

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE trees put forth their treasures hoarded long,
The drifted hawthorn wreathes its fragrant bowers,
And hope renewed grows jubilant and strong,
For all the land is eloquent with song
And beautiful with flowers.

So, Lord, in lives long winter-bound and sore,
In presence of Thy glory cold and dumb,
Bid May-time miracles of growth appear!
And to the waking heart, the listening ear,
O let Thy kingdom come!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER IV.—PRUE AND BERTHA.

"IT'S snowing still, father. Almost as hard as ever. Will Bertha come, do you think?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"She told me not to mind, if anything did make her put off. She might be wanted a day or two longer, just at last. But it isn't Bertha's way to mind weather."

"She wouldn't be a child of mine, if she did."

"You don't mean to send and meet her?"

"Cabs enough in Reading, if she comes."

"Anyhow, the room is ready—Bertha's own little room. She says she always loves so to think of that room, when she's nursing her hardest cases. It seems like a sort of rest. And she knows everything there is always the same."

Mrs. Valentine lifted her face from a half-made stocking as she spoke, a sweet elderly face, pale yet fresh, pure and contented, in full enjoyment still of life. The robust elderly man opposite was just as fine a specimen of manhood as she of womanhood, perhaps handsomer but of far rougher outlines, hale and hearty, vigorous and sunburnt, with broad toil-worn hands.

William Valentine's forefathers had owned this farm, and indeed the whole little village, during generations past; and the property had been a valuable one: but with depreciation of land had come heavy losses: and the present owner was a far poorer man than his father or grandfather. It was all he could do to hold things together, and his children's expectations had dwindled to a fine thread. Notwithstanding pecuniary embarrassments, the man was thoroughly liked, thoroughly esteemed, in the country round; not so much for his position as for himself.

He was squire of the village as well as farmer: to the cottagers a very grand personage indeed; and the friend of each one among them. His wife called him always, with great particularity "a gentleman-farmer," while Mr. Valentine was rarely at the pains to tack on that preliminary descriptive word. He prided himself on being "a plain farmer, one of the good old yeomanry!" and while in truth a gentleman at heart, in sincerity, in kindness, in honourable feeling and right principle, he lacked high polish of manner, and was bluntly straightforward, even to a fault.

All the same, William Valentine knew, and delighted in knowing, that his sweet old lady wife came from a far more refined stock than his own; and nothing pleased him better than to trace her refinement of look and bearing in some—not all!—of his children. With aught of affectation he had no patience: but he could recognise real refinement where it existed, though he would congratulate himself with a chuckle that his only son, and still more his youngest girl, were "chips of the old block." By which term he did not designate his wife.

"She knows nothing in that room is ever

changed," repeated Mrs. Valentine, looking with tender eyes upon her broad-shouldered husband. "Prue dusts every inch of it herself, and won't let a servant go in when Bertha is away. Bertha does love that room."

"Shouldn't wonder!"

"And when she comes back she is so happy. I hope she'll give us a few weeks at home now: before she goes out nursing again. But there is no knowing. Bertha always seems ready for work. If anything turns up, she'll want to do it."

"She wouldn't be my child, if she wanted to loiter in an arm-chair all her days."

"But I hope she won't put off. Such a storm! And it is four months since we had her here last. Prue, do you think Bertha will come?"

An upright and self-controlled young woman entered, the eldest daughter, not far from thirty in age. Prudence Valentine was counted by some people rather estimable than lovable: but perhaps only by those who did not know her well. Few did know her thoroughly well, however.

"Bertha will come," she said, moving towards the bay-window. This farm drawing-room or chief sitting room was large, and square in shape, well-furnished too in a cumbrous and old-fashioned style. A huge round table occupied the centre; and ornaments were few. "Gimcrack rubbish! made to be knocked down and broken. No earthly use," was Mr. Valentine's verdict on such articles. "Give me a room fit for use, where one needn't be afraid to move:" and his womankind obeyed. He had always had the upper hand, in appearance. Secretly, his wife with her softer touch managed him entirely; and in his heart he knew it; but then she never frittered away strength in needless skirmishes.

"Bertha will come," repeated Prue.

"So I say!" echoed Mr. Valentine.

"But they might want her longer, just a day or two longer at the last."

"I don't think so. The girl was well days ago. They have only kept Bertha on, because they have grown fond of her."

"Nobody can help being fond of our Bertha."

Prue's impassive eyes gleamed a faint assent. "We will have tea ready, mother. She cannot be long now."

"Don't you be too sure. Snow hinders trains," said Mr. Valentine. "Where's Wallace?"

"Out in the snow with Nan, somewhere. He is as crazy as she."

"Nan will catch cold."

"Nan catch cold! Ha! ha! that's good," laughed Mr. Valentine. "My dear, you'd better let your one wild colt have her way. She'll never turn into a Prue or a Bertha. Be content with two after your own mind."

He threw his newspaper aside, crossed over, and stooped to kiss her brow, reverently, as if

touching a creature of some superior order. The sweet eyes smiled up at him in placid response; and he strolled off, humming a tuneless tune.

Deep under the surface of his rugged yeoman nature was a passion of love for this wife, who nearly forty years earlier had stepped down to his level for love of him, and had never since faltered in her wifely submission. Submission!—yes, that was true. None the less, if she set her foot upon a thing, he had to do her will: while if he set his, she yielded, but not at all because she had to do so.

"You've got a fire in Bertha's room, Prue?"

"Yes, mother. Blazing."

"And tea is laid."

"Not made yet."

"I wonder if Bertha will stay at home for a few weeks. She has earned a rest."

"Bertha soon gets restless, you know."

"She always wants to be helping other people."

"That is natural to her. And she likes to be on the go. That is natural too."

"Prue! one might almost think you didn't love Bertha."

"Must love be blind? But you don't think so, mother. Bertha is right to work. We have little enough to depend on, in our future. If I could be spared, I would do something too. Perhaps, when Nan is older——"

"Nan is nearly seventeen."

"She isn't grown up yet."

"And she says she must go out somewhere. We couldn't do without our Prue."

"No—I know——"

"You would never have cared to undergo hospital training, like Bertha."

"Perhaps not." Prue had had her longings, which she had smothered down for Bertha's sake. She might have to crush them again, for Nan's sake. Not that she had not the first right of choice: but that she could not trust Nan to do her work at home. It was always an understood thing in the household that "Prue couldn't be spared." Other people might please themselves; but not Prue. Usually she acquiesced in this view of affairs, accepting the manner of life appointed to her. Now and then a restless wave would arise; and sometimes the top curled over: not often in Mrs. Valentine's presence.

"Why, Prue!—I always thought—you don't want to run away from home too!"

"If I did——" and a pause. The wave had spent itself. "People can't always do exactly what they wish. Bertha was wild for years to be a nurse. It is her vocation. I'm never wild after anything, you know; and I should not be happy away from home—unless I could be sure of your comfort. Nan is no good."

"Prue!" called Mr. Valentine. Prue glided away; and Mrs. Valentine sat meditating, mother fashion, over her children. Prue seemed always so calm and content. Had she too caught the prevalent spirit of the age. "When I was a girl I never felt like that," thought the old lady.

A cab at the door; not heard in its approach through the snow. Bertha, of course.

They crowded into the hall to welcome her;

father and mother, eldest daughter and eager servants. Wallace came rushing through a back-door, just in time, a big loose-limbed youth of nineteen or twenty: and close behind was a girl, almost equally big, light-haired and uncouth. Bertha hurried into the midst of them, her dark eyes shining, her pretty cheeks brilliant, her long cloak tossed by the wind.

"No, don't shut the door. Not yet. Mother, I mustn't lose a moment. I've brought some one home to be nursed. It couldn't be helped—there was nothing else to be done. Will you forgive me? She's alone with her little girl—such a dear child—her little sister, I mean. Miss Anderson has been ill, and the long journey is too much for her. It would half kill her to go on to Bristol to-day. My room is ready, of course, and she can sleep there. Never mind about me. Any corner will do—besides, I shall sit up with her to-night. Say I was right! I did think of going on with them, and telegraphing to you from Bristol, but she isn't fit, and I knew you would all be disappointed. Was I wrong? I left word with Mr. Jasper to call. He is on his rounds now. Have I done rightly, father?"

"Shouldn't—wonder!" Mr. Valentine said slowly. "Seems to me you hadn't much choice. Eh?" and he looked in appeal to his wife, conscious that his approval without hers would not settle the matter.

"Bertha couldn't well do anything else," said Mrs. Valentine.

To herself she murmured a soft suggestive—"Inasmuch!"

"Thank you both!"—and Bertha flew back to the cab.

Lettice was helped out first, and consigned to Nan—a worn-out child, bewildered with the sudden glare of light and the crowd of strange faces. Her quiet life hitherto had known no such transitions; and the morning strain had told upon her—all the more apparently, because now she no longer had the pull of responsibility. Nan, obeying a whispered order, took her into the drawing-room, and banged the door—which bang woke Lettice up.

"Please let me go. Sissie will want me." She did not know who Nan might be: but the rough grasp hurt her arm, and aroused a latent spirit of opposition. Lettice could be controlled with a rein of silk by those whom she loved: but side by side with her powers of endurance dwelt powers of resistance.

"Let me go, please. She will want me."

"It's all right. They will see to her."

"Sissie doesn't like strangers."

Nan, in answer set her back against the door, and shook her unkempt hair in a manner somewhat exasperating. The prominent light eyes stared out of the robust face, with wondering interest, into the little pale visage opposite.

"I must go. Nurse Valentine——"

"Pooh! Bertha, you mean."

A cry from without sounded in Cecilia's voice—not loud, but distinctly an utterance of Lettice's name: and it startled Lettice into wild action. She pleaded no more, but flung herself on Nan, and for the moment she prevailed. Before Nan

could guess what was coming, Lettice had dragged her aside, and was in the passage. Then Nan was there also, and had Lettice in a grip, against which the younger girl struggled in vain. Cecilia was by this time out of sight, round the first bend in the stairs, being carried by the strong farmer and his son, the others following. She did not call again, but the one appeal had been enough for Lettice.

"It's no good, you know. I'm best at that," said Nan coolly, as the whole weight and force of her young companion were launched into a desperate effort to escape. "I was told to keep you down here: and I'll do it. Why, the poor thing doesn't half know what she's doing. She's off her head with—I say! It's no good. You're best out of the way. Bertha's there, and that's enough. Hallo!"

An abrupt relaxation of Lettice's efforts caused Nan to overbalance herself. The two came down in a heap together: Lettice underneath. Nan alone sprang up.

"I say! What next?" She tugged at the arm of Lettice, "I say—get up. What's the matter?"

"What are you after now?" demanded another voice, as the half-stunned Lettice made a movement to obey. "Nan; you clumsy thing! Look here! You wretch. See those poor little wrists. What were you doing? Keeping her here! That's a pretty way to keep a guest. As if Bertha meant you to behave so. Get some water."

"O no; I'm all right," said Lettice, managing to find her feet. "Please don't hinder me. I must go to Sissie."

"You can't just now. Prue and Bertha are there, and too many nurses would be in the way. Don't you see? Nan has squeezed your poor little wrists, clumsy thing that she is!" He took one of them in his broad hand, and looked pityingly at the soft skin, reddened and swollen.

"Nan!" repeated Lettice vaguely. "Oh, it doesn't matter. I only want to go to Sissie—my sister, I mean. She called me."

"I wouldn't: just yet. Better not. Bertha is there."

"But Nurse Valentine——"

"That's Bertha. Didn't you know? Nurse Valentine is our sister. She told your sister you were all right. And the doctor's coming directly: and you couldn't do anything. You're awfully tired, are you not?—you poor little thing!"

"It doesn't matter. If only I could go to Sissie!" pleaded Lettice in distress, as he led her back to the drawing-room.

"Now, you listen. I'll promise. If Bertha comes, and says your sister wants you, I won't keep you back. You just lie down on the sofa in this corner, and get half-an-hour's rest. And if you go to sleep, I'll wake you up—I mean, when Bertha says you're wanted. See!—won't that do? You look as if you hadn't slept for a month past."

Lettice laughed faintly.

"Oh, only three or four nights. I couldn't—much."

"Well, you'll sleep now. Just pull off your hat: and here's a shawl to put over you. You're

to have a cup of hot tea—it's waiting now—and then a sleep: and then you'll be fit for anything. And Nan shan't come near you."

"Wallace! as if I meant to hurt her!" gulped a reproachful voice.

"You keep off," growled Wallace: but Lettice held out her hand.

"Don't, please. Nan didn't mean anything. She won't hurt me, I know."

"Well, then, bring a cup of tea, Nan: and after that, be off!" commanded Wallace.

Nan obeyed humbly: nearly turned the tea over Lettice in her agitation: and stooped to kiss the wrists she had squeezed. After which she fled. Wallace watched till the cup was empty, took it away, and said—

"Now go to sleep."

"I must see if Sissie wants me."

"Well, shut your eyes for five minutes. That'll do."

Lettice obeyed so far: and as Wallace expected, she did not open them again.

"Where is that child, mother?"

"Asleep in a corner of the drawing-room. She dropped off two hours ago: and Wallace will not leave her for a moment."

"Wallace?"

"He found her struggling with Nan, to get to her sister. Bertha seems to have told Nan to keep her away: and I suppose Nan was rough."

"Just like Nan."

"Wallace can't take his eyes off her. She does look so sweet, lying there, I hardly wonder at him."

"And Wallace is always gentle to anything weak. That's the best of him. I wish Nan were the same."

"She has been crying for an hour, because he was angry with her."

"Mother," after a pause, "it is a question whether that poor thing upstairs will get through the night."

"So bad as that?"

"Yes, the attack must have been coming on before she started. She might rally again; but it will be only for a time. She can never be well."

"Does she know?"

"I can't tell. I thought so, from some of her answers to the doctor's questions. But she hides her feelings so carefully—except when she begins to wander. It's a mercy I stopped her going on: she might never have reached Dr. Bryant's alive. And the poor child, with her——"

"Yes, indeed. Is Prue upstairs, now?"

"Prue will be in charge till half-past ten; and then I shall take her for the night. If Prue wants me she will ring."

Bertha went softly into the drawing-room; and found Lettice there, heavily asleep, lying flat in a position of profound weariness. The child-like sweetness of her face impressed Bertha as it had impressed Mrs. Valentine. One hand was thrown out unconsciously; and Wallace drew Bertha's attention to the discoloured wrist. "Nan's doing," he muttered.

"Nan doesn't know the strength of her own muscles. Poor little thing!"

"She's dead-beat—hasn't slept for nights."

"Keep her quiet for the present. By-and-by she must go to bed. Our coming in and out doesn't wake her."

"A thunder-clap wouldn't, I believe. But I promised one thing. If Miss Anderson wants her—that's to say, if you tell me Miss Anderson wants her—I must rouse her up."

Bertha was silent; and Wallace did not look up, or ask questions. He had worded his promise carefully, and he now repeated it carefully, relieving his conscience, and shifting responsibility from himself to Bertha. She stood silent, conjecturing how far she might be bound by Wallace's promise. Cecilia did want Lettice, and asked for her incessantly: yet it was better for the two to be apart, at least for a while, and to awaken Lettice now would be absolute cruelty. Bertha could not do it, looking on the wan little face. "Wallace had no authority to promise for me: and if I do not speak he need not act," she decided, and moved away. An hour later, finding Lettice still asleep, her resolution remained the same. She had the child carried upstairs and put to bed in Prue's room: and Lettice never opened her eyes. "It will not do. I must risk delay," Bertha said.

Six o'clock in the morning. The long night was over at last: a night long both to the invalid and her nurse. Bertha would have no help. She knew what to do, and Prue was forbidden to come before a certain hour, unless summoned.

If Cecilia Anderson lived through the night, hope would revive; hope, at least, of a temporary rally. Again and again this "if" seemed to hang on the merest spider-line. Again and again Bertha actually held in her hand the bell-rope, one pull of which would summon Wallace, to be sent to Prue, with word that Lettice must come. He did not know how the sick woman cried out for Lettice, in her half-wandering state. He had heard an occasional call, as he passed near the room, but no words were to be distinguished. Bertha was resolved that Miss Anderson should not pass away without a sight of the child; but also she was resolved not to call Lettice sooner than might be essential.

"Would you like to see a clergyman?" she had asked on the previous evening: and an

abrupt negative was returned. Bertha could not force the matter. All she could do, through the long night-hours, was to watch for opportunities to whisper sometimes a short prayer, to murmur occasionally a few words from the Bible, or the verso of a hymn. Bertha was a good and earnest girl. It might be quite true, as Prue had said, that she was naturally eager and restless, naturally fond of work and fond of change; but also she was a girl of right principle and of deep religious feeling, a "servant of Jesus Christ" in heart.

Her efforts met with small response, however. If Cecilia heard, she did not seem to heed, with one exception. Bertha, standing by her side, said slowly:

"Let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

"What?" cried Cecilia, with a startling suddenness.

"He will abundantly pardon!" reverently repeated Bertha.

"Will He?"

"If we turn to Him, and forsake our unrighteous thoughts."

Cecilia sighed, and said no more.

At six o'clock, according to arrangement, Prue came, and Bertha left the room. Miss Anderson greeted Prue with a look of welcome; strange to say, warmer than any she had accorded to Bertha. Something in the quiet and self-contained bearing of the elder sister attracted her, while Bertha's eager pretty manner seemed to have the reverse effect. The last hour there had been some slight improvement; yet Prue noted a strangeness of the sick woman's eyes.

"Come here. I want to speak to you," Cecilia said impatiently. "Is that other girl gone? She means well, but she worries me. She will not let me alone, and I can't get to Lettice. I want my little Lettice back again. That girl will not let her come. Everything that I love is going from me. Call Lettice, if you please."

Prue knelt down on a stool by her side: wearing a face less impassive than often, because it was full of pity. "I am going to stay with you a little while," she said. "Lettice shall come by-and-by."

RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THOUGHT IN HOLLAND.

IV.

THE traveller who somewhat hastily traverses Holland, and makes but a slight acquaintance with its staid people and their many old-fashioned ways and costumes might suppose that the stir of religious life now happily common in some other lands has not yet troubled the quiet waters of Dutch Christianity. And this supposition might be strengthened, if he should chance

to discern that he is in many places breathing an atmosphere charged with the currents of theological strife. But a closer acquaintance with the country would convince him that, underneath the seemingly calm surface of Dutch life, there is an ever-widening movement which, in spite of the doctrinal questions dividing the churches, is permeating all true Christian hearts, and exciting

to noble deeds of philanthropy and soul-saving charity.

During the last fifty years the idea of Christian service, the consecration of all one's powers and talents to the Lord Jesus, has taken deep root in



T. M. Looman

(Founder of the Institution in Holland bearing his name.)

many minds. Especially has this been the case among many of the upper and wealthy classes. The representatives of evangelistic and benevolent agencies in France, Belgium, and Germany flock to Holland and return laden with many generous gifts. But in addition to this practical sympathy with the work of Christians in other lands, there

is a large and an ever-increasing amount of Christian work done in Holland by the people themselves. The laity have in considerable numbers, especially in the large cities, learnt their responsibility to Christ, and are putting forth their hands to rescue the fallen and to save the lost.

Useful schemes of all kinds are in operation, some laid down on English, and others on German lines. Direct evangelisation is pursued in not a few places: as in the Romish provinces of North Brabant and Limburg, and in Amsterdam. For a long time past the well-known Mr. T. M. Looman, and the friends whom he has gathered around him, some fifteen hundred in number, have been working in connection with "The Society for the Spread of Truth" (1847), and by means of Sunday schools, evening schools, libraries, Bible-classes, and homes have rendered eminent service. Another society, "for the Salvation of the People," established by the late Pastor De Liefde, has gone amongst the lowest classes and offered them the Bread of life. Nor have the needs of the body been neglected. Visitors (*Bezoek-broeders* and *Bezoek-zusters*) go from house to house, giving material help to the waifs and strays, to profligates, and ne'er-do-wells, in the hope of eventually bringing them to the feet of Christ. Another worker, who has many fellow-workers all over the country, is Pastor Huet, of Goes, the writer of many revival hymns and editor of a paper for the sanctification of the Christian life. Yet another organisation in Amsterdam is a society called "Emmanuel," in connection with a Free Evangelical Church of which Pastor Smit is the minister and founder.

At the Hague, long since, Drs. Capadose and Da Costa formed a society for the training and employment of evangelists. One of these



NEERBOSCH ORPHANAGE—THE WORKSHOPS.

labourers is working in the city, and had for many years a most valuable helper in the person of the late Mr. Esser, who once held an official position in the East Indies, but after his return gave his whole life to the recovery of the lost. He was wont to preach in the streets with great effectiveness and no little spiritual result. The Inner Mission, as home work is now generally called on the continent, is thus in full activity in Holland. The principle of temperance too has its earnest advocates. The late well-known Pastor Adama van Scheltema was an earnest supporter

free-will. The Lutherans and the Christian Reformed Church have also their societies. All these separate committees and organisations direct their attention exclusively to the islands of the Indian Archipelago amidst which the Dutch colonies are to be found. For the support of these operations, Dutch Protestants, two and a half millions in number, raised, in 1882, the sum of 28,750*l.*, an amount that compares very favourably with that raised in Germany and Switzerland, but is far below that gathered up in England. The average amounts per head are as



NEERBOSCH ORPHANAGE—INTERIOR COURT.

of this movement. In fact not a single department of Christian activity but has its devoted workers.

Nor has the heathen world been neglected. In 1846 there was only one Dutch Foreign Missionary Society—the Netherlands Society in Rotterdam founded in 1797; now there are twelve. But it must be admitted that some of them are very small organisations, if indeed such a title can be given them. This remark may apply for instance to the Java Committee, established by Mr. Looman and his friends, and employing a few missionaries in Java and Sumatra. The old Missionary Society was formed by earnest believers, but in process of time fell into rationalistic hands. This led eventually to the establishment of the Rotterdam Missionary Union, and the Utrecht Missionary Society. The confessional or ultra-orthodox party in the Reformed Church has a small society that meets with but scant sympathy and support among believers in God's absolute sovereignty as opposed to man's

follows: in Germany, 1*d.* per head; in Holland 3*d.*, and in England, 6*d.*

An interesting feature of Dutch Foreign Missions are the annual missionary festivals, now held in the north, the centre, and the south of the country. They consist of an open-air gathering lasting a whole day and held generally in some private park thrown open for the occasion. The friends of all the missionary societies rally to these meetings, and by mutual converse, by sermons and missionary addresses, try to provoke one another to take a deeper interest in the glorious enterprise of winning the world for Christ. The writer well remembers being present at one of these great meetings held at Vogelenzang, and attended by almost 20,000 persons. Three platforms had been erected in different parts of the beautiful park. Trumpeters were stationed at each, and summoned the people together, and accompanied the singing. The whole day was spent most pleasantly by the vast multitude, simple refreshments being supplied in tents. And it can hardly be doubted

that for earnest Christian souls these annual festivals must be a powerful means of sustaining and intensifying interest in mission work.

In addition to all this Home and Foreign Mission Work there are several large Christian institutions which deserve special mention, both as centres of useful Christian activity and as illustrations of the power of faith and of determination possessed by some elite souls in every age of the Church. The first we would notice is the one with which the name of Pastor Heldring, its founder, will ever be associated. Between Utrecht and Arnheim, and not far from the latter town is the fruitful Betuwe district (*Better country*), where the first inhabitants of the land settled.¹ In the midst of this smiling region—the garden of Holland—lies the village

suggest to them the means of earning a livelihood. The task was a difficult one, but it was accomplished. By supplying seed, and flax, he got numbers to work. The spinning indeed became a furore. Then, hearing of a village that had sprung up in the Veluwe, or barren region, not many miles distant, he went there, and discovering that there was no well, no school, and no church, he resolved not to rest till these three essentials had been supplied. Then his attention was directed to neglected children, young convicts, and fallen girls; and in process of time he succeeded in establishing homes for these classes at Zetten, in the neighbourhood of Hemmen. Dr. Pierson is now the director of this noble work, which in its inception was the means of leading many throughout the country to commence Inner Mission labour.



THE INFANT SCHOOL, NEERBOSCH.

of Hemmen, where Pastor Heldring settled in 1827. He was, at that time, like many other Dutch ministers, ignorant of true religion, and utterly at a loss how to deal with his people who were as ignorant of the Gospel as himself.

He felt his blindness, and, at length, in sitting down to prepare his Christmas sermon, the truth dawned upon him that Christ had been born a child, and a poor child, that His servants should not trust in self-righteousness and worldly wisdom, but should let Christ dwell in them by faith. He saw, as he said, "that Christ's way, power, and glory is in poverty." Having learned this lesson he resolved to become the friend of the poor; and abundant work lay ready to hand all around. The people were living in absolute misery in Hemmen and surrounding villages. The generosity of his predecessor had delighted them, but left them if possible poorer than it found them. Pastor Heldring at once began to

The Orphanage at Neerbosch also is a striking example of the power of faith and prayer. Thirty years ago and more a farmer's son from the neighbourhood of Nymegen, prompted by love for the Saviour, was going from place to place preaching the Gospel and circulating the Scriptures. In the course of his wanderings he saw how badly poor orphan children were often treated. They were hired out to work, and no attention paid to their education, and in many cases they were the victims of much cruelty.

Saddened by these wrongs, the preacher, Mr. Van 't Lindenhout, felt moved to do something for this neglected class, and began by receiving two children into his house. Having spoken of his wish to some of his friends, a few met together and made a collection which amounted to the munificent sum of six shillings. Then an old spinster sent a bedstead, a table, and a chest, and shortly after some one offered an haunted house, which, when cleared of the rats, proved to be a very serviceable one. But now people began

¹ De Liefde's "Charities of Europe," vol. ii. p. 851.

to ask how are the orphans to be fed, and when Mr. Van 't Lindenhout answered that he trusted in God the Father of the fatherless, they smiled and treated his whole plan as Utopian or worse. Nevertheless the orphans came and the food too. By-and-by they numbered one hundred, and the house became too small.

Just then, two farmers, who had been converted through Mr. Van 't Lindenhout's teaching, came to him and said they had bought a farm at Neerbosch, near Nymegen, and would be glad to give him ground on which to build an Institution, for God had richly blessed them. On Mr. Van 't Lindenhout's return from visiting the land, his wife handed him a letter containing five hundred gulden to be employed in building a large house. And so week after week as the work proceeded money came in, until all that was needed was tiles for the roof. No cash being now in hand, the work ceased, and for a whole fortnight people were laughing at the vain enterprise. But at last a message came that a tile-manufacturer, at Alfien-on-the-Rhine, had sent a boat to Nymegen with an abundant supply of tiles and also twenty-five gulden to pay for their transport to Neerbosch. So the house was completed. There are now forty-eight buildings large and small, giving shelter, education, and work, to more than 1000 orphans, all of the poorest class, and such as no ordinary institution would receive.

Our last illustration of Dutch methods of Christian activity is the Institute at Doetinchem, of which Dr. Van Dijk is the founder and director. Dr. Van Dijk was originally a minister of the Christian Reformed Church, but feeling himself cramped by the somewhat narrow rules of that Church, he and his people withdrew, and formed themselves into a Reformed Missionary Community, which has ever since been a centre of much Christian activity. First of all, primary schools were opened, then a normal school. Next a school for secondary education was established by the townspeople, but under Dr. Van Dijk's guidance. Of the 150 scholars in this gymnasium about 100 are boarded in houses appointed for the purpose. Some of the young men study theology and others medicine. In these houses there breathes a thoroughly Christian atmosphere. From Doetinchem, the theological students are drafted off for the completion of their studies to Utrecht, where, also, special boarding-houses are prepared to receive them. During the holidays the older students go forth in various directions

to collect funds for the maintenance of these institutions.

Thus in the seemingly still waters of Dutch religious life there is no stagnation. A steady current pervades or affects the whole, and imparts to it freshness and sweetness. There yet remains much formalism and rationalism, but a power is at work rousing Christian people to understand their duties and responsibilities.



INTERIOR OF THE ORPHANAGE CHURCH.

The Bible is still a widely read book, and the general interest taken in theological questions, though not always a sign of piety, is nevertheless a means of quickening thought about religious matters. The Sunday-school system is extending, and is gradually enlisting in the service of Christ the activities of the younger members of the Church.

The enemy is strong and active. Romanism, as we have seen, is steadily moving on and waiting its time. Worldliness and vice, as well as scepticism, alienate multitudes from Christ. The distinction, indeed, between believers and unbelievers is more marked in Holland than

here. There is little or no church-going for fashion and propriety's sake. The National Church has not yet fully realised its true vocation. Many of its pulpits still give an uncertain sound, and its services are often cold and dull, like the buildings in which they are held. But let the followers of Christ, of whom there are not a few, persevere in prayer and effort, seeking

for more light and increased power, and the day will yet dawn when Holland will present the spectacle of a country, *Sævis tranquillis in undis*, because founded on the immovable rock of truth, and possessed not with a spirit of theological controversy, but with an ardent love for Christ, seeking the promotion of His glory throughout the earth.

JAMES GILMOUR OF MONGOLIA.

II.

VERY early in his Mongolian experience James Gilmour found that medical work was essential to progress. But he had received little or no special medical training. In 1868 the old notions about suitable education for missionary students held—as, unfortunately to a large extent, they still hold—the field, and careful scientific medical instruction for all missionaries destined for pioneer work found no place in the curriculum. Hence he at once began to urge upon the home authorities his need of a colleague, and to impress them with the belief that such a colleague should be a thoroughly equipped medical man. But if Gilmour had waited until such a colleague were sent, he would have wasted the greater part of his life. Again he followed his invariable rule of doing the best he could under the circumstances. He picked up what medical knowledge was attainable at the Peking hospital. He got together such remedies as were recommended for the common ailments and diseases of the Mongols. He began to do all in his power to heal the body, trusting in this way to gain an influence that would enable him also to bless the soul. In June, 1874, a powerful mandarin came to him, and it was needful for him, in Gilmour's judgment, to take sulphur internally. "He refused to take it until I said I would take it with him, and we would die both together. We actually took it in each other's presence, and next morning I asked him why he had not died. After this he took the sulphur freely." A day or two later he notes: "To-day actually had ten minutes with no one in my tent, the first time for ten or twelve days, which I improved by going to sleep."

As an illustration of the hardships encountered by him and his wife, we may quote the following adventure:—

"In Mongolia we had one rather serious adventure. The south edge of the plain is famed for storms, and the night we camped there, just after dark, began one of the fiercest thunderstorms I can remember having seen. The wind roared, the rain dashed, the tent quivered; the thunder rattled with a metallic ring, like shafts of iron dashing against each other, as it darted along a sheet-iron sky; the water rose in the tent till part of our bed was afloat. It was hardly possible to hear each other speak; but, amid and

above all the din of the tempest, rose one sound not to be mistaken, the roar of rushing water. There was a river to right of us, but the sound came more from the left. Venturing out I found there was a great swift-flowing river on both sides of us; that we could not move from the little piece of elevated land plain on which we had our tent; and that a few inches more water, or an obstacle getting into the path of the upper river, would send the full force of the current down on our tents. Flocks, herds, men are said to be swept away now and again in Mongolia, and for an hour our case seemed doubtful; but about eleven P.M. the storm ceased, and the danger was over, and, though we had hardly anything left, we went to sleep, thanking God for His preserving mercy."

Upon his visit to England in 1882, and the publication of *Among the Mongols*, there is no need to dwell. He returned to Peking in November, 1883, and in the ensuing summer visited the plain. Here again his strongly marked individuality appeared. He went during the winter season, and on foot. He writes:

"On this occasion, partly owing to the shortness of time at my disposal, which made it hardly worth while to set up an establishment, and partly owing to the season of the year, which made it difficult to find pasture for travelling cattle, I determined to go on foot, without medicines, in a strictly spiritual capacity, and not seeking so much to make fresh acquaintances or open up new ground as to revisit familiar localities, and see how far former evangelistic attempts had produced any effect. In addition there were some individual Mongols who have been taught a good deal about Christianity, and on whom I wished once more, while there was still opportunity, to press the claims of Christ.

"Five cold days in a mule litter brought me to Kalgan, and another day in a cart took me up over the pass and landed me in a Chinese inn on the Mongolian plain. This inn has no separate rooms; the guests all share the ample platform of the kitchen, and sleep on straw mats laid over the brickwork, which is heated by flues leading from fires on which their meals are cooked. The Chinese innkeeper was an old friend of mine, and he permitted me to share his room with him. From this, as a centre, I was able to make expeditions to four Mongolian settlements.

"After paying three visits, slinging on one side a postman's brown bag, containing my kit and provisions, on the other an angler's waterproof bag, with books, &c., and carrying from a stick, over my shoulder, a Chinaman's sheepskin coat, I left my landlord drinking the two ounces of hot Chinese whiskey which formed the invariable introduction

to his breakfast, turned my face northwards, and started for a twenty-three miles' walk to the settlement which, for some summers in succession, has furnished me with men and oxen for my annual journeys. Now the Mongols are familiar with the Russians, who, as tea-agents, reside in Kalgan; they have seen many passing foreign travellers on horses, camels, and in carts; they have seen missionary journeys performed on donkeys and ox-carts; but I think that that morning for the first time had they seen a foreigner, with all his belongings hung about him, tramping the country after the manner of their own begging lamas. There were few people to meet on the road, but those I did meet asked the customary questions in tones of great surprise, received my answers with evident incredulity, and, for the most part, rode away muttering to themselves, 'You eldib cem,' which may be translated to mean, 'Strange affair.' My feet,



JAMES GILMOUR, IN TRAVELLING COSTUME.

through want of practice, I suppose, soon showed symptoms of thinking this style of travelling as strange as the Mongols did, and were badly blistered long before the journey was over. The priest I had come to visit was busy lighting a fire which would do nothing but smoke, and the room was soon full. Finding him alone, I told him that I had come to speak to him and my other friends about the salvation of their souls, and was pressing him to accept Christ, when a layman I also knew entered. Without waiting for me to say anything, the priest related the drift of our conversation to the layman, who, tongs in hand, was trying to make the fire blaze. Blaze it would not, but sent forth an increasing volume of smoke, and the layman, invisible to me in the dense cloud, though only about two yards away, spoke up and said that for months he had been

a scholar of Jesus, and that if the priest would join him they would become Christians together. Whether the priest would join him or not, his mind was made up, he would trust the Saviour. By this time the cloud had settled down lower still. I was lying flat on the platform, and the two men were crouching on the floor—I could just see dimly the bottom of their skin coats—but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ from out the cloud of smoke were as inspiring to me as if they had been spoken by an angel from out of a cloud of glory."

In 1885, James Gilmour sustained a very heavy loss in the death of Mrs. Gilmour, and a further trial in the consequent departure for Scotland of his two boys. In 1886, he commenced mission work in the district inhabited by the agricultural Mongols, lying away to the north-east of Peking, eight or ten days' journey distant. With one brief exception he never again revisited the plain. During this time he was steadily growing in spirituality. His visit to England had greatly deepened his spiritual life, and these heavy trials only drove him nearer to the Saviour and deepened his perfect trust in Him. His life-work more wholly than ever engrossed all his time and thought, and energy and strength. As truly as St. Paul could he say, and did he say, by the actions and the words of his daily life, "To me to live is Christ."

His letters are beautiful evidence of his entire self-abnegation in doing what he believed the will of Jesus Christ. Writing only a month after his wife's death, he says: "We are all well, and I, at least, thankful for it. Emily (his wife) is well too, better, and better off than any of us. It is in this light that I like to think of her. I do not leave her out of my prayers, but I do not now need to ask anything for her. As the children's prayer now says, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art taking care of mamma.'"

In 1887, the London Missionary Society was seriously behind in its funds, and the following letter shows how the necessary appeal had touched his heart.

"March 16th, 1887.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Some explanation is due to you of the order to pay the London Missionary Society 100*l.* of my money as contribution to their funds. The money that I have in the bank is the result of long, and much of it of self-denying, savings on my part, and the part of my late wife—more on hers than mine perhaps. When she died, and I was going off to this remote and isolated field, it was a comfort to me to think that in the event of my death there was a little sum laid past which would help my sons to get an education. . . . Some time ago God seemed to say, 'Entrust that money to My keeping,' and as days went on the command seemed to get more loud and to be ever present, so much so that finally I could not read my Bible for it, or pray. . . . God seems to ask me to trust Him with my children, and I trust them with Him. They are far from my care and control, and I know such painful cases of the children of missionaries growing up unbelievers that I dare not do anything that seems to me not to be putting them fully into God's care and up-bringing.

"In addition I am exhorting people here to become Christians; by doing which they throw themselves and their children outside of the community. I tell them to do it and trust to God's protecting them in troubles and

helping them in difficulties, and I can hardly do that if I have not faith in God myself for me and mine. Again, I need God's help and blessing much in my work here, and I do not seem to myself to be able to expect it if I do not trust Him. So please regard the money removed as not lost, only put into a safer bank."

His father had attained the great age of eighty years, and he wrote regularly to him up to the last. Many of these letters are most beautiful and helpful. Here are one or two examples:—

"March 29th, 1887.

"I hope, my dear old father, that your heart is contented and happy in Jesus. Only let Him arrange all things for you as regards your soul, and He'll do it all right. He can be trusted. Heaven is not far away. We'll soon be there, comfort your heart. Won't it be too blessed to be again with our wives, freed from all that is earthly and suffering, and surrounded by nothing but what is nice! This is no dream. It is real. It is true. It is kept for us. It will be ours. We'll see it soon. You and I will be there together. It may be some time before we are there together, but years soon pass. Cheer up, my father.

"I feel quite lifted up to-night. I have a room to myself. This is the first time I have had a room to myself since leaving Peking January 25th. It is pleasant to be private a little. This room is private to me alone only after, say, eight P.M., when I am left in peace. I hope to have this room for three weeks. I am afraid, if you saw the room, you would not think it much of a place. To-night, too, I have a pillow. For over three weeks I have rested my head on some folded-up bag or article of dress. To-night I have a pillow. Christ had not where to lay His head. In all things I am still better off than He was. If I could only see souls saved, I would not care for the roughing it."

"December 31st, 1888.

"The isolation I am standing all right. God is faithful and takes care to make up to a man what is absolutely necessary. I am trying, too, a new plan, looking on myself as God's instrument, not His agent. I have never had a smoother, quieter, more frictionless time of so much mark as these last weeks. I read Psalm cxxvi. frequently, partly as praise and partly as prayer. In a very, very small way God has been leading me everywhere in triumph. Oh, that the full tide were come! Oh, that He would give floods! But meantime I close the year with much gratitude, praying that the sixteen professing Christians may be many times multiplied."

In the spring of 1889 his health gave way, and he returned home on furlough. The rest and change rapidly restored him, and by the end of the year nothing would induce him to stay longer from the work upon which his whole soul was centred. The following letter was written only a week or two before he sailed:

"December 25th, 1889.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Not having had a talk with you before I left, I send you a line. It is only to entreat you to make Jesus your confidant in all the things of your life. Tell Jesus all and everything. With Him it will be well with you in time and after time is over. You cannot do without Him, and if you have His close friendship you will have a happy and blessed life. Could you not lead some others to Him? Do try. Eh! man, His friendship is good! May your heart be fully won by him! I may not again write you directly, but you will be from time to time in my thoughts and prayers; and if we don't meet again on earth, let us meet on the right side there.

"With many earnest and loving wishes for fulness of blessing on your young life.—Believe me, sincerely yours,
"UNCLE JAMES."

The chief centres of work during the closing years were the towns of Chao Yang and Ta tsau Kow. It was here that he spent himself to the utmost in the work of seeking to win both Chinese and Mongols for the Saviour. Although urging again and again the need for a colleague, events seemed to conspire to prevent one from coming. But he never lost heart; he never relaxed his toil.

"August 10th, 1890.

"I cannot say God gives me all the victories I want, but He keeps me in peace and faith, and that is not a little thing. My devotional reading lately has taken the form of the Chinese Psalms, and Schereschensky's high Chinese notwithstanding (for which may he be forgiven), they are very refreshing and strong. How like are the heart-longings and soul-breathings of the old Judean hunted outlaw to the heart and soul feelings of the educated occidental of the nineteenth century. Moses, another outlaw, what a battered life he led, but what a grand soul, and how wonderfully he outlived it all, and was quite hale when called to die. How his people troubled him!—so like the Chinese. Fancy Moses going up the mountain to die alone. It is so nice to have a later glimpse of him in the New Testament alongside of Elijah, who too was once under a cloud. God does not keep up things. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'"

On April 13, 1891, he left Mongolia to attend the meetings of the North China District Committee, of which he was chairman for the year, at Tientsin. "All who saw him," writes one who was present, "rejoiced in the improvement in his health and speech. He was more like his old self, and yet it was another self. There was, with much of the old buoyancy and independence of mind, a mellowness, a consideration for others, a gentleness, which indicated that the precious years had not been spent in vain. I look back to those twelve days spent in his society, and my feeling finds fittest expression in the words, 'To him to live was Christ,' 'Though in the world, yet not of the world.'"

One of the last letters Gilmour wrote, bearing the date of May 8, 1891, lies before us as we write. It is addressed to the wife of an American missionary resident in Kalgan, the starting point of all his earlier Mongolian journeys.

"It is a great pleasure to see you here at this time. Many memories of past times and days come up. Though never again likely to see Kalgan, I often in thought go along its narrow, hard streets, and its up and down sideways, call in at your house, see all your faces, and often go up over the Pass into the grass land. It is like a rest for a little while beside the palms and wolls of Elim, to meet you all here.

"Lately, I am being more and more impressed with the idea that what is wanted in China is not new 'lightning' methods, so much as good, honest, quiet, earnest, persistent work in old lines and ways.

"With prayers for you and all Kalgauwards Mongols,

"Yours, cheered by the vision of you all,

"JAMES GILMOUR."

On May 10th symptoms of typhus fever developed, and after eleven days of delirium and weakness he gently fell asleep. A Peking colleague who had known him for long years thus sums up his life:

"That he might get still nearer to the people and win them to Christ, he lived, ate, and dressed as they did, or even in poorer style. He cut off every luxury, and even common comforts, retaining only the bare necessities of life. Until last year, he had not even a hired room, but occupied such quarters as the common inn could afford; and these he shared with his native helper, and frequently with one or more inquirers. His clothes were just those of a mechanic or well-to-do peasant. And that he might gain the respect and confidence of the people, he gave up all animal food, even eggs, and became a vegetarian. His diet was the simplest possible, consisting of millet, corn-flour, peas, meal, and vermicelli. This he ate in the ordinary public restaurants, the whole costing him about twopence a day. His circuit was about one hundred miles across, and he made the round in all weathers, hot and cold alike, mostly on foot, sometimes carrying his own bedding on his shoulders. On such occasions he had to sleep in the small dirty inns among all sorts and conditions of men, as the larger inns would not receive him. During these journeys he was sometimes exposed to perils of robbers and perils of floods. He spared himself in nothing, but gave himself wholly to God. He kept nothing back. All was laid upon the altar. I doubt if even St. Paul endured more for Christ than did James Gilmour. I doubt, too, if Christ ever received from human hands or human heart more loving, devoted service.

"If any one asks: Would it not have been better if Mr. Gilmour had taken more care of himself and lived longer? I would answer: I don't know. His life was beautiful, and I would not alter it if I could. A few years of such service as he gave Christ are worth a hundred years of humdrum toil. We need the inspiration of such a life as his. Heaven, too, is the richer for such a man and such a life. The pearly gates opened wide, I have no doubt, to receive him. Angels and men gave him glad welcome, and what a smile would light up the Saviour's face as He received His faithful servant home!"

When his brother-in-law, the Rev. S. E. Meech, and Mr. Parker, the colleague, who reached him only a few months before his death, visited the centres of his work in Mongolia, carrying the sad tidings of his death to the converts, the latter sent a Chinese letter to his children. He would desire and we could give no better eulogy upon his life.

TRANSLATION OF THE CHINESE LETTER SENT BY MR. GILMOUR'S CONVERTS TO HIS CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.

"We respectfully enquire for the peace and happiness of your excellencies, our brother Gilmour's children, also for the peace of your whole school. In the first place Pastor Gilmour in his preaching and doctoring at Chao Yang, north of the pass, truly loved others as himself, was considerate and humble, and had the likeness of (our) Saviour Jesus. Not only the Christians thank him without end, but even those outside the Church (the heathen) bless him without limit. We who through Pastor Gilmour have obtained the doctrine of the second birth, and secured the grace of Jesus, had hoped with Mr. Gilmour to have assembled on the earth, until our heads were white, and in the future life to have gone with him to heaven.

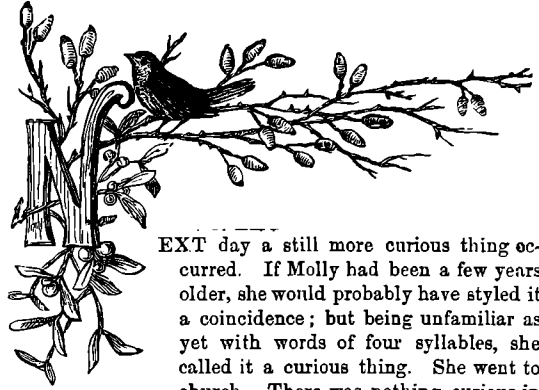
"Little did we think we should have been so unhappy. He

has already gone to the Lord. We certainly know he is in the presence of the Lord. Not only praying for us but also for you our brothers. We pray you, when you see the letter, not to grieve beyond measure. We hope that you will study with increased ardour, so as to obtain the heavenly wisdom, like Solomon's, and that afterwards you may come to China to this Chao Yang to preach the Gospel widely. As the father did may the sons follow is our earnest desire."

R. LOVETT.

THE ART OF SPENDING.

CHAPTER II.



EXT day a still more curious thing occurred. If Molly had been a few years older, she would probably have styled it a coincidence; but being unfamiliar as yet with words of four syllables, she called it a curious thing. She went to church. There was nothing curious in this, of course. Ever since she could remember she had sat in the same corner of the same pew as regularly as Sunday morning came round. It was a very nice corner. From it she could see the picture of the Good Shepherd in the painted window; and sometimes, when the minister was rather hard to follow, the picture preached her a little sermon all to herself about Christ's love for the lambs of His flock, the children, and such simple folk. To day, however, the minister's sermon proved so interesting that the other was not needed. Really one might suppose he had heard of the perplexity in which one youthful member of his congregation was plunged, and had chosen his subject accordingly. From the moment he uttered the text—"Freely ye have received, freely give," Molly listened with all her might. Here and there the thread of the discourse may have escaped her, but she caught enough to learn that the feeling for which she could find no word was that which we oftener connect with receiving than with giving; the feeling of gratitude which must animate all our gifts if we want to give well.

Presently came the final hymn; and here were set forth plainer than ever the vague thoughts struggling in her mind. Molly listened like one in a dream.

O! Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

Yes; that was exactly what she felt. Her strong, straight limbs; her happy, careless life; the dear ones round her; did she not owe them all to God? And more than these;

for now the organ pealed softly forth again, and Molly's childish tones mingling with the other voices confessed His greatest gift.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

What indeed? Yet it is certainly written in the Bible that God accepts what we do for the poor and feeble, as done for Him; and easy enough to remember many such texts. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "Whoso receiveth one such little child in My name, receiveth Me." "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord."

By the time the service was over, Molly's face had lost all trace of perplexity; and tripping gaily home by her mother's side, she announced that she had found her "reason."

"It is that last hymn we sang. It says just what I mean, And now, mother dear, may I give the money to Mary Jane?" "You may, darling," replied her mother. "Your reason tells me you will not regret it."

So Molly's five shillings went to the lame girl, who was so overcome by such a piece of good fortune that on receiving it she actually cried. At this totally unforeseen and astonishing result, Molly nearly cried too; for she had yet to learn that tears do not always mean sorrow.

Mabel bought the fair-haired doll; and when with the help of her mother and nurse she had made it a complete wardrobe, it looked so charming, that all their little girl friends envied her. Molly, having no extra family cares of her own, knitted her "niece" a pair of red shoes; and admired "Miss Clementina" as much as anybody. Admired her at a respectful distance that is; for Mabel did not care to trust her new treasure to other hands. Besides, as their mother remarked, Molly had the pleasure of helping Mary Jane, and must not expect to share the doll as well.

They had not seen much of Mary Jane lately. The summer was over; and the days becoming rainy and cold, they did not often walk so far; but Betty sometimes spoke of her girl's progress in the art of lace-making; spoke of it with honest joy and pride in her puckered face; and seeing this, Molly felt a glow of satisfaction, such as Miss Clementina could never have produced. One day, one never to be forgotten day, Betty requested a special audience, and placed in Molly's hands a thin oblong parcel, neatly done up in brown paper. The brown paper being opened, disclosed another envelope, pink this time, on which was written, "A mark of gratitude and respect." Inside lay collar and cuffs of delicate lace. "All my gal's own work, miss, thanks to you. And made special for you; though full size as bein' more useful like."

Molly was enchanted. But the first thing she did was to bind Mab and nurse to secrecy.

"It will be such a lovely present to give mother on her birthday," cried she. "Oh! Betty, tell Mary Jane I am ever so much obliged to her."

Mabel looked on with rather an aggrieved air, as the pink wrapper was daintily refolded.

"I don't think I shall give mother a present," she said. "Whatever I got would seem too stupid by the side of your beautiful lace things."

"You might give her the pot of chrysanthemums I meant to get," suggested Molly. "Mother loves flowers, and if you paint a little card to put with them, she will like it just as well as my collar and cuffs."

"But it won't be worth so much," grumbled Mabel. "Those collars are dear to buy. And I haven't even enough

for the chrysanthemum; you know it is eighteen pence. And I couldn't save up like you because there was always some pretty thing wanted for Clementina—it's no use having a doll unless you dress it properly."

"Of course not," assented Molly.

"Irene's doll is smarter after all," pursued Mabel. "I don't know that it was worth while spending so much on that Rubens hat, and the tiny silk parasol, although it does open and shut. Clementina's left arm is nearly out of joint; and don't you think, Molly, her complexion is getting rather faded?"

"Dolls will get old like the best of us!" remarked nurse.

Molly, gazing critically at Clementina, could not deny that the freshness of her beauty had departed; but comforted her owner with the reflection that she was still "very sweet."

"I tell you what," she added, "I'll buy the chrysanthemums just as I meant to do. But I'll give them to you. Then you can do as you like with them; and if you get a card to paint with the rest of your money, we shall both have nice presents for mother." Mabel was more touched by this proof of her sister's unselfishness than she cared to show; but that it was not lost on her was evident when the important day arrived. With it came Aunt Bracer.

Mother sat smiling, arrayed in her beautiful lace set; the pot of golden chrysanthemums and Mabel's pretty card before her; and by her side her little daughters.

"Well, young people," began Aunt Bracer, "give an account of yourselves. Pray how did the purses wear, and what can you show me for their contents?"

Mabel's eyes turned to Clementina, half-forgotten in a corner. She took her up, and brought her forward for inspection.

"A pretty doll, my dear. A little the worse for wear perhaps; but I suppose it gives you as much pleasure as ever?"

Mabel blushed. It seemed ungracious to own that she was already tired of her purchase. So her mother came to the rescue, with the remark that Clementina had certainly been a great amusement.

"Well then, my dear, you have no cause to complain, for very few pleasures are lasting. Come, Molly child, what can you show for your five shillings?"

It was now Molly's turn to blush; but she answered bravely—

"Nothing, Aunt Bracer. I hope you won't mind."

"Nothing!" repeated Mabel in astonishment. "Why, Aunt, it is through Molly's five shillings that old Betty's daughter is earning her living; and that mother got that collar and the cuffs; and that I had the chrysanthemums to give her; for perhaps if Molly had bought a new doll, she would have spent her money afterwards as I did."

Mabel paused, out of breath; and her mother spoke.

"I fancy," said she, "that wonderful five shillings produced other treasures, although Molly cannot very well display them. Treasures of joy and love and peace; treasures that rest in the heart, and make us happier the longer we possess them."

Aunt Bracer nodded approvingly. Her spectacles shone in the firelight as if they were dotted with diamonds; and her voice was quite gentle as she replied—

"God is not unrighteous that He will forget your works, and labour that proceedeth of love." He smiles, too, on the generous spirit ready to recognise merit in another. If Molly has done most with her money, I do not think that Clementina, even in her old age, will prove a bad bargain to Mabel. My nieces have pleased me much. And I venture to say they have both had a useful lesson in the Art of Spending."

SYDNEY GREY.

Monthly Religious Record.

The Storm passing in China.

THE prospect in China is again brightening. Dr. Griffith John, of Hankow, thinks "it will be found that the trials of the past year were blessings in disguise. The atmosphere has been greatly cleared by the storm which raged in the valley for some months, and some formidable obstacles have been removed." The provincial proclamations which the riots brought out are of more than temporary value, while the Imperial Edict prescribing toleration for the Christian religion has not only been of present service, but remains as a permanent protest against the persecuting spirit.

Frequent mention has been made of the blasphemous libels on Christianity and Christians, circulated at the expense of wealthy men and with the connivance of high officials. The nature of these libels is still more plainly indicated by the recent reproduction in fac-simile, and in Chinese book form, of the illustrated broadsheets sent out from Chan Sha, the capital of Hunan, to stir up the people against the Christians. These illustrated sheets were distributed in thousands in all parts of the central provinces of China. They were posted up in conspicuous places on the walls of houses, and even on official places in towns and villages, and they did their mischievous work so well that a few months ago it seemed not at all improbable that there would be a general rising against all foreigners. So serious a menace to safety and peace had this mischievous literature become, that the Mission Press at Hankow reproduced the series in facsimile, with translation and notes by Dr. Griffith John. Copies were sent to Europe in the hope that the attention of the various Governments might be called to the matter, and official representations made so as to secure the suppression of such literature as dangerous to the public peace. We have seen this "Hunan Picture Gallery." As the horrors of the Waldensian persecutions, too terrible sometimes for words, were portrayed in a series of engravings, so here the deadly hate of the anti-Christian movement is revealed, with demonstration of its own degrading conceptions. The extreme sceptic of modern Europe must pass on these sheets, from a moral point of view, the same judgment as the Christian. It is not too strong a word to say that they are hellish in their animosity against Christ Himself. Already we hear that the pressure brought to bear by the representatives of the foreign Powers has been such as to induce the Chinese authorities to order the arrest of Chou Han, the chief instigator and distributor of these libels. He is a Mandarin, with friends amongst viceroys and governors and described as "a scholar of no mean order." He avowed to the Governor of Hunan that his object was to drive the accused Europeans from the soil of China by exciting the people against them. He boldly signed the worst placards with his name, and demanded the release of a relative who had been arrested for circulating the literature, threatening to denounce at Peking the official who arrested him. The *Times'* Shanghai correspondent divides between the British Consul at Hankow and Dr. Griffith John the credit of revealing the vile conspiracy to the world. The missionaries urge that the best reply to the libels is the further distribution of Christian literature, and they appeal for help to enable them to take immediate action.

Fire at Hankow

THE dépôt of the Central China Religious Tract Society at Hankow has been destroyed by fire; so also the dépôt of the National Bible Society of Scotland, whose whole stock of Chinese Scriptures has been consumed. The Hankow Mission Press also has had a narrow escape, its doors and windows being burnt out, and the out-buildings destroyed. The hospital of the London Missionary Society, and the Roman Catholic hospital and orphanage were with difficulty saved. Some two hundred other houses were burned. The conflagration was not caused by riot, but by some opium-smoking gamblers upsetting a lamp in a mat hut.

The Belgian Treaty.

THE suppression of the slave-trade was the chief object of the Congress which met at Brussels, two years since, in view of the great interest awakened in Africa. Other objects came under discussion; and in the end it was

proposed to include in a common agreement, restrictions on the sale of fire-arms and intoxicants amongst the native tribes. France and the United States hung back from the treaty, but in the end affixed their signatures. The "General Act" thus formulated for the good government of Africa comes only now into operation. A letter signed by the Duke of Westminster, the Bishop of London, and other members of what is called the "United Committee on Native Races and the Liquor Traffic," calls attention to the new conditions thus established. It describes the Act as "one of the most far-reaching measures ever enacted." The letter points out how vast is the territory over which its provisions reach, and how stringent are some of the regulations which have been agreed to by the Powers. "Prohibition of the sale of spirits, absolute and most important, notwithstanding commercial treaties to the contrary," is decreed over the whole of that enormous block of Africa north of the Equator, where Mahomedanism prevails, as well as over all other parts of a vast area of Africa where the traffic has not yet penetrated, or where the religious belief of the people is against it even if the traffic has already begun its ravages there. In other parts, an existing spirit trade is to be "tolerated," "with a compulsory duty." Other important provisions, more or less restricting the evil traffic, are described; and it is added that the Act is a new departure in international law, sweeping away the old idea that a Protecting Power is not responsible to third parties for the government of its Protectorates.

The Prussian Schools Bill.

THE Prussian Schools Bill, to which we recently made allusion, provoked such strong opposition that it was withdrawn at the instigation of the German Emperor who was supposed to be its most zealous promoter. All the circumstances will be familiar to our readers, but we note the fact to complete our record. The imperial intervention was followed by the resignation of Count von Zedlitz, and the installation of Count Eulenberg as Prussian Premier; but neither the withdrawal of the Bill nor the reconstruction of the Cabinet sufficed to harmonise matters, so many are the interests involved in all questions of religious education. The party that desired the Bill has avenged itself by outvoting the proposal for a new corvette which the German Emperor desired.

Outrage at Athens.

THE spirit of intolerance nursed by the Greek Church appears to have been the prime cause of the attack recently made on the Evangelical Church at Athens. The Greek Constitution secures tolerance of all recognised religions. "Foreign Protestants, Roman Catholics, even Turks, enjoy full liberty to follow their respective forms of worship, but," says the correspondent of "Evangelical Christendom," "when a Greek, seeing errors in the Church of his fathers, comes out from it and seeks to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, he is stigmatised as a traitor, subjected to contempt and frequently injury. When people are reminded that the Constitution declares all citizens free and equal, and tolerates all recognised religions, it is answered that the Greek Evangelical Church is not a recognised religion, hence cannot claim even toleration. Proselytism is forbidden, but the law does not define in what proselytism consists. . . . The wildest stories about Evangelicals blaspheming the Virgin, and trampling on the sacred pictures have been circulated. Recently the growth of the Evangelical movement, though small enough, seems to have awakened an increased hostility. The Synod last spring issued an encyclical which was published in all the papers and read in all the churches of the kingdom, urgently warning the faithful against 'the dangerous teachings' of the Evangelicals, and there have been frequent articles in the papers calling upon the Government to interpose and close the churches, particularly the one at the Piræus. At the Piræus there was a club organised last year for sustaining preaching with the avowed object of putting down the Evangelical movement." The lads of the gymnasium took up the cry, and disturbed the services. One act of hostility led to another. At last an attack was deliberately planned,

with the intent to stop the preaching by destroying the place of worship. The lives of all Evangelicals were threatened, and all the men were more or less maltreated. There have been several arrests. The Athenian newspapers strongly condemn the outrage, but give place to the false accusations against the Evangelicals.

PERSECUTIONS THE last number of that valuable little in periodical "Free Russia," gives some details of recent persecutions. Even the Russian official press notes with condemnation that the Siberian orthodox clergy have plundered and thrown into prison scores of the Old Ritualists or Staroobradtzi; and that great cruelty has been exercised in the eastern districts in forcing the Buddhist natives to get baptized. The police flogged and starved the poor creatures, who would not present themselves; they flew to the woods, and were hunted down and beaten. In a milder form but upon a much larger scale, religious persecutions are going on all over the Empire. "Further inquisitorial proceedings against the stundists (baptists) are reported from Kiev, Odessa, and the Baltic provinces. In the village of Olshanits, district of Vasilkov, thirteen men and two women have been fined fifty roubles each solely for attending a cottage meeting of their congregation. As they are quite unable to pay so large a sum, they are going to prison. In the Baltic provinces the stundists are growing in number. They are in constant communication with the German Protestants, with whom they agree upon all essential tenets of their creed. The German Pastors often minister to them—when they have the courage to do so—and this leads to administrative persecutions and to indictments before the Russian tribunals."

A Call to Young Men. AMONGST the many indications of increasing interest in missions, must be mentioned the many improvements in missionary literature. One society after another is sending forth its facts in more attractive form, and as readers multiply so may we hope to see the friends of missions more intelligently active in advancing their cause. Another sign is the larger part taken by young men in the work at home. As to the supply of men for foreign service, it will be remembered that in 1885, thirty Cambridge men offered themselves to the Church Missionary Society. This year, a letter from Cambridge brought a like overture from fifty-four of the students. It is true that only a proportion of such offers bear actual fruit on the field, but they are the preliminary of growth. A statement as to the revival of missionary interest among the young men of the United States was made recently at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society by Mr. Robert P. Wilder, a member of the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Mr. Wilder was on his way to India to work among students in Bombay. He related the story of the movement in which he has been privileged to bear a conspicuous part. It commenced in his father's drawing-room. After an address by his father, describing his forty years' experience in India, five young men expressed their willingness and desire, God permitting, to go forth to the foreign field. In July, 1886, in the course of a conference of college students which met at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, the number increased to one hundred. On the last day of this conference, Mr. Wilder and another gentleman were requested to visit collegiate institutions throughout the States and Canada, and, as a consequence of these visits, by the end of the year the number had reached 2,200. In February, 1891, there were 6,200 names on the volunteer roll, scattered throughout the United States and Canada in 380 institutions. Of these, 320 have actually sailed; but it should be noted that nine hundred have passed out of the record, large numbers having renounced their pledge, and as many others being lost sight of. It is not the impulse that makes a missionary—questions of fitness will ultimately have their answer.

Deaths on the Mission-field. MR. GRAHAM WILMOT BROOKE, the enterprising leader of the Mission on the Upper Niger, has fallen a victim to fever. The Sudan Mission has now been bereft by death and sickness and other causes of every member of the European band which went out, the objects of so much hopeful

interest, at the beginning of 1890. We greatly regret to record also the death of the Rev. Percy E. Comber, of the Congo Mission. He is the sixth bearing that name who has laid down life for Africa. Three brothers, one sister, and two wives make a record of heroism and sacrifice in the mission field, such as one family has rarely had.

THE Tamil Church of Southern India has lost one of its best and ablest leaders in the death of the Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan. He was one of the few Native Christians who have received the distinction of an Honorary Degree of B.D. from the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is noticeable that his religious awakening was due to the influence of the Bible in the school. As a boy he rebelled against this, and stirred up the other schoolboys to demand from the teacher that he should give up the Bible; but the teacher kept on his way, the hated book spoke out its message to his conscience, and after a great mental struggle he gave up all and "betook himself to the foot of the cross." His conversion made a sensation in the district and emptied the school. He himself became an object of persecution, and was dragged before two magistrates, European and Native; but the Lord helped him through all his troubles, and in the end he became a preacher to his countrymen.

Principal Cairns. THE Presbyterians of Ireland had not long since to lament the death of Dr. Hugh Hanna, of Belfast. Edinburgh has now lost one of her most esteemed citizens in the death of Principal Cairns, whose influence extended far beyond the bounds of the communion to which he belonged. The city gave him a public burial. The Senatus of the University, the Presbyteries of the Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh, and others too numerous to mention, took part in the funeral procession. Dr. John Cairns was born, in 1818, at Ayton Law, Berwickshire, and received his education at Edinburgh and Berlin. In the Scottish capital he was the favourite pupil of Sir William Hamilton, and in the German metropolis he became a warm personal friend of August Neander, the great Church historian. His theological training was received in the Divinity Hall of the Secession Church. He was ordained to the charge at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1848, and there he remained until 1876, when he was appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the Theological Hall at Edinburgh. Three years later, he was called to the Principalship, a post which he held until his resignation this last winter under stress of failing health. His degrees of D.D. and LL.D. were both conferred by his *Alma Mater*, the one in 1850, and the other in 1884. Absorbed in many duties, Dr. Cairns had little time in which to prepare original work for the press. His chief contribution to Theology is his Cunningham Lecture on "Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century," and apart from that his most notable book is his "Memoir of Professor John Brown." He contributed also to the series of "Present Day Tracts," issued by the Religious Tract Society. On rare occasions his pen has rendered aid to this periodical. In the Border town where he began his ministry, he is remembered to this day with loving respect and admiration. He was "simply adored, not only by his own congregation, but by every citizen of the Border town," says the *Newcastle Leader*. His friend, Dr. George Wilson, called him "the beloved John." In many a good work he bore a part; regret was sometimes expressed that he did not reserve himself for the greater occasions, but the nobler nature of the man showed in the readiness with which he gave his aid to humble tasks, and in obscure places. Dr. Cairns was never married. "His domestic habits retained their early simplicity; his tastes were frugal, his table plain, he did with little sleep; it was a delight to him when he found he could do with four hours' sleep instead of six, so that he had gained two hours for reading." Death came to him at the last with unexpected celerity. Almost his last words were: "Only they who openly identify themselves with the cause of God will be victorious and triumphant."

John Hunt. WE are reminded by a correspondent that John Hunt, to whose work in Fiji we recently referred, was a native not of Yorkshire, but of Lincolnshire, being born a few miles only from Lincoln city.