

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.



NURSE VALENTINE COMES TO LETTICE'S HELP.

CHAPTER III.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"I SHOULD like to help you, but how can I if you do not tell me your trouble? Try to think of me as a friend," Mr. Kelly had said.

Lettice pondered over these words in the days

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following,—days full of preparation for the journey. To other people it might seem that the whole bulk of the Andersons' possessions was not large enough to give trouble; yet after six years' stay in one house, though only in lodgings, things could not have failed to accumulate. Where each item had to be considered, with

PRICE ONE PENNY.

reference to taking or leaving, much time might be consumed. Cecilia was forbidden all needless exertion. She had to lie on her couch and direct others: and with the nervous excitement, not uncommon in ill-health, she could know no rest. The near separation from Felix pressed upon her unceasingly; and relief from thought in bodily action was denied.

Lettice had enough to do, those days, carrying out her sister's wishes. She did it all uncomplainingly; toiled upstairs and downstairs; packed, unpacked and re-packed, to any extent; and had it not been for the weight of her new knowledge as to Cecilia's state she would have done it all blithely, as well as uncomplainingly. That made all the difference. Courage did not fail now, but blitheness did. The strain of keeping up told upon her a good deal. She was cheerful enough, almost too cheerful, in Cecilia's presence; and Cecilia was jarred by this, even while noting a certain unnatural strain of manner.

"I should like to help you," Mr. Kelly had said; and Lettice wondered what kind of help he meant. Suppose she were to tell him all, as he had suggested; to open out the dread which had fallen upon her life. Lettice was to some extent reserved, but it was by training, not by nature. The desire for sympathy and help from another grew upon her in those days. To break through Cecilia's barrier of silence she felt to be an utter impossibility; and Felix had refused to accept the truth—had almost refused to hear what she had to say. But Mr. Kelly knew already; he knew from Cecilia's own lips how matters were; and he might even be able to assure Lettice that things were not so bad as she feared. She had not heard all, or nearly all, that had passed between him and Cecilia. Some word of hope might have fallen later, which she had missed, and which he could repeat.

Lettice dwelt upon this possibility, until it gained large proportions; and the formal call upon Mr. Kelly, which at first she had shrunk from, became a necessity. Questions of propriety had not yet begun to trouble Lettice; indeed, she counted herself still a child, and Mr. Kelly, albeit a bachelor, was on the high-road to forty. Her hesitation sprang from shyness, and shyness yielded to the stronger desire for comfort. Mr. Kelly, returning one day from a round of visits among the poor, was told that somebody awaited him in his study; and, proceeding thither, he found himself face to face with Lettice.

"How do you do?" he said kindly, "Is this a good-bye call? I have just been to your lodgings, but your sister was not well enough to see me. They tell me that you leave in three days."

"On Thursday, if—"

"If she is up to the mark, I suppose. Do you think her getting on?"

"I don't know." Lettice looked at him with strange eyes. Did he mean what he said? when he knew that Cecilia could never recover. Or did he still think, like Felix, in spite of all, that she might get well? She did not remember, perhaps did not know, that patients even when marked for death have still their ups and downs,

and often seem for a time to be improving. "Please, I have come to ask—? Would you mind telling me—?"

"Yes? Would I mind telling you—what?" queried the clergyman. "Anything that is in my power. Would you not like to sit down?"

Lettice shook her head, and stood firm, grasping the back of a chair. She was doubtful as to the extent of her own self-control, and flight would be easier thus.

"What is it that you want me to tell you? Something to do with—. Come, what is it?" encouragingly.

"About— O you know," she said. "You know! About—"

"I am afraid I do not." Mr. Kelly had had a busy day, and a mind full of other matters, including worries innumerable. Even the fruitless call upon Miss Anderson had failed to bring up, with any vividness, his last conversation with her, or his after-suspicion that Lettice might have heard something of it. He had the train of circumstances in possession: but at this moment they lay in the background of his memory, not quite ready to hand. He looked dubiously with gentle eyes upon the child, repeating, "I am afraid that I do not. Cannot you explain a little further? Just a word or two more?"

"You do, really. Please, please remember. That day when you said—said you would help me—if—"

"Yes. I would help you—if— Go on, Lettice." He had once or twice considered whether he ought to begin calling her "Miss Lettice Anderson," after Cecilia's intimation of her years: but the notion vanished now. She was such a mere pale child, with troubled brow and brave lips. "Poor little girl!" he said, compassionately. "Now, see if you can make me understand what is the matter. I said I would help you—if—yes, of course I will. If—what? I—I wonder whether—perhaps—there may be a little difficulty—I mean, a difficulty as to all the expenses of the move, and the journey. You must not mind my asking this. I should be so very glad—"

"O, no, no! not that! nothing of that sort." Lettice spoke hurriedly, conscious how displeased Cecilia would have been at the bare suggestion of pecuniary help. "O no, indeed! It is only—only about her! She told you—and I want so very very much to know—if—if it is true?"

Recollections were dawning now: and the sound of the sob, which had haunted him for hours, came back. He hoped no tears might be impending. Nothing made him more unhappy than to see a child cry.

"If you would please just tell me! I know something—but I think—I don't think—I am not sure—and perhaps—" Lettice strained one hand in a fierce pull against the other, as words struggled for utterance. "If you only would please understand—and tell me—"

"Has Miss Anderson been talking to you about herself?" cautiously asked Mr. Kelly. "About her health?"

"No."

"Or anybody else?" Another negative. "But

you are anxious. Is not that it? Lettice, were you asleep that day, when she and I had a little talk, and she did not know you to be present? Last time I called. Were you really asleep?"

She shook her head.

"I am sorry. It was very wrong of you. Never listen to what you are not meant to hear. Surely you know that it is not quite—not at all honourable! Why did you not get up and come forward at once?"

"I couldn't!" She lifted her face sorrowfully. "I did not mean to do wrong, but I could not help it. I couldn't move. And then—Sissie——"

"But when your sister spoke, could you not have explained?"

"O no: she would have been so unhappy. It would have made her ill. And indeed I did not mean to listen. I only heard just a few words; and then—then I felt so strange—and then Sissie found me out. Please, I can't talk—only I do want just to know if——"

She hid her face in her hands.

"My child, I only know what your sister told me. Nothing more."

"But if—if—O please tell me—if——"

"If any hope exists still? I think that, in a certain sense, while there is life there is always room for hope. Sometimes a doctor may be mistaken. Sometimes illness is lengthened out indefinitely."

"But you don't think—she can ever get—well?"

Mr. Kelly did not think so. Cecilia had spoken in no doubting accents; and he knew Dr. Rotherbotham to be a man of cautious speech. He stood in silence, uncertain what reply to make; and Lettice knew what the silence meant.

"I can only say that we must leave the future in wiser Hands," he at length uttered. "Impossible to look forward: and we are but children—not knowing what is best. Not able even to guess. Lettice, don't you think you want help for yourself—help for the carrying of this trouble? It comes heavily on you, poor child!"

He had no response.

"Your sister could not see me to-day; and she may not be equal to another interview before you go. . . . But there is one thing that we can both do for her: we can pray. . . . I wonder if you often pray! . . . She is in God's hands; and He is very near to us. Always near. We cannot speak, without His hearing. He sees all your sorrow now, and He is grieved for you. Would it not be a comfort to ask His help? Shall we do so now?" Then, as they stood, a few petitions were breathed forth reverently: the clergyman bending his head low, while Lettice never stirred. It was such prayer as seemed to take the absent one, and to lay her in Divine protecting Arms. "Teach her the road to Thee; and so bring her safely to Thy Home of Peace; and comfort this poor child of Thine, for Christ's sake," were the closing words. Lettice was conscious of a soothed sensation; even while the knowledge that he so fully accepted the hopeless condition of Cecilia's health brought sharper heart-ache. She was on the verge of a breakdown, and might no longer trust her own voice;

but this he could not guess, and her immobility perplexed him.

"I shall pray often for her and for you. That at least is in my power. And remember, if at any time you are in difficulties, and will write to me, I will do all that I can. . . . Meanwhile, try not to look forward. Take each day as it comes, looking up for strength; and you will be carried through. Even now, if God wills, He is able to make your sister well again. And if——"

Lettice put out her hand. "Good-bye," she said. "Please let me go." The next word was more than she could endure.

The girl's hasty utterance drowned his "If not——," which was too far advanced to receive a check. He understood then, and paused compassionately.

"Please let me go. And—thank you so much!"

"Well, good-bye. But you are going to be brave, I am sure, for your sister's sake. Some day you will write, and tell me all about yourselves. Will you not? And I shall often see Felix."

Lettice gave him one glance of gratitude, and rushed away. Mr. Kelly turned back into his study, with eyes not perfectly dry.

With the day fixed for the journey came a heavy snowstorm, but Cecilia would not hear of delay. Everything was settled: boxes were packed; Dr. Bryant would expect their arrival. A restless desire to have the parting over, and to be off, possessed her. Moreover, barely enough money remained, to pay part of the landlady's claims, to meet the expenses of the journey, and to supply the present needs of Felix.

Dr. Rotherbotham had given a conditional leave for his invalid to start, dependent on her state and on the weather. That she should go off in a snowstorm was the last thing he would have desired, or imagined possible; but all opposition went down before Cecilia's will. Felix who alone might have resisted it successfully, did not recognise the peril. He suggested an appeal to the doctor, and this Cecilia forbade. She silenced Lettice, would not listen to Mrs. Crofton, and declared that go she must and would.

Felix saw them off. To the last he talked gaily of the little future home; while Cecilia spoke few words, but held his arm in a voiceless clutch, till the boy glanced round, ashamed, to see if anyone were looking. Cecilia had never in her life, since babyhood, been seen to weep, and no tears came now.

Lettice listened to her brother's talk, and to his frequent directions, with a bewildered brain. London—cab—porters—tickets—luggage: it all had to be seen to, and she was courageously bent on doing her best. But she felt that they were going out into a wide world, unprotected; and the end of the journey seemed incalculably far away.

"You'll have to keep your wits about you, Lettice; not let them go wool-gathering. I have asked the guard to have an eye on you both; but you must not depend on Sis, and the guard will only go as far as Victoria. Sis isn't fit for worry; and I shall not be there: so you must see to

everything. Mind you count the packages, and don't lose any. You always do blunder, if you can; but to-day you must not. And, remember, you belong to me; not to those people. Don't get too fond of Dr. Bryant."

"I'll try." She longed to say how impossible it was that she should ever love anybody like Sissie or Felix; but she could not trust herself.

A few minutes more, and the train moved. Cecilia leant back, with shut eyes and wan look. In this parting she tasted the bitterness of death; and not even Lettice, seated patiently by her side, knew half that it was to her, because not even Lettice knew the extent of her idolising love for Felix.

Outside the two closed windows went on a whirl of snow flakes, and many were driven in through crevices; for third-class carriages are not commonly built for inclement weather. The cold was piercing. Hot-water cans cooled fast; and Lettice soon found herself shivering. She had nothing wherewith to occupy her mind; and they had the compartment to themselves. Cecilia never lifted her eyelids, nor uttered a word.

Haywards Heath, at last! Only Haywards Heath! The journey seemed interminable to Lettice so far: and a blank realisation came of all that lay ahead. They had to reach London: to cross to Paddington: to travel down to Bristol: and even then a country drive of unknown length remained. Lettice glanced at her sister's face, and found no cheer there. It had not only a sombre, but a sunken look. If already thus exhausted, how would she bear the fatigues of the whole day?

"Sissie is thinking of Felix. She will make herself ill! If I could but comfort her!" murmured Lettice.

She drew nearer, and laid a soft hand on Cecilia's, lovingly. Demonstrations of affection between the two were not common: but to Lettice they were natural, only Cecilia's reserve kept her in check: and it was something unusual for Lettice thus to take the initiative. She had always been in complete and even childish subservience to her half-sister. Now she felt herself in charge of the invalid, responsible for her well-doing: and the little tender action came involuntarily.

It did not seem to be a success. Cecilia opened her eyes, drew her brows slightly together, and with an impatient gesture pulled away the hand which Lettice touched.

"Couldn't I do anything for you?" pleaded the younger girl.

"Only leave me in peace, if you please."

The sharpness of tone sprang from bitter pain, and Lettice knew it: but none the less she found that sharpness hard to bear. Was not the same pain of parting hers? She too wanted comfort: and she might have found comfort in comforting Cecilia, had not both been denied her? This check was just the one drop too much: and tears came thickly, obscuring her vision as they fell. She was too much absorbed to hear the slight bustle of somebody stepping in at the further end: and she did not at first notice that

the train was again in motion. It was needful to master herself, before Cecilia's attention should be drawn: and this proved not easy.

Presently the fact dawned upon her that she and Cecilia were no longer alone. Somebody sat opposite to herself—somebody at first indistinct through the haze of tears, but taking shape in time as a girl several years older than herself, dressed in a navy-blue serge costume of severe outlines, a long black cloak, and a black bonnet with white strings. The new-comer had dark eyes and pretty rosy cheeks: and she was bending a little forward, to study Lettice.

"What is the matter, you poor little thing?" came in soft tones.

"Oh—it doesn't matter," said Lettice, endeavouring to sit upright and to assume a cheerful air.

"Everything matters that makes people unhappy."

"O no, I'm only—stupid. I'm always stupid."

"Are you? I should not have thought so. You don't look stupid."

Lettice tried to smile, but not successfully. The stranger came over to the seat by her side.

"Now tell me: I want to know what is wrong. Something must have distressed you just before I came in. You had not been crying long. What was it, I wonder? . . . Is that your mother or—Your sister?"—in surprise. "I should not have guessed it. She has been ill, I see. Isn't this rather bad weather for her to travel?"

"She wouldn't put it off. Felix said she ought."

"Who is Felix?"

"My brother—in Brighton. Sissie can't teach any more, and so we can't stay in Brighton," explained Lettice, with childish frankness. "We are going to live near Bristol, with an uncle that I have never seen. And—Felix—"

Lettice stopped short, setting her teeth rigidly.

"And you have had to leave Felix behind? Is that the trouble?"

Lettice nodded, and said "Part," with difficulty.

"But not all. Perhaps your sister's health—"

That line of questioning had to be abandoned. She saw it at once, and stopped.

"Tell me a little about yourselves. Keeping up bravely is all right: but just once in a way one has to give in. Don't you think so? Wouldn't a good cry make you feel better?"

"O no—Sissie—"

"Would it distress her? But she doesn't seem to notice us. Perhaps she is resting. Now I am going to tell you who I am. My name is Nurse Valentine, and my business in life is to take care of sick people. So I have come to the right part of the train, haven't I? And my home is close to Reading. We can go through London together, if you like. Do you think you can trust me? I'm such a stranger."

"I don't feel as if you were a stranger . . . I did dread London!"

"You need not now. I'll manage for you both. What is your name? Lettice? Lettice Anderson?"

Lettice responded to questioning, and various particulars oozed out about herself, about Cecilia's illness, about the sorrow of leaving Felix, about

the unknown Dr. Bryant. She did not definitely tell what she knew of Cecilia's real state: but the weight of foreboding which underlay all else was easily detected by Nurse Valentine's observant eyes, and its cause was soon conjectured.

The relief of free speech was great. Lettice's brow lost some of its strain, her eyes some of their forlornness: and Nurse Valentine's hand coming between hers was held tightly.

"I wish I had you for a friend," she murmured. "There's nobody to go to."

"There's always ONE, child," in hushed tones.

"Is there? But Sissie is too ill. I must not trouble her. And she never likes people to cry. And Felix—" Lettice had to set her teeth rigidly again. "And—and—I'm so—stupid."

"Never mind that; you are not too stupid to feel sorrow, or to need comfort. Don't you know Who I mean? ONE is always near. You can't get beyond reach of God's loving pity, Lettice. If you have no other friend, you have Him."

A wondering look answered her. The thought seemed new.

"Try, next time you feel lonely, try speaking to Him, and telling Him your need . . . Now you are to curl yourself up in the farther corner; and you are not to look at anything or anybody till we get to London. I'll see after your sister."

Lettice was sure Cecilia would brook no interference from a stranger, but she could not say so in words, and Nurse Valentine disregarded protesting looks. She watched in fear from her corner Nurse Valentine's first move to Cecilia's side, saw her stoop and murmur something, and saw she was not repelled. Then in the relief of shifted responsibility, she fell asleep.

"Lettice—"

"Oh, is it time to get up?" For a moment she counted herself in bed.

"Don't be in a flurry. We are close to Victoria. Lettice, must you go on to-day? You could not spend a night or two in London?"

"There's nowhere to go. And it would cost so much. Is Sissie—?"

"I don't think she is well enough for the full journey; but in that case it must be risked."

Lettice became aware that Cecilia was not in the same state as when they had left home. Then she had stood about, and had even walked a short distance. Now she had to be lifted from the train to the carriage; and again at Paddington from the carriage to the train. She made no complaints, and scarcely spoke, but her face wore unmistakable signs of acute suffering. Nurse Valentine counted it very doubtful whether she would be able to reach Bristol that afternoon: and her busy brain resolved different schemes.

"I can't leave that child alone to sink or swim. It wouldn't be Christian. I don't know when I have seen a face that appeals to one more. Miss Anderson, poor thing, I am afraid is in a bad way. They seem given over into my charge. I shall have to go on to Bristol, or else take them home with me. . . . Which is best, I wonder? . . . She isn't fit for the journey. Well, I shall see presently."

'They drew near in time to Reading. Nurse

Valentine knew this, from her acquaintance with the country; and Lettice seemed to guess it, intuitively.

"Must you leave us now? What shall I do if Sissie gets worse?"

Nurse Valentine moved away to bend over Cecilia. A few low words passed between them; and she returned to Lettice.

"No, my dear, I am not going to forsake you. Your sister cannot travel so far as Bristol to-day. I shall take you both to my home.

"Home with you?" Lettice's whole face changed, pallor vanished, and her eyes shone with delight! "Oh, how good, how good you are: I can never, never thank you."

"Hush, don't let Miss Anderson hear; it is the only plan; but I have not told her yet. I wish we did not live so far out of Reading—nearly two miles—but it cannot be helped. I shall leave word with our doctor in passing, and a telegram must be sent to your uncle."

"I can't think what makes you so kind to us."

"Cannot you?" The train was slackening speed; but Nurse Valentine lingered a moment. "I have a dear Master, Lettice, and I think He is giving me this to do. My work is only to obey. The trouble! Oh, that is nothing. People cannot do anything worth doing without trouble; and always to be trying to save oneself is so contemptible. Trouble was the last thing our Lord ever thought about, when He was on earth; and it ought to be our last thought also."

Lettice had the look of one gaining a glimpse into a fresh world.

The Chapter House, York Minster.

(Where the business of the Cathedral is transacted) which bears this inscription:—

"UT ROSA FLOS FLORUM SIC EST DOMUS ISTA DOMORUM."

(The flower of flowers the rose may be, Of houses here the flower you see.)

RICH hues, as of the sunrise, softly flush
This flower-like House, this rare consummate Rose;

Each window, like a separate petal, glows;
The walls and tracery wear a tender blush.

The fading generations past it rush,
But hale a blossom that for ever blows;
'Mid mortal changes no decay it knows,
Steadfast beside the holy Minster's hush.

Why does this House in sevenfold beauty shine,
And with the o'er shadowing Choir in splendour vie?

To show that Worship is not more divine
Than humblest work which Christian hands can ply;

That office, shop, or study is a shrine
Which roseate tints of heaven may glorify!

CANON WILTON.

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

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

HIPPOLYTUS, AND HIS WITNESS TO THE GOSPEL.

HIPPOLYTUS of Rome is a writer, as we have shown in the last number, whose activity, literary and religious, stretches over the last ten years of the second century and the first thirty years of the third. He was the disciple of St. Irenæus,¹ the most learned Christian writer of the second century. Irenæus was a master of all the Christian lore of his time, and knew thoroughly the history and traditions of the Church back to the days of the Apostles. He had known and conversed with many who had been the personal friends of the Apostles, and in particular was the disciple of Polycarp, who laid down his life for the faith and hope he had in Christ Jesus. Hippolytus had great advantages then in coming in contact with Irenæus, and in learning from him what were the facts of Christianity and the true writings ascribed to the Apostles and their companions. Then when we take up the writings of Hippolytus we see how the Christians of Rome at the close of the second century viewed the Christian story and the Sacred writings. But what were the writings of Hippolytus? We have contemporaneous evidence and a list of a number of them.

The statue of Hippolytus found in Rome about the middle of the sixteenth century and still

¹ Irenæus was the disciple of Polycarp. This fact gave him special knowledge about the Apostles and Christ Himself. The best way to see this is simply to recite the very words of Irenæus writing to a friend of his, one Florinus, who was in danger of falling into grievous error. The whole passage, from which we take our extract, will be found in Eusebius' "Ecclesiastical History," Bk. v., chap. xx. Irenæus was discussing the opinions of the heretics to which Florinus was inclining, and so he proceeds:—"These doctrines, O Florinus, to say the least, are not of a sound judgment. These doctrines are inconsistent with the Church, and calculated to lead those who believe them into the greatest impiety. These doctrines, not even the heretics outside the Church have ever dared to assert. These doctrines were not delivered by the presbyters before us who companied with the Apostles. For when I was yet a boy I saw thee in Lower Asia with Polycarp, when you were moving in great splendour, and endeavouring by all means to gain his favour. For I remember the events of those times better than the events of recent occurrence, as the studies of youth increasing with our minds become one with them; so that I can tell the very spot where the blessed Polycarp, being seated, used to discourse, his outgoings and his incomings, his manner of life, the form of his body, his conversations with the people, and his familiar intercourse with John, as he was accustomed to tell, as also with the others who had seen the Lord. How, also, he used to relate their discourses, and what things he had heard from them concerning the Lord. Also concerning His miracles, His doctrine; all these were told by Polycarp in consistency with Holy Scripture, as he had received them from those who had been eye-witnesses of the life of the Logos. These things, by the mercy of God and the opportunity then afforded me, I attentively heard, noting them down, not on paper, but in my heart; and these same facts I am always in the habit, by the grace of God, of recalling faithfully to mind." This passage shows how near Irenæus came to the actual witnesses of Christ's life.

preserved (see page 359) has graven on its back in Greek, a list of his writings, many of which survived wholly or in part the wreck of ages, and were widely known long before the discovery made by Minoides Mynas in the Convent of Mount Athos. Hippolytus was evidently a diligent student of the Old Testament. His writings show how the primitive Church of Rome valued the Old Testament. He wrote commentaries on Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, the Books of Samuel, the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Canticles, the Greater Prophets and Zechariah. Hippolytus and the early Church of Rome evidently agreed with Saint Paul's verdict upon the Old Testament, that it was written by inspiration of God and was therefore profitable for instruction in the way of godliness. He did not neglect the New Testament however. He was acquainted with it and diligent in expounding it to the people, as we learn from the fact that he published commentaries on St. Matthew, St. Luke, and the Revelation of St. John, besides writing a formal treatise in defence of St. John's Gospel, and of the Apocalypse, which is mentioned in the Greek list of his works inscribed on the Chair, in which Hippolytus is depicted as seated.

We have now however, to enquire into the special testimony borne by modern discoveries. What is then the special witness of the "Refutation of all Heresies" discovered fifty years ago? Let us first then describe its contents. The work is divided into ten books, two of which, the third and fourth, are still lost to the world. The first book is taken up with a description of the ancient systems of pagan philosophers with a view to show that the heretics who had sprung up in the Christian Church during the second century, had derived their doctrines from paganism, and were simply attempting to amalgamate the pure religion of Christ with the speculations of unregenerate man. Hippolytus treats in this first book of the opinion of men like Thales of Miletus, who maintained that water was the principle out of which the Universe was formed; of Pythagoras, who made numbers the basis of the Universe; of Socrates, of Plato; of the Brahmins of India, and of the Druids among the Celts. Upon these points his arguments are often very like those used by Aristides as we have already expounded them.

In the second and third books, which are lost, Hippolytus probably dealt with the Persian, Mithraic, Egyptian and Chaldean systems, as he begins the fourth book with the systems of the astrologers and an exposition of their absurdities and tricks. We think that he must have treated in these books of the Mithraic system because Mithraism had become by the time of Hippolytus the most popular system of worship at Rome and throughout the Roman

Empire. It was an Oriental system, and originally derived itself from the fire worship of the Persians. It was introduced into Rome before Christianity itself, but did not make any real progress till the second century, when it was used as the great weapon wherewith to fight the faith of the Crucified. We learn indeed from Tertullian that the Mithraic system borrowed the very rites and sacraments of Christianity, and instituted a Baptism and a Communion of its own. Now it was the object of Hippolytus to trace back all the strange forms of Gnosticism to Pagan, and specially to Oriental, systems of thought. He must therefore have taken some notice of a system which was then the most active opponent of the Church of Christ, and always seemed to have a special fascination for minds tending towards Gnosticism.

In the fifth book of his *Refutation*, Hippolytus proceeds to discuss the heresies which had sprung up in the church. He begins with the Naassenes or Ophites, who revered the Serpent as the true friend of Adam and Eve and the human race. In the Sixth Book he discusses the Emanation theory of Valentinus, which was very similar to modern theories of theosophy. In the remaining books he refutes the opinions of Basilides, Cerinthus, the Montanists and other sects of the second century.

Now it is not for the purpose of dealing with these sects or their strange, weird, mystic opinions that I have called attention to this work of St. Hippolytus. I do not indeed think that my readers would be much the wiser, or much the better, were I to attempt to expound their opinions, save perhaps so far as they might learn to identify the modern heresies of Theosophy with the ancient heresies and speculations of Valentinus, and might thus be led to see that these wild fancies are not the marvellous discoveries which their votaries would fain have men believe. My object is very different indeed. I would desire to extract honey out of the stony rock and make those ancient systems of error bear witness to the writings of the New Testament, and this they do most effectually. Let us take an instance or two, which we extract from the long lost work of Hippolytus.

The Ophites revered the Serpent, whom they identified with the Logos or Eternal wisdom, the Enlightener of Mankind. They are described by Irenæus, the teacher of Hippolytus, as well as by Hippolytus himself. They must have existed therefore from the earlier part of the second century. Now we find both from Irenæus and Hippolytus that they quoted the books of the Old and New Testament to support their system; therefore the books of the New Testament must have been universally regarded as authoritative when this sect started, that is, early in the second century. The manner in which they used the New Testament, in order to support their special theory concerning the Serpent, is very curious. They discovered the Serpent in the most unexpected quarters, for they used a method of arbitrary interpretation which will enable a man with a luxuriant imagination to prove any doctrine from any text. They quoted the Four

Gospels, but especially the Gospel of St. John. They used the prologue to St. John, the miracle of the marriage feast, the discourse with the woman of Samaria, and that recorded in John vi., concerning the blessedness of eating Christ's flesh and drinking his blood; the words of John x. 9, "I am the door;" of John vi. 44, "No man can come to Me, except my heavenly Father draw him;" of Rom. i. 20-32, of Gal. iv. 27; and many other parts of the New Testament as we have it now received among Christians. The Ophites not only quoted our sacred books, but also spoke of them as decisive, inspired utterances, just as an ordinary Christian would now.

Let us take again the case of the Valentinian heresy as described by Hippolytus in his sixth book, where he again quotes largely from the writings of that sect. The Valentinians supported their heretical system by an appeal to such passages as Luke i. 35, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee;" John x. 8, "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers;" Rom. viii. 11, "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies;" Col. i. 26, "The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations;" Ephes. iii. 14-18, "On this account I bend my knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that God would grant you to have Christ dwelling in the inner man;" and many such like passages, showing clearly that Valentinus and his followers acknowledged the books of the New Testament as authoritative and inspired about the middle of the second century.

This, however, is not the only light which the newly discovered book of Hippolytus throws on the New Testament. Hippolytus is one of the first writers to introduce us to Heracleon, the earliest commentator on the New Testament. That commentator, strangely enough, was a disciple of Valentinus, as Hippolytus expressly informs us in book vi. chap. 30 of the work which Minoides Mynas discovered. Then, when we turn to the copious writings of Origen, the contemporary of Hippolytus, we have numerous extracts from the commentary of this Heracleon.

Origen wrote commentaries on the books of the Bible in which he embodied all the sacred knowledge of his time, making abundant extracts from the writings of those who had preceded him. Thus, he wrote an exposition on St. John, in which he embodied quotations from the commentary of Heracleon upon the same gospel. These extracts have been diligently gathered together and have been lately republished in a valuable series of works called "Texts and Studies," issuing from the University of Cambridge, to which we owe the *Apology of Aristides*, which I have described at length.

Origen and Hippolytus when combined clearly show us what the Valentinians of the middle of the second century thought of St. John. They agreed in the opinion of Tatian as proved by his *Diatessaron*, which two years ago I described, and in the opinion of the universal church, that St. John's Gospel was an authentic and an inspired document. Dr. Salmon in "Smith's

Dictionary of Christian Biography," has published an interesting article on Heracleon, in which he dwells on this very point. I can merely summarise his statements. He points out that the great interest at the present time about Heracleon is that Heracleon is the earliest commentator on the New Testament of whom we have any knowledge; and that his theory of inspiration is just the same as the one now popularly current in the church of Christ. Heracleon assumes the significance of every word in the sacred text, whether they be our Lord's own, or only those of the sacred writer. He attempts to reconcile differences between the Evangelists, as for instance our Lord's ascription to the Baptist of the titles "Elias" and "prophet," with John's own disclaimer of them. Heracleon finds mysteries in the numbers which occur in St. John's narrative in the forty-and-six years which the temple was in building; in the six husbands of the woman of Samaria, and in the seventh hour at which the nobleman's son was healed.

These are some of the points, but only some of the points, on which the Refutation of Heresies confirms the Christian faith. And now another work of Hippolytus has come to knowledge.

The Greek Church has of late years made a great deal of progress in sacred literature. Some of the most valuable discoveries made in the region of ancient documents, have been due to the learned labours of its theological scholars and professors. Thus it is to the Eastern Church we owe the discoveries of the missing portions of the "Epistles of Clement of Rome," and of the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," the results of the learned labours of Archbishop Bryennius; while again it is to another erudite Greek scholar, Dr. Basilios Georgiades, we owe the discovery of the long lost commentary of Hippolytus on Daniel. The former existence of that work had long been known, and some small fragments of it had been discovered from time to time, but no large portion of it had come to light till Dr. Georgiades discovered a manuscript containing it in the theological school of the island of Chalce, near Constantinople.¹

That Commentary is worth consulting for many reasons. It shows the methods of prophetic interpretation current in the Church of Rome about the year 200. It reveals the faith and teaching of that Church upon the great mysteries of the Christian faith, and it shows the view of the most learned member of the Roman Church upon the canon and authority of the New Testament.

Hippolytus in this Commentary quotes the Four Gospels as being the very words and teaching of Christ; quotes the Acts of the Apostles i. 7, second Thessalonians, and the Revelation

of St. John, and treats them all as being of equal authority.¹

Now let us compare the results we have gained from this long and somewhat involved inquiry. The Valentinians and Ophites in their own writings of the second century, the learned though heretical Heracleon about the year 160, and the erudite but orthodox Hippolytus about the year 220, all treat the canon of the New Testament, and specially the gospel of St. John, with equal reverence and respect; therefore the gospel of St. John, and the other books then written, must have been acknowledged as authoritative, authentic, and inspired books, before the heretical sects—Gnostics and others—broke off from the Church of the second century. When bodies which had been previously united separate the one from the other, we may be sure that they will only continue to reverence documents as authoritative which were known previous to the point of division. One cannot imagine, for instance, the Church of England and the Church of Rome coming unanimously to recognise as authoritative a document first put forward by either of them in the last or present century. They both recognise the Scriptures, and the first four General Councils of the Undivided Church, because they both acknowledged them before the Reformation. But the Church of Rome is never likely to acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church, nor the Church of England the decrees of the Vatican Council. Division and separation have a marvellous power in stereotyping the past. And so in like manner the testimony of Hippolytus, when contrasted with the testimony of Valentinus and his followers, proves that the Scriptures of the New Testament must have been acknowledged as genuine before Valentinus separated his followers and developed his erroneous teaching, which was about the year 135, or some ten years later than the time of the Apology of Aristides.

Thus it is that we conclude that the modern discoveries of the long lost works of Hippolytus help to ascertain and confirm the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture as contained in the New Testament.

¹ Perhaps the best way to show my readers the view which Hippolytus took of the New Testament, is to make a brief quotation from this Commentary on Daniel. Hippolytus was exhorting his readers not to be inquisitive as to the date of our Lord's Second Coming, and then he proceeds: "Even the Apostles sought, in the same way, to learn these things from the Lord, but He hid the day from them, in order that He might make both them and all men watchful towards the future, ever thinking earnestly upon, and looking for, the heavenly Bridgroom, day by day; lest at any time men becoming careless about His injunctions, owing to the long interval, should, while He tarries, drop off to sleep and fall from the life celestial. For He says, 'Watch, because ye know not in what day your Lord cometh, whether at even, or at midnight, or in the morning.' Wherefore He says, 'Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching. Verily I say unto you, that He will set him over all that He hath.'" And then he proceeds with long quotations from Matt. xxiv. 48-51 and Acts i. 6-8. Hippolytus, in this passage, anticipates a line of argument pursued by the late Archbishop Magee in one of his earlier sermons, preached and published at Bath.

¹ The text was published by Georgiades in a Greek journal called "Ecclesiastical Truth," and re-published with an English translation in 1888 by the Rev. J. H. Kennedy, of Dublin. The new number of the Dublin University Magazine called "Hermathena," will have a long and learned article upon this commentary, written by Dr. Salmon.

Sermonettes for YOUNG PEOPLE

BY THE
REV. HUGH MACMILLAN,
D.D. LL.D.



THE CONIES.

"The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."—*Proverbs xxx. 26.*

THE word coney is the old English name for the common rabbit. But the rabbit has never been found in Bible lands; and therefore the animal to which the proverb alludes under the Hebrew name of Shaphan, must be a different creature. It has been made out to the satisfaction of naturalists to be the Syrian Hyrax, one of the most curious creatures in the world. Strange to say it belongs to the same family as the rhinoceros, and the elephant; forming in the scheme of nature, a link between the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus. And although no larger

than a guinea-pig, it is in many respects a miniature of these enormous animals. The rhinoceros, elephant, and hippopotamus, are protected by their great size and strength, and therefore fear no enemies, for there are no animals so strong as themselves. The terrible tusks of the elephant, the great horn of the rhinoceros, and the huge bulk and formidable teeth of the hippopotamus are sufficient to defend them if they are attacked. The skin of the rhinoceros especially, is so thick, hanging over its body in heavy massive folds, that a spear could not pierce it, and even a bullet fired at it from a gun would be thrown back. And therefore, these huge animals

so wonderfully guarded by nature, can roam freely over the forests and the wide plains of Africa, and feel perfectly safe.

But it is quite different with their tiny relative, the hyrax or coney of Palestine. This is a timid little creature, with thick soft fur, round delicate ears, and very short tail. It has a great many enemies that prey upon it, such as the eagle and the leopard; and its little hoofs, and short feeble teeth, fitted only for cropping the grass, and its tender skin, are utterly useless to defend it against the sharp claws and the dreadful fangs of its foes. Naturalists tell us that the coney sprang from the same original stock as the elephant and the rhinoceros. How it came to be so dwarfed and changed in its size and strength, while still keeping up its old family likeness to its great relatives, we do not know. Some such process of change in the wilds of nature, took place in it as we see taking place among our domestic animals, when the Newfoundland dog or mastiff, and the little lap-dog or toy terrier come out of the same species. As its size and strength grew less, so did its habits change; and at last the creature that at one end of the scale could put to flight the lion, at the other end of the scale fled from the smallest beast of prey in mortal terror.

But God has made up to it for its great disadvantages, and educated it through its necessities. In the heart of the timid little creature He has planted a strong instinct to avoid the open fields, where its enemies could easily find and destroy it, and seek for refuge among the deep clefts or caves of the inaccessible rocks. These clefts of the rocks are to it what the huge size and the thick skin, and the horn and tusks of the rhinoceros and elephant, are to its big brothers. Since it is not provided in its own body with these means of safety, it seeks to get them outside. It makes its place of defence "the munitions of the rocks." It causes the strength of the everlasting hills to be on its side. It calls for help from its great mother Nature which opens her rocky arms to shelter it, and folds it to her inmost bosom. Among the mountains of Arabia, the traveller may see numbers of conies sitting at the mouth of their little cave in the wild rocks, basking in the sun at mid-day in winter, and in summer coming out towards evening to enjoy the fresh air. They have a sentinel always on guard, ready to warn his companions by a peculiar shrill cry, of the approach of danger. And on the least alarm they run in at once into their secure hiding-places.

Solomon, who was a great student of nature, was well acquainted with this interesting habit of the timid little creature; and he mentions it as a proof of wonderful sagacity. He says that the conies formed one of four things that are little upon the earth, but are exceedingly wise, and classes them with the ants, and the locusts, and spiders, which do things far more remarkable than creatures much higher in the scale can do. "The conies are a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." They know their own feebleness, and try to make up for it by seeking protection from the strongest and most lasting

things in the world. In this respect the coney is like the swallow, which fixes its frail clay nest to the substantial stone-built houses of men, that it may share in their endurance, and seeks, as the Psalmist tells us, even the altar of God, that in the holy sanctuary it may have the protection of its sacredness, and may safely bring forth its young ones there. It is like the golden-crested wren, which is one of the smallest of our birds, and yet builds its nest in the biggest trees—in the great shady pines, whose thick branches and dark shadows raised high above the ground, defend it from its enemies.

And does not the coney teach you, by this wise instinct which God has put in its little breast, a lesson for your guidance? You belong to the blood-royal of creation; you are made a little lower than the angels that excel in might. You can claim kin with the principalities and powers in the heavenly places. But your original strength has been weakened in the way: sin has shorn you of your power. The human race from which you are born has fallen from its high estate into a weak and guilty condition. It had at one time the lordship of creation, but it has now lost its mastery over itself, and its dominion over the world. And besides this weak nature, prone to sin, which you all inherit, as young creatures, you have the feebleness of your immature stage of life. You have little, or no knowledge of the world; your will is easily moved in any direction that a stronger person may wish it to take; and your nature is candid, impulsive and unsuspicious.

All this makes your position as young people in a world full of evils and temptations very dangerous. You have enemies of your soul that are too strong for you; and the devil like a roaring lion goeth about seeking to devour you. You have foes in your own heart that play into the hands of the foes outside in the world. The errors and vices, the fears and allurements of the world yield continual and powerful temptations. An angel would not run any risk from these, because he has not the nature, the passions, the corruptions, upon which they could work. But you have; and therefore, as fallen creatures, owing to the sin that dwelleth in you, you are in danger from the evils of the world incessantly. And, therefore, like the conies, what you have to do in these alarming circumstances is to seek for refuge in what is stronger and more enduring than yourselves.

David, when he was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains by the cruel persecution of Saul, cried to God when he was hard pressed and hid himself in the cleft of the great rock Ezel, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" and all through the Psalms you find him speaking of God as his refuge and place of safety. He who has made the rifts of the great mountain-rocks for the conies, so that the leopard cannot go in after them; and the thick branches of the cedars of Lebanon for the nests of the birds, so that the hawk cannot pursue them there; who in our own country has made the hedge and the whin-bush so thick and thorny that the little birds can flee into them, and escape from their foes, has made a

place of refuge for you. You sing in *Toplady's* beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." In Norway, I saw a wonderful rock with a curious deep cleft in it, said to have been made by a blow of the hammer of the great god Thor, in order that he might hide in it some of his worshippers from the pursuit of their enemies. And so God has cleft the Rock, Christ Jesus, with the sword of wrath due to your sins, in order to make a place of safety for you in its riven sides. You know all clefts, fissures and cracks in the natural rocks are just wounds made by the frost, or the lightning, or the earthquake, or the storm. And so in the Rock Christ Jesus the clefts are the wounds of the Cross, made by His own Father's hand, when it is touchingly said that it pleased the Lord to bruise Him. Without these wounds you could not find a refuge and hiding place in Him. He would be like a great smooth wall of precipice which you could never climb, and on which you could find no footing. But God who cares for the safety of the conies, and hath made for their sakes wounds in the bare and solid rocks, so that they might flee into them and be safe, cares much more for you, and has provided for you in the very wounds of your Saviour a secure retreat from your enemies.

The storm expends its fury upon the exposed and sheltering rock, and can never reach you who are sheltered in the cleft within. It is wonderful how by the defects and wounds of the natural rocks the conies are protected; it is a striking instance how God makes things to work together for good to His creatures; and it is still more wonderful how by the stripes of Christ you are healed, made safe and sound—which the word salvation means—safe because sound.

There may be shelter without safety. The inhabitants of Pompeii who fled to the temples, hoping that their gods would save them, found shelter indeed for awhile from the falling ashes that darkened the air, but they were overwhelmed in the end by the fiery deluge from the burning mountain; and their place of shelter proved their grave. The rocks that afford shelter from the storm, may be shattered to pieces by the earthquake, as multitudes found to their cost who fled to the rocks round about Jerusalem for refuge during the terrible earthquake in the days of King Uzziah, and were crushed by the falling fragments. The rocks do not prove an effectual protection to the conies. In spite of all its precautions, its sagacity in making its habitation among the rocks, and setting a sentinel to warn it of approaching danger, the coney is rapidly disappearing from the world. Its degenerate shape, and its dependent habits show that it belongs to a fast dying out race; that it is a relic of an old world to which it was at one time better adapted, but cannot cope effectually with the different circumstances of the present time. Travellers may go through the whole of Palestine and Syria, and not see a single trace of it now. Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanist, in his journey to Lebanon saw no coney anywhere; and Dr. Wilson, the author of the "Lands of the Bible," remarks that he was the only European traveller who actually noticed this animal within

the bounds of the Holy Land; having seen one specimen among the gloomy precipices over which the romantic convent of Mar Saba is built, between Jerusalem and Jericho. This is a sad state of things when we remember how common it must have been in the days of Solomon; and it shows that the rocks cannot protect it sufficiently from its many enemies. Its huge relations, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus that have come down from the same remote antiquity, are holding their own by reason of their great strength and bulk; but even they are diminishing fast in numbers, and must ere long disappear entirely, their very strength and size being fatal to them.

Like these natural refuges are the spiritual refuges which man makes for himself, or seeks in his friends and circumstances. They are "refuges of lies," where he finds shelter and death. There is only one Rock in the whole universe where, if you will seek shelter, you will be perfectly safe for time and eternity. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." That tower, which fortunately is ever near at hand, has stood the brunt of the changing centuries and the gathering storms, has sheltered crowds of the persecuted, and been the safe retreat of many a hunted life. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, henceforth even for evermore." None that flee for refuge to the Rock of Salvation can possibly perish. None can pluck them out of the Father's hand.

And there is not only deliverance from danger in that Rock, but also all that your soul can need for its welfare. The Alpine traveller may find refuge from the snow-storm within the friendly shelter of some deserted chalet, but he may die there of starvation; the wanderer in the burning desert may find a grateful shadow from the heat, or a safe hiding-place from the storm under the lee of a great rock; but he may perish there of thirst. But Jesus is your refuge and your portion. During the Crimean War a bomb shell was fired from the fortifications of Sebastopol by the Russians, which buried itself in the earth, and burst on the side of the hill on which the British troops were encamped. Strange to say immediately from the ragged hole which it made in the ground, came out a copious stream of clear cold water. The shell had tapped a hidden fountain in the dry and thirsty land, and broken the rocky cover which hid it. And thus, in a most extraordinary fashion, the British soldiers who were complaining of thirst, and had great difficulty in getting water, had their want supplied; and the enemy's shot that was meant for their destruction proved their salvation. And so the wounds inflicted by your sins upon the Rock of Ages, not only produced a place of safety for you, but also opened up a fountain of refreshment in it. And a Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, who on earth could say that, while the foxes had holes and the birds of the air nests, He had not where to lay His head, is your hiding-place from the wind, and your covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and rivers of waters in a dry place.

In this way then, though you have not the strength of the angels, the elder sons of creation, to pass through danger without the slightest fear or risk, you have the strength of your Elder Brother to aid you. You know that greater is He that is with you than all that can be against you. How secure the little boy at schools feels who has a big brother stronger than all others to fight his battles, and to defend him from all who would attack him! And so, how secure ought you to feel who have on your side the Almighty Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, whose strength is made perfect in your weakness. Amid the formidable dangers of the world, there is but one security, and that is a firm adherence to Jesus Christ; that close union which sets up His throne in your heart, and enables you to feel that you have allied yourselves with Omnipotence. The Saviour alone can restore you to the true and original position which is yours by creation. He can make you kings unto God, and inspire you with might to exercise kingly rule, and have dominion over the world. Giving you power to become the sons of God, He gives you power at the same time to be lords over yourselves, and over all the circumstances of life, so that fearing Him, you will know no other fear.

The hermit-crab has no hard shell on its back, and is therefore very helpless because of its soft, tender body; but it seeks out an empty whelk shell and retreats into it; and thus armed with the hard shell of another creature it can defy

the attacks of its enemies. The limpet clings to the rock, and thus its soft pulp gets all the hardness and power of resistance of the stone. And so, if you cling to the Lord Jesus with a simple childlike trust, you will get the benefit of His eternal and unchangeable power, and nothing can harm you. You will be secure in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, when others can only call on the mountains and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from a dreadful fate.

But it is not by terror of the foes behind alone that God would compel you to seek the safety of the Everlasting Rock; He would wish to allure you by the blessedness you will find there, and by the love of Him who was wounded for your transgressions, that in His very wounds you might find salvation. How beautiful is the old story of the Grecian mother, who with her infant was on the high roof of her house one day, when turning her back for a minute to see something, the child crept to the edge, and in another second would have fallen over and been dashed to pieces! To call it—to hurry to its help, would have startled it, and caused the accident which she dreaded; but the wise and loving mother, without an instant's thought, bared her bosom, and the child eagerly turning to it was saved. And in the same tender loving way, would God in Christ Jesus bare His heart of love to you, that you may be won from the dangers that encompass your path, to take refuge in the hope set before you in the gospel.

THE LATE DR. WOOD.

FREDERIC JOHN WOOD, LL.D., died on the morning of January 25, under circumstances of pathetic and touching interest. His wife had died three days previously, and they were both buried together, in the same grave, in Abney Park Cemetery. Of these two devoted servants of Christ it may be truly said "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

By Dr. Wood's death, religious, philanthropic, and educational movements have lost an advocate of conspicuous ability, and a friend of unstinted devotion. He brought splendid gifts, and solid attainments, to every cause he espoused, but he exercised them so modestly and usefully that only those who worked with him fully recognised the value of his services. He was one of those true men who in late years have turned away from the prizes of ambition to serve God by serving man. He saw that all was not well around him; and by gentle energy, and courteous insistence, and incessant labour, he worked noiselessly for the general good. He regarded not the applauding thunder, if he might perform the lightning deed.

His education was begun in his father's school at Totteridge, and there are still in London a number of eminent men who were his fellow-

pupils. His undergraduate career was singularly brilliant.

In 1838, at the early age of eighteen, he became a student of Lincoln Inn, and two years later, in 1840, he headed the list of successful candidates in the London University, for the degree of LL.B. He carried off from all competitors the University scholarship in jurisprudence, and in 1848, in taking the degree of LL.D. he was again at the top of the list, winning the first Gold Medal given for law by the University. On the following year the Gold Medal was won by Edward Steere, another great man who also turned away from the prizes of ambition, and became Bishop of Zanzibar.

Dr. Wood was connected with the University of London for upwards of fifty years. After taking his bachelor's degree in 1840, he became a member of Convocation, and from that time forward till his death he was intimately connected with the affairs of the University. Eight years later, on taking his doctor's degree, he came prominently forward as the Graduates' Champion, and he became joint-chairman, with the late Dr. Storror, of the Graduates' Committee which was formed to obtain for the graduates a share in the government of their University.

In December 1856, Dr. Wood, in conjunction

with the late Sir William Gull, was appointed by the Crown a member of the Senate, in recognition of the claims of the graduates. Two years later the University obtained its Charter, and the Graduates' Committee triumphed. The victory was largely due to Dr. Wood's wise guidance, and patient perseverance.

In 1868, when the University obtained the right to return a member to Parliament, a proposal was made to elect Dr. Wood as its first member, as a reward for his services, but with characteristic modesty he stood aside in favour of Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Robert Lowe. He fought for what he believed to be right, and cared nothing for the prize.

In 1885 Dr. Wood succeeded Dr. Storrar as Chairman of Convocation, a post for which he was pre-eminently fitted by his urbanity, courtesy, and imperturbable good temper. In the same year he became representative governor of the University on the board of government of Harper's Trust, Bedford, which is the foundation of the grammar school of that town.



FRED. J. WOOD, LL.D.

As a Fellow and Member of the Senate, as well as Chairman of Convocation, Dr. Wood devoted a large amount of time and labour to the University, and placed freely at its disposal his accumulated stores of knowledge and experience. No man knew the history and work of the University as he did, and he was always looked upon and consulted as a safe guide on all its affairs.

He was also a Fellow and Member of the Council of University College, London, and continued to take an interest in the higher education of the Capital, until the question of establishing an Albert University arose, and then feeling his health unequal to further strife he retired from the scene where Babel now reigns.

Side by side with his labours on behalf of education Dr. Wood gave himself unreservedly to the cause of Christian philanthropy. He was a Member of the Committee of the City Mission, and a munificent supporter of kindred societies,

but the Society to which he devoted the greatest amount of time, thought and energy, was the British and Foreign Bible Society. His name was enrolled in 1877 in the list of eminent men who have formed the Committee since the days of Wilberforce and Macaulay. Six years ago he became a Vice-President of the Society. With characteristic energy he took a leading part in guiding the various operations of the Society, and he made a nine-weeks' tour through Russia, and Northern Europe, with a view to improving its operations. He made several visits to Holland and Belgium, and even to Vienna, at the Committee's request, and wholly at his own charges.

Dr. Wood's scholarly mind and learning fitted him to take a prominent part in the editorial sub-committee of the Bible Society. All questions of translation and revision are reviewed by the sub-Committee, and in linguistic matters, and editorial details, his large experience was of the greatest value. He became a member of the Editorial Sub-Committee immediately on joining the Society, by virtue of his eminent fitness, the rule being that members must serve one year on the General Committee before being advanced to the Sub-Committee.

During the time that Dr. Wood was on the Editorial Sub-Committee, eighty-seven new versions were published, a number twice as great as that of all the versions produced during the first eighteen centuries of the Christian era. Besides the new versions scores of the old versions were constantly being revised under his guidance. Such work was wholly to his taste, as he was able to do useful service quietly and beyond the glare of publicity.

Dr. Wood did not play at philanthropy, or attend to the editorial work of the Bible Society as a means of passing the time agreeably with people of kindred tastes. He delighted in the privilege of being instrumental in giving God's Word to His children, all the world round, and he felt the heavy responsibility of presenting the missionary's only Charter to the people in as acceptable and perfect a form as possible. He knew well the traditional lines on which the Society had attained its unique position, as well as the rules that guided translators and revisers, and he was, in the Bible Society, as in the London University, a safe and steady guide.

To most subjects Dr. Wood brought adequate knowledge, but to all subjects he brought a well-balanced mind, a keen conscience, and an unslumbering sense of justice and fair play. He had strong convictions with which he never paltered, but no one in the Bible House, where he was almost a daily visitor, ever heard a hasty word escape from his lips, or ever saw his serene countenance marred by a frown. Always wise, modest, courteous, good, one felt inspiration when he was present, and a sense of want when he happened to be absent.

All Dr. Wood's work, in the service of Christ, was done with absolute purity of motive, and simplicity of purpose. In circulating the Scriptures, he knew he was serving God, and he sought no higher reward. The century, rich in good men, has produced few finer characters than

that of our beloved friend who has entered on his reward. We can only pray that we may be dowered with the same grace that made him good, and then we too shall find the fulness of each day sufficient for all its wants.

W. WRIGHT, D.D.

A SIGNAL GIVEN IN CHURCH.

DR. GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, was passing through Smithfield, in his coach, early on Lord's Day morning, August 1st, 1714. He saw Mr. Thomas Bradbury, a very eminent Nonconformist minister of that time, with whom he was intimate, walking along, in a pensive mood. Stopping the coach, the bishop called out to Bradbury by name and asked the cause of his great thoughtfulness. "Well," he replied, "I was just then thinking whether I should have the courage and constancy of the noble army of martyrs, burned to ashes in this place; for I most assuredly expect that times of persecution are at hand, and I know that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause." The bishop, himself a zealous Protestant, endeavoured to quiet his fears, and told him that he had heard that the Queen was so ill that the physicians had given her over, and he was then on his way to the Court, to learn the exact state of affairs. He assured his friend that he would despatch a messenger to him; and that if he should happen to be in the pulpit at the time of the messenger's arrival, he should be instructed to drop a handkerchief from the gallery as a token that the Queen was no more, as he expected might be the case.

When Mr. Bradbury was in the pulpit, in the midst of his sermon, the intelligence was communicated to him by the signal agreed on. He took no notice, and suppressed his feelings during the sermon; but in the last prayer he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil designs and counsels of their enemies, and implored the Divine blessing upon his Majesty King George, and the House of Hanover. Mr. Bradbury ever afterwards gloried in being the first man in the whole realm who publicly proclaimed King George the First.

The truth is, that towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, notwithstanding the literary and military renown of her earlier years, the High Church party joined with the political "Tories," led by the infidel Lord Bolingbroke, were plotting to set aside the Hanoverian Protestant succession, and to introduce "Popery and the Pretender." The reaction against the principles of "the glorious revolution of 1688" had gone so far, that the ministry had passed a "Bill to prohibit occasional Conformity," and this was followed by another Bill against what was called "Schism," which was to come into operation from the 1st of August.

Thomas Bradbury was a man, fearless, energetic, and able; and thus was exposed to the fierce wrath of the Bolingbroke party, as the chief leader of those who upheld the civil and religious liberties of England, as Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney had done in the previous generation.

Bradbury was for a long period the minister of New Court, Carey Street. From the beginning of his ministry he observed the 5th of November as a day of special thanksgiving to Almighty God, being not only the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, but also of the landing in England of the Prince of Orange. His boldness made him a perpetual thorn in the sides of the popish and reactionary parties. On the 1st of March, 1709, the mob burned his meeting-house, and threatened his life. Finding that he could not be silenced, the Court tried bribery, the Queen herself sending Harley to offer him preferment in the Church. When the sturdy patriot was neither to be cajoled nor intimidated, a plan was made for his being assassinated.

The same methods were tried to silence Luther, whom Bradbury in character and spirit much resembled. In the obituary notice of him, and recorded on his grave, it was written: "A man of less intrepidity than Luther would scarcely have been able to contend with interested and designing men, backed by the strong arm of the civil power."

A singular providence saved him from the dagger of the assassin. The man hired to put this inhuman scheme into execution went to the meeting-house, so as to obtain certain knowledge of Mr. Bradbury's person. The discourse that day made such a powerful impression on his mind, as not only to disarm his purpose, but through the grace of God, proved the happy means of his saving conversion.

The death of Queen Anne, the flight of Bolingbroke, and the change of ministry, under the new king, proved to be also providential deliverances. On the accession of King George to the throne, the whole of "the ministers of the Three Denominations," a body then recently constituted, and still retaining the right, by delegates, of personal access to the throne, went with an address to his Majesty. Mr. Bradbury was of course one of the leaders. All were robed in black cloaks or gowns, according to the Geneva fashion of those times. As they passed, a nobleman asked Mr. Bradbury "if they were going to a funeral?" "Yes, my lord," was his ready reply, "it is the funeral of the Schism Bill, and the Resurrection of Liberty!"

Mr. Bradbury continued his ministry with great acceptance through sixty-four years, and departed in peace, and in the faith of the gospel, in the eighty-second year of his age on September 9th, 1759. A great concourse of people witnessed his burial in Bunhill Fields, where the remains of so many ministers and men of note have in past times found their last resting-place. *Pro Christo et Patria* he took for his motto: and certainly no one strove more nobly for the glory of Christ and the good of his country, during a long life, than Thomas Bradbury.

THE ART OF SPENDING.

CHAPTER I.



NE sunshiny morning in June two little girls were sitting together in their mother's drawing-room hemming handkerchiefs. At least they were supposed to be hemming handkerchiefs, and each child had her needle in her hand; but the open window seemed more attractive than the open work-boxes; and for every stitch set, a dozen glances travelled eagerly past the climbing rosebush in the verandah, and down the gravelled walk.

The tall clock in the hall struck eleven slowly and solemnly, and before it had quite finished the cuckoo-clock on the mantelpiece chimed hurriedly in, as though suddenly reminded of its duty, and determined not to be outdone by the slow-coach yonder. The children's mother said the cuckoo-clock reminded her of fussy people who leave everything until the last moment, and then with a great to-do and flourish of trumpets get through no more than steady-going folks accomplish quietly. But the children rather resented this as a reflection on their favourite. It kept good time, they asserted. And Molly, who was a matter-of-fact young lady, further remarked that, although she always listened for its cry of "cuckoo," she had never heard the flourish of trumpets.

Usually at eleven o'clock Molly and her sister Mab were at lessons, but to-day Aunt Bracer was expected; and as she only came about twice in the course of the year her visit was naturally of some importance, and lessons were excused.

Aunt Bracer was an elderly lady of severe aspect. She held decided opinions as to the discipline and deportment of little people; and was fond of referring to the way in which things were managed when she was young.

"But that must have been so long ago!" once murmured Molly.

"And, pray, miss, how old do you imagine I am?" instantly demanded Aunt Bracer.

It was an awkward moment, but truth prevailed. With many apologies beforehand if she were wrong, Molly owned to supposing her aunt might be "more than forty!" To her great relief Aunt Bracer showed no sign of being offended. She said she was certainly over forty. And neither Mab nor Molly had even seen her laugh so heartily—at Molly's good guess, of course.

But if in some respects Aunt Bracer's visits were rather formidable, they always ended with a little ceremony which made amends for everything. When the carriage was announced, and good-byes were said, she never failed to produce a packet for each of her young nieces. And whether the packets were large or small, the contents were sure to be delightful. After all, she was a dear old lady, who loved to give pleasure, and no wonder she held a warm corner in the children's hearts.

On this occasion Aunt Bracer's present proved to be two tiny velvet purses exactly alike, except in colour, even to the prettily embroidered initial M, which the little sisters shared in common. Mab's purse was red, and Molly's blue; and a pleasant jingle as they changed hands announced that they were not empty.

"There, my dears," said Aunt Bracer. "You are not very old, it is true, but quite old enough to begin to learn the art of spending. The purses and their contents are your own, to use just as you like, and when I come again we shall see which of you has contrived to get the most satisfaction out of them."

So saying, Aunt Bracer got into her old-fashioned yellow carriage, to the great joy of her pet dog Don, which had been barking impatiently from the window, and drove off; leaving the children as excited as if they had come into a fortune.

And so they had, according to their notions; for in the first division of each purse nestled a bright silver florin; in the next a shilling; in the next two brilliant sixpences; in the next three dear little threepenny-bits; and lastly, three pennies so fresh from the Mint that they might be mistaken for gigantic sovereigns. Altogether that made five shillings for Mabel, and five for Molly. Wealth, indeed, when the most you have hitherto possessed at one time has been a single sixpence; or, on rare occasions, such as the breaking open of the money-box, a bulky capital of tenpence farthing.

And now came the question on what to spend these vast sums; for it was not to be supposed that so much money could be allowed to lie idle. And this reminded the children of Aunt Bracer's speech about the art of spending.

Such a curious thing to say. "Because," observed Mabel, "everybody knows how to spend."

"But, everybody does not know how to spend well," said their mother.

"What is spending well?" asked Molly.

"It must mean getting the most for your money," said Mabel.

"Just so."

"But," objected Molly, "we can't get more than the shopkeeper will let us have."

"No," said their mother, quite comprehending Molly's difficulty. "If chocolate is a shilling a pound, you will not be able to buy more than half a pound for sixpence, but there may be something else on which you can lay out your sixpence to more advantage; and, if you find this out while it is still in your purse, and choose the better bargain, you practise the true art of spending."

"And how shall we know what is best to choose?" asked Mabel.

"It is a good rule to consider what will give the longest satisfaction," replied her mother.

"Well, I don't mean to fritter away my five shillings on a lot of little things," announced Mabel. "It's better, isn't it, mother, to buy one good thing? and I should like a French doll. You know the sort I mean, Molly; they can bend their arms and legs, and they have the loveliest hair and eyes, and even two little white teeth."

Molly was sitting very still, her brown eyes fixed on the carpet; but she roused herself at this glowing description, and answered, "I know! They are beautiful. And, oh! what fun if we each had one—we could dress them like sisters."

"Take a day or two to think it over," advised their mother. "There is no reason why you should not have the dolls, if you like."

Mother's advice was always good. The children decided to wait till Monday; although nurse said, she quite expected

the money would burn a hole in their pockets before then. An opinion which made Molly feel pretty often in hers to make sure that it was safe. Indeed, how many times the blue purse and the red were felt, handled, and opened during the next few days, I should not like to say. They were, fortunately, strongly made, and did not seem the worse for it. But Mab noticed with surprise that in the midst of all this pleasurable excitement Molly had unusual fits of thoughtfulness; and, once, in the very act of counting her coins (for about the hundredth time) she sighed—actually sighed with five shillings of her own to spend!

The waiting-time had the advantage of enabling one to spend it in imagination over and over again. Mab saw in the toy-shop window a miniature kitchen, furnished with everything a small cook could possibly want, from a fish kettle to a rolling pin; and revelled for a whole half hour in the thought that she might, if she chose, possess it. Molly eyed approvingly a fairy-like tea service of pink and gold, or fancied herself the possessor of a fine puzzle box. But they generally ended by coming round to the dolls again; and Mabel already felt powerfully drawn to one fair form whose fascinations outvied even those of her lovely companions—her eyes bluer, her hair more golden.

Molly's inclinations pointed to a brunette style of beauty. Now that one in the corner—the one with dark lashes, and thick jet black curls. But here Molly's eagerly uplifted finger fell; she turned away, and—yes, there was no mistake about it—sighed again.

Mabel could bear it no longer; she demanded impatiently what was the matter.

"Nothing," returned Molly. "At least—that is—oh, Mab," with a hurried glance to see if nurse were listening, "don't you remember Mary Jane?"

Mabel's first movement of impatience repeated itself. The moment when we are planning to spend all our time or all our money on our sole enjoyment is not exactly the one in which we care to be reminded too pressingly of the needs of others. The only way to take selfish pleasure comfortably is to try and forget that anyone else is uncomfortable who might be comforted. Even grown up people cannot find a better method of doing it than this. And nobody says it is very satisfactory after all. But we are forgetting Mary Jane.

She was the lame daughter of old Betty the washer-woman. A thin sharp-faced girl, a few years older than the little sisters, who had made her acquaintance by calling with their nurse to let Betty know when her services were required at home. Now and then on these occasions they had taken tea with Mary Jane and her mother, and had been regaled with thick bread and butter, and honey made by Betty's bees. They had often heard Betty bewail the misfortune which deprived her poor girl of the full use of her limbs, and made it more difficult for her to gain a living. And they were sufficiently in Mary Jane's confidence to know that she cherished hopes of some day learning "the lacemaking." But this grand scheme could not be lightly undertaken because it required capital. Six shillings would be wanted to start with for lessons and material—six shillings—a mighty sum indeed to Mary Jane. Luckily her heart was stouter than her legs; and so, although it had taken nearly a year to save the ten pennies and the seven half-pennies carefully treasured in the old jar on the chimney piece, she still looked forward hopefully. Nay, sometimes when there were more babies to mind than usual (the chimney hoard was chiefly the result of baby minding for the neighbours) or an extra halfpenny was generously added to the regulation penny, the six shillings seemed so near that, just to save time when they did come, Mary Jane busied herself with selecting the patterns which would prove effective, and likely to secure most customers.

How heartily the two little girls had sympathised with their humble friend, and wished they could help her. All this came back to Mab's memory with Molly's question, "Don't you remember Mary Jane?"

It was quite clear now what Molly's recent thinking fits meant. She had got it into her head that because Aunt Bracer had given them money they must needs spend it on Mary Jane. What an absurd idea! Nobody sympathised more with Mary Jane than Mab did; or would be better pleased to help her; but at present—well, Aunt Bracer might not like it; she said they were to spend the money. Besides, there was only just enough for the dolls. These and a great many more arguments to the same effect were set forth so fluently that it was some time before Molly could get in a word edgewise. When she did, it appeared that Mabel, sharp as she was, had scarcely guessed her sister's meditations aright. Molly explained, blushing as guiltily as though it were something to be ashamed of, that she had merely thought how nice, how very nice it would be to give her own five shillings to the lame girl. Of course, Mabel would buy a doll—that would be nice too. In fact, Molly could imagine no more delightful arrangement—if only Aunt Bracer would not consider her ungrateful, and if mother would allow it.

"You can't want the doll so much as I do, or you would never give it up so coolly," concluded Mabel, when they were going over the pros and cons again—mother assisting.

Molly flushed a little, and answered simply, "Oh! I should like the doll; I should like her dearly. But the other—dearer."

"Why, Molly?" asked their mother.

Molly considered gravely. "I seem to know," she said, "but somehow it won't come out."

"Well," said her mother, smiling, "to-day is Saturday; you have still a whole day before you. If by Monday you can tell me the reason of your choice, you shall spend your money, or give it away as you please."

Molly thought this very fair; and determined, if possible, to fulfil her share of the contract. But although several times in the course of that afternoon and evening her thinking cap went on, she still found it impossible to express what was in her mind. She possessed five shillings, and she wanted to give it away; so much was clear. But, why? And why, too, did the sunshine, and the lark's song, and all the pleasant sights and sounds of June make that wish the stronger? What, when the merry run in the fields was over, had a cosy tea and a snug nursery to do with it? And how explain that most of all this longing stirred her small bosom when she knelt at her mother's knees, and whispered her evening prayer; and knew that the great God listened for the sake of that "gentle Jesus," who was once a little child Himself.

Molly felt: but she could not put her feelings into words. How curious; and how provoking!

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. II.—p. 320.

"And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand." Acts xiii. 11.

Ver. 6-8; 1 Sam. v. 6; Paul, ch. ix. 8, 18; Sun, ii. 20; xxvi. 13; xxvii. 20; Mist, 2 Pet. ii. 17. Immediately; Bar-jesus; and Elymas. Mark, viii. 22, 23; ver. 12.