

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

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



"EH, SIR: NOTHING WRONG?"

CHAPTER V.—THEIR NON-ARRIVAL.

SATURDAY afternoon! Felix had been for a sharp walk, to get rid of certain lonely sensations, which were likely enough to assail a young fellow, during his first few days away from home. Not that he had left his home, but that his home had left him: and this made matters worse. For he had not the interest of new surroundings. He was in the same place

and under the same roof as before; only all that had made the house his home was withdrawn from it.

Like a good many others of his age and standing, Felix had sometimes chafed against certain restrictions, counted needful by the half-sister who had been to him as a parent. Freedom had a charm for him, as for not a few. Yet, now that the restrictions were gone, now that liberty was obtained, now that he might come and go

and do as he chose, he found himself more conscious of loss than of gain.

Though not free from work till after dark, he had then started off immediately for a brisk walk along the Parade, doing two miles out and two back in something under an hour. The rapid motion was a relief after long standing: and it overcame a slight tendency to low spirits, from which he had suffered all day. Such snow as had fallen on Thursday was gone from Brighton: and he scarcely noticed the ice-cold wind, for his mind was intent on other matters.

He had a definite and absorbing aim before him. Felix meant—not only meant, but was resolutely determined—to get on in life. He had no idea of resting content with his present position. Getting on would mean hard work: and he was willing to work hard. He intended to succeed: to climb from step to step: to win confidence and approval: to leave the stationer's shop in his rear: to make money: to secure a home for his sisters. So far as all this went, it was right. The aim was a commendable aim in itself: only it lacked something. He did not look up for a Divine blessing on his purpose. He did not whisper, "If God will."

Except for this lack, the boy meant well. A certain amount of egoism might mingle with his dreams: yet a silver thread of unselfishness ran through them also. Cecilia's devotion to him in the past he accepted, as boys do accept such devotion, merely as a matter of course and no more than his due: nevertheless he realized that his turn had come, and he longed to work for her: and when the thought came up of Lettice's little pale face and sad eyes, his own eyes grew dim. Felix was glad of the darkness, that nobody might see.

"Lettice shall always be mine, never Dr. Bryant's," he declared to himself. Then he wondered, as he had wondered twenty times that day, how soon a letter would arrive. Surely Lettice might have written the day after their arrival.

Felix had hardly yet begun to dream of another kind of love, a closer tie than that of sister and brother. Many boys begin long before they reach his age: but he was young for his years, a thorough home-lad, and he had mixed little in society of any kind. Cecilia's proud reticence had come in the way here of what might have been for his advantage. He had formed two or three friendships in his school-days, permitted though not encouraged by her: but the friends so made had recently left Brighton, for India and the Colonies. Felix was left stranded, without a single real friend in all Brighton, at the moment when he most needed friends: and with few acquaintances. He was almost as slow as Cecilia herself in "taking to" strangers. There were two or three other young fellows at the stationer's, beside one rather older man named Andrews, and Mr. Thompson himself, Felix's employer. Felix was respectful to Mr. Thompson, submissive to Andrews, and on the alert to do his work well: but personally he cared for none of them, perhaps because he would not care, would not take the trouble to know any

of them sufficiently well for indifference to pass into liking. After Cecilia's style he held aloof, and thereby made himself disliked. A man who would have friends must "show himself friendly."

"I shall not live this sort of life always. I am made for something better," he would say to himself: when he found that his own repellent bearing was inducing the same from others. He forgot that whether or no some other mode of life might be "better," according to his views, yet so long as he did live "this sort of life" he owed Christian courtesy and kindness to those about him. Or perhaps it was not so much that he forgot, as that he did not know. Cecilia's training, moral and religious, of this dearly-loved young brother had been defective.

"I am made for something better," Felix declared again, late that Saturday afternoon, as he left the Parade and strode through the dark streets towards his now lonely home. "Something will turn up, sooner or later. I will get on! I'll let them know that I'm up to work, and then, when an opening comes——"

"How do you do?" a voice said, and Felix found himself, under the lamplight, face to face with Mr. Kelly. The clergyman looked younger, more frank, and more at his ease than when visiting Cecilia Anderson. Felix paused less reluctantly than he would have paused a week earlier. In his present loneliness, a friendly word was not to be counted worthless.

"How do you do, Anderson? Quite well? So you have not yet heard of your sisters' safe arrival?"

"No." Felix wondered how he knew.

"I called at your door just now, in passing, to ask: and Mrs. Crofton says that a letter is awaiting you. She hopes it may contain news of them."

"From Lettice?"

"A strange handwriting, Mrs. Crofton said—though that was hardly her business or mine." Mr. Kelly turned, and walked beside Felix. "You will be impatient to have your letter."

"I ought to have news of them by this time. They went on Thursday."

"True, that snowy day."

"Dr. Rotherbotham told me I had no business to let them start. But—I don't know how I was to help it. Cecilia always has her own way. I suppose it's all right. Ill news would be sure to travel fast. Only I did think Lettice would drop me a line."

"I should like to hear about them before long. Will you come in to supper with me to-morrow evening, after church?"

"I don't go to church in the evening," Felix answered bluntly.

Mr. Kelly smiled, and the smile lent to his face a peculiar attractiveness. Somehow he had never felt disposed to smile in Cecilia's presence. "Only in the morning?" he asked. "But come to supper just the same. At half-past eight."

Felix agreed, with the private addition, "I needn't stay long, if he begins to preach." Then Mr. Kelly crossed the road, to speak to somebody who seemed to be waiting for a word: while

Felix dashed on to his own door, less than half-a-street distant.

On the step Mrs. Crofton met him. "A letter at last, sir. But it isn't from Miss Anderson nor Miss Lettice. I know their hand-writings."

Felix recognised Dr. Bryant's, and opened it in haste.

"Why! What——"

"Eh, sir? Nothing wrong?"

"They've not got there! Never arrived! What can it mean?"

Mrs. Crofton's lower jaw dropped, and she burst into a series of exclamations. Felix read his note again, deaf to her audible astonishment!

"Quarrington Cottage.

"Friday afternoon.

"DEAR ANDERSON—My niece and Lettice did not arrive yesterday; and no letter has come to-day. The weather has been sufficient to account for delay; but I think a telegram might have been sent, to prevent my useless drive into Bristol. Pray let me know when I am to expect them.—Yours faithfully,

"MAURICE BRYANT."

"Extraordinary!" muttered Felix.

"Nothing bad, sir, I hope? Not really bad?"

"Quite bad enough. Nobody knows where they are, or what has become of them." It relieved Felix to give out this information fiercely, almost as if the landlady herself were to blame; and the colouring on her high cheek-bones perceptibly lessened.

A railway accident! A collision, and everybody killed! The train snowed up, and passengers frozen to death! These were only a few of the suggestions, poured out in a stream for the further distraction of Felix. Or Miss Anderson has been taken suddenly worse, and they had had to stop half-way. This came nearer the mark, and had also a greater air of probability; and the conjecture filled Felix with foreboding. No light cause would, he knew, have delayed Cecilia. She must have been ill indeed, before she would have resolved to sacrifice her ticket and that of Lettice, and to go to the heavy expense of lodgings or hotel. How such expense could be met, Felix had no idea. He was only convinced that Cecilia would not incur it, short of absolute necessity. Then came the question, why had not Lettice written? Surely her first impulse would have been to tell Felix all!

Mrs. Crofton enlarged upon possibilities, wiping her eyes. "I always did say things was sure to go wrong! Sending them two poor innocents off, all that way, and not a soul to take care of 'em. And Miss Anderson no more fit to travel——! And that there awful snow-storm! And as for Miss Lettice—poor little angel!—O dear, dear! But, there, you'll go after them, wherever they be, Mr. Felix! Of course you'll go, this minute."

Felix was divided between a strong sense of dismay at the mystery, and a strong inclination to laugh at Cecilia being termed "a poor innocent." Dismay won the day. "How can I? There's no money; and I don't know where to

go," he said. Then, snatching up his cap, he hurried out of the house, with an idea of overtaking Mr. Kelly. He was too late, for the clergyman had disappeared. Felix hesitated some seconds, and sped to the nearest post-office, whence he despatched a brief telegram to Dr. Bryant, intimating how matters stood. After which he found his way to the Vicarage, arriving barely in time. Mr. Kelly was on the doorstep, gloves in hand.

"Sorry I can't wait: I have an engagement," were words upon Mr. Kelly's very lips, but he did not utter them. "Yes," he said. "You are in trouble. Come in. I can spare five minutes. What is it?"

He turned back into the house, and Felix followed, out of breath with his run. Mrs. Crofton's various suggestions had haunted him by turns as he came; the least probable causing perhaps the most uneasiness. Worst of all was his own sense of helplessness. Yet he said little, but placed before Mr. Kelly the short letter he received.

"From Dr. Bryant. That is your uncle—your sister's uncle, I mean."

"Yes."

Mr. Kelly read, and lifted perplexed eyes.

"This is strange. Miss Anderson must have stopped somewhere short of Bristol. It looks a little—I am afraid—as if she had been too unwell to continue the journey. I do not understand why neither you nor Dr. Bryant have heard."

"That is the puzzle. Cecilia would not stop without very strong reason. She isn't one to give in easily. And surely Lettice might have telegraphed."

"It seems so at first sight. Telegraphed or written. I hope that their not sending word is a good sign. No doubt they have delayed, with the wish to save you needless anxiety."

For a moment this thought brought relief. "To be sure, it might be that. It would be like them. They might guess, though, that not hearing anything would be as bad. And why has not Lettice telegraphed to Dr. Bryant? It ought to have been done."

"People do not always exercise common-sense. Miss Anderson may have been—not well enough—and Lettice is so young for her age."

"The question now is—what am I to do?"

"You have telegraphed to Dr. Bryant already. He may possibly have received news since sending off his telegram; and if so, you will hear again. Very likely you will have a letter from Lettice in the course of the day. I think, however, that you would be wise to go to the station this evening, and to make a few enquiries. Perhaps the guard of the train may remember if they reached Victoria."

"To be sure! The very thing! I asked him to see to them."

"Then he would tell you at least so much. If he saw them there, they must now be either in London, or somewhere on the way to Bristol. You are almost certain to hear something, at latest, by to-morrow's post."

"And if I don't——"

"Then we must consider what step to take

next. I cannot wait longer now, as I am overdue elsewhere. Only one word—pray look upon me as a friend in this matter, Anderson. If it becomes needful for you to run up to Town, do not be anxious as to ways and means. You must let me advance any sum that you may need.” He held out his hand, and it was grasped with unusual warmth, half shame-faced on the part of Felix. “Now good-bye, and I sincerely trust that all will come right in a few hours.”

Those few hours were hard to live through. Do what Felix might, he could not lose sight of his suspense. To sit still was an impossibility; and to remain long within reach of Mrs. Crofton’s doleful prognostications was an equal impossibility; but he kept incessant watch for tidings, and at length a second telegram arrived from Dr. Bryant: “Not come; no news; most perplexing.”

Felix slept little that night, and he was astir unwontedly early next morning. The postman’s knock brought him downstairs with a rush, to receive a letter: handwriting unfamiliar; postmark Reading. He tore it open.

“From ‘Prudence Valentine.’ Who on earth is she? Something Farm—What’s the name?” He skimmed the contents rapidly.

“DEAR MR. ANDERSON—I am very sorry no one wrote to you yesterday, or to-day, but between us all it has been somehow overlooked. I am writing now late at night, that the letter may go off early to-morrow—Saturday—morning.

“My sister travelled on Thursday from Haywards Heath with your sisters; and as Miss Anderson was taken worse on the way, becoming really too ill to go on, she brought them both home with her. We had our doctor in at once, and all has been done that could be done. My sister Bertha is a trained nurse.

“It would be wrong to hide from you that Miss Anderson has been in great danger, and that her state is still critical; but we hope that she has begun to improve.

“My sister telegraphed to Dr. Bryant on Thursday from Reading station, and a letter ought to have been sent to you. But we were very much occupied. Lettice was so worn out that she could do nothing but sleep; and to-day she has been quite prostrate with headache, really able to think of nothing. Otherwise she would have begged me to communicate with you. I am distressed that it did not occur to any of us to do so sooner.

“You may depend upon us to take every care of them both. Lettice is not ill, only knocked down with over-strain, and I think with the parting also from yourself. We are ordered to keep her very quiet for a few days. If you would wish to come and see your sisters, pray do not hesitate—but Miss Anderson assures us that this is out of the question for the present.—Believe me, yours truly,

“PRUDENCE VALENTINE.”

“So she did send a telegram, after all!” exclaimed Felix. “Why didn’t it arrive, I wonder?”

He was more conscious at the moment of relief

than of anxiety. Nothing could be worse than the blank uncertainty he had been enduring; and he failed to realise how bad the account of Cecilia was. An impulse seized him to tell Mr. Kelly without delay; and early though the hour was, he seized his cap and hastened to the Vicarage.

“Come in; pray come in; I am delighted to see you,” Mr. Kelly said, rising from his solitary breakfast. “Another cup——” to the maid who had ushered the young fellow in. “Well, good news, I hope. You look like it. Sit down and have breakfast with me.”

“It’s all right. Cecilia was taken worse on the way, and they are in a farmhouse near Reading. At least—I don’t mean ‘all right’—rather confusedly—but she is better now, and we know where they are. Yes—perfect strangers—nobody I ever heard of before. I can’t think what made them do it. Would you like to see the letter?”

Mr. Kelly received the sheet, smiling. Then, as his eyes fell on the handwriting, a curious expression replaced the smile. He glanced on to find the signature, and a faint flush crept slowly over his spare pale face.

“It’s from a Miss Valentine.”

“True.” The flush deepened, and Mr. Kelly put up one hand, as if to shield his slight embarrassment. “True,” he repeated, and he read the letter twice, with an abstracted air.

“Odd! isn’t it?” said Felix.

Mr. Kelly looked up, with the start of one awakened from a dream. Then he read the letter a third time, and gave it back.

“I know the name,” he said. “Many years ago I met a Miss Valentine—the same, undoubtedly, since her name was Prudence, and she, too, had a sister named Bertha. Besides, the home was the same. I met them elsewhere—not there—but I can recall the address. Your sisters are in good hands. This, at least, I can assure you.”

“Cecilia is better now, you see.”

“I hope so—to some extent. Yes, evidently better than when she first got there. And Lettice will be well looked after. The child needs it.”

“Can’t think what on earth they would have done, if they hadn’t come across Miss Valentine.”

“In other words, if our Heavenly Father had not lovingly cared for them, by putting it into her heart to do what she did——”

“But I say!” broke out Felix, “we’ve no right! I hate to be indebted to strangers.”

“We are all children of one Father; bound by close family ties. Is it so hard, viewed in that light?”

“Cecilia would never submit, if she could help it.”

“But if she cannot? Perhaps she has that lesson to learn. Some day it may be in your power to repay the kindness. At present you can only accept it, and be grateful.”

Felix had to accept it; but he was far from feeling grateful.

“Is Lettice never to come to me again?” Cecilia asked querulously of Prudence, at the very hour when Felix sat with Mr. Kelly at the Vicarage breakfast-table. “It is so long since I

have seen the child! Does she not care? Felix would not treat me so."

"She will come soon. She was better yesterday, but quiet is needed. Poor little Lettice cares far too much. If we allowed it, she would come this moment."

"The days are so long—and I am alone. None of my own people are with me. Only strangers."

"Am I quite a stranger still?"

"No. I did not mean to hurt your feelings. But I seem to be cut off from everybody."

"Except One—Who is always near. Never cut off from Him."

Cecilia stirred uneasily.

"Somebody else said so. I forget who. So many voices have come to me, one time and another. I cannot always distinguish them. My mother's voice for one; and it brought back things I had forgotten. But I do not talk. It is not my way. I told Mr. Kelly so."

"Mr. Kelly!"

"He has a church in Brighton. I do not care for him; though he means well."

A red spot rose to either of Prue's cheeks, and there remained. She half said, "What Mr. Kelly?" but checked herself.

"He would not let me alone. People will not. I do not choose to be interfered with; and he interfered. Still, of course, he was kind. He found employment for Felix; and he came to see me. He would have come oftener if I had allowed it. But I cannot talk of myself to anybody and everybody."

"The less we talk of ourselves the better, perhaps," suggested Prue. "He is a clergyman, then?"

"Yes. We went to his church. He thought himself bound to put questions to me about myself. Perhaps he was, but I was not bound to answer them. As if——" and a pause. "But sometimes—now——" another pause.

"Sometimes now, you would wish to see him again, perhaps. Is that it?" The red spots deepened as Prue spoke.

"No, not exactly. I did not mean that, exactly. One cannot always explain . . . I want Lettice, and they will not let her come. It is cruel—so ill as I am."

"Lettice loves you dearly." Prue could have clung to the other subject, but she would not.

"Well, yes—perhaps. She has always been with me—always—in those old days. Past now! They can never come back!"

"The past does not come back. It is always going on to something fresh; until we reach Home."

"I have no home. It is behind—with Felix."

"And mine is before—with Jesus." Prue spoke low and reverently. She seldom revealed so much of her true self; but Cecilia's need appealed strongly.

A flickering smile crossed the other's face. "You! a mere girl!" she said, not realising that Prue was scarcely seven years her junior. "What can you know of life?"

"More perhaps than you would suppose . . . I have a dear home here, but the real Home is there."

"People talk so, I know; and you seem to mean it. But to me it is only——"

"Yes—it is only——"

"The unknown. A black depth of nothingness. I do not know why I should say all this. It is not my way . . . I suppose life goes on there—of course. No unprejudiced or reasonable mind can believe that death means annihilation. There is too much *in* us for that . . . But the future is so vague. I never expected to be afraid when my time should come . . . Only sometimes—now I am so weak—looking over and seeing no foothold——"

Her eyes wandered round the room strangely, even fearfully.

"But if, looking over, you saw the outstretched Arms of Christ, our Lord, waiting to receive you? If in the valley you had His rod and His staff for your comfort——?"

A softened look stole into the haggard face.

"He is willing. He is waiting. It is we who hold back. It is not He," Prue went on softly. "He is always 'far more ready to hear than we are to ask.' When He has come from heaven to die for us, isn't it the least we can do to believe in His love and pity?"

Cecilia shut her eyes resolutely, and Prue said no more.

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

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

ST. PAUL AT EPHESUS.

[T is now about fourteen years since the late Bishop of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot), wrote a valuable essay, in the "Contemporary Review" entitled "Discoveries Illustrating the Acts of the Apostles," in which he said "no ancient work affords so many tests of veracity (as the Acts); for no other has such numerous points of contact in all directions with contemporary

history, politics, and topography, whether Jewish, or Greek, or Roman." These words were written in 1878, as the beginning of a valuable article, of which I shall make considerable use. The progress of discoveries since that date has been very great. Many a problem which was then unsolved, perhaps even unknown and unrecognised, has since then been satisfactorily determined; and

much new light has been thrown upon the journeys of St. Paul, and the language of the Acts, concerning persons as well as places.

I regard this kind of illustration derived from modern discoveries, as perhaps the most satisfactory of any that we have brought forward. The Acts of the Apostles seems to bear its date graven upon its forefront. It brings down the story of St. Paul till two years after his arrival at Rome. There it stops, and why? Because it was written at the conclusion of those two years. Had it been written after St. Paul's death, it certainly would not have omitted the story of such a glorious and triumphant martyrdom. Now it is here that modern discoveries come in, and corroborate the natural conclusion which we draw from the language and form of the Acts. The spade and the shovel, railway excavations and surveys, travel and adventure; have been doing their work in Asia Minor, and all have conspired together to establish the minute accuracy of the Acts, so minute and at the same time so unexpected and unplanned, that it could only have been the work of an original eye-witness who just told what he had seen or heard, without any attempts to polish up his story. Simple honesty, even that of a rustic, will often confound the cunning wisdom, the skilfully devised plans of the cleverest rogue; and so it is in the Acts of the Apostles.

Let us take as an instance, the evidence in this direction, furnished by the excavations carried on at Ephesus. These great works which have resulted in many an indirect confirmation of the Christian Faith were begun by the late Mr. Wood about twenty-nine years ago, in May 1863, when he started his preliminary excavations in search of the great temple of Diana. He at once discovered the Odeon or musician hall of Ephesus, recovering from it many important inscriptions. A couple of years later he discovered the great theatre of Ephesus, beginning its exploration in February 1866, and it was not till the year 1870 that he was able to determine the site of the celebrated temple of Diana, the fame and glory of which was spread through the whole ancient world.

Now, in order that we may compare modern discoveries with our sacred records, let us hear what the Acts of the Apostles have to tell about Ephesus; and then we shall inquire into the confirmations of the Divine story which have come to light. In the nineteenth chapter of Acts we have a narrative of the celebrated riots raised at Ephesus against St. Paul by the craftsmen who made silver shrines for Diana, headed by Demetrius the silversmith. The following is the story as we take it from the Revised Version:—

“About that time there arose no small stir concerning the Way. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines of Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen; whom he gathered together, with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth. And ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands; and not only is there danger that this

our trade come into disrepute; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana (in Greek Artemis) be made of no account, and that she should even be deposed from her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth. And when they heard this, they were filled with wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And the city was filled with the confusion: and they rushed with one accord into the theatre, having seized Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel. And when Paul was minded to enter in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain also of the chief officers of Asia (in Greek Asiarchs), being his friends, sent unto him, and besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was in confusion; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they brought Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made a defence unto the people. But when they perceived that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And when the town-clerk had quieted the multitude, he saith, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there who knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper (in Greek Neocoros) of the great Diana and of the *image* which fell down from Jupiter? Seeing then that these things cannot be gainsaid, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rash. For ye have brought *hither* these men, which are neither robbers of temple, nor blasphemers of our goddess. If therefore Demetrius, and the craftsmen that are with him, have a matter against any man, the courts are open, and there are proconsuls: let them accuse one another. But if ye seek anything about other matters, it shall be settled in the regular assembly. For indeed we are in danger to be accused concerning this day's riot, there being no cause for it; and as touching it we shall not be able to give account of this concourse.”

Now in this passage we have quite a number of points which have been illustrated and confirmed, not merely by the excavations of Mr. Wood at Ephesus, but also by the many discoveries made throughout Asia Minor since his Ephesian excavations came to an end some fifteen years ago. Let us take some of these points in the following order. We find noticed in Acts xix. the worship of Artemis, its prevalence, not only in Ephesus, but throughout Asia, and even throughout the civilised world; the temple of Ephesus; the great theatre of that city; the Asiarchs; the town clerk of Ephesus and the description he gives of Ephesus, appeasing the people by reminding them that all the world knew that “the city of the Ephesians was Temple Keeper or Neocoros of the great Goddess Artemis.” Every one of these points have received abundant illustrations proving that the writer of the Acts was personally acquainted with Ephesus, and its popular worship as they existed in the middle of the first century of our era.

The first point which strikes us is the use of the word Asia. An ordinary reader of the Acts finds this word in several places in the Acts, and used in a manner which is a little puzzling to him. For instance, in Acts xvi. 6, we are told of St. Paul's missionary labour in Phrygia and Galatia, and then we are told that the Holy Ghost had forbidden him to preach the Word of God in Asia. What, thinks one unacquainted with ancient Eastern geography, are not Phrygia

and Galatia parts of Asia? Surely St. Paul's labours till he crossed over to Europe, which as yet had not taken place, were all in Asia, sometimes in Palestine, sometimes in Syria, and now again in Asia Minor. Or, take again, this description of the Ephesian riot. Demetrius says that Paul had attacked the worship of his favourite goddess almost all through Asia and that the whole world and all Asia revered the assailed deity. Now in our modern usage Asia embraces China, India, Siberia, and Persia. Did the worship of Diana then extend all through these regions, and had St. Paul extended his labours into these distant lands?

What a light then is at once shed upon the text of the Acts when the reader learns that Asia in the New Testament means quite a different thing from the Asia of modern geography. Asia in the Acts was not the name of the continent now so called, nor was it even the name of Asia Minor, that great assemblage of various provinces, races and tribes which now form the greater portion of the Turkish Empire; but Asia merely expressed a portion or district of Asia Minor embracing the lands lying along the Western coast of Asia Minor, and including all the great and rich cities and seaport towns of that flourishing region. Philadelphia, Thyatira, Ephesus, Smyrna, Laodicea, Sardis, Pergamos and Miletus, were all included in the Roman province of Asia, and therefore it is that when we turn to the Book of the Revelations we read of the Divine messages of reproof and exhortation that were sent to the Seven Churches of Asia all situated in the West of Asia Minor. This western province of Asia was in St. Paul's time the richest government in the gift of the Roman Empire, and as such was considered one of the two great prizes of that day. The governorship of it corresponded in our own time to that of Governor-general of India, though in pecuniary value it much surpassed our modern appointment. When a Roman statesman was appointed to rule Asia, he considered his fortune made, the sources of income were so numerous and so lucrative.

To this day it is a very rich district and important commercial centre, notwithstanding the baneful effects of Turkish rule. Smyrna is still, and has been for several centuries, an important centre for British enterprise; and if any reader will take up a Stock Exchange List, or consult Burdett's "Official Intelligence," he will see that the railway system of Asia Minor, called the Ottoman Railway, starting as it does from that town and running past Ephesus, has now made Smyrna the commercial capital of Asia Minor, and one of the greatest ports in the Mediterranean.

I have dwelt on this point because it is most important to understand the geography of Asia Minor if we wish to understand the New Testament. Professor Ramsay has well expressed this truth in his great work on this subject,¹ where he wisely remarks: "Topography is the foundation of history. If we are ever to understand history, we must know the places where that history was transacted." This is true about Greek

and Roman history of which Ramsay is speaking, and it is just as true about the history of the New Testament. Much of its force, meaning, and testimony is lost because people do not study the Acts and the Epistles with a map of ancient geography beside them.

Now we are prepared to understand the force of the popular orator's appeal to the men of Ephesus. Paul was assailing the worship of a goddess to whose worship the province of Asia was specially devoted.

But how came this district of Asia Minor to be so devoted to the worship of the goddess Diana, who was a Grecian and European goddess? What was its attraction for the natives of that country? The name Diana is that given in both our Authorised and Revised Versions to the deity of Ephesus, but that was not the word used by Demetrius. He spoke to the Ephesians, not about Diana, but about their goddess Anāitis-Artemis, an Oriental deity whom the Greeks finding at Ephesus identified with their own Artemis or Diana. The full name of the deity would be Anāitis-Artemis-Leto. Her worship was of Persian origin. It had been originally introduced into Asia Minor by Cyrus and his successors five or six hundred years or more before St. Paul's day.¹ Artemis-Anāitis was the Persian goddess of fertility, and her worship was simply a worship of the reproductive powers of nature.²

Originally the adoration of this deity may have been a simple matter, but the evil heart and nature of man had turned it into a very impure and immoral worship, consecrating, under the guise of religion, the worst passions and the vilest wickedness. As such it spread rapidly all over the province of Asia, and modern research has now stepped in to confirm the minute accuracy of the report given us of the silversmith's speech. The remains of the temples of Artemis, many of them of grand proportions and splendid architecture, have been discovered all over the province of Asia, proving conclusively that Demetrius was amply justified when he said that all Asia worshipped the goddess. But the same modern research has also proved his accuracy when he said that not only all Asia but also the whole world rendered homage to her. The worship of the Ephesian Artemis has been traced to the Spanish coast, to the islands at the mouth of the Rhone, which afterwards became famous missionary settlements and colonies in the hands of the early Christian Church, to Marseilles where statues of the Ephesian goddess have been found, now duly deposited in the great Louvre Collection at Paris, and even so far north as Bordeaux.

Modern discoveries have shown not merely the extent but also the nature of the worship

¹ Pausanias, a Greek traveller belonging to the second century of our era, tells in (v. 27) that in his time there was a primitive sanctuary of the goddess at Hyppaia, a town half-way between Sardis and Ephesus, where the Persian language and Persian rites were still used in the worship of Diana, proving clearly the origin of the cult. See also Tacitus' *Annals*, iii. 62; and Pausanias, iii. 16.

² Perhaps it is well for those unacquainted with Greek to note that the *e* in Artemis is short, the accent therefore should be thrown on the first syllable thus, Ar'tēmis.

¹ "Historical Geography of Asia Minor." London, 1890, pp. 51, 52.

thus paid to Artemis at Ephesus and elsewhere throughout Western Asia Minor. There is a body of American scholars and missionaries at Smyrna, who from time to time publish a review called the Museum of the Evangelical School at Smyrna. About eight years ago this Museum published a number of inscriptions which had been found in various parts of the province of Asia and of the neighbouring districts, which show the devotion of the inhabitants to Artemis both before and after the Christian era. Nothing will lead my readers to realise the enthusiastic trust placed in the power of the Ephesian goddess so much as a glance at a few of these inscriptions which have been found within the last few years scattered all over Western Asia Minor. What can show more profound devotion and trust than the following? "Sacred to the goddess Anäitis; Tyche and Socrates, and Ammianus and Trophimus, sons of Ammias; and Philete, and Socrateia, daughters of Ammias, having accomplished the religious ceremonies, and having appeased the mother Anäitis in favour of their children and their servants, have placed this monument."

This inscription was found in a distant country town, where, as the reader will notice, the goddess was still best known under her Persian name of Anäitis, and not under her then modern Greek name of Artemis. The date of the monument is given on it. It is the year 237 A.D. In another inscription, dated about 130 A.D., we find two feet carved on a monument, and an inscription testifying "that a certain Meltime, daughter of Secundus, returns thanks to Anäitis-Artemis for curing her feet," while yet a third raised another inscription for the healing of the eyes. These inscriptions have been derived from the north of the province of Asia, where "it borders on the mountain districts of Galatia, and Central Asia Minor."¹

It was exactly the same in the south of the country. Professor Ramsay some three years ago contributed a paper on this subject, the "Worship of the Ephesian Artemis," to the Journal of Hellenic Studies, in which, beginning at Perga in Pamphylia, the port where St. Paul landed when he sailed from Cyprus to Asia Minor on his first missionary journey, he traced the shrines, temples, and inscriptions, in honour of the Ephesian Diana, found all over the south of the province, several of them including the very phrase used by the Ephesian mob: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," which seems to have been a special local cry at that time. Now we can see what a light these discoveries pursued with pick and shovel have thrown on the sacred text. How wonderfully they confirm its accuracy and prove that the writer was no fancy story-teller compiling a narrative out of his own head, or writing a mere romance to beguile unstable souls, but an honest man simply reporting the speech of Demetrius which some stray Christian had heard as he stood amid a crowd of

excited idolators, and then had told to St. Luke, or some other follower of Jesus Christ.

These proofs of the power and extent of the worship of Artemis, appealing as it did to the worst passions of human nature, established as it was by the lapse of ages, and consecrated by the memories of many generations, show us the absolute need of a Divine power and of supernatural intervention at this period of the history of the human race. Idolatry and Paganism towered over the human mind at this period, ruled it, dominated it. Men would have been absolute lunatics had they attacked it, save under such a constraining sense of the reality of spiritual religion as possessed St. Paul when he wrote "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." There are many nowadays who profess great zeal for morality and purity, and for the advance of the human race, who still reject the gospel revelation. Which of them would have dared to make the assault on the Ephesian Artemis which St. Paul did? How would their ideas or their beliefs have nerved a society, or a church, or an individual even, to adventure himself with St. Paul into the theatre, or to face the mob of infuriated craftsmen in order to advance the cause of purity, and of human progress? Nothing could have effected this, save the constraining power of the Holy Ghost, and a vital faith in a living, a risen, and a glorified Saviour.

Then again in this speech of Demetrius we have the theatre of Ephesus, and the temple of Artemis referred to. Both these buildings were unknown till Mr. Wood devoted some of the best years of his life to their discovery. But now they have come to light, and the evidence of their ruins contributes a commentary upon the Acts. The theatre is in the town of Ephesus. Its remains show that like all the theatres of the ancient world it was of immense size. It must have originally accommodated tens of thousands. Religion and amusements went among the Greeks hand in hand. Amusements in fact had become for the pleasure-loving and life-enjoying Greeks, their true religion. They lived for the present. They enjoyed the present, and they put the future entirely out of sight.

It was into this theatre, embraced within the walls of ancient Ephesus, that the mob rushed under the influence of Demetrius's speech, while the temple of Artemis, where the ancient prehistoric image of Artemis stood, was a mile or so outside the walls, separated from the theatre by a hill, which shut it out from view. There it stood away from the Greek town or port which had sprung up nearer the sea, depending on its ancient religious reputation alone for the defence of its treasures, and throwing the shield of its protection over the whole city. An ancient inscription (*Corp. Insc. Graec.* 2963) tells us that a statue of the goddess placed at the gate defended the city, and had engraved on it the very words used by the excited mob: "Ἡ μεγάλη θεὰ Ἀρτεμις πρὸ πόλεως," "the great goddess Diana before the city." We must however reserve for another paper the other interesting confirmation of this important story which modern discoveries have revealed.

¹ Those who wish to pursue this interesting subject, and investigate the nature and extent of the idolatry which Christianity in its earliest days encountered, may be referred to a learned article in the *Revue Archéologique* for 1885, vol. ii. pp. 100-116, written by M. Solomon Reinach.



THE TIRED LAMB.

The Rest Giver.

WE covet rest and interlude from toil,
Not only in the time for folded hands
When night, with day contending, wins the spoil,
And the red sunset fires the desert sands.
Though well-approved the daily lot may be,
Though life's best increase may our work attest,
When bound and hindered by infirmity
How much we long for rest!

The sigh goes up—a universal prayer—
Breathed by a suffering world in need profound;
The hearts of all men know it everywhere,
And the same conflict fills the earth around.
For there is sorrow on the unquiet sea,
A ceaseless requiem for its myriads slain,
And nature groans and travails to be free
With throes of fruitless pain.

When, from the midst of pleasant, prosperous hours,
Breaks the vague reaching-out to things unseen;
When love, at rest in happy Eden bowers,
Sees the swift anguish cleave its skies serene;
When pain hath wrought such havoc, that the soul
And the spent frame lie prostrate and oppressed,
And still far off and shrouded seems the goal,
How strong the cry for rest!

And One makes answer. Lo, the Christ of God,
Schooled in all weariness that earth can know,
By virtue of His Shepherd-staff and rod,
Hath comfort for our uttermost of woe;

The arms that carried once the shameful load
Of all our sin and frailty and despair,
Will leave no lamb to perish on the road
Denied their sheltering care.

Because He sat athirst where Sychar smiled,
No deep soul-craving need unsated be;
For that He hungered on the stony wild,
No lack of Living Bread His own shall see.
O'er alien wastes His way-worn footsteps passed
That never child, world-weary, grief-possessed,
Should miss the shining of the gate at last,
Or plead in vain for rest.

He giveth rest of spirit when the heat
And fervour of the noon hath quenched the rills,
He giveth patience when the tempests beat,
And the wild voice of storm is on the hills;
And sweet the shelter of His pity when
Upon His flock beloved the smiters fall;
For in His heart, that broke for love of men,
He keepeth room for all.

He giveth rest more sweet when life is done,
Repose from toil, discharge from every fight;
Death, the strong angel standing in the sun
And therefore dark to our tear-blinded sight,
Made to fly swiftly, bears the healing balm
That stills for evermore the life-long quest,
And leaves on lip and brow the endless calm
And majesty of rest!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

A PENTECOST HOMILY.

"There appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—*Acts ii. 3, 4.*

THE Divine Master had taught men that the operations of the Spirit are like the wind "which bloweth as it listeth." The Spirit has His mysteries of method, force, direction and time, which baffle human calculation; "thou hearest the sound, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." It was now the time when the promised Comforter, proceeding from the Father and the Son, was to descend: "the day of Pentecost was now come."

At midnight the temple gate had been thrown open, and at the dawning, the blast of the priests' trumpets had announced the advent of the festal day. Thousands of Jews, many of them from foreign lands, whom curiosity and devotion alike would make anxious to miss no part of the rites and worship of that day had gone to the temple, bearing their offerings for the official examination, and perhaps were now witnessing the presentation of their sacrifices.

Assembled, apparently in some private house, was a company of obscure Galileans, professing faith in a Messiah, who at the preceding Passover, but fifty days before, had endured a malefactor's death at the hands of the Roman government. In obedience to His words that they should await in Jerusalem the fulfilment of His promise in the gift of spiritual powers, in the advent of a spiritual crisis profoundly significant for them and for the world, they were tarrying in the appointed city "with one accord, in one place."

And in the morn, with a sound as of a rushing mighty wind, the promised Comforter came, the Spirit of the Living God, "blowing as it listeth." As though struck by a mighty tempestuous blast "all the house where they were sitting" was filled with the sound; and as the Revised Version suggests (v. 6), the supernatural sound floated outwards, and spread through the streets of the holy city.

"Suddenly" had the sound come from heaven. Yet apparently simultaneously with it, at least before the wonderment had passed away, another marvel appeared. Fire, that frequent symbol of the Divine nature and presence—such as Abraham had seen in his trance, or Moses beheld in the wilderness, or the people had gazed upon in the fiery pillar; such as had consumed Nadab and Abihu, or Gideon beheld rising out of the rock, or had fallen from heaven to the confounding of Ahab's idolatrous priests¹—gleamed before their eyes. Like the wind, fire was a symbol of the Holy Ghost. John the Baptist had taught the multitudes that the baptism of the Spirit was one of fire. In this way did He now come to the church.

His influence was illuminating, flashing light into the darkness of men's minds, bringing to the memory of the Apostles the words of Jesus, causing them to see truth to which before they had been blind. His influence was cleansing, purging; as fire smelting out of the heart the pride, the selfishness, the earthliness, the timidity, and making each pure gold to receive and reflect the Refiner's image. His influence was vivifying; like that great source of natural life and heat, which by its energies calls to life and verdure the world that has lain locked in the death of winter's cold. So did the Divine Spirit call forth anew and vivify the spiritual capacities of these men, which had long lain dormant and congealed by the cold of scepticism or ignorance, or of unspiritual Jewish prejudice; now, at the advent of this heavenly fire, they live; and that Pentecostal life empowered and impelled them to become the heralds of Christ's cross, the witnesses and apostles of the Great Salvation. The illumining, purging, life-giving energies of the Paraclete were a universal endowment for the church; "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

Such was the mission of the heaven-sent fire. Yet it was no universal endowment, indistinguishably bestowed upon the company assembled in that upper room. In tongue-like shapes, the illumining, cleansing, vivifying fire came to and "sat upon each of them," thus distributing to each, the Divine blessing. To each person it brought his own endowment and commission. Each man was to find that which was requisite for his peculiar temperament and work. In Simon Peter, the most prominent member of the infant Church, it wrought the stupendous work which transmuted his impetuous but unstable devotion into the fearless courage of that Pentecostal epoch. We need not doubt that as the fire came and rested on each, so each received his own endowment for his special work, each learnt some solution of problems that had been his great

difficulty, each experienced an inner change that made him "a vessel meet for the Master's use." In this manner was the promised Spirit bestowed—to all, to each—in quivering tongues of flame sitting on each of them.

There are in the sacred narrative three words full of significance. The cloven tongues "appeared," the disciples "were all filled," "they began to speak." There was a notable wonder seen, the crisis announced its advent, the channel of Divine spiritual energy was revealed to mortal eye. They "were filled"—all, each; the tongue of flame brought to each its gift, and that in no scanty measure; each after his capacity, receiving the same, no vessel but half-filled, no craving but half-satisfied. Then they "began to speak"; for such a baptism involved a commission and was an endowment for service. It was an influence and an impulse that could not fail to find its expression in the activities of life; touched by the tongue of fire they forthwith "began to speak."

There is a sense in which the echoes of that Pentecostal sermon are with us to-day. Men speak the wonderful words of God with tongues more numerous than those that startled the festal throng on that momentous day. The influence of that first baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire are present to-day; here and there it may be fettered and locked up in crystallised church organisations, yet otherwise still becoming the mastering impulse to living men. The church to-day is uttering the message which "they began to speak." In like manner are men to-day receiving this Divine endowment, are still being filled with the Holy Ghost." He yet descends upon "all" who will fulfil the required conditions, and are willing to experience all His mighty energies, illuminating the dark, cleansing the defiled, quickening the dead. Distinctions which operate among men are of no account in the distribution of this grace; age, sex, rank, wealth can neither insure nor frustrate this baptism of fire. But if for "all" yet for "each," coming to each man according to his capacity, according to the work he has to do, the sphere in which he moves; fitting each for the duties he must do or the burden he must endure; coming to each according to his readiness to receive; his preparedness of spirit for the Divine endowment.

To "all" yet to "each"; the universal yet the individual grace; such is the Divine method of bestowment. In such a spirit let us use this gracious season, commemorative of a blessing that has never wholly died away, which is still a "promise to you and to your children"; a blessing all may receive yet each in the measure of his spiritual fitness and preparedness; even the descent of the Holy Ghost to illumine our darkness, to purge away the dross, to vivify anew our faint and dying souls, to administer to each His own peculiar grace, the Baptism of Fire.

¹ Heb. xii. 29; Gen. xv. 17; Exod. iii. 2; xiii. 21; Lev. x. 2; Judges vi. 21; 1 Kings xviii. 38.

JOHN BOST.

IN a speech delivered last year at the Asylums of Laforce, M. Pédézert, a professor at the Theological Faculty of Montauban, gave the following striking sketch of the life and character of John Bost, the founder of the Asylums, whose name is well known to many English readers:—

I have spoken in a recent book of the eminent Christians whom God has permitted me to know, and I have said nothing of the founder of the asylums of Laforce. I should like to repair this forgetfulness which is, in my eyes, almost an injustice. I have not written a biography, nor am I writing one to-day. I am simply trying to trace once more the outlines of a picture worthy to figure by the side of the others.

The Divine thoughts and ways are wiser than ours. As he inherited his father's tastes, John Bost wished to follow the career of Thalberg and Liszt. He had both the aptitude and the enthusiasm of a true artist; he felt himself worthy, and he believed himself capable of attaining great worldly honours. His hopes were justified by his successes; but God was reserving other distinctions for him. He put into the young pianist's heart a higher ambition—that of being faithful, and, in so far as he was able, an eminent minister of Jesus Christ.



JOHN BOST.

Immediately after his conversion John Bost betook himself to the Faculty of Montauban; he was full of hope, but that hope was quickly changed into disappointment. He had to learn the languages of St. Augustine, Chrysostom and Isaiah. His attempts were obstinate but useless; his incapability was manifest. Professors Adolphe Monod, de Félice and Bonifas, advised their young pupil to leave the Faculty in spite

of their regret and his own, and in order to quiet his conscience, they granted him, by common consent, a proof—I might almost say, a verbal certificate of incapacity. I am only here recalling what John Bost himself often used to recall. I have heard him, more than once, describe very pleasantly his misadventure as a student of theology. The first time I saw him at Laforce he pointed me out two poor little idiot girls whom he had received in his own house, and he said to me—I would not be sure that it was without a spice of bitterness—"There is my theology!" I replied, "Go on, it is the best."

He did go on—we know with what success. Not being able to devote himself to study, he devoted himself to good works. His works are known, and the workman too. But everyone saw him in his own way. I saw him in mine, and I should like to tell you how he appeared to me. In everything we must make allowance for nature, that first gift of God; John Bost owed much to his. In him the man nobly served the Christian. Any one who knew him could have predicted that if he were a believer, he would believe firmly; his spirit was too resolute to be restless. In his strong soul the Yea was yea, and the Nay, nay. Like every man he was liable to make mistakes, but he was incapable of vacillation. He believed without reserve, and without turning back. He believed what his fathers and his best friends believed, and he believed it on the simple authority of the Word of God, the true and only rule of his faith. That faith answers the longings and is enough for the needs of simple and strong natures. John Bost troubled himself little with difficulties; if certain men are born to make investigation into truth, others are born for practical duties. John Bost belonged to this latter class. The apostle had said, "Show me thy faith by thy works"—he showed it, that is to say, he justified it in this way. To such as might have thought that his works were not arguments, he, constituted as he was, would have replied, "Give us better." In showing me his Asylums he would have said to me again, "There is my theology," and I should have answered "It is the best." It is in his faith that we must look for the source of his charity. On what were his thoughts set before his conversion? On honours, and honours alone. As an artist he might have been able to give some few moments to the miserable of this world; as a Christian he consecrated his life to them.

His charity was essentially Biblical, as is proved by the very names which he gave to his first asylums—Ében-ezer, Bethesda, Bethel, Silex—and just because it was Biblical it took entire possession of his soul and body alike. His charity was bold indeed—even rash, in human judgment. On leaving the Faculty, alone, without fortune, without help, without advice, John Bost actually dared to found the Famille Évangélique. That might have been enough, perhaps too much for

another man; it was but little for him. He undertook more, trusting in God and in his brethren. At the voice of John Bost millions of francs flowed into the village of Laforce.

He did not wait for these millions, but he went to seek them in France, Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, and England; he went about from place to place to plead the cause of his poor afflicted ones. His speeches were narratives—but what narratives! We were transported to Laforce, we were actually beholding the last specimens of human misery; we saw the feeble ones whom this friend never ceased to see, we heard the cries which he never ceased to hear, we started at the sound of a word, a prayer, a hymn, coming from a mouth dying and powerless. We felt in our hearts a deep sympathy for the compassionate comforter. When he had moved his hearer's hearts in this way, he did not press them, he seemed to say to them:—"Do what you like"—and they did what he liked. John Bost belonged to the number of those who prefer to carry their burdens alone than to share them with others. He provided, and provided adequately for everything within as well as without; he would not be held back nor driven forward—he would hardly take advice. He was the soul of his work, and its only soul. It used to be a question what would become of it after his death, and people troubled themselves about the future; he troubled himself about it also, in due time, and rightly so. He had his Asylums recognised by the State, and he entrusted his powers to a large committee who named him life-president. He could thus die, and did die, in peace, for useful as he still was, he was no longer necessary. A noble end to the director's noble life.

In the latter part of his life he expressed a desire which could not but astonish some of his best friends. He wanted to be a pastor with the same title as others, that is to say with a diploma of bachelor of theology. This diploma was useless as regarded the exercise of his ministerial functions, and not less useless as regarded his ecclesiastical honour. But he stuck to his purpose. I advised him to prepare a thesis. "I—a thesis!" he answered,—“but you know well enough that I am incapable of it, and am only an ignoramus; what subject could I take up, pray?” “A subject which you know more about than we do—Charity.” He did so. He came to see me on the eve of the ordeal, in an excited state. I thought he was feigning anxiety, but he felt it truly and deeply. I tried to reassure him. “I am to open the attack,” I told him, “are you afraid of me, or do you think that my two colleagues are less kind, that is to say, less just than I am?” “It is not of the professors I am thinking, but of the young men—you know—” “I know that they will speak to you as you deserve to be spoken to. You are not just either to them or to yourself.” This man who had felt no fear of any audience in any country, was afraid of the little audience of our Faculty. The next day, we had before us a candidate who was past middle-age, who had been honoured with a high academical distinc-

tion, and was decorated with the legion of honour, the founder of admirable institutions, who now mistrusted himself and others. The student who spoke in the names of his fellow-pupils expressed a deep respect for his person, and a lively admiration for his asylums. At once the candidate recovered himself. He narrated his old attempts and his incapability at the Faculty, his arrival and his first works at Laforce, he abandoned himself altogether to his emotion and charmed his young hearers. This pretended incapable was with the professors what he had been with the pupils. He was in his element. “The more embarrassed of us two,” I said to him, “is not the one you think. I should like to see you in my place.” “I should like to be there.” “Well,” I said to him again as we left the room, “which of us was right, you or I? What do you think now of this occasion?” “It is the finest in my life, and I shall always carry the remembrance of it deep in my heart.” He had at last won that piece of parchment which he had longed for in vain in the days of his youth.

There are men whom one would be tempted to call commonplace; they are like the rest of the world and the rest of the world is like them—medals without relief, coins without an effigy, portraits without features. John Bost stood out clearly from the background of men. He was a Bost, but a Bost *sui generis*, a man easy of access, with a hearty manner and pleasant in intercourse. His conversation was original and lively, and his gaiety had resisted the advance of years and even sickness. It was at his own hearth, in his beautiful and hospitable home that it was a pleasure to see and hear him. And yet he too was a man like ourselves. When I compare him with Adolphe Monod or with M. Jalaguier, I am struck with the contrast; he had neither the pious scruples of the one, the calm wisdom of the other nor the restless conscience of both. I like to remind myself of an anecdote which John Bost himself used to tell. He was at Mentone, where he had assembled a meeting of English, according to his custom. According to his custom too, he had chosen a good president—Spurgeon. The great orator said in his speech: “I don't like finding myself beside George Müller; I feel myself embarrassed and humbled—he is too perfect for me. On the contrary, I feel myself quite at home with my friend John Bost; he has faults as I have.” Yes, he had them, and he acknowledged it, for he approved Spurgeon's words by repeating them.

I will express my idea in a single word; John Bost was an apostle, he was not a saint. I have remarked elsewhere, that when he was climbing the hill of Laforce, young and humiliated by a recent failure, he had no presentiment of what he was going to do there. He was nobody, he had no schemes, he did not know what God had in store for him. All that there was in the village of outward religion was a church and an old “temple,” the remains or the appendage of a château which had disappeared. We know what is to be seen there now; one single man did everything. Each time I go to Laforce my admiration is renewed; I recall and repeat the

poet's words: "He everywhere"—in this neat parsonage, in this handsome "temple," in these homes of suffering—he everywhere and always. The eight asylums which are honoured by his name are the lasting witnesses of his life on earth. He went about, like his Master, doing good. I would describe his personality and his

life by the two words which he gave as names to his two latest homes: "Mercy" and "Compassion." In the Great Day when the King shall say to the merciful and compassionate, "Come, ye blessed of My Father," John Bost will be among those to whom these words will be addressed.

DYING AT HER POST.

IN the recent disputes with Portugal about the territorial boundaries in South Africa, the name of Major Serpa Pinto was often heard of. He subsequently returned to Lisbon, and in the strongest manner, to the detriment, it was thought, of Britain and of British Colonial interests, maintained the claims of his countrymen. Those who only knew him as a political man, no doubt concluded that this Portuguese officer was a blustering foe, whose violent speeches could be excused on the ground of patriotic and national feeling.

But there are some who remember Major Serpa Pinto more as a distinguished geographer and explorer, who came to this country, and published an account of his travels across "the dark Continent."¹ The Major attended the meeting of the British Association, held at Norwich, and all who heard him were pleased with his amiable disposition, and generous spirit, while admiring his courage and endurance as an explorer. Other events of more recent occurrence and exciting interest, the wars in Egypt and the Soudan, the fall of Khartoum, and the search after Emin Pasha, and especially the travels of Stanley, these and other affairs on the Great Lakes or the Congo, have put out of remembrance older records of African travel and exploration.

But there is much in the story of "How I Crossed Africa" of perennial interest and value, and in taking up the book again, after more than ten years' interval, the spirit that pervades its pages forces us to forget all the subsequent words and actions which have made the name of Serpa Pinto offensive to the rulers of the South African Colonies, or troublesome to our Foreign and Colonial offices. His journey was made in 1877, before the Zulu war which overthrew King Cetewayo, before the Transvaal Boers had conquered their independence, and before many events which it would be well for statesmen to re-study, both at the Cape and in London. In the journals of Major Serpa Pinto, they have the records of a shrewd observer, at that time perfectly disinterested, and candidly open in expressing his opinions. Of King Khama, for instance, then beginning his successful and wonderful career, he gives a eulogy which the history

of subsequent years has amply justified. Khama himself, he describes as "a Christian and a civilised man, of lofty intelligence and superior good sense; his manners might be called 'distinguished.' He was dressed in European costume, simple but in exquisite taste." In person he was tall and robust; a capital horseman, a good marksman, and an eager hunter. His age was about forty, although he appeared considerably younger. He breakfasted almost daily with the Coillards, and his demeanour at table was that of a refined European gentleman. His wealth was great, but it was freely spent on behalf of his people, the Bamanguatos.

It will be remembered that Major Serpa Pinto was himself so much an admirer of the good missionary, that the second part of his book of travels bears the title of "The Coillard Family." Of François Coillard he says, he was the best and kindest man he had ever known, and a man also of high intelligence, united to an indomitable will, and the necessary firmness to carry out any enterprise, however difficult. The recognition by the French Geographical Society of his work as a traveller and explorer was marked by his receiving their gold medal two or three years ago. Of his excellent wife and true helpmeet, the Major says, "Madame Coillard, like her husband, is overflowing with human kindness. The needy never sought her and went empty away; nor did the sorrow-laden without being comforted. In their eyes all men are indeed brothers; their hand is open to the native as to the European, to the poor as to the rich; when the native, the European, the poor or the rich want their aid. As regards myself, I can never sufficiently thank them for the services they rendered me, services which made me more their debtor on account of the delicacy with which they were bestowed."

Remembering this tribute from a stranger, and from one not always friendly to missionaries, of a different type, it is with sincere grief we hear of the death of Madame Coillard, and her being laid by her sorrowing husband in a grave at Sefula, such as Livingstone made for his loved companion in a remote part of Africa. The February number of the *Journal des Missions Évangéliques* gives a touching account of the last hours of this devoted woman. A rapid fever at last ended a life which had been enfeebled by long and arduous labours. She had shortly before been urged to return to Europe

¹ "How I Crossed Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, through unknown Countries." By Major Serpa Pinto, translated from the author's manuscript by Alfred Elwes. Two vols. S. Low and Co.

to recruit her health. She said, "Life is too short, the work is too great. Let us remain at our post till the end." In her last illness she repeatedly encouraged her husband to renewed earnestness in the work to which his life had been devoted. "Do, be in earnest, do!" she said, emphatically, in her own early native language, for she was a Scotchwoman, though usually accustomed to talk in French with her husband. At his side she had laboured for thirty years, first in Basutoland, and then in the region of the Upper Zambesi, where her husband had opened up a new field of mission-work, after his adventurous and perilous journeyings from Basutoland. One of her last utterances was, quoting from her English Bible, "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

Christina Mackintosh was the maiden name of this heroic martyr of the African mission-field. It was the appearance of a little negro child at a Scottish meeting, Sarah Roby, who had been rescued by missionaries from death when buried alive by her parents, that gave the first interest in the cause of missions. When in Paris she met with François Coillard, then preparing to go out to South Africa. She joined him at the Cape, and remained with him in Basutoland, till she accompanied him in the expeditions resulting in the establishment of the Zambesi Missions of the Evangelical Society of Paris. Of Christy Mackintosh, Madame Coillard, it may be truly said, "She died at her post."

Things New and Old.

BESIDE ALL WATERS.—A crowd of Chinese villagers had gathered to listen to an English missionary as he preached the Gospel from his boat by the river-bank. Though now, for the first time, so strange a messenger and message had visited them, they gave such quiet and earnest attention that, in concluding his simple address, the preacher was moved to say, "If you wish to hear more concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, I will send you a Chinese teacher, if you will provide him with a home." "You shall have part of my house," exclaimed an elderly, neatly-dressed woman; "come and see if it will do." To his surprise the missionary found that the dwelling of the widow Tsii—her own property—was a spacious building, whose wide and lofty entrance-hall was admirably suitable for a preaching chapel. She also put at his disposal accommodation for a native preacher and his family, and a large upstairs room where any foreign missionary visitor could comfortably sojourn. And so, by degrees, a Christian church was gathered in that populous village; Mrs. Tsii coming forward among the first to confess faith in the Saviour. Her grown-up son has also embraced "the doctrine," and is doing good service in a mission-school elsewhere; and a few days ago, when we visited the station, especially for the purpose of joining with some thirty Christians in the Lord's Supper, her female servant was baptized, brought in by her mistress's influence. They had long been in the habit of praying together; and, although the Amah could not read, she showed a very fair knowledge of Christian truth.—*Alice Jane Muirhead, Shanghai.*

A BRAVE LAD.

CHAPTER I.



AN old man and a boy stood leaning over a low wall, and looked upon the dancing, flashing sea.

The boy, Walter Vivian by name, was slim and fair, blue of eye, and his face, although it bespoke a delicate constitution, was frank and open. The man was white-haired, and deformed, and when he walked, leaned heavily upon his thick, oaken stick. When he moved, his head shook as though he had the palsy. When he spoke, his voice trembled and quavered, as though it were a piping reed shaken by the wind. But it was not the

palsy from which he suffered. He had simply grown old before his time, through hard work and a

crippled body. Yet even now, at times, he seemed to regain some of his former strength. They called him "Ricketty Daniel"—that is, all the boys excepting Walter, but his right name was Daniel Morgan.

Hespoke, in his quavering voice, as he leaned over the wall on this fine afternoon.

"I say to your fatharr, I say to her like this; 'Shu-arr now, Mistarr Vivian, you no goin' to try to fight against such a mighty thing as the sea. You wass be mad, if you wass to do it. It wass be a terrible task.' But your fatharr she shake her head. She say to me, 'Daniel,' she say, 'I wass do my duty whatever come, and God save and guard my wife and children.' Iss shu-arr, she say like that.'"

This, doubtless, seems a very funny speech to most of you, and you will laugh when you read it. But you see Daniel Morgan was a Welshman, and had never got beyond a very shaky knowledge of English. He had been brought up among Welsh people, and he had learned what English he knew bit by bit, this word from one, that word from another, until at last he had got a sort of second-hand and very much mixed acquaintance with the language. But beyond this he never went. He was never able to distinguish the use of the words "he" and "she." He would call a man "she," and a woman "he," and think he was doing quite right. For "you are" he would say, "you wass be," and for "I am," "I wass be." If for the moment he forgot the English word which he wanted, he would slip in the Welsh word, and then laugh in his trembling fashion as though he had done quite a clever thing. He was very harmless, very lonely, very poor, very odd in his manner and appearance. He had no kith or kin in the whole world. From the North Pole to the South, there was only one being whom he loved. That one he loved with all the strength of his soul, and that one was Walter Vivian.

Perhaps you will wonder why he loved Walter. I will tell you. It was because he was always kind to him, because he never made fun of him; because he treated him with respect, as youth ought always to treat old age, however funny and peculiar it may seem.

In answer to his speech, Walter said nothing, but he looked very grave.

Daniel gave a half-glance at his young companion, and then he bit his lip. He was sorry he had spoken.

"You must no be frighten, Mistarr Waltarr," he said anxiously, "I wass be old man, you see; I wass be Ricketty Daniel, iss shu-arr, and p'raps I wass see great dangarr, when there no be dangarr at all. P'raps they be able to build great breakwater in the pit to keep the tide out. Iss shu-arr. We wass all be pray for him. There wass be no dangarr, for the Lord wass be take care of him. Iss shu-arr, the Lord wass be very good."

"Yes," said Walter, "but still I cannot help feeling anxious, not only for my own sake, but also for my mother's. She is in such great anxiety, fearing there will be some accident. You see it is such a terribly difficult task that father is trying to do. The sea bursts into the pit with such force when the tide is up that it is completely flooded. It is father's duty, as the engineer, to erect some kind of breakwater to keep it out. They commenced two days ago, and to save time they work until the tide has just reached them. Then they retreat to the mouth of the pit, and come up the shaft. What mother is afraid of is that the tide will catch them in some way, and surround them. But I am not afraid. My father is a brave man, and does not fear any danger as long as he can meet it face to face, and is not taken unawares."

"Hallo! Walter," exclaimed a voice behind them, "moon-ing again; you are always mooning. Hallo! Ricketty Daniel! How funny you do look behind! Why don't you stand up like a man, instead of being for ever doubled up on that shabby old stick of yours?"

As he spoke, the new comer kicked away the stick with his foot, and Daniel, who happened to be leaning heavily at the moment, fell forward against the rough stone. The blood trickled down his cheek from a nasty cut.

Walter's face became pale with anger and indignation. Going up to his brother, for this boy, strong-looking boy, his elder by three years, was he, he said, looking him straight in the face.

"Jack, I am ashamed of you! To do that to a helpless old man! I wouldn't have believed you could be so mean and cowardly."

"Take that," said Jack furiously, striking him in the face, "I'll show you who is the coward. Coward, indeed! You call me a coward, do you, you who never had a fight in your life?"

"You are wrong, Jack," said Walter quietly, as he went to Daniel, and held his handkerchief to his forehead, his mouth trembling, meanwhile, with excitement, and his face whiter than ever, save for the purple mark on his cheek, where his brother had struck him. "I did fight once."

"Bah," exclaimed Jack, following him up and pointing at him with his finger. "The little girl! He did fight once, all because a fellow was playing with a toad. Bah!"

"Because he was ill-treating it, Jack," said Walter, in the same quiet manner.

"Iss, iss shu-arr Mistarr Jack," said Daniel, who had recovered himself somewhat. "The boy wass be ill-treat the toad. That wass be it."

"You called me a coward," said Jack, going up close to Walter. "Will you fight me now?"

"No, Jack, I will not," replied Walter. "I promised mother I would never fight again, unless there was good reason."

"Then it is you who are the coward," shouted Jack as he went away. "You are the coward. Coward! Coward!"

It is always a suspicious thing when people get terribly angry over some name or accusation which has been applied to them. If you call a boy a coward, and he loses his temper, as Jack did, it always seems as though he is smarting because his conscience tells him it is true. There is

nothing the coward so much fears—whether he be a coward who is afraid to do the right, or a coward who strikes those younger and weaker than himself—there is nothing he so much fears as being known to be a coward.

But we shall see which was the coward.

QUESTIONS ON THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

ST. PAUL.—VL

1. Show that Paul's statement respecting the teaching of John the Baptist agrees with that of John.
2. In what way were diseases cured by Paul's influence without his making any personal effort?
3. How did the conjurers who were converted to Christianity show their sincerity?
4. Paul wrote a letter to the Romans; how can we tell that he had not been to Rome when he wrote it?
5. Quote at least four texts, showing that Timothy was frequently with Paul on his travels.
6. What were Demetrius' two motives in opposing Paul?
7. In what point did the gathering in the theatre of Ephesus resemble many like gatherings?
8. What circumstance shows the worship of Diana at Ephesus to have been very ancient?
9. Relate the story of Eutychus.
10. Where did Paul have his last meeting with the elders of the Ephesian church, and why did he send for them there?
11. What was there to deter Paul from going to Jerusalem?
12. Whose words are these: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and why did Paul quote them?
13. At what place in Palestine did Paul land?

ANSWER TO CHAPTER OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. III.—p. 352.—JEREMIAH XII.

God's words against His people, see verses 7-17, Prosperity of the wicked, verse 1. Beasts and birds, verse 4. The Jordan, verse 5. Baal, verse 16. See Hosea ii. 8, 13, 17, &c; verses 7, 10, 14. Vineyard. A speckled bird. Hypocrisy, verse 2. Verses 14-16. Wheat and thorns, verse 13. John xii. 24, and Mark iv. 7.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ELLIPSIS EXERCISE.

NO. III.—p. 320.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.—1 John iv. 7.

KEY TO THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

ST. PAUL.—V.—p. 352.

(1) Acts xvii. 1; (2) xvii. 3; (3) xvii. 11; (4) xvii. 6, 7; (5) 1 Thess. i. 6; (6) Acts xvii. 13; (7) xvii. 22, 23; (8) xvii. 18, 32; (9) xvii. 25, 26, 28; (10) xviii. 2, 3; (11) xviii. 8; 1 Cor. i. 14; (12) Acts xviii. 9, 10; (13) xviii. 21.

ANSWER TO BURIED TEXT.

NO. II.—p. 368.

There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.—Psalm cxxxix. 4.