

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.



FELIX KNEW NOT HOW TO COMFORT HIS SISTER.

CHAPTER VII.—SUMMONED.

THE "two or three days" of Lettice's enforced absence from Cecilia's room grew into a fortnight. She was allowed to dress, and even to creep into an adjoining room; but this was the utmost that she could be counted fit for. Prue sometimes wondered whether the strain of being with Cecilia could prove more harmful than

the strain of not being with her; but the doctor was firm, and Bertha took his view of the matter.

Then upon Cecilia's slight improvement followed a severe relapse; and Lettice's presence was not to be thought of. Lettice submitted; resisting less than earlier. Perhaps the present prohibition seemed natural, since she had been kept away by Mrs. Crofton in the worst phases of Cecilia's first attack; but she grieved over having been forbidden the room when Cecilia

was better. Nan would sit staring at her, with light reddened eyes of girlish sympathy; and Prue would say: "No one could know that this was coming on, Lettice, dear." Sometimes Lettice turned from both of them, in her distress, refusing comfort; but later the whispered apology was sure to come: "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be vexed. You are all so kind."

During the early part of this fresh relapse, Cecilia was much disposed to wander. She ceased to ask after Lettice, evidently counting her out of reach. Generally she knew who came and went; but it was plain that she kept no count of time. Days might be weeks to her; weeks might be months. There was not a little rambling talk of the past, and her nurses learnt a good deal more of her history than she would willingly have divulged. It was a brokenly-told story, minus many links, containing much of sorrow and disappointment, with hard struggling to keep afloat, but lightened by a spirit of courage, endurance, and proud resolution, also of strong affection.

Sometimes she believed herself to be at Dr. Bryant's, and she would then speak distressfully of her obligations to the Valentines, by which she was tried precisely as Felix was tried. Sometimes she knew herself to be still at the Farm, and then she would complain of being hindered from going on to Bristol.

These were fitting surface fancies. Below the surface she seemed to live another life, bordering on that unseen world which at all times closely surrounds us. We know practically little of the experiences of sufferers, when they are too far removed by dire sickness to give expression to their thoughts. If they rally to health, they are apt to forget much that they have gone through, albeit they often come out from such an experience different from their former selves, transformed or to some extent remade. This comes about, not alone through bodily suffering, but, in some cases at least, doubtless through the silent touch of unseen influences, acting through the mind, and especially through awakened memories. It may be that "often" is too strong a word. The process is occasional rather than common; and perhaps it seldom if ever takes place, unless there has been an earnest desire to do rightly, and a sincere though blind feeling after Him who is never far from any of us.

From the first Cecilia had turned from Bertha and had clung to Prue. No one could say why, except that she was possessed by the idea that Bertha alone was responsible for Lettice's long absence. She never blamed Prue. If Bertha spoke tenderly, Cecilia would show cold indifference; if Prue did the same, she would smile a response. It spoke well for Bertha that no tinge of jealousy troubled her. Prue could help where she could not; and Bertha was content.

So matters lasted, until another rally came. There were long hours of continuous sleep; and from this phase she emerged, altered. Not in face alone, but in herself. She had ceased to show dislike to Bertha, and her mind seemed far away; while in manner she had become gentle and grateful. The old habit of reserve

enveloped her still, but not to the same extent; and when alone with Prue it gave way.

For nearly two days it seemed to Prue, and perhaps also to Bertha, that recovery from this particular attack had fairly set in. The doctor spoke no word of hope, and his silence was afterwards remembered, though at the time not so much marked. Prue was blaming herself much for an indiscretion. During Cecilia's long sleep, she had yielded to the younger sister's pleadings, and had on her own responsibility taken Lettice into the room for "one look." She had not realized what that brief glimpse would mean; because she did not realize how great an alteration had been wrought by this last relapse. It was not till she had to half carry Lettice away, shivering with the shock, that she knew how unwise she had been.

Prue confessed the deed frankly; and neither the doctor nor Bertha uttered reproaches. No need that they should. Now that for two days the sisters might have been together, Lettice was prostrated, a prisoner once more in her room. Strange to say, the unreasoning instinct of the child proved truer than the observation of Prue. From the moment of that one glimpse, Lettice never doubted that Cecilia was dying; though even Bertha had hopes of a respite; and Prue could honestly endeavour to cheer her up.

"Have I been here many weeks?" Cecilia asked, on the evening of the second day. "Or—is it months? I am so confused. I cannot remember." Then, as Prue made answer evasively, "Tell me, please. I should like to know. I came—when was it? Why did I not go on to Bristol?"

"You were too ill."

"I remember—yes. Somebody brought me. Nurse Valentine, she called herself. I cannot recall more. Only she went on with Lettice to Bristol; and you came in her place. . . . That seemed so strange, when I was ill. Felix would not have left me."

"I think you a little misunderstand." Prue feared to excite her, by explaining that Lettice had been unwell; this fact having been hidden. "You shall see Lettice soon, and she will explain everything."

Cecilia moved her head slowly. "I shall never get to Bristol—now—" she said. "I should have imagined—that Lettice— But one never can know beforehand. It is all disappointment—in everyone."

"Except in ONE!—Who never changes. Cannot you trust Him?"

"You mean—Christ?" after a pause. "Yes; He has been more real to me lately. I do not know how. But it is as if—"

"As if He had been showing Himself to you?"

"It may be that Would He? when I have lived so little for Him! And yet—lately—I have felt the need. Not that I have not always tried to do my duty But still—"

"Our duty is to love Him, first and best of all."

"I have not loved Him."

"But He has loved you; with love so great that He died for your sake."

"Somebody said so. Who was it? They told

me that He would 'abundantly pardon.' Yes, that was it. If I would leave all evil thoughts. 'Abundantly!'"

"He will, indeed."

"I have tried so hard to do my duty. But now—it seems all failure."

"Must it not be so? Our best doings are worth nothing, when we step into the light that streams from Him. . . You know how the spots on a white dress show in sunlight, yet you may hardly have noticed them in a dark room. And He is willing to take all those spots away, 'abundantly!'"

"I have had so little leisure to think about Him."

"Perhaps now He has laid you aside, mercifully, that you might have leisure."

"Perhaps—yes. All these months of pain!" Poor thing! the two or three weeks might well look like months to her consciousness. Much experience may be compressed into a short space of time. "All these months, and I have been so alone. . . It may have been the teaching I needed. . . . If Mr. Kelly were here now, I would listen; I would indeed. Tell him so, some day. . . . I have thought of his words; the comfort that might be mine; and I think they helped me to ask. . . . If it is not presumption, I do believe I have been heard—have been forgiven. . . . Only if I could see Lettice again before I die! My heart is breaking for the child. If God would grant me this!—and then I should be willing to go."

She closed her eyes, and one or two heavy tears forced their way through. It was the first time for years that she had let herself weep. "Such pain to be forsaken!" she whispered.

Prue could not bear this, and an explanation was on her lips, when Bertha stood by her side.

"I heard. Mr. Jasper is here. I will ask him, and it must be risked," Bertha said softly, and vanished. Prue bent to kiss Cecilia.

"Yes, you are kind, very kind—you and Bertha too. But no one can take the place of Lettice; my child from her babyhood. If only once I might see her again!"

Prue was silent, not daring to promise, till a stir was heard outside, and Bertha came in leading a pale girl. "Look!" Prue said; and Cecilia gazed hungrily.

"Lettice here! Not gone to Bristol! And I thought—"

"Now be quiet and good, both of you. No fuss or agitation," commanded the doctor.

He placed Lettice on the bed, close beside Cecilia, and the two were locked in a fast embrace, each struggling not to give way.

"And you have been ill too! Was that it? My poor little Lettice. And they never told me."

"Not ill, only out of sorts," interposed Bertha cheerfully; but Cecilia went on, unheeding—

"I thought you had gone quite away, not caring for the old sister any longer."

"O Sissie! how could you?"

"Never mind, it is all right now. If Felix too—but that cannot be. Come closer. I have something to say."

Mr. Jasper drew a pace off. "Five minutes only," he said to Bertha. "Bad for them both; but the other was getting to be worse."

"I don't like her look this evening," murmured Bertha.

"I did not this morning." The doctor then spoke in his ordinary voice;—"Now, no crying, please. Don't let me have to regret the indulgence."

"So good of him, isn't it, Lettice?"

"But I may come again," Lettice tried to say.

"Dear little Lettice! Poor little Lettice!" Cecilia spoke in hasty uncertain accents. "When you see uncle Bryant—tell him——"

"Yes——"

"I forget! No, it's not that. I wanted to say—mind you go to him. Don't put off. That is your home. And you must be good to Felix—love him—do what he wants."

"I will, always."

Cecilia was breathing with difficulty; and Mr. Jasper would have removed Lettice, but there was resistance. Cecilia put him off with both hands, and clasped Lettice in a wild embrace.

"One word! Only one word. Dear one, tell Felix from me—there is nothing—nothing—*nothing* worth living for, but to serve God! Tell him so! I would give anything—anything—to have lived a different life. . . . Too late now. . . . Too late for that. . . . There is forgiveness. . . . abundant pardon. . . . and He will not cast away! . . . But oh, to have lived for Him! to have served Him! . . . The pitifulness of living to oneself, and coming to Him, only at last! . . . O the difference now, if I had only lived for Him! . . . Lettice, don't forget—don't put off! Pray to be shown! I shall look for you there! And tell Felix—tell Felix——"

Cecilia broke off; and those around her knew from her face that she could bear no more.

"O Sissie, one moment——"

"No, no. Good-bye, my dear. Tell Felix—he must come——"

Cecilia controlled herself to say so much. Then to the doctor: "Yes—take her, please."

Lettice was hurried away. The haste seemed to her cruel; and she could not see the mercifulness which would hide from her the sight of her sister's suffering. The whole interview with its abrupt termination half crushed her, and she lay for hours after, her face hidden, unable to look up or to bear being spoken to. But Cecilia Anderson was nearly at the end of her voyage. One more sharp tempest, and then her little vessel reached the harbour. Before midnight she had passed away.

The telegram announcing what had happened came heavily upon Felix. He had not allowed himself to think of danger, had not pictured to himself the possibility of any such ending. A letter written on the evening of Thursday, to tell of the fresh attack, did not arrive until after the brief message which said that all was over.

Felix had never known sorrow since his father's death, and then he had been a mere child. The cold touch of bereavement bewildered him. To hear of other people losing their friends was a

matter of course, easily dismissed with a pitying word or two; but that he should lose Cecilia—Cecilia, with whom every inch of his life was associated, who had been parent, sister, protector, everything to him—that *his* Cecilia should have passed away beyond reach, into the world of the unseen, seemed incredible, even horrible. He felt a kind of indignant wrath that death should meddle with him and his, doing away with the pleasant future which he had pictured. Why should he suffer thus, when other people had their sisters spared to them?

Felix did not this time rush off to Mr. Kelly. He went to his work as usual, scarcely half-an-hour late, for the telegram had arrived early: and except that he looked pale and stern, no one would have supposed anything unusual to have occurred. It never so much as came into his mind to ask to remain away from work. Nothing could have been more distasteful than to sit still and think.

The shock did not affect his health; it only caused a species of mental dizziness. Life seemed to wear a vague aspect, with all its ordinary curves altered, like the changed slant of a landscape, looked upon from the position of one lying prone on a hill-side. Such disorganised glimpses came to him from time to time, through unbending attention to work; and waves of angry sorrow rose, when by sheer force of habit his mind reverted to its accustomed aim—that little future home, which Cecilia now would never need. Yet none of his accounts were wrong.

A letter came from Prue next morning, containing many details. She spoke of the last meeting between the sisters, and she mentioned slightly Cecilia's agitation: but the direct message to Felix himself was through Lettice, and with that Prue could not meddle. The funeral was to be on Monday afternoon: and Dr. Bryant had telegraphed that he would be present. "Mr. Anderson of course would go also. Could he not stay at the Farm from Saturday till Tuesday or Wednesday?"

"No: certainly not!" Felix decided this at once, with his unnecessary vehemence, crushing the sheet in his hand. Even for Lettice's sake, he would not be indebted to the Valentines further than was unavoidable. Things were bad enough already. If he had not feared to show disrespect to Cecilia's memory, he would have stayed away altogether. The thought of seeing Dr. Bryant would alone have been almost enough to deter him. But he knew what would be said: and a weak little pencil scrawl from Lettice implored him to go.

Felix was pre-disposed to dislike the Valentines. He objected much to certain things in this letter of Prue's. What business had she to speak of Cecilia's "hope" and "trust," in terms which distinctly implied that they were new, the outcome of a recent experience? If Cecilia had not before been so ready for the great change impending, this would at once leave him where she had stood, would place him apart from her in a kind of outside category, as requiring still what Sissie had somehow found. Felix would accept no such view of the question. He

"pished" over it indignantly. "A set of fanatics!" he declared, with the glib contempt of ignorance: and he flung the letter on the fire, careless that it contained a message to Mr. Kelly. He would not go in Mr. Kelly's way. Miss Valentine might write to Mr. Kelly herself, if she chose. Nor would he spend a long Sunday at the Farm, to be talked at and preached to. So he telegraphed that he would go on Monday; and he wrote a line to Lettice, making the excuse that he must wait for his mourning.

Then he went through a brief interview with Mr. Thompson, asking for Monday's absence, and uncomfortably begging an advance of salary to pay for the journey. Had it not been for the message to Mr. Kelly, which Felix would not give, he would have preferred to ask a loan in that direction. "Why did you not tell me yesterday?" Mr. Thompson asked kindly. He offered another day or two beyond the Tuesday, which Felix declined, and he advanced the needful amount without hesitation.

Nan was the first to descry Felix' approach, before early dinner. She rushed out to meet him, blushing all over her plain face.

"Oh, we were so sorry you couldn't get here sooner," she cried. "It is such a dreadful disappointment to Lettice. And we are depending on you to put things right. Dr. Bryant can't come, after all—he has a cold or something—and Lettice is bent on going off to him this week: and we want to keep her here another month. Do, do, please persuade her to stay."

"Nan!" a reproving voice said behind: and gentle Mrs. Valentine came forward; whereupon Nan subsided and vanished. Felix had listened with an air of rigid reserve to Nan's outburst, attempting no response: and he met Mrs. Valentine's kind greeting in the same manner. Dinner would be ready in a few minutes, she said: and after that—But would Mr. Anderson like to see Lettice at once? Up in her room. She had not come down yet.

"I would rather wait," Felix answered: and strange though the delay might seem to Mrs. Valentine, she had learnt the rare art of letting people be unhappy in their own way. She could believe that he dreaded anything which might cause him to lose his self-control before the sad ceremony near at hand: though she had never seen anyone less likely in appearance to break down, than this good-looking young fellow, with his confident and reserved air.

Dinner was a constrained meal, well over in everybody's opinion. A note from Dr. Bryant was given to Felix, which he read and pocketed without remark. Then followed the last sad office for "Sissie," and Felix comported himself as chief mourner, with a composure which might easily have been mistaken for lack of feeling. When they returned to the house, Prue asked, "Will you not see Lettice now?" and Felix acquiesced. He followed Prue upstairs, and found himself alone with a quiet pallid girl in deep mourning, who met and kissed him, then sat down, visibly trembling.

"So you haven't been well either, Lettice?"

"No——" she said faintly.

"Nothing much wrong?"

"I don't know. I thought you would come—before——"

"Before lunch. I couldn't. There were all those people to see. And I—Well, I felt I'd better not."

There was a sound of something like heartlessness in the tone: but Lettice would not hear it, would not believe it. She knew the reality of his affection: and the assumed manner did not take her in. Indeed her mind was so full of other thoughts, and so bent upon the present fight for self-command, that she noticed it less than might have been expected. Only the absence of expressed sympathy brought a chill.

"You see, Lettice, it's no good to talk," he said. "Nothing can change—that! We have to keep up and go on. Things are as they are, and nobody can make them different. And you've got to be brave."

Her lips quivered. "Yes, I will," she said. "I do mean to be good, indeed, and not to give trouble. And I'll do—anything you tell me."

"Of course you will. Get well and strong, the first thing."

"I'll—try."

"I've got a note from Dr. Bryant. He couldn't come, and so much the better, perhaps. But he offers you a home still. And you must go the first possible day."

"Yes. She told me——"

"Of course," as voice failed. "That's the right thing. The Valentines are strangers, and we are too much indebted to them already. You can get off in a day or two?"

"If Mr. Jasper will let me. I am so tired now, with everything."

"Change will do you good. I can't have you put off. Only mind—you belong to me, not to the Bryants."

"Must I love nobody there?"

"You'll like them well enough. Quite as much as signifies. It's only for a time. Be sure you write to me once a week, and tell me everything. I mean to get on, and to have a home for you by-and-by."

Lettice was nerving herself to deliver the dying message of Cecilia, which she knew Felix had not yet heard. Twice she began to speak of it, and Felix led away to other subjects. The third time she held to her point, refused to be diverted from it, and with resolute tearlessness repeated the impassioned words which had made a vivid impression on her own mind. Felix heard in silence.

"Of course it has all been very trying for you," he said at length, finding some remark expected.

"Felix, what did she mean? I have not liked to ask anybody, but I don't understand. I want to do what she said, and I don't know how. What did she mean?"

"I wish she had never come to this house," was Felix' answer.

"Oh, no——if we hadn't—and it made her so much happier—not afraid! I should be afraid." One sob, long pent-up, had at length its way, and Lettice pressed her forehead against his shoulder. "O Sissie! O Felix, I don't know how to bear it!"

"You've got to be brave," said Felix, by way of impotent comfort.

"I do try. I do try. But I shall be so lonely," sobbed the girl, and Felix had no help to offer.

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.

XIV.

THERE are many memories clustering about the shores of Lake Tiberias. Here, as elsewhere in Palestine, the Crusaders have passed, and here, as elsewhere too, they have made a blood-red streak in history. One has at times a curious feeling of being farther away from the days of the Crusaders than from the time of Christ. The sweetly solemn story so familiar from daily Bible-reading has become near to us: it does not seem so long ago as those days when Godfrey de Bouillon founded his Latin kingdom in the Holy Land, and when Saladin came to overthrow the unstable throne.

In the "Battle of Tiberias," one of the most tremendous ever fought between the armies of the Crescent and the Cross, the former was victorious, the latter utterly defeated. Moslem writers have given us an account of the fight;

there were no Christians left to tell the tale. On the fourth of July 1187, Saladin encountered the whole force of the Christians of the Holy Land, near the shores of the lake. The white-turbaned Moslem host was like the rolling waves of the sea crested with foam. As the sun rose upon that eventful day, the Templars and Hospitallers, those bold warrior-monks, drew up in battle array. The Moslem historian speaks admiringly of their splendid appearance. Their bodies were cased in triple mail, he says, and as they advanced to the charge, they made a sound like the loud humming of bees.

It was the proud privilege of the Templars and Hospitallers to always lead the charge; and where the Templars charged only brave men could follow. But it was in vain that the Fed Cross knights hurled themselves against that

human sea. The knights were few in number and every charge thinned their ranks perceptibly, while the waves of the Moslem sea rolled unceasingly up from the immense reserve that Saladin had behind him. Nor was this all. The Christians were dying of thirst, perishing for the water so abundant and so near, and which they could not reach; for Saladin and his hosts were between them and the lake. The Christians, such of them as were not bound by a religious vow to conquer or die, acted like cowards and ran away. The Count of Tripoli set the example early in the day, and left the knights to die alone.

By evening every Templar and every Hospitaller was dead or captive. They had shown

sprang up when he heard my enquiries, and eagerly offered his services. I like his looks and will bring him to you this afternoon." He came; I also liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. A passenger for the homeward journey is reckoned as pure gain; and doubtless Yusef felt himself making a good bargain when he asked and was readily promised four beshlik a day; rather less than two shillings. The Syrian doctor at the Mission, who had just returned from the north, reported the route as unsafe: the Bedouins were on the rampage, and had attacked and robbed a traveller, and they of the Mission could not feel willing for me to go with only one companion. So Yusef promised to secure a fuller escort.



MAGDALA.

the courage of soldiers, they were now called to suffer as martyrs. They were taken to a hill overlooking the sea, stripped naked and bound hand and foot. Saladin, surrounded by his emirs, came to see his prey. Their life was promised to the brethren if they would abjure their religion; to a man they refused the offer. Then, one by one, they were beheaded. They knelt facing the setting sun, and murmuring prayers as the keen scimitars struck off their heads. Saladin applauded the best strokes and himself took off the head of the grand master, it is said. One man, one only, was spared and sent away by Saladin, to tell through the world how the knights had died at Tiberias.

"I have found a man with whom you can make the journey to Damascus," said Ibrahim. "An Arab lying apparently asleep in the market,

He came in the evening for my baggage, that all might be in order early; he had found some travellers who were quite willing to join us, and he was to meet me at dawn at a corner of the street, a few rods from my door. That I need not disturb the household at so early an hour, I bade them all good-bye in the evening. Like the Gärtnerin at Nazareth the school-mistress would none of my money, "could not think of it," she said.

In the first faint light I stole softly down to the appointed place. Yusef came, his brown face wearing the friendly look which in all the days we were together never left it. Yakub never smiled; Yusef's face always wore, not exactly a smile, it was rather an irradiation, that seemed to come from within. On the edge of the city we came up with the two Syrian merchants who were going with us, but not so far as Damascus.

They saluted me with the respectful gravity of the Orientals, and we rode on in silence. In the brightness and freshness of the early morn, that ride along the blue lake was delightful.

At the broadest part of the lake we passed the wretched little village of Mejdél, which is on the site of the ancient Magdala, the home of the Mary whose name is always connected with it. At Khân-Minyeh we ate our breakfast in a nook whence we had a fine view of the water and the hills beyond it.

I gave Yûsef, from my well-furnished luncheon-basket some things that he seemed to relish, and he returned the favour in kind. We had already made some progress in getting acquainted. I had learned that he was a Christian, that his wife had been some time at the Mission school in Beirût, [I do not know in what capacity, that she was 'a good woman,' and that they had several children.

This Khân Minyeh disputes with Tell-Hum, a place, or rather some ruins of a place, a little farther on, the honour of being the Capernaum of old days. Scholars are as yet unsettled about it, there being only probabilities to decide by.

Towards the upper end of the lake I dismounted to gather the pretty little shells which lay thick in the wavy water-laid furrows of sand. They were different from those I found below Tiberias, more delicate in form, colour, and texture, and so abundant that in a few minutes I supplied myself with enough to make happy many a one who prized even a minute shell that had been kissed by the waves of the far away Sea of Galilee.

It may be that Jesus never visited Tiberias: it was built in His youth by the Romans, and in its early period attracted very few Jews; but here in the neighbourhood of Capernaum and Bethsaida He must often have been; must often have enjoyed the beautiful view of the blue sea and its green hills.

This fertile country is very little cultivated. O for the strong arms and willing minds that western and northern Europe might so well spare to this land which so needs them. Along the shore, along all the little water courses, and in all moist places, stood majestic oleanders, in rich bloom. We in the north who grow them in pots and in hot-houses can scarcely imagine the stately luxuriance of this plant in its own clime.

Among the many flowers that adorned the route, I recognized several that are common to England and America; some fine *verbascum* (moth mullein), and the largest finest specimens of *Adonis* that I have ever met. In Italy these are called "blood-drops of Jesus," *goccie di sangue di Gesù*. A delicate variety of *silene* is there called "pretty little hands of Jesus," *manina di Gesù*. Beyond Khân-Minyeh there are marshy grounds, where the papyrus, so nearly extinct in Egypt, grows in abundance.

On the way from Tell Hum to Khân Jubb Jûsef we passed the ruins of the ancient Chorazin, once evidently a place of some importance.

After striking the grand caravan route to Damascus we fell in with an English party—three gentlemen and two ladies; the latter looked

very weary and went very slowly, so we left them behind and rode on with their Syrian dragoman, the servants and baggage horses. He was friendly, and when I asked leave to camp beside them, said cordially: "You are welcome to our life," repeating the peculiar phrase two or three times in as many minutes. He looked quite grand in his picturesque dress, with a long-fringed gay-coloured silken shawl hanging down over his neck, and floating out as he rode. I had its exact counterpart in my sack; a present from a lady in Nubia. The two sleeping-tents and the dining-tent were pitched, and supper in progress, when the others came up.

I ate my simple meal of bread, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, figs and oranges, and arranged myself for the night on the lee side of a tent. I was just dozing off when the English ladies came to invite me to "dine" with them. "I supped immediately after my arrival," I said.

"But you had nothing hot?"

"No, but it is quite indifferent to me if my food is cold or hot."

"Ah, you must indeed come and have a good substantial dinner with us."

"But you see I am gone to bed."

"Is it possible you are going to sleep there out of doors on the earth?" and the commiseration of her tone was touching.

"But do you not see, kind ladies, that this is a bed-room? Behold this sheet of oiled canvas, my floor and carpet; this white canvas of your tent is the back wall of my bedroom. This ample mackintosh spread out across the tent-ropes, and sloping to the ground, is its front wall; yon pile of horse feed, horse furniture, and baggage, is the end wall; and the shawl you drew aside to come in is my door. Out yonder, beside the dining-tent, lies my Christian Arab, and God's angels are about us. No lord will sleep this night sounder or safer than I." They did not seem at all convinced, and turned slowly away, saying—

"It seems dreadful to lie down there after a day's journey, without even a cup of tea."

Soon after a servant came with a bowl of soup, saying that I must take it, as the ladies felt so unhappy about me. In the morning, as I was about to mount my horse, the father of the ladies asked me to have a cup of tea. "Thanks, I do not drink tea." "A cup of coffee then?" "I do not take coffee either."

"What can I offer you?"

"Nothing, thank you, nothing at all. I have all that I need."

His kind heart was pained I am sure by his inability to do anything for my "comfort." The weather was fine, and those morning rides were delicious. No ever so fine a breakfast could compensate me for their loss.

We passed an Arab village where Yûsef thought there might be danger, but not a dog wagged his tongue against us. A lot of children ran after us for some distance, as is the manner of their kind, with outstretched hand, and the cry of *bakhshish*, *bakhshish*, no way discouraged by my repeated "*mafish*," nothing for you. At Ain-Mellaha we stopped for the mid-day rest;

there the English party rejoined us, and on a pretty mound well-shaded by fine trees, we ate in goodly fellowship. The dragoman gave me lemonade when he found I did not take wine, and he not only made me eat of their food, but sent some to the men, and insisted that I should replenish my provision sack with bread and cheese, as he learned that his dogs had stolen from my stock.

"You must camp beside us again to-night and dine with us," said he; "I invite you, and you must not refuse." We had a good deal of talk in the course of the day. He knew my beloved Jerusalem friends, and said warmly, "They are God's folks." He was no way distressed about me; on the contrary, he approved my ways.

"You have learned how to live," said he; "you know how to travel, you get the very cream of travel, you see and learn many things that rich travellers entirely miss."

Here the two merchants left us to go their own way, as the danger line was passed and as we had other company. They seemed respectable men, but we had little conversation, having no medium but signs, and my scanty stock of Arab words and phrases.

Our stopping place was near Lake Huleh, the ancient "waters of Merom," where the Canaanitish kings "with their hosts that were as the sand that is on the seashore in multitude, pitched to fight against Israel. And Joshua came and all the people of war with him against them by the waters of Merom, and the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel."

The lake is about four miles long, and rather less than that in width. North of the lake there is a great marshy plain which is frequented by buffaloes, and which some day, when drained, will be a treasure for farmers. The upper part of it is a tangle of papyrus. This plant is now nearly extinct in Egypt. Through a country inhabited partly by Bedouins who of course being Arabs devote the fertile land to pasturage, rather than tillage, we came towards evening to Bâniyas, the Casarea Philippi of the New Testament. Originally a Greek town, its history is the old old story, of successive conquerors, Jews, Romans, Arabians, Crusaders. Charmingly situated in a region of mountains and vales, with wood and water, fertile soil, and fine climate, it should be a paradise of plenty and happiness instead of the village of fifty or sixty houses that it has sunk to. Earthquakes are one other cause of its desolation.

It was quite early enough to permit of visiting the source or rather one of the sources of the Jordan. The water rushes from beneath a mass of rocks, as if glad to meet the sunshine, and run to meet its sister streams in the waters of Merom, and with them form one of the famous rivers of the world. As it goes smiling and singing along it does not yet know that its fate is unlike that of most streams, and that it will end its bright existence in the bitter sea which is the burial place of "the doomed and blasted cities of the plain."

I did not accept the invitation to camp beside the English party, but went with Yûsef to the

house of one of his friends in the neighbourhood of the town, respectable well-to-do people. They had me sit down upon not the floor nor yet a mat, but upon what I thought might be a pile of cushions covered with a gay-coloured blanket or a piece of carpet; they are often one and the same in the East. In the evening I found that it was my bed, and was composed of a thick cotton quilt which answered for mattress, a pillow equally stuffed with cotton, the aforesaid carpet, and, a luxury, a cotton sheet. The ground floor was a stable for the animals, as I saw in coming up the open stairway. I ate with the family at a low table scarcely higher than my knees, and less convenient than the floor would have been. Yûsef was not one of us. He had gone to pass the night with some other friends. All seemed pleased to have me for a guest and desirous to entertain me as well as possible. A neighbour who spoke English invited me to call on him; my hostess seconded the invitation, promising to accompany me there, and to take me afterwards to another house, where there were marriage festivities.

The neighbour received me in a large well-furnished and carpeted room and offered me black coffee in minute cups, with sweetmeats and candies. I could not be so impolite as to refuse the coffee. He was delighted with the opportunity of improving his English and begged me to correct his errors which were many certainly. He listened attentively to all I said, and evidently counted each phrase he mastered, and each word he learned, as a treasure gained. Duly came my hostess to bring me to the wedding carousal, I can give it no other name. The crowd, the heat, the tumult, were intolerable, and I tried to get away while my companion strove to bring me forward.

My hands were seized by one, and another, and I was pushed and pulled towards something which all seemed determined I should not miss. I could not understand and tried to turn back. At last by great perseverance they brought me through to the bride! Poor thing, she stood at the end of the long apartment, in her finery and tinsel, to receive the congratulations or other attentions of the uproarious guests. How long the bride had been undergoing the festivities I do not know, but it is to be hoped this phase of them was not of long duration.

It was bed-time when I got home. The father and mother arranged each a couch similar to mine, and with little disrobing laid themselves down to sleep. The little child was laid in a crib over whose roof a covering was drawn so closely as to nearly suffocate the poor thing.

As we were only thirteen or fourteen hours from Damascus, we did not need to make so early a start as usual. Yûsef had evidently fallen among friends and looked as smiling as the morning; the host and hostess accompanied me to the starting place, and the English-speaking neighbour came to say a friendly word and see us off. In saying good-bye to the woman I dropped some money into her hand. Yûsef's keen eyes perceived the movement, and he in his turn took a look at it, but made no remark upon it.

Sermonettes

for Young People

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

THE NAIL-STONE.

"And the onyx stone."—Gen. ii. 12.

IF you look attentively at one of your finger-nails, especially the thumb-nail, you will notice that it has several markings. At the lowest part, where the nail comes out of the finger, there is a roundish band of a white colour called a *lunula*, because it is like the top of a faint moon, rising above the horizon. Over that there is the broad band of the nail, of a pale pink colour; and at the top there is a band more or less narrow of a whitish colour, which forms the edge of the nail. You have thus three distinct bands or markings on your nail, and these vary on the different fingers, and in different persons; being usually more distinct on fair-haired, than on dark-haired persons. The ancient Greeks noticed these peculiar markings on their nails; and when they first saw the precious stone mentioned in my text, they called it onyx, which means the human nail, because it had the same colour, and the same kind of markings on it. When the bands of the nail-stone were red and white, they called it a sardonyx; when the bands were black and white they called it an onyx. The onyx is very like an agate or Scotch pebble, whose beautiful markings when cut and polished you have often I am sure admired in brooches and other ornaments. It does not crystallise into sharp mathematical angles, like other precious stones, such as the diamond, the emerald, the ruby, the sapphire; but it forms successive layers, by slowly depositing the flinty material which it attracts round its central point or over its first layer; and colouring them with the different substances which it finds in the rocks. It is found in the form of round lumps or nodules, in the cavities of a kind of volcanic rock, caused by the expansive power of gases, in the process of cooling.

The onyx or nail-stone is mentioned in the account of the earthly paradise, which was created to be man's first home, as one of the three precious objects found in it. The first was pure gold; and we are told that the gold of that land was good. Eden was the mother country of gold, where it could be gathered not only in large quantity but of the best quality. The first gold was got in rivers, where it was washed down from the rocks, and all the impurities of the ore removed from it. The four rivers of Paradise flowed over sands of gold. The second precious thing which man's first home possessed was bdellium, a very fragrant and costly gum, oozing

from the bark of a tree that grew on the banks of the sacred rivers. And the third was the onyx stone, which the waters, as they wore away the rocks in which the nodules were embedded, and they fell out in consequence, carried down like pebbles, and deposited in their beds or along their banks. Thus you have the three things, gold, spices, and precious stones, which eastern people thought the most valuable and desirable of all earthly things, and which they made the emblem of wealth, comprehending all man's possessions. These were the riches of the earth which were the figures of the higher heavenly riches; the things that were afterwards presented to Christ as Lord of all, in the gifts at His birth, and in the alabaster box of precious ointment.

The onyx was the representative stone of the earthly paradise. Indeed the whole earth if you look at it from an enlarged point of view is a gigantic onyx, composed of a great many strata deposited at different times and of different materials. A cutting in one of our railway embankments, often shows as you pass through in the train, a picture of different layers of rock like those of an onyx. And geologists tell us that the earth was formed during vast ages, very much in the same way as the onyx stone was formed. Now God meant that His Eden should be to us like the first layer of the onyx stone. He finished all things Himself, but He left room for man to work; and just as the onyx stone grows by adding layer to layer to the first stratum, so God wished His Eden to be the foundation upon which man's work would gather and increase. He gave us Eden as the model or pattern according to which we are to shape our work. From this centre of God's own special work, He wished us to work out the Divine purposes in adorning and beautifying the earth, and bringing out its resources. Man is to be a fellow-worker with God. Human art is to help nature, and to make its perfections more suited to our wants. The flowers by cultivation are to become more beautiful, and the fruits larger, sweeter, and more abundant. The bee is to store a larger quantity of honey, and the cow to produce a larger quantity of milk, and the sheep to yield a finer fleece, and the silkworm a more glossy cocoon than in the natural state.

And just as the onyx makes all its successive layers like those which it first formed, so does man by his skill and labour, seek to make the whole earth what God meant it to be, after the pattern shown to him in Eden. The blessing of paradise lay not merely in the beauty of the garden, but in the labour of dressing and keeping it, and so bringing more beauty out of it. You do not get all you need at once; for in that case the gift would be an evil and not a good. So much is bestowed, and so much withheld. Something to begin with, material to work upon, and the need to seek the rest; that is God's plan. And through this deficiency and the necessity of supplying it, your energies are called forth, and your minds made stronger and wiser. And through your own efforts God gives you what you need, in

a way far better for you than if He bestowed it all at the beginning, straight out of His own hand.

And as with the natural world, so with the church. God forms His living stones by His grace as He forms the onyx out of the volcanic rock. The Apostle Peter speaks about believers being built as living stones upon Jesus Christ, the precious foundation stone. Their faith and life are formed upon Jesus, as the successive layers of the onyx are formed upon its first layer. They resemble Him as the layers of the onyx resemble one another. Dead stones become alive in Him; common stones are converted into jewels by contact with Him. The worth and beauty of Jesus are passed on to all His people, so that their dull common stones shine in the beauty of His holiness. "To whom coming as to a living stone, ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual house." The onyx gathers to itself only layers of substance like its own. And so God wishes you to build upon the precious foundation which He has laid for you not unsuitable substances, which have nothing in common with this foundation, but precious stones that are like the precious stone upon which they rest, and that will pass without injury through the final fire that shall consume all the perishing things of earth.

And just as the first layer in the onyx stone involves all the rest—the particle of matter that started the process of crystallisation in the rock gathering to itself layer after layer of crystalline substance, until all the available material is exhausted—so God's first act of mercy implies and involves all that follows. He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for you all, will with Him freely give you all things. The love and pity that led God to bestow the one great thing, will lead Him to bestow other lesser things. That is an argument founded on the consistency of God; the unity of His purpose as seen alike in the formation of an onyx-stone, and in the formation of His church. Everything that you need will be given with God's unspeakable gift. Having Christ, all things are yours. The first gift is the pledge of all others. Having the nucleus the precious stone will be duly formed around it. Where there is conversion, there will be sanctification and glorification. Having the beginning of salvation, you will have heaven as the completion of it. The onyx stone is therefore in the earthly paradise as a pledge and foretaste of the heavenly paradise.

There was a most interesting use made of the onyx, to which I must point your attention. Two onyx stones, enclosed in settings of gold, adorned the ephod which the Jewish high priest bore upon his shoulders; one onyx stone upon the right shoulder and the other upon the left. On the one stone the names of six of the tribes of Israel were engraved, and on the other stone the names of the other six tribes. And these stones were called Stones of Memorial, because the high priest, every time that he ministered in the tabernacle, carried them into the holy place as a remembrance of the Children of Israel before the Lord.

An onyx stone is composed, as I have said, of alternate bands of black and white. The surface is a layer of opaque white resting upon a ground of black. And when a figure or a name is engraved upon it, it makes the lines in white stand out against the dark background, and thus become more distinct. This form of art, called cameo engraving, was a great favourite with the ancients; and some of the cameos, cut in onyxes preserved to us from the palmy days of Greece and Rome, are marvels of beauty and skill. They carved the figure or the name in the white stratum: and it appeared as a raised surface in clear relief against the black layer underneath, which then showed itself. Now it was not merely because the onyx was the best material for the engraver's art, and because a larger surface could be got of it than of any other precious stone, that it was chosen to bear the names of the Children of Israel on the high-priest's shoulders; but because, we may suppose, of its typical significance. There was a special fitness in the names of Israel being carved in white against a black ground colour. Black and white are the extremest contrasts in Scripture. Black is the symbol of evil, of mourning, and death; and white is the symbol of purity, of joy, and life. The onyx stones on the high-priest's shoulders, with their layers of black and white, therefore meant that those whose names were engraved upon them were mixed characters; black and unworthy in themselves, but made worthy and white by the grace of God. In the very act of carving their names upon the white stratum of the onyx, the dark layer underneath was exposed. They were inwardly black and sinful in themselves, but they were God's chosen covenant people, a holy nation, a royal priesthood.

And therefore when the high-priest appeared in the holy place on behalf of Israel, the onyx stones on his shoulders proclaimed that those whose names were carved upon them were sinful beings, and yet were privileged to draw near to God and to offer sacrifices for sin. The guilty Israelite saw the onyx stone with the name of his tribe on it on the high priest's shoulders when he went in to make atonement for his guilt; and he knew by that sign that sinful although he was, he had not forfeited his share in the work of intercession which the high priest carried on. And the blessed thought would come to him that the high priest bore his name upon his shoulder, in token that his guilt would be taken away, and that strength would be given to him to rise out of his sin into freedom and purity—just as out of the blackness of the onyx arose its whiteness.

And does not your great High Priest bear your name on the onyx stone on His shoulders before God in heaven, in token that, though sinful and polluted in yourselves, if you trust in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be clothed with the white robe of righteousness and be accepted in Him? He carves out your name in white on a black background. And the more distinctly you read your name as God's adopted children, the more fully are you convinced of your own sinfulness. The more you bear of Christ's

beauty, the more you realize your own vileness. The discipline of God's providence and grace is just like the art of cameo carving, intended to bring out into clearer relief your title to an inheritance among them that are sanctified, and at the same time to humble you by a deeper sense of your own unworthiness. Receiving Jesus as the Lord your Righteousness, you the children of wrath even as others, receive the white stone and the new name written on it, sons of God. And when God's holy light shines on the letters of that name, you can say—

Black indeed I am by nature,
White by heavenly love adorned;
He bestowed on me my whiteness,
When my blackness first I mourned.

And God has laid your help upon One who is mighty. As your great High Priest, Jesus bears you up in the perfection of His own holiness and strength before God. You remember how the good shepherd, when he had found the lost sheep, carried it home on his shoulders rejoicing. And so your great High Priest will bear the weakest of you upon His shoulders, and will hold up all your goings, and support and strengthen you until you are able to overcome all your sins and foes, and come at last to His home in glory.

The onyx stones on the Jewish high priest's shoulders showed the original blackness and yet comeliness through grace of all the people of Israel equally. But the precious stones of different hues and values on his bosom, showed what the grace of God made of each of them, variety amid unity. The Divine love brought out of the stones lying upon the heart of the high priest, the different qualities and powers that belonged to each, harmonising them all in its own glorious light. And so while you are all sinners redeemed by grace, the work of the Spirit enables each of you to reflect the beauty of holiness in a different manner. Each of you has the place for which you are best fitted; each of you has a quality and a power peculiar to yourself, without which the symmetry and beauty of the rest would not be complete. And with all your different qualities and powers and positions, you all lie upon the heart of Jesus. He loves you all, as He loved the disciples whose qualities were so different.

We are told that one of the precious stones on the breast plate, the second stone in the fourth row, was an onyx, and that the name of the tribe of Ashur was engraved upon it. Now the word Ashur means "blessedness;" and it would seem as if, seeing that the names of all the sons of Jacob were placed upon the onyx stones on the shoulders of the high priest, the blessing that belonged to them all was combined in this one complete blessedness, graven on this one onyx stone of the breastplate. And what blessedness is like yours, my dear young friends, if your names are on the onyx stones on the shoulders of your great High Priest, and on the onyx stone of His breastplate; if He thus sets you as a seal upon His heart, and as a seal upon His arm; wears you like a precious stone in closest connec-

tion with His own person, in the place of His love, and in the place of His strength! That nail-stone tells you that you are nearer to Him than the nail upon your finger is to yourself. The artist often sketches a picture on his thumb-nail to complete on a large scale afterwards; and so God engraves your name upon the palms of His hands, to remind Him of all your interests that He may take care of them. The nail is one of the most sensitive parts of the body, and when hurt is most painful; and so what touches you touches Him to the quick. "Why persecutest thou me?" He says to the persecutor of His people. We are told that the ephod and the breastplate were united by chains of gold, so that the heart and the arm of the high priest were thus connected together. Each movement of his breast affected the movement of his arm. What he did with his arm was, so to speak, prompted in this manner by his breast. And so is not the breastplate of your great High Priest bound to His ephod in the same wonderful way with chains of unchanging everlasting love, so that all things work together for good to you, because the Almighty

arm that moves the universe is moved by a heart of love for you?

Job tells you that wisdom cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, or with the precious onyx. May it be the wisdom of each of you to find the blessedness of Ashur, whose name was carved both upon the onyx stone of the breastplate, and on the onyx stone of the shoulder; for He whose heart prompts Him to begin the good work in you, will by His arm finish it, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, on the day that He maketh up His jewels. You notice the striking fact that the onyx of Eden becomes the sardonyx of the New Jerusalem; the black and white stone of the paradise lost becoming the red and white stone of the paradise regained. The fifth foundation of the wall of the heavenly Jerusalem was not a common onyx, but a purer and more valuable form of it, a sardonyx; for all the blackness of sin is removed for ever in that place where nothing that defileth can enter, and the inhabitants have all washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

WILLIAM CAREY IN LEICESTER.

I.

THE town of Leicester is associated with not a few men whose names are held in reverence and esteem by all sections of the Christian Church. In the Established Church, the holy-minded Thomas Robinson, the author of "Scripture Characters," laboured for many years as the beloved and faithful Vicar of St. Mary's. The parish of St. Martin's claims the Vaughan family, distinguished for their refinement and scholarly attainments. The father, well known in his time, was, as an able preacher of long morning sermons, Vicar for many years of St. Martin's Church, where his son David Vaughan, Canon of Peterboro' now officiates—another son being the present distinguished Dean of Llandaff. The Baptists might be excusably proud of their record, including the devoted William Carey, the illustrious Robert Hall, and his immediate successor and ardent admirer, James Phillippo Mursell. The Independents too, can quote the names of Dr. Legge and Edward Miall.

Among all these there is no one of such world-renowned fame as William Carey, who just one hundred years ago roused the Baptist church to send to the heathen in distant lands the glad tidings of salvation.

It was in June 1789, that William Carey resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Moulton, in Northamptonshire, and complied with the request of the Baptist church meeting in Harvey Lane, Leicester, "to supply them as a probationer." The Leicester of those days was

indeed different from the large and flourishing town of to-day. Its population was under 17,000. Its streets were narrow, and paved with small round stones, some few specimens of which still exist and are derisively styled "petrified kidneys." A gutter ran down the middle of the road, and a causeway for foot-passengers was "the latest improvement." The houses were low and irregularly built. Many of them had gabled roofs and small-paned bow windows. Only a portion of the town was lighted by the old oil lamps. No bakers' vans, noisy milk-carts, or heavy drays rattled over the uneven stones. "Bread was carried in panniers slung on each side of a horse, and milk was borne from door to door upon the heads of women." Pack horses were used in the conveyance of goods. When the distance to be traversed was great, and the load a heavy one, a team of eight or ten horses was employed, the first horse, or leader, having a string of bells attached to the harness. Riding on horseback was the usual mode of travelling, and country ladies rode to market on pillions behind their husbands. Stage coaches were generally used in the performance of long journeys, and the arrival of the two mail coaches which passed through Leicester daily, was still sufficiently novel to attract large numbers of sight-seers.

The sound of the stocking-frame was heard in every cottage; the chief manufacturing industry being pink stockings for the use of the lower classes, and pearl-coloured ones for those who were higher in the social scale. Linsey-woolsey



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THE PRINCE RA-HOTEP AND QUEEN NEFER-T.

and tammy-cloth were the principal dress materials for ordinary wear. Coarse home-spun linens were brought into the town by country women, and sold at stated times in the open streets. Only a few years before this, the dress of the wealthier classes was distinguished from that of their poorer neighbours by trimmings of gold lace and ruffles.

The style of living was simple and economical compared with that of the present day. The poor seldom tasted wheaten bread, and butchers' meat, although not more than twopence a pound, was seldom partaken of by them. It is curious to note that pigeons formed an important article of food. Immense quantities of these birds were brought to market every Saturday and sold under the pigeon tree, a tall spreading sycamore, which stood near the top of the market-place. On feast-days and grand occasions people ate and drank to excess. Educational advantages were limited, and there was little choice for parents in the selection of schools for their sons and daughters. Young children were often sent to a Dame school, but the principal place of education was the Free Grammar School, whose affairs were under the control of the Corporation.

The morality of the people was low. Cock-fighting, and fights between men (in which women sometimes took part), were amongst the favourite amusements.

The religious condition of the people is thus described by the biographer of the Rev. Thomas Robinson: "Religion was a feeble and sickly plant; it consisted for the most part in names and forms, and a sort of pharisaical attendance upon one service on the Sunday. Party spirit, envy and strife, jealousy and railing, chiefly on the ground of petty divisions in provincial politics, with a high degree of bigotry and intolerance were found in most circles. Much of eating and drinking, of card-playing and of frivolous dissipation, prevailed amongst the richer people — much of low sensuality among the poorer. What little of vital religion there was, appeared principally among the Dissenters; especially those of the Presbyterian and Baptist persuasion."

Sunday schools had been established a very few years, and as the interest of their founders began to wane, a special committee of subscribers was convened for the purpose of obtaining new and increased contributions.

The meeting-house which was to be the scene of William Carey's labours, was a plain brick building in a narrow street, known as Harvey or Hervey Lane. It is still in existence, and although it has been re-pewed, and otherwise altered, to meet the requirements of the present congregation, it is substantially the same. The graveyard is unchanged, and contains the remains of some who were connected with the church at the time of Mr. Carey's ministry. At the present time the surroundings of the place are, to say the least, uninviting; but in Carey's day, although obscure and out of the main road, the neighbourhood was not without its attractions. The Bath Gardens, or Vauxhall, then a fashionable resort for out-door amusements, were close at hand.

On the other side of the river were the beautifully wooded grounds of Westcotes and Danett's Hall, while green fields leading into pleasant country lanes were within an easy walk.

The church at Harvey Lane was a branch of the Particular Baptist church at Sutton-in-the-Elms. In the year 1760, thirteen members migrated to Leicester, and thus formed the foundation of the present church. The first covenant which bound these early members together was on severely Calvinistic lines. So narrow was it, that Carey, with the approval of some of the larger-minded members of his flock, revised it, and a second covenant was drawn up. Several of the old members attached to hyper-calvinistic doctrines could not see their way to subscribe their names, and two months were allowed them to determine whether they would unite with their brethren or not. They viewed this movement with fearful forebodings, and so withdrew and joined a community more in accordance with their own convictions. The numerical loss was of small consequence to the church when the gain in spiritual power is considered. That Mr. Carey's ministrations were appreciated from the outset is manifest from the following note which appears in the Church Book of the Harvey Lane Meeting: "At a Church Meeting, Sept. 1789, as our Hearers increased so that we had not room for them to sit conveniently, it was agreed to build a Front Gallery, which was done by about February, 1790. This, with the alterations of some of the Pews below, cost about Ninety-eight Pounds. After we had applied to several churches for assistance to defray this expense in vain, it was agreed to subscribe weekly among ourselves to pay off 60 Pounds which remained. This was done by the Minister and many of the Members. Begun and finished 1794."

Mr. Carey lived in a small house opposite the chapel—at that time the only house on that side of the street. Mr. Gardiner, from whose interesting book "Music and Friends" the foregoing details relating to Leicester have been chiefly gathered, says: "I have seen him at work in his leathern apron, his books beside him, and his beautiful flowers in the windows."

Here he studied and here he taught his little scholars, whose fees eked out the small stipend the church was then able to offer. How busy his life was may be best judged by his own words. In a letter to his father, he writes: "Monday is devoted to the learned languages; Tuesday, the study of science, history, composition, etc.; Wednesday, I preach a lecture, and have been for more than twelve months on the Book of Revelation; Thursday, I visit my friends; Friday and Saturday preparing for the Lord's Day." His school hours were from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon in the summer, and till five in the afternoon in the winter.

He preached three times every Sunday in his own chapel or the surrounding villages. He was secretary to the local committee of dissenters. "Add to this, occasional journeys, ministers' meetings, etc., and you will wonder rather that

I have any time, than that I have so little. I am not my own, nor would I choose for myself. Let God employ me where He thinks fit, and give me patience and discretion to fill up my station to His honour and glory."

At first the moral tone of the church was not of the highest, and Carey made it his aim to impress on his hearers the truth that the character of the religious professor is of equal importance to his creed. The sifting process must have been a painful experience, but it appears to have been done with such wisdom, absence of bitterness and singleness of heart, that nothing but good was the result. The Harvey Lane church book further records that "On May 22, 1791, William Carey was received by letter from Moulton," and on Tuesday, May 24, 1791, that he was "solemnly ordained to the Pastoral Office over this church." Mr. Hopper, of Nottingham, Mr. Sutcliff, of Olney, Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, and Mr. Ryland, of Northampton, took part in this service. But little is told of Mr. Carey's work during his pastorate. Like others, his fellow labourers in the gospel, he doubtless had his joys and his sorrows. Certain it is, that under the care of so earnest and devoted a soul, those labours must have been greatly blessed. Mr. Fuller speaks of "his zeal and unremitting Christian activity, which not only lifted him above detraction, but greatly endeared him to

a wide circle of Christian friends; while his generous, manly, open disposition won him regard both from those who attended his ministry and from many persons of learning and opulence, besides in the general community."

There is certain proof of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen. Dr. Thomas Arnold, a distinguished physician, noticed his literary tastes and gave him free access to his well selected library—a privilege which Carey would greatly value. Mr. Robert Brewin, a gentleman of position and influence in the town, hearing of his love for flowers, formed his acquaintance and fostered those botanical tastes which were afterwards so fully developed in his fine garden at Serampore and in the broad forests and fields of India.

With his neighbour, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, Rector of St. Mary's, Mr. Carey formed a true friendship. On one occasion when Mr. Robinson playfully accused him of "sheep-stealing," Mr. Carey replied: "Mr. Robinson, I am a Dissenter, and you are a Churchman: we must each endeavour to do good according to our light. At the same time you may be assured that I would rather be the instrument of converting a scavenger that sweeps the streets, than of merely proselytising the richest and best characters in your congregation."

RAHOTEP AND NEFERT.

THE OLDEST SCULPTURE IN THE WORLD.

IN the oldest time of which we know anything in Egypt, there lived a high-born couple, the king's son Rahotep, and his wife Nefert, who was also of royal descent. He appears to have been a son of king Seneferu, and therefore a contemporary of Khufu, or Cheops, who built the great pyramid at Gizeh. His father, King Seneferu, built his sepulchre at a place about forty miles south of the present capital, Cairo; and it is now known as the pyramid of Medum. Near to it his various nobles established their tombs, and that of Rahotep was the most finely carved of them all. These tombs were externally long square masses of brickwork, each two or three hundred feet from end to end; on the east side of the masses were usually two small chambers or niches, sculptured and painted, one for the master, the other for the mistress; and pits through the midst of the pile, led down to chambers far beneath in the rock, in which were placed the mummied bodies of the owners.

Some twenty years ago the mounds of these sepulchres in the desert at Medum drew the notice of Mariette, and he sent a native overseer to break into them. Many and diverse fruitless holes were made, slices cut away, and havoc dealt around; but one great prize was uncovered. The tomb of Rahotep had thick coats

of brick added all around it; on cutting through these the sculptured outside of the chamber was revealed; then a passage was found filled with stone blocks; and inside all, was the small but lofty chamber containing the statues of the lord and his lady. These figures scared the natives by their vivid appearance, the colours as in nature, the eyes carved in crystal glittering like life. They retreated with awe, and sent news to Cairo of the discovery. A new opera detained the services of Mariette at the time, and a Greek official was sent to bring away these priceless remains to the museum, in which at Ghizeh they are now the chief treasures.

These statues, which thus bring before us two people so remote, are carved in limestone; the whole surface is painted in natural colours, the man a yellow-brown, the woman light yellow on her face and hands, with a band of red and green embroidery on her black hair, the eyes are skilfully carved in rock-crystal, and inlaid with a painted iris at the back, giving a glitter and a depth which fixes the attention at a glance. These works have never been surpassed in Egypt, and few other countries can show anything to rival their ability. It is difficult to realise the age of these figures, and to believe that there is nothing older known of human sculpture when

we look at their life-like forms. We seem to be in their very presence, and yet they knew nothing of all that which to us is history and the long past; to these people Egypt was a fertile new land, as bare of mountains as Australia is now; they could have no anticipation of the times of Abraham, of the great Rameses, or of the long distant beginnings of the Homeric civilisation.

The reason for carving these statues was in order to provide a material form for the spirit to inhabit after death, awaiting its reunion to the body. The Egyptian believed that he would wander disembodied about his tomb, and that his happiness depended on having a verisimilitude there ready for him to occupy, and the image of all things most needful and precious to him placed about his figure. Before that image his descendants were to come, and make their offerings of fresh food and drink for his continued support; and if their piety failed he had a store of "preserved provisions" in the figures of offerings on the walls.

The passage leading into Rahotep's chamber has sculptured on the sides of it the life-size figures of Rahotep and Nefert in relief, with their sons snaring birds, and their servants leading in the

prize cattle, or engaged in hunting in the desert. In the chamber around the statues were reliefs showing the fishermen dragging in nets, or splitting the fish, the boat-men carrying—hung between them from an oar—a monstrous fish which they have caught, the peasants ploughing, the servants with the favourite animals, oxen, gazelles, oryxes, and others, the boat-builders working on a new papyrus boat, and rows of servants with baskets of fruits and jars of wine and oil from the many farms of the prince, which are all named.

In the midst of their possessions sat the master and his fair wife; Rahotep looking careful, conscientious, weighted with all the duties and responsibilities of his station and condition. "High priest of Heliopolis" (the earliest predecessor of Joseph's father-in-law that we know) "minister of works," "commander of the archers;" and holding various other dignities which we can hardly guess at from their remote style. By his side is Nefert, "the beautiful," as her name means; free from cares and toils, placid, sweet, and yet with character and intelligence. Long may she continue to charm her admirers in these days, after two hundred generations of her descendants have passed away.

W. FLINDERS PETRIE.

A BRAVE LAD.

CHAPTER III.



IN the dim light of the lamps which swayed and flickered around the pit's mouth on that stormy night, men were running to and fro, and shouting one

to another, and women were crying as they huddled together underneath the frame-work of the pit. With the gusts of wind that roared with a great sound among the trees there mingled the roll of the sea below, and it was only in snatches that one could hear the other speak. With the turn of the tide, the wind had shifted over to the south-west and had brought up great banks of thunderous clouds, from which the rain had begun to fall in torrents.

Walter Vivian will never forget the scene on that terrible night—the agony of fear as to his father's fate, the roaring wind, the weeping women, the framing of the pit looming solemnly through the darkness, like some great spectre. His mother was the only calm woman among those assembled. All strong minds are calm in trouble. But even she broke down once, when she thought of that terrible heap of rock and earth that lay between her and her husband.

The men who had gone down to explore the workings came up for their tools with solemn faces. The fall, they said, was of such a thickness that the water would be flooding into the pit before they could dig through it, although they were going to make the attempt. They said this in a low voice, that they might not be overheard by Mrs. Vivian.

Even as they spoke she came up to them.

"Why don't you try to cut through?" she said.

"We are going to try, ma'am," said the foreman, with a glance of compassion.

"That's right," said a man at the rear, in an undertone.

"We must show her that we are doing our best, although we shan't be a quarter through when the tide is up."

"I shall come down with you," said Mrs. Vivian, calmly.

"I must see for myself whether anything can be done."

"My dear Mrs. Vivian——" began the clergyman.

"I shall go, Mr. Wynne," she said, quietly.

"Then I shall accompany you," replied the good-natured vicar.

"You will stay in the engine-house, my poor boys," said Mrs. Vivian to Jack and Walter, as she kissed them.

And then the party were let down the dark chasm that led to the workings.

A slim figure stood a few minutes later, breathing land in the shadow of the engine-house. It was Walter Vivian, who had overheard all that the men had said. The tide was flowing into the pit! And the fall had cut off all chance of escape! And his father, his dear, kindly father, who had never said a harsh word to him, was down there, panned up like a rat in a hole, while the cruel, gurgling

waters were rising all around, and bringing black Death in their train! He stood there in an agony of dread. The perspiration stood out in great drops on his forehead. And then, boy-like, he burst into tears, and fell on his knees on the muddy earth.

How passionately he prayed! With what a flood of anguish his young heart burst forth to God, as he knelt in the pelting rain, amidst the shrieking of the blustering wind. "Oh, God! Oh, merciful God! Spare my dear father's life."

He uttered the words over and over again, hardly knowing what he was saying.

Ah! we, as we sit at our ease in our comfortable homes, little know what toil, what privation and anguish, people are undergoing in all parts of the world in their struggle for their daily bread. Even while we laugh merrily, or bask in the sunshine of life, there are breaking hearts, and eyes red with weeping all around us. Let us be pitiful one to another, let us be tender—even as Christ was tender—lest we ourselves need tenderness and pity one day.

And I believe that Christ was on that moaning mountain-top on that terrible night. I believe it was He who whispered so gently into the ear of that weeping lad. A whisper of hope. A ray of light. A bright happy thought.

For Walter sprang to his feet suddenly, and his cheek flushed with hope, and his breath came and went between his parted lips.

"I have it!" he shouted. "Oh, thank God! Father, dear father, I will try to save you."

He ran to the engine-house, where Jack was lying in sullen misery before the fire, and beckoned his brother out. He did not wish to speak in the presence of the poor women, who sat there sobbing and moaning.

"Jack!" he burst forth, as soon as his brother had come outside, "Oh, Jack, we will try to save him; you and I, Jack! There is not a moment to be lost. Come at once, Jack!"

"Where to?" asked Jack, in a whining tone. "What's the good of trying, when the men can't do anything?"

"But, Jack, they don't know of this way. I never thought of it until they had gone down. You remember the cavern we explored that day, Jack, and the hole we found leading into the old mine? The water is already in the level. We must get into the old mine through the cavern, and from there we must try to reach father. Oh! Jack, we may be in time to warn them, and show them the way out."

Jack looked down and moved uneasily. "How can we get to the cavern?" he asked fretfully, "when the tide is up already along the beach?"

"We must let ourselves down the cliff with a rope," answered Walter quickly. "Oh! come, Jack. We are wasting time. The tide is rising while we are talking."

If it had been daylight, Walter would have seen that Jack's face was blanched, and his lip trembling. The very thought of his brother's proposal filled him with an agony of fear. To go down that dark road to the beach on this dark night! To hang in mid-air over the jagged edge of that great precipice, with the roaring, wind-beaten waters seething and dashing beneath! To dangle there, with only a rope between him and certain death! To creep along on hands and knees, through the black darkness of that cavern, and the silent slimy tunnels of the deserted mine! He could not do it. He shuddered so violently that Walter saw it by the dim light that strayed through the engine-house window. And then Jack tried to put a bold air on it.

"You don't know anything about it," he said to Walter.

"If I thought it would be any good, I—I—would do it. But I know it isn't any good at all."

His voice was trembling, and his knees knocking together. Walter looked at him, half in astonishment, and half in disappointment. He realised for the first time in his life that the biggest bully is always the biggest coward.

"Then I shall go alone," he said quietly.

Jack looked down shamefacedly. He could not meet his brother's gaze. "I tell you before you go," he said lamely, "that it is no good. I—I—I—think I had better stay here, or mother will be frightened when she comes up."

Without a word, Walter turned on his heel, and commenced running down the road to the house, while Jack slunk back into the engine-house, and sat down before the fire.

Down the dark, rain-sodden road Walter went like a young hare, while the larch-trees crashed and moaned on either hand, and the rain swept with a rattle among the dripping leaves. The wind roared so that he could not hear his own footsteps as he lightly sped over the ground. In less than ten minutes he dashed into the yard of the house, and making for the stable, groped about in the dark until he found a coil of stout rope. This he gathered up and threw over his shoulder. Then he ran to the tool-house, and took up a safety-lamp which belonged to his father.

Another swift run down the steep hillside—through the silent, dripping larch plantation, along a narrow, deserted lane—across a small ash wood, and he was out on the cliff, facing the seething, troubled ocean. The wind almost took his breath away, as he came out into the open. Turning to the right, he hurried along the top of the cliff until he arrived at a spot where some sturdy, stunted oaks were groaning and swaying with the force of the storm. He quickly tied the rope to one of these, and securing the safety-lamp to his waist by means of some strong twine, he let himself down over the edge of the cliff.

The wind, dashing against the face of the rock with a clap like that of a thunderbolt, swayed the rope this way and that, and it was only by the constant use of his feet that Walter could steady himself.

Hand over hand, inch by inch, gripping the rope with a frantic clutch, he let himself down until he came to a firmly-rooted bush that grew forth from the cliff. Here he found a foothold. But even as he did so, the wind, rushing along with a gust of special fury, swayed the rope so violently that he was thrown forward. His forehead came in contact with a corner of jutting rock. A swimming sensation caused his brain to whirl. Almost unconsciously he let go the rope to avoid another blow, and at the same time clutched at the bush. The rope was blown far out of his reach, and then swayed past him to the other side. A faint, sickening feeling seized him. Another moment, and he would have dropped into the cruel waters.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.—p. 368.—ABEL—ADAM.—Gen. iv. 1, 2.

A	mas	A	.	.	.	.	.	2 Sam. xvii. 25.
B	enhada	D	.	.	.	.	.	1 Kings xx. 10.
E	lisha	A	.	.	.	.	.	2 Kings xiii. 21.
L	eshe	M	.	.	.	.	.	Jos. xix. 47.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ELLIPSIS EXERCISE.

NO. IV.—p. 368.

The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psa. lxxxiv. 11.