

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



COUNTRY DUTIES.

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER VI.—QUARRINGTON COTTAGE.

"THEODOSIA, my dear——"

"Well?" said Theodosia tartly.

She was a pretty woman still, though over thirty-five in age, tall and fair—but the fine eyes which carefully avoided meeting those of her husband were not happy, and her whole air expressed intense ennui.

Certainly, the outside world looked cheerless. Snow had fallen heavily throughout the preceding day, and threatening clouds hovered still, over a white landscape. Theodosia Bryant hated country at the best of times, and country lanes, immediately after a snowfall, are scarcely at their best.

"The post has come in."

"The post! And to think of the beloved rat-tat of the London postman, ten times a day!" sighed Theodosia. "However, one may be thankful to be not utterly cut off from the rest of the world, I suppose. I wasn't sure whether we might not have come to that. Anything for me?" She shot an uneasy side-glance at Dr. Bryant. He had a handsome face, calm and firm, framed in abundant grey hair.

"Two for you. None from Brighton for me."

"Did you expect to hear? I didn't," said Theodosia, reddening slightly.

"My dear, what can you know of people whom you have never seen?"

"They seem to have put you to trouble without much compunction."

"Some mistake, probably. But I shall write at once to Felix."

Dr. Bryant passed into his study, where indeed he spent the main portion of his days. He was not by nature a sociably inclined man, and since his marriage—only two years earlier—he had not become more sociable. The study grew dearer, the drawing-room grew less attractive.

Not that he did not love this wife of his—the first he had ever had, though he was not her first husband. He had been thoroughly in love with the winning and graceful widow, who met him always with sweet smiles and engaging looks; and although, after the honeymoon, smiles and engaging looks became more and more rare, he was not a man to change quickly. He loved still, but he no longer enjoyed her society to the same extent as before.

Theodosia Wells had married Dr. Bryant, not because she really loved him, though his face and manner had both a certain power over her, but because she lacked the means of livelihood, and because she had a keen eye to the future of her boy—her only child. She would have endured a much worse husband than Dr. Bryant, if thereby she might secure an easy future for Keith; and "endurance" is hardly the word to employ with respect to Dr. Bryant. If endurance really were needed, it was because she

failed to appreciate him, not because he failed towards her in either appreciation or duty.

How much money Dr. Bryant might possess, Theodosia had not known with any accuracy, in the days when he sought and won her, and perhaps she over-estimated the amount. Still she had known him to be comfortably off, and to be free from family burdens. So much the better for Keith.

Dr. Bryant had lived in Quarrington Cottage for nearly a quarter of a century, yet Theodosia had not had the smallest doubt that, when she should become his wife, she would be able to dislodge him. She was not going to be buried in the country. The Cottage must be let or sold, and they would reside in London.

Disappointment awaited Theodosia. She found Dr. Bryant yielding and compliant on minor points. Elderly bachelor though he had been, he placed household arrangements in her hands, let her do and manage as she chose, and seldom interfered outside his proper masculine province. But when she began to press for a change of residence, the desire was at once met by resistance. Quarrington Cottage was his home, and in that home he meant to live and die.

"Anything else, but not that," he said, when she urged her wish.

"Anything that I don't want, but not what I do!"

"My dear, I told you plainly what manner of home I had to offer, and in accepting me, you accepted it. Then was the time to protest; not now."

Theodosia did not quickly give up hope. She argued and coaxed, worried and pleaded, sulked and wept, by turns; but all efforts were met by a placid and inviolable determination. Gradually she became convinced that, do and say what she might, here was her home during the term of her husband's life.

Uninviting though the prospect might seem to one of Theodosia's tastes, she had no wish to quarrel with that husband. She liked and admired him personally, almost loved him, and she wished to have a strong hold upon him, for the sake of Keith. What money he possessed he was not bound to leave to his little step-son. She was not much better informed now than before her marriage, as to its precise amount: for he seldom spoke of money matters, and she was too proud to ask. But she had learnt that he had or might have other relatives, near of kin though long estranged. Not only so, but that he had grieved much over the long estrangement, and that he often craved to hear something of his sister's children, if they still lived. "But he shall do nothing for them, while I have a voice in the matter," she resolved.

Fresh disappointment awaited her. A letter one day came from his niece, the only surviving child of his only sister, and he showed it at once to Theodosia, with his punctilious frankness. He might have, and of necessity he did have, interests apart from his wife, because she could but or would not enter into them: but he had not intentionally any secrets from her.

"Absurd!" Theodosia said, as she gave it back. "Miss Anderson has no right to appeal to you now, after all these years. It is perfectly ridiculous. And a step-brother and step-sister into the bargain. Does she coolly expect you to adopt them all? As if you had not enough to do with your money."

"Quarrington Cottage would hold them all, and not crowd us, my dear. But the boy can make his own way. Cecilia and Lettice must come, of course." He dwelt upon the word "Cecilia" affectionately, feeling that she belonged to him.

"Come here! For how long, pray?"

"So long as they need a home. I fear it may not be very long for poor Cecilia, judging from what she says—but you see she begs us on no account to let a word of this reach Felix or Lettice. You need not look anxious, Theodosia,"—a very gentle manner of characterising the expression on her face. "I have means enough. Your comforts will not be affected. At the most, it means only laying by less." Theodosia at once thought of Keith's future.

"And I am to have no voice in the matter. I am to have these strangers forced upon me—a vulgar disagreeable woman, for aught we know, and a great rough girl, to knock about my little delicate Keith. If I had guessed two years ago what I was going in for—"

"Nay, Theodosia! Better not to say what you will regret by-and-by."

Theodosia, in no mood for self-restraint, broke into angry remonstrances, and bitter accusations of his indifference to her happiness. She had a sharp tongue, and that hour she gave it full swing. Doctor Bryant listened with a pained look, but by no means with the air of one willing to yield. He met her anger gravely, and spoke with his usual calm kindness; but his resolution did not falter. Theodosia's passion was like the sea breaking over a rock. At the end of the interview, Dr. Bryant simply said, "Now I must write to catch the post. When you have had leisure for thought, you will view the matter differently. I shall answer for your welcome, as well as for my own."

The different view was slow in developing. For two days Theodosia had hardly a pleasant word or look for her husband; and Dr. Bryant, without remonstrance, retired more than usual to the solitude of his study. When Cecilia's answer arrived, he as usual handed it to his wife, observing, "They will come, as soon as my niece is able to travel."

Theodosia noted the gleam of pleasure in his eyes; and she woke up suddenly to a fresh aspect of the question. To repel her husband by persistent ill-humour, would simply mean to thrust him under the influence of Cecilia Anderson.

This would not do. If Cecilia were a designing woman, what might she not effect? Theodosia thought again of Keith, and for Keith's sake she mastered herself, managed to smile, and enquired Cecilia's age.

Dr. Bryant seemed agreeably surprised. "That is right, my dear. I knew I could depend upon your kind feeling, when it should come to the point;" he said. "I am not sure about the age. Some years over thirty, I imagine, and the child she speaks of as fifteen—young for that. Not too old to be something of a companion for Keith; and you and Cecilia will be friends."

"Thanks!" Theodosia could not control her scorn.

"You will arrange everything comfortably for them—south aspect, and so on. Yes, it must be a room with south aspect."

"Not the best spare-room! There is no other, except at the top of the house."

"An attic-bedroom! For my only niece!"

Dr. Bryant looked at his wife in astonishment.

Theodosia swallowed something with difficulty. "I certainly did not mean to give Miss Anderson the best spare-room!"

Dr. Bryant was silent, and by his silence won the day. Theodosia again came to the conclusion that her wisest course—for Keith's sake—was to conciliate him, even at the cost of her best spare-room. "But as for being friends! Faugh!" she said scornfully. "I am very much obliged to Maurice."

With the Thursday, on which Cecilia and Lettice were expected, came heavy snow. "Of course they would not come in such weather," Theodosia declared. "Of course they will send me word, if they give it up," Dr. Bryant answered. He was in a state of unwonted restlessness all day, and ordered the pony-trap to be in readiness, despite the storm, to take him to Bristol station. If they arrived, he could obtain there a closed fly.

Not long before he meant to start, Theodosia took a look, in passing, out of the hall-window, and saw a telegraph messenger approach. She opened the door herself, received the telegram, paid the extra fee, and passed on to the drawing-room.

The address was to "Mrs. Bryant." "Odd!" Theodosia said, as she stood gazing. "What should make them put my name? Perhaps they think my husband would be off by this time! And if he were—as if I should be in any suspense! Why didn't they send it earlier?" A wave of indignant disgust towards the Andersons swelled in her breast. "Why should I trouble myself to open it? What do I care for those people? . . . Maurice is infatuated . . . Let him go, and have his drive for nothing! . . . What harm? . . . It will make him think less of them, perhaps!" Such half-formed ideas flashed through Theodosia's mind; and before she knew whither they tended, or what was the actual form of the temptation, she had tossed the yellow envelope upon the blazing fire. One little flash of flame, and only a curling shred remained.

Then fear seized her. Suppose her husband should find out what she had done! Suppose,

later, hearing that a telegram had been despatched, he should trace its receipt to her! Suppose—— “But what nonsense! It was to me, not to him. I do not know who it was from, or what it said. I can say that I have heard nothing, and that there was no telegram for him.”

She tried to put aside the uncomfortable recollection, watched Dr. Bryant off on his snowy drive, and spent the afternoon in a state of mingled remorse and irritation. Her dislike of the Andersons was enhanced by the fact that she had, in a sense, done something to injure them. When Dr. Bryant returned, chilled, disappointed, and plainly hurt, she found not the slightest difficulty in showing exactly the same indignation, which she might naturally have shown, if no telegram had been sent. “And after all, I do not know that it was from them,” she snail again in self-excuse, when her husband had gone off, with a mild, “Tut, my dear! Things are not so bad as that. I shall hear to-morrow.”

But the next morning arrived, and when the post-bag was brought in, Dr. Bryant found no letter from Brighton. As related, he came at once to tell his wife. After which he retreated anew to his study, and wrote the short letter which reached Felix on the afternoon of Saturday.

Theodosia watched him disappear, then threw herself back with a profound sigh. “I only hope something may have happened to prevent their coming altogether. Too good to be true, I am afraid. But to be boxed up here, in this wretched place, with people that I know I shall detest——”

“Mamsie!” a small voice said, and a little boy in knickerbockers entered. He had Theodosia’s pretty complexion, and his hair hung still in long curls, over a lace collar. Theodosia’s face softened at the sight of him. All her tenderness went out towards this child; a lovable boy by nature, but systematically spoilt.

“Come here, my sweet! What has Keith been doing?” He was six years old, but she had not yet learnt to drop the baby style of speech; and there was still a babyish intonation in his little high-pitched voice.

“Mamsie, nurse said I wasn’t to come; but I would. I knew you wouldn’t mind.”

“Mamsie is always glad to have her boy; always!” as Keith sprang upon her.

“It’s as snowy as can be. Such a lot of white. Mamsie, what does father mean? He says I’m to have a jolly now playfellow.”

“You don’t want a playfellow, do you? You are quite happy with Mamsie, and nurse, and all the pals.”

“Ah, but I should like a boy!”

“But this isn’t a boy. It is only a girl—a big dull girl, twice as old as you.”

“Twice six is twelve.”

“Clever boy! Well, she is fifteen—a great deal more than twice as old. No companion for you, and much too big to play games. She will only be in the way.”

“I don’t want a girl. If it was a boy, I should like it.”

“Ah, it isn’t a boy. Only a girl, and a tiresome grown-up lady, who is ill, and who will give no end of trouble, and not like the least noise. You will have to creep up and downstairs like a mouse now.”

“Mamsie, don’t you like them to come?”

“I hate it, Keith.” Theodosia hid her face. “I can’t bear to have them here. It makes me miserable. But you mustn’t tell father, because he would be so vexed.”

“No, I won’t. And I shall hate them too.” Keith doubled his little fist. “I won’t like them, and I won’t play with the little girl; and I’ll make lots of noise; and I won’t care what nobody says—Mamsie, I wish you wouldn’t cry! Why do you? Why mayn’t I tell father you don’t like them? Why must they come, mamsie?”

Quarrington Cottage stood alone near the middle of a long lane, over two miles from the outskirts of Bristol. There was a village less than half-a-mile off—the “village” to the neighbourhood. It was not peculiarly pretty country, even in summer, being somewhat too flat, though distant hills might be seen: and now, under a sheet of snow, it was monotonous. But Dr. Bryant never found it monotonous, never wearied of the quiet. He was always happy in the country, always miserable in a town. Health and spirits failed him immediately, under the oppression of a crowd of human beings, while to his wife such a crowd was a very elixir of delight.

Still, Dr. Bryant had made no secret of these his tastes before marriage. Theodosia knew, or she might have known, all about the matter. He attempted to hide nothing; and if she failed to understand, the fault lay in her own dulness of perception. To some extent she had understood, for she had professed to agree with him, and had expatiated on the delights of getting away from town into country; only she had failed to emphasize the fact that it *was* getting away which she liked, and by no means remaining. Dr. Bryant loved his country home all the year round, in all seasons, and in all weathers. Theodosia liked a country-house—including plenty of guests—for a few weeks in summer or autumn. These diverse views had not been sufficiently weighed before marriage: or if Theodosia had recognised them, she had reckoned too much on her own influence, too little on the steadiness of Dr. Bryant’s will.

A harder fiat could hardly have been uttered, than that which kept Lettice in her own room, and away from Cocilia. She did not see any need for the prohibition. In matters of health, many people are apt to count themselves worse than they are, a few to count themselves better than they are; and Lettice belonged to the minority. True she felt desperately tired: her head ached, and exertion was a struggle: but what of all that? What did it matter—what did anything matter—side by side with the fact that Cocilia wanted her? By nature patient and enduring, as regarded any bodily discomfort of her own, she was neither patient nor enduring

when withheld from doing the will of one whom she loved.

Submission to the Divine Will was as yet an unknown element in the life of Lettice. Because she passionately loved her sister and brother, she would have done aught, borne aught, for them. Because she did not love God, His Will was not dear to her: and she chafed against it. Not worry herself! They might tell her not to do so, but how could she obey, when she thought of Cecilia, ill and among strangers, parted from Felix, and craving the younger sister who might not go to her?

"Keep that child quiet for two or three days," had been the doctor's order, on the morning after their arrival. "A sensitive child—the strain has been too severe, and she is ripe for pretty nearly anything. No; I don't think she'll be ill, if we take her in hand at once: but she must rest. How old do you say? Nearly sixteen! She doesn't look more than fourteen. Well, the two are best apart for a few days. Unless what?—yes, of course—if Miss Anderson were taken suddenly worse—but I must leave that to your discretion. At present she will have all she needs in your care and your sister's. The child could do nothing further. You are good Samaritans to take them both in, after this fashion. It is the sort of Christianity which a man respects."

After the first day or two, Lettice was allowed to dress, and to sit in a cosy arm-chair, near the window, looking out upon a garden, which in summer was lovely, and which even in winter had some beauty of its own. Lettice could not enjoy that beauty. She could enjoy nothing if she might not go to Cecilia: and at present she was a prisoner in Prue's room. She sat there hour after hour, doing nothing, declining to be interested, going round and round in the same circle of thought. Always, how was Cecilia? what was Cecilia doing? did Cecilia miss her very greatly? and might she soon be with Cecilia? She could not acquiesce in her deprivation. Her eyes were intent ever upon the door, her ears were intent for footsteps beyond the door. At this rate she was not likely to recover tone and strength quickly. Prue coming in on the fourth morning, with the usual remark, "Not yet,"—met a face of despair which went to her heart.

"Why, Lettice, poor child, you don't mind so very much," she said, sitting down by her side. "It is only for a day or two, I hope. You must try to be brave."

Lettice held her fast. "Oh, I don't know how. If only I needn't wait! I do want to see Sissie."

"It is dull for you here, I am afraid."

"O no; I don't mind being dull. I only want to go in and kiss Sissie."

"Miss Anderson seems really a little better, I hope."

"But if—if—" Lettice could not go on.

"Yes, I understand. I asked the doctor about that. If Miss Anderson should be taken worse, you should be called."

"Promise!" whispered Lettice.

"I do promise, so far as is in my power. But this is only to comfort you. We think she is

doing well. I told her the doctor forbade your coming. She seemed to think it was on her account, and I said no more. She would be unhappy to think that you were not well."

"But it's nothing, I'm only tired. People must be tired. If only I needn't keep away from her."

"Lettice, do you never pray?"

The question came unexpectedly, and struck home. She had been asked almost the same before—"Do you often pray?"—but Prue asked, "Do you never pray?"

"I don't know," she said faintly, with a dim sense that the short form which she sometimes, not always, repeated at night, was scarcely what Prue meant.

"I think you ought to begin now. Sissie needs your prayers. If you were with her, you could do little—nothing more, perhaps, than Bertha and I can do. But God can do everything. He has all power in heaven and earth. Why do you not ask Him to take care of her for you, and to make her well again, if it is His will to do so?"

Lettice kept these words in mind. "She is in good hands," Mr. Kelly had said: and now Prue added, "God can do everything." Then the two questions came up, side by side: "Do you often pray?"—"Do you never pray?"—the two voices chiming in together, with another addition from Prue: "Why do you not ask Him to take care of her for you?" The rest of the sentence floated away unheeded: for what was the use if Cecilia could not get well?

Clasping her hands, she tried to carry out Prue's advice. "Please take care of Sissie; take care of Sissie; O please take care of her!" were the only words which would occur, but Lettice repeated them again and again, and a soft sense crept over her, that the petitions were surely heard. It was Lettice's first lesson in real prayer.

"I've been—trying——" she whispered that night, when Prue bent over her.

"Trying?"

"Trying to do—what you said. . . Don't you know? . . . You asked if I ever—ever——"

"Ever prayed?"

"Yes. And—I have been trying—really! . . . Mr. Kelly asked me once—if I didn't often do it. I don't often—but——"

"But you will begin now. You will do it often from to-day. Mr. Kelly was right," murmured Prue. "He——was he a kind friend to you, Lettice?"

"He got the work for Felix, and he used to come and see Sissie. I don't think Sissie liked him much."

"And you—did you like him?"

Prue blamed herself for letting the conversation drift in this direction; yet perhaps enough had been said in the other direction. "O yes—I liked him—sometimes," Lettice answered. "He told me to write and tell him how Sissie was. And he said, if we were in trouble, I must let him know."

Lettice shut her eyes, and Prue asked no more. Why, indeed, should she?

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF DR. JENNER.

THE fame of Dr. Jenner rests so largely on the great discovery with which his name will always be associated, that other events of his life are forgotten. Statues are raised to the memory of the introducer of Vaccination, and in the history of Medicine full justice is done to him as a benefactor of mankind. But there are incidents in his remarkable life little known beyond the circle of writers and readers of medical biography. A few of these incidents may be recalled to general notice in the pages of the SUNDAY AT HOME, for he commands our respect as a Christian physician as well as a famous philanthropist.

The story of his life, apart from the discovery which is so well known, has little variety of events. Edward Jenner, the third son of the vicar of Berkeley in Gloucestershire, was born May 17, 1749. From very early years he manifested a taste for natural history; and at Dr. Washbourne's school at Cirencester, he was noted among the boys as a student and collector of curiosities, as much as Frank Buckland was in after years at Winchester. When he chose medicine as his profession, he was apprenticed to Mr. Ludlow of Sudbury, near Bristol, a man of considerable eminence in those days. He thence went to London to pursue his studies under the care of the celebrated John Hunter, in whose house he resided as pupil for two years.

The pupil shared the enthusiasm of his patron and instructor in the pursuit of natural history, and availed himself of the advantages he enjoyed. Although only half the age of his master, Jenner being now in his twenty-first, and Hunter in his forty-second year, an intimate friendship was formed, and they worked together like brothers. The preparations and dissections for the Hunterian Museum were often the sole work of the youthful surgeon.

During Jenner's residence with John Hunter, Captain Cook returned from his first voyage of discovery. The collections of natural history brought to Hunter by Sir Joseph Banks were principally named and arranged by Jenner. So high was the opinion formed of his knowledge and skill that he received the appointment of Naturalist to Cook's second expedition, which sailed in 1772. This, and other equally attractive offers, he declined, as he had resolved to return to settle in his native town, Berkeley, as a medical practitioner. He went to reside at the vicarage with his elder brother Stephen Jenner, who had been the guide and friend of his orphan years, since his father's death. He was soon engaged in extensive practice, yet always found time to continue his researches in natural history and comparative anatomy, forming a museum of considerable extent, famous in the West of England. Dr. Baron, a young medical man, who afterwards was his biographer, describes his pursuits and also his appearance at this time. "He was

dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, well polished jockey boots, with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with a silver handle. His hair, after the fashion of the times, was done up in a club, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. We were introduced on that occasion, on Frampton Green, and I was delighted and astonished. I was prepared to find an accomplished man, and all the country spoke of him as a skilful surgeon and a great naturalist; but I did not expect to find him so much at home on other matters." Dr. Baron has given a graphic picture of an eminent country doctor a century ago.

In 1788 the doctor added greatly to his happiness by marrying Catherine Kingscote, a lady of a vigorous understanding with much accomplishment, and above all with religious principles, in whose counsel and sympathy he found support in the many vicissitudes and trials of his future life. A few years later, in 1792, finding the fatigues of a general country practice too great he confined himself to medicine, obtaining at that time a degree of M.D. from the university of St. Andrews.

It was long before this, however, that Jenner made his discovery, in fact as early as when he was still an apprentice to Mr. Ludlow of Sudbury. In the surgery one day the patients were speaking about small-pox, and one of them, a young woman, said: "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This casual remark was noticed by Edward Jenner, and he from that time began the long course of inquiry and observation, and finally of experiment, which led to the great event of his life. For many a year he had to observe alone and unassisted; often exposed to unbelief, neglect, and even ridicule, for his persistence in holding the opinions to be afterwards established as recognised truths. He once mentioned the subject to John Hunter; but he advised him to drop the idea, and this from the curious motive, as it now appears to us, that its advocacy might interfere with his advancement as a naturalist. He had for several years made careful observations on the natural history and the habits of the cuckoo, and printed a paper on the subject in the Philosophical Transactions for 1789. For this essay he was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. A more singular want of appreciation of the importance of his great discovery was the reception given to him by the fellow members of a medical society at Alveston. He so often brought up his speculations about the efficacy of vaccination, that he came to be regarded as a "bore," and the subject was proscribed, with threat of expulsion if he persisted in bringing up his hobby. So matters went on for year after year; facts of the immunity of milkers who had cow-pox from attacks of small-pox, ever accumulating, yet no one venturing to propose substitution of vaccination for the accepted practice of inoculation. Not till thirty

years after he was persuaded in his own mind, did he make experimental proof of his theory.

Of the history of the discovery and the progress of the new practice, we are not going to tell anything, the subject being so familiar to all in our time. Let be sufficient to say that all medical men, and almost all official persons, admit the enormous benefits to humanity, in England, and in every country where proper measures are enforced for vaccination. It was estimated by Dr. Letson that above 210,000 fell victims to small-pox every year in Europe, besides all the complaints and the disfigurements consequent upon this dangerous disease, even when life was spared. Three-fourths of the poor in the "London Asylum for the Indigent Blind," lost their sight from small-pox. In Sweden the deaths had been 15,000 in 1779, and 12,000 in 1800; they were only 11 in 1822 and 37 in 1823. In Scotland, in America, in every civilised nation the most wonderful diminution in the death-rate was recorded, and most of the Governments of the world enjoined the new protective system by coercive and salutary enactments. At length the long trial of Jenner's faith and patience was closed, though the public recognition of his services came very gradually. A grant of 10,000*l.* was voted by Parliament by a majority of three only; although a subsequent gift of 20,000*l.* was more cordially bestowed.

For many of the last years of his life, Dr Jenner lived in retirement in the country, although often urged to come to London and enjoy the fame and fortune which he was certain to obtain. He was introduced to the king, George III., and the queen, and their family; and an address from all the leading physicians and surgeons expressing their confidence in the remedy and their respect for the discoverer. But he preferred a quiet life. His faithful,

sympathising wife he lost in 1815, after a long illness in which he tended her with grateful and affectionate care. To his biographer, Dr. Baron, who had asked him about some difficulties of his own faith, he said: "Mrs. Jenner can explain such things; they cause no difficulty to her." A few days before his own last illness, he said: "I am not surprised that men are not thankful to me; but I do wonder that they are not grateful to God for the good which He has made me the instrument of conveying to my fellow creatures." He died after an attack of apoplexy, in February, 1823, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

His religious character was more manifest as his end drew near. His great delight had latterly been in conversing about Christ, and on Christian themes, with people of the lower ranks in whose religious spirit he felt sympathy. He never lost his brightness of mind, and his playfulness of manner, amidst darkest seasons of trial and discouragement. We must close with a characteristic anecdote from the life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, with whom he had for a long period the warmest friendship. Rowland Hill was one of the earliest and most zealous advocates of vaccination. He offered his services to any of the audience who came to hear him at Surrey Chapel, and he is said to have vaccinated at least 10,000 individuals himself in the vestry there. Rowland Hill was often, in his later days, in the west of England; latterly living a great part of the year at Wotton-under-Edge. Jenner always attended his ministry when he was within reach. One day at Cheltenham he introduced his friend to a nobleman in these terms: "Allow me to present to your lordship my friend Dr. Jenner, who has been the means of saving more lives than any other man." "Ah," replied Jenner, "would I, like you, could say saved souls!"

SOME OF THE OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

BY D. DURFORD HOOKE.

DANIEL ROWLANDS.

WALES is a land of preachers. The Principality may not have produced great statesmen, or many great scholars. For this it can hardly be blamed, seeing that in no part of the Queen's dominions have, until quite recently, so few educational advantages been offered as in the Principality. Nor has Wales produced leaders in the arts and sciences—though, in H. M. Stanley, it has given the world one of its greatest explorers. But it has produced bards, and some of its musicians have deservedly won fame. The love of song has ever remained. True, for two hundred and fifty years the harp remained on the

willows untuned, and "the hall of Cynddylan" was dark, "without fire, without songs." But for years the fire has burned anew and the songs are everywhere being re-sung.

Whatever it has lost, Wales has retained the preaching faculty. It has had, and still has, its preachers, men who so master their guttural tongue as to make even it the vehicle of poems in prose. Now and again some of them have clothed their sermons in an English garb, and even the phlegmatic Saxon has melted before their fervid eloquence.

The Welsh pulpit occupies a unique position.

More than in any other land it has moulded a nation. Wales had fallen into a condition bordering upon heathenism, when it was rescued by a God-sent band of preachers. Few have any idea of the condition of the Principality, even a century ago. By the blessing of God may this influence of the pulpit remain! As a young Welsh preacher once prayed, "May God's face always shine upon it; may God's men always fill it, and may God's simple gospel always be preached in it."

It may be asked what is the chief characteristic of the Welsh pulpit? The Rev. John Thomas, D.D., says, without hesitation, "Power: power of expression, power of voice, power of eloquence, power of courage, power of truth, power of God."

Dr. Thomas once asked an old Welsh preacher, nearing his eightieth birthday, his opinion of the preachers of this generation, compared with those he used to hear long ago. His answer was this—"You coax the people. You ask, 'What takes best?' 'What pleases the people?' But the old preachers, like prophets of God, came direct from the mountain, looked the people in the face, with 'Thus saith the Lord.' They feared neither man nor devil." I am afraid there may be some truth in the reply of the shrewd but eccentric preacher. The old Welsh preachers had their faults, yet they rendered to "gwyllt Walia" a service too great for us to estimate. But they had good listeners, and good listeners have much to do with the making of good preaching, if not of good preachers. Men who were in the Lord's Spirit on the Lord's Day, and who went up to the services of the sanctuary with prayerful expectation were not disappointed. In the voice of men they heard the voice of God Himself. They soon distinguished between the gold and the dross. John Elias came to London, and heard one of the early missionary sermons in old Surrey Chapel. His criticism was unique: "I believe the cross was there, but it was so heaped up with flowers I could not see it." Men came to see the Son of Man, they saw Him, and He fulfilled His promise to draw them unto Himself.

The Welsh "*hwyl*" must not be overlooked. The word "*hwyl*" is more easily pronounced than explained; for it represents an influence which can be better felt than described. "Tany-marian" frankly says it is "indescribable." Yet it was felt both in pulpit and pew by the men of the past generation. Under its influence men preached with melting tenderness, until the hardest hearts were softened, and the people responded with expressive joy. Seldom, if ever, would a preacher ascend a pulpit until he had first ascended the Sacred Mount, and received an "Unction from the Holy One." The instance of Mr. Griffiths, at Sarney, in Montgomeryshire, who would not leave the farm-house, until He with whom he wrestled went with him, is but an illustration of this power. So the congregations grew into full sympathy with the preachers. They expected much, and the Master did for them more than they asked or thought. Perhaps the best definition of the "*hwyl*" is a ship in full

sail, a preacher in full "swing," or rather a preacher lost in his message.

Nor must the dramatic element be despised. More or less all the old Welsh preachers possessed dramatic power. It was said that Daniel Rowlands preached of hell, as one who had been there; the same might be said of many others. Dr. Owen Thomas, of Liverpool, in his biography of John Jones, of Talysarn, tells the story of a sermon preached at a six o'clock in the morning service on the green at Bala, in 1837, by Daniel Jones. His subject was (Job xx. 7). "The ungodly shall be lost." The old preacher, taking the case of an ungodly man at Bala, being lost, began to search for him. In the first place he went to look for him in the Festiniog quarries, in the fields and farms of Penllyn—in the workshops at Bala. "Is So-and-so here?" "No; he is not; he was here for many years, and his career was wild; but we have lost him long ago." "The ungodly shall be lost! Where is he?" Then the preacher went to his home and inquired of his family, "Is So-and-so here?" "No," they answered, "we have lost him now a long while; he left us often for days in his wild debauch; still he never failed to return at last; and we welcomed him home even as he was. But now we have lost him, and never see him; and our anxiety is great, lest we never see him any more." "He shall be lost! Where is he?" Then he went to the chapel, and began to inquire of the people if they had seen him. "Does So-and-so ever come into this chapel now?" "Never now; he usually came, and sat in that second pew in the gallery; his eyes were heavy, his heart was hard, and he seemed perfectly indifferent. We have lost him a long while." "He shall be lost! Where is he?" Then the preacher hurriedly visited the public-houses of Bala, The Bull, The Red Lion, The Goat and The Swan, anxiously making the same inquiry, "Is So-and-so here?" The answer was still the same. "He is not here. We saw him here many a time, and the noise and uproar he made was great. We have lost him; we know not where he has gone." "Let us go to the door of heaven," cried the preacher "and see if he is there." "Is So-and-so, of Bala town, who lived a life of wild debauch, in here? We have searched the earth below, and have failed to find him—is he here?" A voice replied, "No, he is not here. We never saw any one of that description here; and we never expect to see any." "He shall be lost! Where is he?" Then the preacher went to the gate of hell. With a weird, unearthly voice and trembling lips, he inquired anxiously, "Is So-and-so in here?" An awful, sepulchral sound replied, "Yes, he is!" "Where?" "In a place of utter darkness." "What time of night is it there?" "Midnight!" "Is there any hope of dawn?" "None, evermore!"

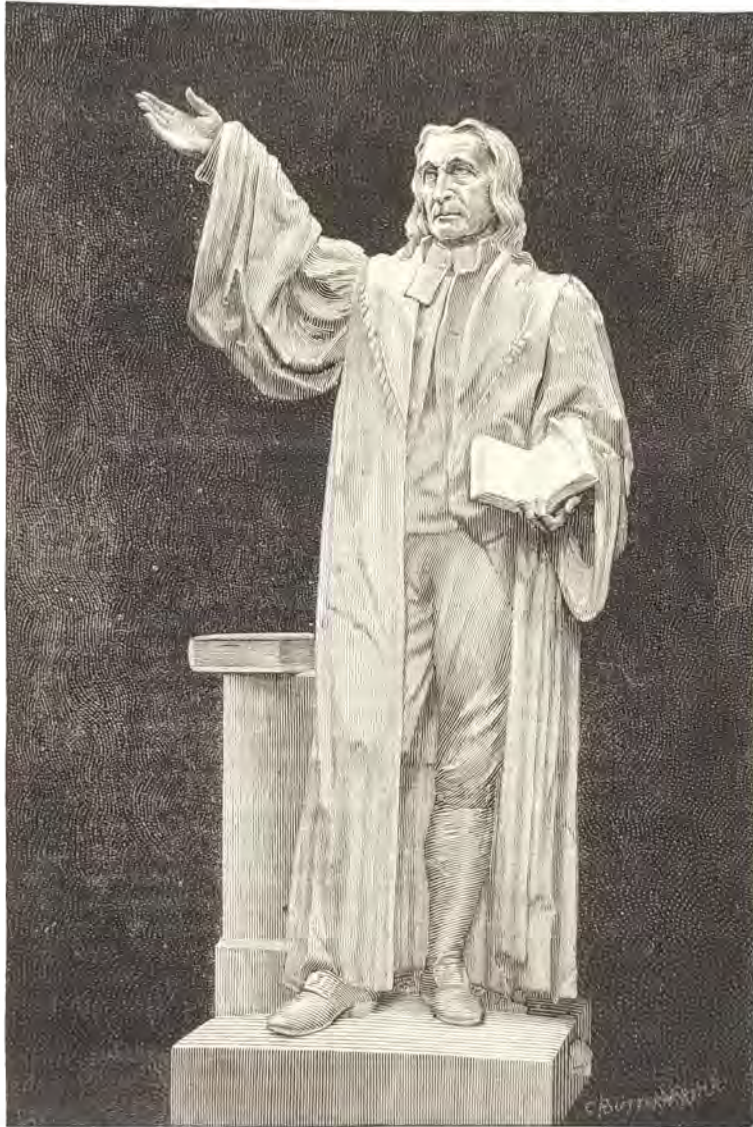
Dr. Thomas who heard the sermon, says the effects were indescribable.

The love of preaching remains. A great preacher is still a Welshman's highest conception of a great man, and the pulpit is still a supreme power. The largest gatherings held in the

Principality are for the preaching of the word. Last year, the "Cymanfa," or Association meetings, were attended as of yore. The word "Association" is used in Wales in a different way than in England. Each denomination has such a gathering for every county or district, at which "the preaching of the word" is the chief characteristic. A preacher who has attended

I look down with infinite contempt upon all the thrones in the world."

It is exceedingly difficult for any one who is not really acquainted with the religious life of Wales to fully realise the attractiveness of the Maes-y-Gymanfa, or field of preaching. The roads are rendered picturesque by throngs wending their way to the place of meeting.



From the Statue executed by E. Griffith.

DANIEL ROWLANDS.

[By permission.]

these gatherings, unbrokenly, for half a century, tells me that the story of the Manger and the Cross was never preached with greater power, or with more marked success. Business was in some towns suspended; "cheap trains" ran throughout the various counties, and the old, old story of "God manifest in the flesh" drew thousands to its recital. The great Welsh preachers of to-day may well say in the language of the late Thomas Jones—"I love the pulpit; I delight to preach God's everlasting gospel; and from here

Then when the field is reached, to see several thousands waiting expectantly, some sitting on the grass, others standing, to see the preachers and to hear their messages, is a sight never to be forgotten. Lewis Morris, in his "Songs Unsung," thus describes "At the Meeting Field."

No dim cathedral's frotted aisles were there,

No gay pavilion fair, with banners hung;

The eloquent pleading voice, the deep hymns sung,
The bright sun, and the clear unfettered air,—

These were the only ritual, this the fane,
 A poor fane doubtless and a feeble rite
 For those who find religion in dim light,
 Strange vestments, incensed air, and blazoned pane.

* * * * *

And when the low voice ceased,
 And from the gathered thousands surged the hymn,
 Some strong power choked my voice, my eyes grew dim.
 I knew that old man eloquent, a priest.

There is a consecration not of man,
 Nor given by laid-on hands nor acted rite,
 A priesthood fixed since the firm earth began,
 A dedication to the eye of Light,

And this is of them. What the form of creed
 I care not, hardly the fair tongue I know,
 But this I know that when the concourse freed
 From that strong influence, went sedate and slow,

I thought when on the Galilean shore
 By the Great Priest the multitudes were led,
 The bread of life, miraculously more,
 Sufficed for all who came, and they were fed.

Who can wonder that when Rowland Hill once journeyed from London to restrain the religious enthusiasm manifested at such meetings, he was so carried away by what he heard and saw and felt, that he forgot his mission and became as the rest?

Foremost among Welsh preachers stands Daniel Rowlands—"Rowlands, Llangeitho," as he is popularly called. The village with which his name is linked is but a small hamlet in Cardiganshire. Yet at one time it was known as the "Jerusalem of Wales," and even now is a household word in every Christian family. Just as in days of old the tribes went up to Jerusalem to worship God, so little less than a century and a half ago hundreds of people from all parts of the Principality wended their way to Llangeitho that they might hear, from Daniel Rowlands, the story of the Redeeming Cross.

It was no uncommon thing, we are told, to see as many persons as thirty at the Sunday morning service who had walked all the way from Bala, a distance of sixty miles. The plan of these pilgrims was to start early on Saturday morning, taking with them provisions for the way. There were well-known halting-places on the road—on the banks of streams where they could moisten their morsels. They travelled far into the night, got a few hours' rest in such shelters as they could find, started again with the early dawn, and felt rewarded if they reached Llangeitho in time for service. By such pilgrims the old Psalms might well be sung—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." On their homeward way they talked of the sermons they had heard, and the influence they had felt, and their resting-places became Bethels. It is said that on one occasion forty-five persons journeyed from Carnarvon to Llangeitho. They travelled by sea to Aberystwyth, thence on foot. But on the return journey

they had to walk the whole distance; nearly one hundred miles.

Daniel Rowlands, at the time of his conversion, was an Episcopal clergyman. He used to preach in the morning, and at the close of the service threw himself heartily into the village games, and was foremost among the wrestlers. These Sunday games had been sanctioned by Land, when Bishop of St. David's, and their evil influences remained. But one day he heard that a Mr. Griffith Jones was to preach in an adjoining parish, and, with a number of his friends, he went to hear him. The preacher was struck with the appearance of the young clergyman, and in the service offered a silent prayer for his conversion. Then and there Rowlands became a changed man. As he listened to Mr. Jones preaching he resolved never to preach again, a resolve which was strengthened by the way in which his own parishioners spoke of Griffith Jones' sermons. But one man placed his hand on Rowlands' shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, you may say what you like; I have reason to thank God for the little parson of Llangeitho." That hand of sympathy gave Rowlands new courage, and into his heart there came the hope "that God might yet make use of him."

So he began to preach with a new fervour, and far and wide was soon known as "the cracked parson." For several years he preached Sinai. His subjects were, the law and its terrors; the terribleness of sin; the awful anger of God, and the terrors of an unquenchable fire. Men listened in fear and trembling to a gospel without a healing balm. Crowds came to hear "Ffeirad bach Llangeitho," but they only trembled and were as dead. Rowlands soon perceived this and so he went for guidance to a Mr. Philip Pugh, an Independent minister, a man of seraphic piety and of unwearied labours. He pointed out that God is a Saviour as well as a Judge, and that His boundless love in Jesus Christ must be preached. Rowlands confessed that he did not believe in the Fatherhood of God. Said Pugh, "Then preach on till you feel it." From that time Rowlands took a wider view of Divine truth and for the fifty years that remained he proclaimed the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

In a little while complaints were made to the Bishop of St. David's that Rowlands was preaching outside the parish of Llangeitho. The sequel was that two strangers appeared at the service, with a note of interdiction. This they delivered to Rowlands after he had got through the first part of the service. It was read by him instead of the sermon, and by it he was forbidden to preach or officiate in that church any more. Rowlands, of course, appealed to the Bishop, pleading the spiritual destitution of his fellow-countrymen, and pointing out that so many of the clergy were also destitute of religion. But it was in vain, and Rowlands went forth in search of greater liberty. With Howell Harris, and Howell Davies he formed a Christian Society, which became the Calvinistic Methodist Connexion, numbering in Wales and England, 136,051 communicants. Dr. Burgess, who next

succeeded to the see of St. David's, regretted this act of his predecessor as the greatest mistake he had ever committed.

Neither space nor purpose, admit of anything like a full notice of Rowlands' work at Llangoitho. The man who, for so many years, drew listeners from all parts of the Principality possessed no ordinary power. At the monthly communion feasts rarely less than two thousand, and sometimes as many as four thousand are said to have attended. On such occasions, the services were generally held in a field near the chapel, which had been erected on his expulsion from the church. There the thousands sat to break the bread and drink of the cup. How beautiful the reminder of sunny Galilee, and of Him who on its shores gave bread to famishing crowds.

So the good work went on. From Llangoitho it spread throughout the land. The men who came into contact with Rowlands, caught his spirit, came under the same mighty influence, and returned to their homes as missionaries of the Cross. They kindled the flame in Wales, and the fire has not gone out. Especially was this true at revival periods. Seven such seasons occurred during Rowlands' ministry at Llangoitho. One of them began on a Sabbath morn. When Rowlands came to the words in the Litany "By Thine Agony and bloody Sweat," he seemed most vividly to realise Gethsemane. The words were uttered with such feeling that the people began to see with his eyes; and so realised the Cross and Passion of our Lord, that one cry rent the air—"Good Lord, deliver us!" The impression of these seasons was permanent. It touched the heart, and influenced the whole life of Wales. Thomas Charles, of Bala, the founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has left on record an interesting account of a sermon which he heard Rowlands preach from Hebrews iv. 15. He describes the day as "much to be remembered" as long as he lived, for "ever since that day I have lived in a new heaven and a new earth. I had such a view of Christ as our High Priest, of His love, compassion, power, and all-sufficiency as filled my soul with astonishment, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My mind was overwhelmed and overpowered with amazement. I had some ideas of Gospel truths before floating in my mind, but they never powerfully, and with divine energy, entered my heart until now."

Rowlands was a man of concentration. He could truthfully say, "This one thing I do." That one thing was preaching. He was lost in his work, and so instead of divided energies, his whole soul went into his pulpit efforts. He died in harness. The end came as he himself would have wished. It was on the eve of a communion season. The people had come from all parts of the land, and had gathered in the chapel, when the word came that Rowlands was dead. With the simple testimony, "I am dying, a poor sinner resting entirely on the crucified Saviour," on his lips, he passed home to God. His remains were buried in the churchyard at Llangoitho, under the eastern window. A few years ago, a marble statue was reared to his memory. It stands

upon the site of the old chapel erected in 1764, and on it has been placed this inscription:—

DANIEL ROWLANDS,

BORN, A.D. 1713.

DIED, OCTOBER 16TH, 1790.

O, heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Thy Mansions would have been empty enough if Zion here below did not rear up children for thee!—*D. Rowlands.*

Recently there came into the writer's hands a volume of sermons by Rowlands. It bears the date of 1774, and is, of course, a translation from what the translator calls "the original British." One of the sermons was preached as early as 1735. In his preface, the editor apologises for any printed mistakes, or, as he puts it, for "whatever might drop wrong," on the ground that "the author, being far distant from London, could not see any of it when in the press." He describes Rowlands as an "eminent clergyman" who "hath been for nearly forty years a zealous and an indefatigable labourer in the Lord's vineyard. He is still alive, notwithstanding his advanced age, and as active as ever." One of the reasons given for the publication of the volume is that "as the Methodists in Wales have been represented as a set of ignorant, hot-headed enthusiasts, the public may now form some judgment of their understanding, as well as of their principles, from the writings of one who hath presided among them for such a length of time, with unblemished reputation, and may be supposed from the nature of his connections, to express the sentiments of the whole fraternity."

PSALM LI.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

"THIS is the most deeply affecting of all the Psalms, and I am sure the one most applicable to me. It seems to have been the effusion of a soul smarting under the sense of a recent and great transgression. My God, whether recent or not, give me to feel the enormity of my manifold offences, and remember not against me the sins of my youth. What a mine of rich matter and expression for prayer! Wash, cleanse me, O Lord, and let my sin and my sinfulness be ever before me. Let me feel it chiefly as sin against Thee, that my sorrow may be of the godly sort. Give me to feel the virulence of my native corruption, purge me from it thoroughly, and put truth into my inward parts, that mine may be a real turning from sin unto the Saviour. Create me anew, O God. Withdraw not Thy Spirit. Cause me to rejoice in a present salvation. Deliver me, O God, from the blood-guiltiness of having offended any of Thy little ones; and so open my lips, that I may speak of the wondrous things Thou hast done for my soul! May I offer up spiritual sacrifices: and oh! let not any delinquencies of mine bring a scandal upon Thy Church; but do Thou so purify and build her up, that even her external services, freed from all taint of corruption or hypocrisy, may be well-pleasing in Thy sight."—*Dr. Chalmers' "Daily Scripture Readings."*

THE FIVE GATEWAYS.

"This famous town of Mansoul had five gates in at which to come, out at which to go; and these were made likewise answerable to the walls, to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the whim and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."



PERHAPS not even the loyalest lover of Bunyan would place his Holy War on the same shelf as his Pilgrim's Progress. Macaulay, indeed, asserts that had the latter never been written, the former would have remained the finest allegory known to the world. There can be no gainsaying the great critic's sentence, but that the Holy War would ever have won the place in the hearts of the common people that has been given to the immortal dream we may very well doubt. One little lad, known to us, spelt out the history of Mansoul Sunday by Sunday, with an evident appreciation of its stirring qualities, but for this one the little folk might be counted by the hundred to whom the pilgrims plodding along with their bundles on their backs, and encountering giants and evil spirits, getting into dreadful troubles, and getting out of them again, were the most real of real people.

Perhaps the good tinker's book is less read in these days when so many of the fine old stories are forgotten, but those who can look across a space of years to nursery times, must remember the goodly quarto edition in

very large type, far too big a volume to hold on the lap, but which spread open so delightfully on the hearthrug, while the reader lay at ease, a small forefinger travelling carefully along the lines of print. Ah, though one has a library full to pick from, and all Mudie's shelves at one's choice, there is no such reading in these days as in those when we made our firelight excursions into this new world. He has missed something, who cannot recall the old thrills and fears, the heart going pit-a-pit, the pulses jumping, when Giant Maul and Mr. Greatheart fall to; the terrors of the long black passage that led to the Land of Sleep, where the crooked shadows went jumping along the wall, and Apollyon himself seemed to lurk at the far end waiting to spring out on a hapless pilgrim, or the daylight valour with which one went across the lawn to rouse old Despair in the cave under the rockery.

But though the Holy War will never make the same appeal to the childish heart, and is eminently in its view, a book for "grown-ups," there is much in it which older readers may ponder over with advantage. Without entering too minutely into all the assaults and sieges, the

takings and re-takings, the parleyings before the final surrender, without, indeed, sticking closely to the text, one can scarce open the book at any place but one comes on some suggestive thought.

The passage quoted above strikes the keynote to the narrative, for it is around the forts that the struggle is maintained; again and again, as we turn the leaves, we read the record of a victory at this gate, an overthrow at that; not till they are all finally taken, are Diabolus and his rascal crew defeated.

One who wrote with the pen of a poet upon these avenues to the soul, the senses, compared the skull to an ivory palace, guarded by five entrances. The same thought is carried out here, but since Bunyan was a soldier we have a fortress, and the "gateways of knowledge" are forts manned and mounted with cannon. It is worth pausing, if it were for nothing but to admire Bunyan's wonderful skill in sustaining the allegory, to see what he has to tell us of their defence and capture.

When the story opens Mansoul has forsaken its true prince, and has set up the standard of Diabolus. While he rules Ear-gate, which we are reminded not once, but many times, is the chief source of danger, the most important of all the gates, is placed in charge of Captain Prejudice with sixty deaf men under him. This is a very happy stroke, and its cunning makes one smile. For the deaf are beyond all persuasion, and old Prejudice might just as well have lost his hearing too for any likelihood there is of argument or entreaty moving him. Thrice may the trumpeter of the Prince sound a blast under the walls, and summon Mansoul to a council; not for all the hosts encamped without, "a gallant company, bravely accoutred," not for the stout and rough-hewn captains, Boanerges and Conviction, not for the great Leader himself, will Prejudice be moved one jot from the position he has taken up. Ear-gate is double barred and bolted, and those two great guns mounted on the tower are his answer to all comers.

Nothing could be truer to the life. What Mansoul is there that does not give house-room to a Mr. Prejudice and his deaf body-guard? Not that he is always on duty at Ear-gate, for many a valorous captain, good or evil, shares that defence, and now is beaten, and now victorious, but he has his hiding-place within the city walls; it may be a palace, or perhaps only a hut out of which he creeps when he sees his chance, and the fortunes of war are on the side of Diabolus.

"He gets no shelter from me," you say, "I don't pretend that I always take the best advice, but I give a fair hearing to all sides; there are no stopped ears in my service."

Are there not? See you, every time you turn aside from the king's trumpeter heedless of his summons, every time Mr. Recorder Conscience speaks in vain, besure old Prejudice is at the gate and his sixty deaf men posted between you and conviction, between you and repentance. Sixty! why, in many a Mansoul every fighting soldier is

pressed into the service of this surly Captain, and there is not in the whole town an ear to hear.

One wonders at first why Bunyan lays such special stress upon Ear-gate. Might not a breach be quite as easily effected by Eye-gate or Mouth-gate or Feel-gate? But Bunyan is right as he always is, and we find him so if we think for a moment of the immense part that hearing and listening play in our lives. Half, and more than half, of what we know comes to us by this gateway of knowledge, and how much that creeps in here were better barred and bolted out. Think of the unkind gossip about neighbour or friend which finds its way in here; the little hints and ugly rumours (nobody waits to ask if they are true) which demand entrance. Is there a day in any of our lives but that something which were better untold, better unheard, does not knock at this gate and find free admittance? Unjust suspicions, uncharitable conclusions, rash judgments—these are the guests to whom Captain Prejudice listens (he is not deaf to *them*), whom he invites within. Think in how many seemingly well-guarded households, in how many schools, in how many offices there is one corrupter who loves to whisper filthy communications into innocent ears, and by impure suggestion to compass moral ruin. Think of the bad advice, the frivolous counsels, the unworthy suggestions, the silly chatter that are day by day poured into this gateway, and say then can we guard or defend it too closely?

The high place that hearing was meant to take among the senses, is perhaps best understood if we reflect for a moment on the terrible affliction it is to be deaf. The loss of hearing is commonly acknowledged to be a far graver trial than that of sight. Blind people are almost always cheerful, often lively, sympathetically interested in others, and, "light denied," are still content to serve by patient waiting on God's will. We can doubtless all recall instances of sightless friends whom it would be an insult to pity, but the deaf, alas, rarely fail to claim our commiseration. Cut off far more hopelessly from their kind than the seeing, they too easily fall into a sullen, morose despair, misinterpreting every glance, every smile or movement of the lips they cannot read, jealous of the intercourse they cannot share.

And may we not indeed spare them a pang of pity? We have spoken of the evil spirits that may creep in at Ear-gate, baleful, unclean, spiteful spirits, but remember, too, the good angels who enter and are entertained and leave us the better and the brighter for their presence.

What would life be but a sad world of deaf men and women without the home talks by the fireside, the intimate confidences of friendship, the little family jests that lighten the day's burden? By the ear we receive the word of praise from father or mother, that stimulates and encourages to greater efforts; by the same avenue comes the whispered "Never mind!" when we are beaten and cast down. Oh, poor stopped ears, how much indeed you miss—the prattle of children, the accents of kindness that often mean so much more than the spoken words; voices that reach soul or mind or heart, in sermon or

lecture; the bird-chorus at dawn on a June morning, and indeed all the splendid music of the world.

The ear we are told by those who have a right to teach, is a more complicated and delicate organ than even the eye, and when we think of the wonderful machinery we set agoing by our most careless utterance, surely it becomes us to see that we use this noble instrument only to noble ends.

In the never-ceasing duet between voice and ear what opportunities for good or ill are ours! I who speak—it is not on deaf ears my words fall unheeding; someone's gate is open to let them in; those pulsating, thrilling nerves within the chamber of the ear carry the message to the brain, for good or for evil the impression is made. What a deep sense of responsibility this throws upon all of us who have tongues to talk and ears to listen. What power is ours to bless or to ban.

And if it behoves us to set a watch on the door of our lips that we neither hinder nor hurt another, no less dare we disregard the warning—take heed what ye hear. Not the purest, the most God-fearing dare relax his guard upon this gateway, for in a thousand subtle forms and baffling disguises the enemy will creep in. It is a sombre truth within the experience of us all, abjure it as we may, that an undesired evil thought, admitted—who can tell when or how—to the mind, prayed against, fought down, as it may seem, takes root and remains there, returning again and again, and compelling us, even in our most sacred moments, to entertain and dwell on it, though we shrink the while in horror from the transgression.

In one short, pregnant sentence, so wonderfully suggestive that no sermon could convey more, Bunyan tells us what befell when Diabolus drew up beneath the gates and “with craft, subtlety and guile” persuaded Mansoul to yield him homage. “Now, even as he spoke, my Lord Innocent sank down in the place where he stood, with grief some say, nor could he brought to life again—nor did there now remain any more a noble spirit in Mansoul.”

“Killed with the foul breath of the enemy,” Bunyan tells us in another place, and as he died that day so surely, whenever and wherever Eye-gate and Ear-gate surrender at the whisper of the evil one, there my Lord Innocent's death is compassed anew. For innocence and impurity cannot breathe the same air, and where one thrives the other must needs sicken and de cease. And in losing purity is not all lost—all that makes life blessed and good and happy and healthful? “The pure in heart shall see God;” not only integrity of deed is demanded from us, but a blameless imagination. No boy or girl setting out in life can ask for any better gift to take upon the journey than the heart of a child, wherein God's kingdom dwells.

In the second siege of Mansoul, when the true Prince delivers it out of the hand of the enemy, we have a change of guard. Captain Prejudice is no more (“he had his crown cracked in the mutiny.”) Captain Treacherous is also slain, and Backward, who manned the guns, and many

a sturdy rebel with them. Blindfold and his thousand men are routed from Eye-gate, pursued, killed, wounded, the remnant compelled to live in holes and corners, and for them we have a noble and gallant band of leaders, their very names a tower of strength, “the noble Captain Credence,” who led the van, “the famous Captain Good Hope,” “the valiant Captain Charity,” “the gallant Captain Innocence,” and last, “the well-beloved and truly loyal Captain Patience, who brought up the rear.” “And, oh, how the trumpets sounded, their armour glittered, and how the colours waved in the wind! The Prince's armour was all of gold, and it shone like the sun in the firmament; the Captain's armour was of proof, and was in appearance like the glittering stars.”

Faith, Hope, Love, Purity—if these are our defenders, the gateways of knowledge will open only to the good and the true. And it lies with us to choose which lord shall reign over us: Diabolus or the Prince of Peace. “For,” says Bunyan, “the forts were made likewise answerable to the walls, to wit impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will or leave of those within. Diabolus may persuade, but he cannot compel; the eye is not forced to look upon evil, nor the ear to listen to corrupt communications. Mouth-gate, whence came slings and stones (“even bitter words”) when Mansoul was in revolt, may choose, if it will, the soft answer that turns aside wrath. With you and me alone rests the secret of the bolts and bars; no hand but yours and mine knows their cunning.”

Diabolus and his host may ring round the citadel, but without he must remain till we choose to admit him. Mansoul need never have surrendered had it declined to hold parley with him. Had Captain Prejudice and his deaf men been posted at the gates when he encamped beneath them, never a whisper of his blandishments and flatteries, his fair promises and smooth sayings would have reached the citizens within, but Captain Prejudice is like a good many other people, only deaf when it suits himself, and can hear well enough when his interest jumps that way. Yes, that audience granted to the invader who sat down before Ear-gate was the undoing of Mansoul. He who hesitates is lost. It cost the town two brave souls, the bravest there, and courage gone, purity sapped, who need doubt the issue? Fling open the gates and let sin's emissary in, fall down before him and cry—“Do thou reign over us, for my Lord Innocent is slain and Captain Resistance is mortally wounded; henceforward we yield to Diabolus; we are his slaves and vassals, let him do with his servants what he will.”

There is not one of us who can afford for a single day to omit the petitions: “Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;” “Deliver me from lying lips;” “Incline mine ear unto Thy testimonies.” He who thus prays with honest heart may add with full assurance: “Though an host should encamp against me I shall not fear, for in the time of trouble I shall hide me; and now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me.”

The gateways are ours freely to let in whom and what we will; all good and beautiful thoughts, all fair sights, noble feelings, brave words—these if we be servants of the true Prince. And a greater guest than these we may welcome, for He Himself will come and dwell with us.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

"Who is this King of glory?

"The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."

L. K.

A BRAVE LAD.

CHAPTER II.



It was far away in wild Wales that these things happened, on a mountain-side overlooking the sea. Of all the grand scenes that Nature can show us—and she can show us far grander ones than any ever painted by the hand of man—I think the grandest is a great hillside by the sea.

To look down from a great height on the rolling, dancing, flashing ocean, sweeping away right into the clouds of the horizon, to look down and think of the breadth, the grandeur, the

immensity of God's earth is to learn something of the great God Himself.

It was so very wild, silent, and lonely, this hillside on which lived Walter Vivian. From the yellow sands which sparkled in the morning sunlight like a million diamonds, the mountain rose so straight and steep that in parts you would be obliged to climb up, holding on by the heather and gorse bushes. So thickly was the hill covered with trees, that you would almost have thought it possible to walk along their tops. Here was a plantation of larch-trees. There was a wood of firs, growing so closely together that their swaying branches looked as though they were always shaking hands.

From among the foliage, about half-way down the hill, peered out the gables and chimneys of a grey, weather-beaten house. Here lived Mr. Vivian, the mining engineer, and here lived also his wife, his sons Jack and Walter Vivian, and his serving-maid. Lower down towards the shore might be seen standing forth among the tree-tops a rough, crooked, tumble-down something, which looked like a man with his hat on one side, but which was really the chimney of Daniel Morgan's hut. Daniel Morgan was only a poor besom-maker, and could not afford anything more than a hut.

Further along the slope of the hill, at an equal distance from the shore with Mr. Vivian's house, stood the vicarage. Near that was the square, plain, little church, whose bell-wire and crazy doors shook and rattled with poevish groans when the fierce winds swept up from the rolling Atlantic.

These were the only signs of human life on this wild and lonely hill of Brynmawr.

It was a dark and boisterous night on the evening of the day on which happened the occurrence narrated in the preceding chapter. The fierce north-west wind came roaring

and seething along the hillside, rustling the leaves, causing the branches to creak, lashing the breakers on the rocky shore into mighty sound and fury.

Mrs. Vivian was sitting in her dining-room, talking to the vicar. She was a pleasant, kindly-looking woman, but there was an expression of anxiety and trouble in her face to-night. Walter was reading in a corner. Jack was amusing himself by teasing the cat.

"My dear Mrs. Vivian," the kindly old vicar was saying, "your husband is not the man to rush into danger rashly. In a few hours, I am sure, you will be laughing at your troubles, and your husband joining in the merriment."

"Yes, mother," said Walter, coming forward with his book, and putting his arm round his mother's neck; "you know we can always trust father. He is so wise and strong."

Mrs. Vivian smiled. "Walter's faith in his father is unlimited," she said to the vicar.

She had hardly spoken when there came a loud knocking at the door. Mrs. Vivian put her hand to her heart and held her breath. The vicar looked alarmed, but endeavoured not to show it. That was not the way in which Mr. Vivian usually knocked.

The servant came in with a frightened face, and following on her heels came an old collier, panting with exhaustion. He was a curious-looking specimen of mankind. His face was covered with coal-dust, save for the crooked streaks of white which the perspiration had made here and there. His eyes, by reason of the contrast with his grimy countenance, looked like two shining balls. His legs were curved outwards almost in a half-circle, as is the case with so many colliers, in consequence of their being obliged to work in a cramped position.

"What is it, oh! what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Vivian, running forward to him. "Tell me at once what is the matter."

"Don't take on, ma'am," replied the collier, who was an Englishman. "It's a fall, a bit of a fall, what has taken place in the workings. No, no, ma'am, your husband wasn't in the fall, but he is the other side of it and can't get out."

The clergyman ran forward. Mrs. Vivian had fainted. Walter hurried away for water.

"I was sent here by the manager, you see, sir," went on the collier, addressing the clergyman. "He happened to have come up out of the pit. He would have been here himself, only he is so busy over the business, and he thought Mrs. Vivian ought to know at once."

But Mrs. Vivian was already on her feet.

"I must go to the pit at once," she said, "at once."

"Not to-night, Mrs. Vivian," said the clergyman gently.

"Yes," she said, "at once. I must at all events be near him."

She was calm now, and her voice was perfectly steady.

"Then," said the kindly clergyman, "I shall take you over. I should not think of leaving you at a time like this."

"Mother," said Walter, "you will let me come too."

"You shall both come," she replied, "tell Jane that she must lock the doors and accompany us."

And so they all went out on this wild night, knowing not what fate was in store for them, praying passionately and silently, as many poor hearts have prayed in those dangerous colliery districts, that God would preserve their protector and bread-winner in his terrible danger.

A SCRIPTURE ELLIPSIS EXERCISE.

NO. V.

Find the missing words in these passages; when set in order they give some words of Ahab.

— then your good be evil spoken of.
Every man is a friend to — — — giveth gifts.
It is God that — me with strength.
He layeth it — — — shoulders, rejoicing.
They brought every man his present, vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and raiment, — — — and spices.
Thine heart lifteth thee up to — — —; abide now at home.
He abideth faithful; he cannot deny — — —.
I am among you — — — — serveth.
No man — — — a piece of a new garment upon an old.
Mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put — — —.
L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIII.

1. Whose fair young bride did comfort one who for his mother grieved?
2. Who spake the words, and "did the signs" the Israelites believed?
3. What loving woman, with her hair, did wipe the Saviour's feet?
4. Who took his orphaned grandson when he journeyed? as was meet.
5. Whose loyal subjects mourned and "did him honour" at his death?
6. Who did receive the blessing with his grandsire's dying breath?
7. Who hid his brother in a pit, thinking his life to save?
8. Who for "the meat which perisheth" his glorious birthright gave?
9. Whose face did beam with heavenly light, while in the council sat?
10. Who, "lifted up" with might and power, the Lord's commands forgot?
11. For whose dear sake did "Jacob set a pillar" on a tomb?
12. What name gave Isaac to a well to signify "made room"?

13. What young man slept, and sleeping fell from lofty window-seat?
14. Whose servant was baptised when he a man of God did meet?
15. Where tarried Paul a week when he had sailed from Philippi?
16. What travelling merchants did a lad with silver pieces buy?
17. Of whom did Paul "receive him as myself" beseeching say?
18. What Jewish ruler came to Christ, but not by light of day?

A declaration from our Lord's own lips
The initial letters give;
Beyond all disputation proved full soon:
"Therefore His people live."

B. M. R.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVIII.—p. 368.

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1. J.ason | Acts xvii. 7. |
| 2. O nesiphorus | 2 Tim. i. 16. |
| 3. H iddekel | Gen. ii. 10, 14. |
| 4. N icolas | Acts vi. 5. |

NO. XXI.—p. 432.—HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME HATH EVER-
LASTING LIFE.—John vi. 47.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. H-annah | 1 Samuel i. 11. |
| 2. E-ster | Esther ii. 11. |
| 3. T-obiah | Nehemiah vi. 19. |
| 4. H-aman | Esther vii. 9, 10. |
| 5. A-bsalom | 2 Samuel xv. 1-7. |
| 6. T-homas | John xx. 27. |
| 7. B-alak | Numbers xxii. 6, 15-17. |
| 8. E-lizabeth | Luke i. 57-62. |
| 9. L-alans | Genesis xxix. 14, 18. |
| 10. I-saac | Genesis xxvi. 18. |
| 11. E-ve | Genesis iii. 8, 20. |
| 12. V-ashti | Esther i. 10, 12, 19. |
| 13. E-noch | Genesis v. 24. |
| 14. T-roas | Acts xxvi. 6-12. |
| 15. H-ezekiah | 2 Chronicles xxvii. 30. |
| 16. O-rpah | Ruth i. 14, 15. |
| 17. N-athan | 2 Samuel xii. 1-14. |
| 18. M-ary | Luke ii. 51. |
| 19. E-phron | Genesis xxiii. 8-16. |
| 20. H-ilkiah | 2 Kings xxii. 8. |
| 21. A-braham | Genesis xxiv. 3, 4. |
| 22. T-amar | 2 Samuel xiv. 25-27. |
| 23. H-iram | 1 Kings v. 1. |
| 24. E-lisha | 2 Kings vi. 13-18. |
| 25. V-enison | Genesis xxvii. 1-3. |
| 26. E-lijah | 2 Kings ii. 11-13. |
| 27. R-ebekah | Genesis xxix. 6-29. |
| 28. L-emuel | Proverbs xxxi. 1, 10, 31. |
| 29. A-biathar | 1 Kings ii. 26. |
| 30. S-olomon | 1 Kings ii. 19. |
| 31. T-imothy | 2 Timothy ii. 5. |
| 32. I-srael | Genesis xxxix. 3. |
| 33. N-oah | Genesis vi. 14, 22. |
| 34. G-oliath | 1 Samuel xvii. 23, 49, 50. |
| 35. L-azarus | John xi. 35-48. |
| 36. I-ahabod | 1 Samuel iv. 20, 21. |
| 37. F-elix | Acts xxiv. 24-27. |
| 38. E-zra | Ezra 10. 1-6. |