinder which records—from non-biblical sources—the expedition of Sennacherib against Hezekiah, and his boast that his tributary vassal was "shut up in Jerusalem like a bird in a cage."

¹ 2 Cor. iv. 6 (n.v.).

Nothing is more welcome to middle-aged men and women—who well recollect when “reference Bibles” first came into popular use—than the newer custom of appending “Student’s Aids” to the Bibles of the present day. In its form the newer discoveries I speak of are gradually being brought within reach of every Sunday School teacher and lover of what Dr. Kirkpatrick happily calls the “Divine Library.” One could mention at least three of these “Aids” which are truly bountiful with the latest harvest of Biblical discovery. Nor is it merely a question of an accession of knowledge. They teach us, among other things, how far-reaching were the roots of Israel’s history, and how providentially intertwined with those of the great peoples and states of the ancient world. It refreshes us to find in the bye-paths of the old world how much of the divine sunshine was shed upon the peoples with whom Israel was brought in contact.

I know of no better general and popular handbook of introduction to the literature of this remarkable *renaissance*—this re-birth and enthusiasm for Old Testament history—than Professor Sayce’s little volume, entitled: “Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments.” Many a solitary student feels unpeakably grateful for the help afforded in this *brochure*. Or want of some such guide the subjects of which he had heard so much were simply “in the air.” But this little manual at once brought the mist down in a fertilising power. It not only communicates the most epoch-making discoveries of our day in a lucid and vivid style; it indicates the sources of information and puts the reader in touch with the workers. In the new edition we shall doubtless see included the story of the finding of the body of Pharaoh in his underground hiding-place at Deir el Bahari, and the discovery of Assyrian tablets at Tel el Amarna, an old capital of Egypt in pre-Mosaic times.

Other invaluable little books of the same series are “The Hittites, the story of a forgotten Empire,” “The Races of the Old Testament,” and “Assyria, its Princes, Priests and People,” by the same author. To some of my readers these little volumes may already be familiar, well-thumbed textbooks, but alas! a wide experience tells me that they are far less known than they deserve to be.

Nor should I forget to mention the Rev. Henry Tomkins’s recently published “Life and times of Joseph,” which is the result of many years of the widest reading in early Semitic and Egyptian geography and ethnology.

And the time was ripe for such books. It looks as if the sluggish and indifferent among us—alas! that there should be such—would soon be shamed into a fuller knowledge of their Bible, and a wider reading of Bible subjects. They will have to come into line with the average reader of our monthly magazines, in the pages of which so many important messages from “Buried Cities and Bible Countries” first see the light. The pick and spade work of Maspero, Raville, Petrie, and others is purveyed for us not only in the journals of learned societies, or in that invaluable series of octavos, “The Records of the Past,” but in cheap popular periodicals. Eager readers, with no specially religious aims in view, but with a love of discovery in any and every field of research, are making it hard for Christian people to remain as “outsiders.” We live in an age of enthusiasms.

How best can we utilise this newer light—how best make known to and share with others who may be looking to us for guidance these unforeseen bequests of the ages? Some of us may even be asking: “How shall we ourselves best assimilate to our present knowledge the newer stores which have been so providentially opened up to us?”

The problem is a large one, and undoubtedly our best efforts to deal with it will themselves be an education to us for some time to come. But whatever else it may be, it is an unmistakable call upon us for a further equipment for our work.

Let me conclude with quite a secondary but not unimportant suggestion, which may not have occurred to all of my fellow-workers in the class-room or lecture hall. I speak on behalf of the more extended use of pictures, and especially of maps, when the lesson has an historical and geographical setting. Boys and men, as we must all have noticed, are keen upon a good map.

Suppose, for instance, we are studying the twilight years of Palestinian history—the little known times of Canaan under the Pharaohs, long before the Israelitish conquest and settlement. The period is, or was a few years since, almost pre-historic, but what a flood of light is now pouring upon it! A map of Egyptian Canaan long prior to the Exodus is now fast becoming possible. Strange to say, the names of some three hundred of the towns of the time have lately come to light, thanks to the itinerary of the great Pharaoh, Thothmes III., in his expedition through the country northwards to the Euphrates.

All this, and more besides, can best be shown by a map—which, in the case supposed, the teacher or lecturer can easily make for himself. A skeleton map of Palestine, which may be bought for a few pence, will serve the purpose. Let it be filled in first with the more important names which Thothmes—the first explorer of Palestine—has so happily written down for us; let it show the great Hittite stronghold, Kadesh, in the valley of the Orontes; and Hamath, further north on the same notable river. Let it show, not only the strange names just come to light, but venerable names and sites which even to-day bear their old Canaanite appellatives—Merom and Kishon, Heshbon and Megiddo, Migdol and Aphrah, Hamath and Damascus. Especially, let it show the route by which the conquering Thothmes marched through Canaan to the Euphrates—the route which Egyptians and Assyrians took age after age, in their invasions of each other’s empire.¹

Such a map tells a story better than pages of narrative. It is, in fact, a *conspectus* of history, and boys and men alike will want to copy it. Seen hanging on the wall of a cottage home, or in the library of the student, it is an admirable witness of the growing interest in Bible lands, and an incentive to Bible study. It presents a phase of Palestine story of which we shall hear much in the near future, and on which our best archaeologists at home and abroad are at work.

Every year is adding to our geographical and topographical knowledge of Bible lands. Even the best of “Bible Aids” to the student tends to get behind the time; but by keeping a good skeleton map by us, we can at least keep the Scripture geography fairly up to date. H. W.

¹ Professor Maspero’s two maps in vols. xx. and xxii. of the *Journal of the Victoria Institute*, should be consulted.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

1.



THE wind seemed to blow softer around the old farm on Sunday morning than at any other time. The birds seemed to sing with a lower, sweeter note. The blackbird that always came to the sycamore tree in the little wood at the back—the thrush whose nest was in the copse at the corner of the garden—the robin that lifted his little head to the rising sun, and greeted him with a hymn of praise—they all seemed to know it was Sunday morning, and they sang in a more subdued strain.

From the wood behind the farm, down the long slope of countryside, right away to the other slope that rose on the opposite side of the vale, past cottage and barn, past corn-field and pasture-land, there was no sound to be heard on Sunday save the long whisper of the wind, the singing of the birds, and the ringing of the church bell. The horses were grazing quietly in the meadow. The plough lay motionless in the barn. The sheep-dogs dozed and yawned by the gate that opened into the yard. For them all it was the Day of Rest.

But, however sweet and calm the day, it is very often the case that the human heart is all out of tune with its surroundings, all jangling and jarring with unrest, dissatisfaction, passion, and such like bad feelings. And that was the case with the heart of Elsie Merton, on this beautiful Sunday morning. It was not a very big heart as yet, for Elsie was only ten years of age, but it was capable of holding a good deal of passion and ill-temper, as any one would have thought who looked at her as she stood at the door. She had only the day before returned from a visit to her cousins in London, and since she had seen that great city, with all its life and bustle, she had been dissatisfied and discontented with all around her. She liked nothing about the old home any longer. "I don't like" was the beginning of almost every sentence she used.

"I don't like these dirty lanes," she would say, pursing up her mouth, and stamping her foot, "they are so muddy. In London they have beautiful clean pavements on which to walk."

"I don't like this old house!" she would exclaim, looking at the old farm, with her brow all puckered. "In London they have splendid high houses, with bow windows and coloured-glass doors, and wide halls."

And so she kept on, until every one around her was tired of the name of London. She did not like this, and she did not like that. Even Dobbin, the faithful, patient old horse, of whom she had been so fond before she went away, and who would rub his nose affectionately against her sleeve, whenever she came near him, was no longer a favourite with her.

"Your coat is so rough and shaggy," she would say, looking at him coldly from a distance, "and your mane is all ragged and long. In London the horses are clipped and brushed until their coats are all smooth and shiny, and their manes are cut and trimmed, so as to look beautiful."

Dobbin pawed the ground for reply, and tried to reach Elsie with his nose; but she kept out of his way, and marched out of the stable, banging the door behind her. Then she walked down to the church, with a sneer on her face that did not make her look at all pretty. The way lay past the labourers' cottages, through the fir wood, and along the barley-field. "These stupid stiles!" said Elsie, as she clambered over them. "In London they have no stiles."

The old church, grey, square-towered, lay peaceful and ivy-mantled, among a cluster of yews and sycamores, in which the rooks were cawing as they flitted hither and thither in the morning sunlight. From the fir-wood, and along the country-side, the wind murmured a soft melody, gently swaying the trees, and stirring the long grass in the quiet churchyard. Elsie sat on the stile, and looked at the church with a cold and critical eye; and then she went up to one of the low, small windows, with their queer, diamond-shaped panes, and their quaint designs. She peered through at the high, straight little seats, the homely, white-washed walls, the small harmonium, and the plain, square, little pulpit.

"You are such a plain, ugly, little church," she said, walking backwards and looking at the building, "I don't like you at all since I have been away. In London the churches have grand spires, and great coloured-glass windows, and beautiful organs. And they are ever so high and big. And there are great arches in them, with grand pillars underneath them. And——"

"Good morning, little missie!" said a deep voice behind her. Starting round, she saw Thomas, the sexton, sitting on the stile and nodding his white head very pleasantly, as he swung the keys in his hand. "Good morning, little missie! Well, well, what a stranger you be! (Thomas, by the way, had never been to a school, and so did not talk quite correctly.) Ay, sure now, an awful stranger! Why, it is four weeks since I see'd you! What have you bin doin' all this time, and how have you enjoyed yourself? And what do you think of great, big London?"

He smiled so kindly as he sat there, with his white locks straying from underneath his small round cap, and his merry, twinkling little eyes shining with good humour, that Elsie could not help smiling just a little in return. If she had been the same Elsie who had played hide-and-seek with him on the very day before she went away, she would have run towards him and have given him a kiss of welcome. But discontent and passion, and all the other evil influences of the mind, can change us all from the creatures we otherwise would be into very unpleasant creatures indeed. And they had changed Elsie from a bright, lovable, blue-eyed little girl into a most unattractive, cross-looking person, whose wrinkled brow and ugly pout were enough to chill the spirits of every one round her. And so, after a very cold little smile and a few curt words, she went past him, and turned up the barley-field towards the farm.

"He seems so rough and shabby," she said as she went, "so different from the gentlemen in London."

Thomas stared at her with open mouth. He could not understand it. "Whatever has come over little missie!" he exclaimed, as he stood looking after her, jingling his keys. "Whatever be the matter with her?"

He pondered for a few minutes, and then a bright thought struck him. "Ah, that's it!" he said, "how stupid I was not to think o' that before! The little missie ain't well. That be it!"

So saying, he started forward to unlock the church door, and very soon Elsie heard the "ding-dong" of the little bell wafted up the lane by the breeze.

"It sounds cracked," she said, peevishly, "so different from the bells in London."

But still the little bell rang on, mingling with the music of the birds, over field and lane, over hamlet and farmstead, calling the simple country folk to the house of God. "If I am cracked," the little bell might have said, "I am at least doing my duty."

If Elsie had but used her reasoning power, she would have recollected all she had heard and read of the dark side of life in London, and other great cities. She would have remembered how, behind the grand, gaily-lit streets, there are hundreds and thousands of filthy by-ways and alleys, in which the people are huddled together, starving, dying of disease, wretched with misery and want. She would have said to herself, "What a cosy, comfortable home have I, compared with these poor creatures! When they are starving in their bare attics, I am warm and snug before a blazing fire. When they are being stifled in summer time, by the hot air of the city, I am here in the pleasant country, with the pure breeze bringing health to my cheek, and the music of nature all around me!" She would have realised that the old home is best, however pleasant other places may be; that the old friends are best, however kind others may prove; that one faithful heart, beating true and steadfast, like that of old Thomas, the sexton, is worth all the show and grandeur the world can boast of.

But Elsie had not realised all this yet, and we shall see how she was taught to do so.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.

1. Who to the God of power did bow
To ask a child; and made a vow?
2. What maiden, called by high behest,
Ne'er for herself made one request?
3. What scornful man to noble seer
Epistle sent to make him fear?
4. Who died, a monument of guilt,
On gallows in his own house built?
5. Who with false courtesies did bend,
And stole men's hearts to serve his end?
6. To whom did Jesus show His hands,
A sign weak doubting sense demands?
7. Whose messengers did twice rehearse
Entreaties for a prophet's curse?
8. Whose neighbours urged a prior claim
When she her infant son did name?
9. Whose nephew did with him abide
A month, then served to win a bride?
10. Who caused his men to open wells
Long ruined, and old names retells?
11. What woman filled with fear did hide
When God drew near at eventide?
12. What queen refused commandment high,
And fell from royal estate thereby?
13. Who walked with God three hundred years,
Then "was not" in this "vale of tears"?
14. Where did an accident affright
A congregation in the night?
15. By whose command did Levites sing
David's glad psalms before a king?
16. Who, urged by kind entreaties, turned
Back to the land for which she yearned?
17. Who told a story to a king,
Sad home-truths to his heart to bring?
18. Who in her heart did hide and keep
The words of Christ so wise and deep?
19. Of whom would Abraham buy, nor yield
To take as gift a cave and field?
20. Who found a scroll, a book, indeed,
And gave it to a scribe to read?
21. Who sent his servant to a land
Far off to sue a maiden's hand?
22. What youthful maiden, fresh and fair,
Had father famed for beauty rare?
23. Who sent a gracious word to prove
He did both son and father love?
24. Who prayed, when enemies would bind
Himself, that they be stricken blind?
25. What sought a son, to please his sire,
For which he did a bow require?
26. Who went to heaven on wings of wind,
And let his mantle fall behind?
27. Who did a web of cunning weave,
Her aged husband to deceive?
28. Who sang in true poetic lays
The "virtuous woman's" lofty praise?
29. A priest whom David's son did spare
Because he once the ark did bear.
30. A king who did his mother meet,
And placed her by his throne a seat.
31. Whose mother, and his granddame too,
A faith unfeigned kept in view?
32. Who loved his younger son the best,
And robed him richer than the rest?
33. Who built an ark of gopher-wood,
And the world's scorn and jeers withstood?
34. What mighty man, struck on the head,
Fell from a stripling's sling-stone dead?
35. Beside whose grave did Jesus weep,
Then bid him rise from death's cold sleep?
36. Name given by one who, ere she died,
The "glory is departed" cried.
37. To whom did Paul the "way" expound
Full often, yet no justice found?
38. For other's sins who, weeping, prayed,
Mid a sore lamentation made.

These names all told, the initials place,
And you our Lord's own words may trace,
That should from every heart cast out
All vestiges of dishonouring doubt.
So plain it is, so simply grand,
Who runs may read and understand. R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ELLIPSIS EXERCISE.

NO. II.—p. 304.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.
—Prov. xvi. 32.