

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE OLD HOME.

THE OLD HOME.

THERE is a little word of four letters which we who are British born, pride ourselves has no equivalent in any other language. French, pre-eminent for the grace and abundance of its literary store, has for it no inter-changeable term—the German “*Heimath*” comes nearest, perhaps, in kindly sound, but it scarce seems to convey all that we express when we speak of Home, sweet Home.

How sacred are the associations it brings with it to many of us—to most, one would fain believe, or at least desire. What memories it recalls even after a life-time of separation from all that made it dear. Do you suppose one forgets because so many things have happened since one was little, and thought that home was the centre of an unchanging and unchangeable world? Most of us, it is true, wish to forget a great deal, both of what has happened to us, and of what we have done, but this one memory we would keep green. It is the far off days that are best remembered. Question one who has passed life’s meridian about the events of last year and you cannot put absolute faith in his accuracy, but lead him on to tell of his youth, and see how his eye will brighten, how readily, and without a hesitation his words will flow: he is master of his facts, he cannot err. The near has grown dim, but the far off stands out clear and vivid. This Dutch-like fidelity of detail in the picture it is which gives such charm to the talk of many old people; it is this too which makes looking back not the sorrowful thing it might seem to be, but an inward pleasure that never palls.

One notices curiously with what photographic distinctness many little scenes and incidents of the first home linger in the memory of even the most absent-minded person, who could not tell you the colour of his own drawing-room carpet, or of the walls which have surrounded him for years. There was one such once, a very learned and yet beautifully simple soul, who would pass unrecognising his own wife and children in the country lanes; who never to the end of his days could distinguish a new gown from an old, though he might have gone to the buying of it, and yet whose stories of a boyhood lived in the stirring early days of the century were as fresh, as delicate, as sharp and clear as an etching. They were not stories any more as they were told at the fireside, not things that once happened to somebody else, but histories in which you had played your part.

No, dreamers as we may become, too busy, too absorbed, too sick or sad at heart, perhaps, to have eyes for what goes on around us, the early days do not grow hazy as the sight grows dim: unlike the material landscape the mental one, becomes clearer the further we recede from it. And what an unspeakable boon is this to those whose far off youth was happy. For surely the influences that surround us in childhood make their indelible mark not only on temperament, but on character? If we have known the loving and wise guidance

of father and mother, the comradeship—closest and best of all alliances—of brother and sister, we cannot but carry some of that kindly warmth with us out into the great cold world. We are better men, and better women, because love cradled our helplessness; better husbands and wives when we set up a rooftree of our own. Instinctively we hoist a standard, lift before us a model by which to shape our own lives. “My mother did so and so.” “My father’s plan was this.” Not once nor twice has the remembrance of some wholesome law, gently enforced and loyally learned in nursery days, cleared away perplexity, vanquished temptation, helped to make easy some difficult trust. And the man or woman who has had this gift of good things at the outset—a treasure store of memories, days full of fun and frolic, and innocent pleasure, and gay laughter, and graver hours by the flame’s leap in talk with father or mother, and Sundays when the Book was opened and the old stories were told anew, and prayers and little confessions that eased the heart and made sleep sweet were whispered to one tender listener—he whose early days knew like simple joys will keep something of the child’s heart all through life, and, let him be married or single, will be a friend to all little folk by reason of his own unforgettten childhood.

This is how it ought to be, thus should those who have largely received also largely give—that it is not always so, is just to say that we are erring men and women, and that even the strong cords of family affection are too weak to withhold the soul that is bent on sin. One recalls a certain son who long, long ago, left a home where surely love and utmost tenderness never lacked, and many and many another prodigal who since then has gone gaily down the broad road to the far country. Well, the son in the parable remembered the father’s house, and sick, sorry, ashamed, went back to it; and so too, the inburnt recollections of a mother’s prayers, tears and pleadings, of a father’s wise counsel or sorrowful reproof, has once and again turned a sinner from the error of his ways.

Prison chaplains and others who have large knowledge of the criminal classes, tell one that the hardest to reach, the most hopeless to help is one for whom the word home has no meaning. Love did nothing for this poor step-child. “It was never sung to, no one ever told it a tale of the nursery; it was dragged up to live or die as it happened. It had no young dreams, it broke at once into the iron realities of life.” There is nothing to go upon with such an one as this, no past to revive, no chord that can be touched with a certainty that it will vibrate responsively. Worse than parentless, how explain to the outcast the Fatherhood of God, the Divine love that encircles him too? And yet is there anything that more goes home to the understanding heart in that prayer of prayers which Christ left us than its opening appeal:—“Our Father which art in

heaven." He, the great Father of us all, teaches us to call Him by the name which ought to represent to us the tenderest and closest human tie. Like as a Father He pities us, as a Father He sets us here to dwell together in families, and as if to point to the hope that even in heaven—the final home of all His children—the bonds of kindred will still unite us, Christ tells us of the many mansions, each a separate centre of love, awaiting us there.

Happiness and unhappiness are more equally distributed than some will allow. Our lives are like an April day, now shower now shine—to one the morning glow, to another the evening gleam. If one could choose—which fortunately one cannot—one would perhaps ask that the best days should come first; even the compensations of later life, good and desirable as they are, never seem quite to make up for the sheltering love the little one finds awaiting it on its entrance into the world, for that warm inner atmosphere of the "House Beautiful" which we call Home.

Perhaps we do not find out how great a possession it is until time and space divide us from it, but that is the way with every good gift, or, one should rather say, the way of every receiver of precious things. We appreciate the true worth of that which we had when it is no longer ours. Is there any sorrow to a happy child like the first going away from home—the going to school? No other and later outgoings cost the same pang; the tears that were shed on that melancholy occasion are remembered long after keener griefs are forgotten; in the same way is there in after life any experience quite so delightful as is the first holiday return to the family roof? The great writer who was once a little Charterhouse boy has touched upon this theme a hundred times.

"If you are paterfamilias," he writes, to take a passage at random, "and a worthy kind gentleman, no doubt you have marked down on your register: seventeenth December (say), 'boys come home.' Ah, how carefully that blessed day is marked in their little calendars. In my time it used to be, 'Wednesday, 13th November, five weeks from the holidays;' 'Wednesday, 20th November, four weeks from the holidays,' until sluggish time went on and we came to Wednesday, 18th December—O rapture!"

While we read we feel the rapture too, and grow little again; it does not take a very great stretch of memory to recall all that—the ticking off of the days, and bye-and-by of the hours till the journey was begun—the journey towards such a welcome. At that buoyant season of life there was never any disappointment in the home-going, never any doubt at all that one had been missed and would be received and treated royally. And to all good homes the child goes back even if he be a man grown and grey, schooldays long over, with the same trusting confidence, the same certainty of being waited for and wanted. There, at least, whatever may befall him in the rude rough world, is a shelter where love abides.

The German language has a word which beautifully expresses the desire of the heart for the home left behind. *Heimweh*—there is longing in the very sound of it, it is a far better word

than *Nostalgia*, it means or seems to mean more than home-sickness—there is the ache and pain of exile in it. In India, in the Australian bush, in the far-off islands of the sea, many a prosperous colonist grown rich on the alien soil suffers this mysterious yearning for the mother country, and finds nothing in the land of his adoption to satisfy the craving.

Perhaps among northern races this passionate devotion to the land of one's birth is stronger than in the south. Notice the irresistible impulse that brings the traveller back to the highland glen where he first saw the light. He may know that the cottage which he still calls home is razed, scarce a stone left to mark the sacred spot where the hearth once blazed; sheep or deer feeding careless over the little farm where his father toiled, yet the fever in his blood sends him back if only as a mourner to the haunts of his childhood. Travellers in Norway tell the same tale. The hardy Norseman, like the Scot, has the stuff of a colonist in him; almost every steamer that sails from Scandinavian shores carries its quota of upright, diligent, steady folk, leaving the birth country where the struggle has grown too hard for the new land where fortune may be wooed. But of those who go forth half at least will return. It may be only on a visit, but the years of self-denial and hard work count for nothing if the money earned and saved makes a return to the paternal hearth, the rallying-place of the affections, possible. Everywhere in that delightful country one meets with intelligent men and maids who, to the unready traveller's relief, speak good English. He asks and finds that it was learned in America, in Canada, or perhaps even in distant New Zealand. "You have been there?" "Yes, but when I had saved enough, I came home again."

Back to the poor little farm, to what may be hardships, even privations, after the larger way of life across the sea, but all that matters little since the eyes can rest again upon the scenery of early love, the drooping spirit "be renovated by the fragrance of home-dwelling joys." A home which is a home, and not a mere dwelling-place, a house to live in, is the surest and safest anchor man and woman can have; to be worthy of it keeps its inmates pure, to go back to it is to return to the best that life can give.

But since the day must come for those among us who live to be old when that familiar door will be closed, when alien feet will cross its threshold, when the voice of the stranger will be heard there, and faces unknown will smile on others; it were well to remember that the home ended here is only the home begun yonder. For love does not die, and those whom we miss and mourn have but gone a little while before and a little way off, where we shall follow presently. We change our point of view, that is all; looking backward still through the mist of distance to the happy past, we learn to look forward too, to reach forth unto those things—those unimaginable, unspeakable things—that are before.

And to that last home which never change can vex, nor death and parting shadow, God grant in His great love that we all attain.

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—FROM READING TO DRISTOL.

SAY what Felix might, he could not send Lettice off that day, before his own departure by the night-train; and he could gain no promise from the Valentines, further than that Lettice should travel westwards "so soon as Mr. Jasper allowed it." Lettice was powerless against that fiat; and Felix knew it. Inwardly he fumed; outwardly he urged the advantages of change. Lettice was growing morbid, he said. "She has gone through enough to make her morbid," said Prue. Then, without warning, came the question: "Did you give my message to Mr. Kelly?"

"I have not seen him yet."

"If you would rather that one of us should write——"

"As you like," Felix replied coldly. To himself he declared, "I shall not say anything!" and Prue read this in the hardening lines of his mouth.

"Then I will write," she said under impulse. "The Rev. Robert Kelly—is it not?" and with the sound of the name a swift warm flush leapt to her face.

"Yes."

Prue stood with downcast eyes, thinking—not of Felix.

"It is best not to trouble you. And the message was entrusted to me by—her. I must see that it reaches him."

"As you like," repeated Felix, in frigid accents.

Prue put the question aside until bedtime, till she sat in her room, by candle light, after the departure of Felix, practically alone, since Lettice was asleep. Then she weighed the question again.

Should she write or should she not? Should she ask Bertha to do it? Yet—why not herself? There had been a time, many years sooner, when during six happy weeks Prue had seen much of Robert Kelly. She had liked him, and he had liked her—so much that some had counted it to be far more than mere liking. But nothing had come of it all. A cloud had crept between somehow, and Mr. Kelly had drawn back—gently, so as not to give needless offence, but unmistakably. Prue suspected a misunderstanding; but she could do nothing. He might have taken steps to clear the mystery, if mystery existed. She could not stir. Then he went away, saying good-bye kindly and calmly, only looking rather pale: and Prue suffered in secret, but made no sign. Her life had been shadowed by the long pain of that girlish disappointment; yet she never spoke of it—even to her mother. Nor did she blame Robert Kelly. He might have been deceived about her: or she might have misread him. She was only sure of one thing, that he had not deliberately sought her, with any intent to deceive. She could far more easily believe, in the teeth of her own memory, that he had not sought her at all.

This was seven years ago, when Prue had been a girl of twenty-one: and still at twenty-eight something of the shadow rested on her. For three or four years she had heard of Robert Kelly fitfully, casually; and since then she had lost sight of his whereabouts, but never of his vision in her mind. When Cecilia spoke of "Mr. Kelly" it had been a possible revelation—a possible certainty that at least he was alive still: and before many days she had satisfied herself, without seeming to ask questions with an object, that Cecilia's Mr. Kelly and her Robert Kelly were identical. Old longings, half-asleep, had been awakened.

To write to him herself—might not that step be misconstrued? Yet why? They were acquaintances: no more; and Prue had a message given her to deliver. Was it not her duty to give it direct? She could not trust Felix.

Prue drew her writing-case near, and indited a note slowly, spoiling three sheets in the process. It contained the simplest and barest statement of Cecilia's message. It began "Dear Mr. Kelly," and ended "Yours truly, Prudence Valentine." It made a slight allusion to past acquaintanceship and no more. The writing was firm and clear; only in the doing of the signature she had a vivid recollection of his face, and her hand shook. The tremulous curves of those two words held a message for Mr. Kelly.

He was very thankful for the contents of the letter: thankful, not only to have done no harm, but to have done positive good, which in his humble self-distrust he had not expected. But this was, for the moment, not the leading thought. Robert Kelly was a man, and a lonely man. He had given his heart once to the young girl, Prue Valentine: and he would have asked hers in return, but for some foolish local gossip which had checked him. It had not occurred to him to doubt the truth of the gossip: to find out at least whether his informant were trustworthy. He had simply drawn back, and had fled from the place.

And now—he found her still unmarried. The thought came—what if it were not too late? He spent an indefinite time looking at the signature: and the very words of that old piece of gossip, which had so marred his happiness, came up again. Not only that she was already engaged, or as good as engaged to another; but also, that she had spoken slightly, laughingly, of him—Robert Kelly. That had hurt deeply. And it might have been true: why not? Mr. Kelly had a humble opinion of himself; and he was not in the least surprised that some people should laugh at him, or talk slightly of him. Only that Prue Valentine should have done so—there was the sting!

After all, it might not have been true: since the other half of the tale was not. If the other half of the tale were not! Mr. Kelly doubted

again here. Prue might have been engaged, as report had said, and the engagement might have been broken off. The little note told nothing. It was friendly, but calm and distant. Only—that quiver in the signature stirred him. Yet, why should it mean anything? Somebody might have touched her elbow as she wrote.

He thought of Prue by day, and he dreamt of Prue by night: and he worked harder, neglecting none of his ministerial duties, but rather throwing a fresh fervour into them. He wrote a brief line of thanks to Prue, not too warmly expressed, hoping “some day to see them all again.” Prue’s heart leaped in silent response to the hope: and there the matter stood still. Mr. Kelly took no further steps—though she was nearly thirty, and he nearly forty. He was not sure what he wished.

As Felix had feared, Mr. Jasper stepped in, ordering delay for Lettice—naturally enough, since she had not left her room since Cecilia’s death. Lettice could hardly have told whether she were most grieved or relieved. She dreaded leaving these kind friends, to go among fresh strangers: yet the one fixed desire of her mind was to carry out Cecilia’s will, and to do what Felix wished. Each day spent at the Farm was in contravention of both these aims.

Another three weeks in the house, however, did good, bringing strength to body and mind. Her sorrow and fragility made them all set her apart as something to be cared for and tenderly guarded. Mrs. Valentine gave her motherliness: Prue and Bertha looked to health and spirits: Nan crouched at her feet in blundering devotion. But the one of them all who understood her best, the one to whom she could turn freely for comfort, was Wallace. Nobody understood why. He had been until now a mere overgrown clumsy boy, with his mother’s affectionate disposition, but with an excess of his father’s bluntness and angularity. During this month he grew fast towards becoming a thoughtful man.

So soon as Lettice was released from her bedroom, she found Wallace waiting for her. No matter what had to be done, he was never busy if Lettice wanted him. Every change in the little pale face was noted by him, and not even the trained Bertha was so quick to read it. He would sit by her side, and read aloud or keep silence, by the hour together, sometimes giving only a dumb sympathy which comforted Lettice more than aught else, sometimes drawing her out to say what she thought and felt.

“Lettice, you must not go yet. I can’t spare you!” said Wallace one evening. Mr. Jasper had at length granted leave for “early next week,” and an escort had been found in the shape of a farmer’s wife, going to Bristol. A letter was to be written next day to Dr. Bryant, telling him when to expect Lettice. Wallace had gone about for hours, looking wretched, and when he found Lettice alone in the twilight, resting on the rug, with her head against the arm of Mr. Valentine’s big arm-chair, he broke into a remonstrance.

Lettice did not move. She only looked up slowly, and said—“I must.”

“There’s no ‘must.’ It is nonsense. Why can’t you stay here, always? We want you, and Dr. Bryant doesn’t. How can he when he doesn’t so much as know you? Don’t you see what I mean? And we do want you here. I want you! I can’t let you go.”

“Sissie told me I must;” in the patient undertone, with which she would allude to Cecilia.

“She didn’t know or understand. How should she?”

“But I must keep to what she said. And Felix made me promise.”

“He had no right. He doesn’t know us all, and you do. Say—couldn’t you be happy to stay here? Do you want to go to Dr. Bryant’s?”

“I don’t think I want anything—much—only to do what Sissie told me.”

“Not even to stay here?”

She lifted her eyes slowly again. “I’m tired,” she said. “I should like to put off—if—but I can’t, because of what Sissie said. I mustn’t let myself want anything, except what Felix wants.”

“You can’t be a slave to him all your life.”

“I’m only his. Nobody else’s.”

“Yes, you are. You are ours too. Say you are. Say you mind going, just a little. We shall always be thinking of you. Don’t you know you are our little queen—Nan’s and mine?”

Lettice smiled quietly, not blushing in her childish freedom from self-consciousness. “O yes, you are all so good, and you all try to spoil me, and, of course, I love you all”—hesitating, —“like you all, I mean.”

“Don’t change the word. The first was best.”

“But I have to go, all the same. Please don’t say any more, because nothing can change what Sissie told me. I want to ask something else. May I?”

“Anything in the world.”

“Who will pay all the bills?”

“What bills?”

One hand held the other fast. “All that for— for Sissie—the doctor, and everything?”

“Mr. Jasper will take nothing, and Dr. Bryant undertakes all that is necessary. Didn’t your brother tell you?”

“No.”

“He ought. Dr. Bryant wrote to him, and to us too. He says it is the last he can do for—her, you know! And it is a pleasure to him.”

“Thank you,” murmured Lettice, and she said no more. Wallace sat gazing upon her.

“You’ll be sure to let us know if you are unhappy. If things don’t go straight.”

“I have promised to write.”

“To me?”

“No—to Prue. I have always slept in Prue’s room, and Prue has been so good. Bertha says Sissie cared most of all for Prue.”

The day of parting drew near, and hour after hour Lettice had a question in her mind, which she longed to ask. Day and night she was haunted by recollections of her last brief interview with Cecilia, and of Cecilia’s eager words, more especially the message to Felix.

“Nothing—nothing—worth living for, but to serve God. Tell him from me! I would give

anything now to have lived a different life! . . . Too late for that! . . . There is forgiveness, but oh, to have lived for Him! . . . The pitifulness of coming to Him only at last! . . . The difference now if I had lived to Him! Don't put off! Pray to be shown!"

These sentences Lettice would never forget. They were stamped upon her brain. She knew that Cecilia had spoken to Prue of no longer fearing to die. But then, why these burning regrets? What did Sissie wish to have done differently? and what did she mean that Lettice was to do? Lettice would lie and think herself into a maze of bewilderment; yet in her shyness, in her dread of seeming to blame Sissie, she could not endure to speak out. But the pressure became at length too severe, intensified as it was by the knowledge that very soon she would have no one whom she could ask. When Prue came to her room, on the last evening of all, she found Lettice waiting for her, wide awake.

"Not asleep yet, my dear."

"No. I want to speak. I must say it before I go. Please come and sit here. I want to know what she meant."

Prue obeyed, with an arm round Lettice.

"What who meant?"

"You know. She—the last time I saw her—you were there. When she said I was to tell Felix."

"I understand."

"What did she mean? I don't know."

"It is eleven o'clock, and you have a journey to-morrow. I wish you had not put off till now."

"I couldn't say anything sooner. And I can't go without knowing."

"Try to tell me exactly what it is that you want explained."

"I don't know what she meant. She said to you she wasn't afraid . . . And she told me about—there was pardon . . . and yet she said—said—it would have been so different—if only—if only—"

Lettice caught back a sob. "You know, don't you? Please tell me. I'm always thinking, and I can't understand."

Prue drew the child's head down on her shoulder. "It is not so very difficult," she said. "Would you be satisfied now, looking back, if you felt that you had always neglected and ignored Sissie, forgotten her wishes, disobeyed her, and only pleased yourself—even if at the last, she had forgiven it all! I think that the more entirely she forgave you, the more you would long to have loved her, and to have shown your love."

"I did love her," in a whisper.

"You did and do. No need to speak of the love as past. You love her, and she loves you; only for a while you are parted. But how different it would be now if you had *not* loved; if you had been cold, and hard, and neglectful. Now do you see what I mean? Sissie only learnt in those last few weeks how much she owed to our dear Lord, how cold and neglectful she had been to Him. She learnt too how ready He is to forgive; and she asked Him to forgive

her. And I know that she was heard. Her fear of death was taken away. But the more she understood His love, the more she grieved that she had not served Him earlier. Not really served Him. She had worked hard, and had tried to do her duty, but she had not done it unto Him! She had not thought of Him, or loved Him."

"She said—said—the difference——" broke from Lettice again.

"Yes. It is a difference. It must be. Instead of going to a Home, and a Divine Friend, known and loved for years, it was like going to a strange land, and a Saviour almost unknown. I do believe that she is there, in the fair Land of Paradise, with Him, learning to know Him better. But the going must have been very different from what it would have been, if she had given her life to Him here. And so she wanted you and Felix to do otherwise, not to please only yourselves, and to forget God, until the end should be near. Very often there is no time, or no strength, then to think of Him. And even if there were, it is so much nobler to *live* for Him."

"O I will, I will. I'll never forget. I will try;" and Lettice burst into a flood of tears.

It was long before Prue could soothe her; and neither of the two had much sleep that night. Yet in the morning Lettice seemed brighter, relieved from a certain mental pressure, and glad to be going because Sissie had wished it. After long expectation the reality is sometimes not so bad as the expectation has been.

A letter had been sent to announce her coming, and a post-card in reply stated, "Shall be met," the handwriting not that of Dr. Bryant. On reaching Bristol station, however, no one from Quarrington Cottage could be found; and the farmer's wife put Lettice into a cab. It was only about a two miles' drive.

"All this yours! what a pile of rubbish! Where do you expect it all to go, I wonder?" demanded Theodosia Bryant.

She had come out upon the doorstep, tall and good-looking, with lifted eyebrows of dissatisfaction. A pretty boy peeped inquisitively from her rear. Lettice descended from the cab, longing for a kind word of welcome which did not come. Two fingers were extended, and hastily withdrawn.

"Why on earth couldn't you leave some of it at Reading or Brighton? Four big boxes, I declare—and a portmanteau—and a carpet-bag. One would think she meant to take up her abode here, for the rest of her life." A very audible aside, this, and Lettice's pale cheeks burnt responsively. "Well—I suppose it can't be helped. Tell the man to take them all up to Miss Anderson's room," in disdainful accents to the maid. Then to Lettice, "You may as well come in."

Theodosia swept across the passage, into the drawing-room, and Lettice followed—once more a mere awkward child, acutely conscious of her unwelcome. No Dr. Bryant appeared. Theodosia descended into an easy chair, motioning Lettice

to another which was not easy; and Keith cast askance glances at the new-comer, standing by his mother's side.

"My husband is away for a few nights," Theodosia remarked carelessly. "He may come back to-morrow. It is uncertain. I could not send the pony-carriage, after all. Keith and I wanted it in another direction. But, of course, you could easily manage."

"There were plenty of cabs," Lettice said with some difficulty. Theodosia's cold manner was in painful contrast with all the love and petting which she had had at the Farm: and the journey, though not long, had tried her considerably. She had eaten nothing since early morning, and she felt unnerved and shaken. Theodosia surveyed her critically.

"I thought they said you were well again. Why did they not keep you a little longer? Now, Keith, you are rumpling my collar. Hands off, my sweet. Let me see—how old are you?"—to Lettice.

"She's grown up, mamsie," pronounced Keith.

"I'm sixteen, next month."

"I should have taken you for thirteen. Have you ever seen Dr. Bryant?"

"No, never."

Theodosia yawned in an obtrusive manner.

"Well, I suppose you have lunched."

"I had sandwiches with me." It was not necessary to state that she had been unable to eat them.

"Nearly half-past three now. We have tea at about five. You will like to go upstairs, and unpack some of your things. And there is the cabman to be paid. Keith, love, you'll show Miss Anderson the way, won't you?"

"Up to the garrets, mamsie?"

Theodosia frowned slightly. "Nonsense, darling. To the top spare bedroom. You don't call that a garret, I hope. Go, like a little dear. Mamsie is tired."

"And it's such an awful long way up," said Keith.

"Long! Rubbish, you dear little goosie. You should see the stairs in a Town house."

Keith marched out of the room, and Lettice followed, stumbling over a chair on her way, and eliciting thereby an impatient murmur from Mrs. Bryant. Lettice paused in the hall to pay the cabman, emptying her purse in the act, and then pulled herself wearily upstairs—up two short flights to the first floor, then up a steep and narrow flight beyond to the garret-floor. Not an "awful long way" as compared with London staircases, certainly, but long at that moment to Lettice's sensations.

The room, which Theodosia in her husband's absence had decided upon as "good enough for that child," was small and low, with slanting roof and window of limited capacity. A square of worn drugget covered the centre of the floor: the plain deal furniture was scanty; the window boasted no curtains; the four big boxes were piled together, two upon two: and lesser packages lay about.

"Mamsie don't like me to call it a garret, but it is," said Keith, with an air of superior knowledge.

"I don't think there is any harm in a garret," Lettice answered calmly.

"Don't you? Mamsie said you would. She said you'd grumble, and if you did she'd teach you not . . . Are you ill?" pursued the child, gazing hard. "You haven't got a pretty red in your cheeks, like mamsie . . . I'm glad that other ill lady didn't come, 'cause she wouldn't have let me make a noise. And mamsie is glad too. She cried, and didn't want her. And she said this room would do for you!"

"Yes, of course." Lettice was keenly conscious of the imitative contempt in the shrill little voice, and yet more keenly conscious of the slight to Sissie.

"Mamsie doesn't like ill people: nor I don't. Are you ill?"

"No."

"Will you play with me? I'll like you, if you will. I want somebody to run races. Susanna is too old, and Bella can't, and mamsie gets a stitch. Have you got a stitch? Will you have a nice big race?"

"By-and-by I will, Keith. Not just now."

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERK, PH.D.

THE ROCK-TEMPLES OF ELEPHANTA.

IN the harbour of Bombay, about six miles from the city and four from the shore of the mainland, there lies the island of Elephanta. It has a superficial area of about five miles; it consists of two long hills, separated by a narrow valley. The sides of the hills are overgrown with brushwood; in the hollows beneath are

clusters of mango and tamarind trees; the crest presents a broken line of palms that stand out against the sky. An hour's sail brings the visitor from Bombay to the north-western end of the island,¹ and a paved ascent, constructed some

¹ Sir W. W. Hunter, *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, vol. iv. p. 311.

forty years ago by the liberality of a native merchant, leads up from the shore to the mouth of the Great Cave, about 250 feet above the sea.

There are altogether four temples which have been completely carved in the side of the hill—three on the western, the fourth on the eastern spur; the fifth excavation is nothing but a large cavern, roughly hewn out, dark and now almost filled up with earth; the sixth is merely the beginning of what should have been a group of cells, sunk into the rock, intended for the use of priests or religious persons. Most of the visitors confine their attention to the first, the largest cave, the entrance to which is represented on the next page. They regard it with a mingled feeling of joy, of wonder, and of awe. The view from the front of the portico from the steps leading into the cavern, is one of exceeding beauty, sweeping the bay between the island and the mainland. From the grey dawn of morning till the shades of night close down upon it, whether crowded with the white sails of hundreds of fishing crafts or only marked here and there by a passenger boat or small steamer, this stretch of water presents ever-varying scenes of beauty.¹

Turning round and entering, where in the mass of perpendicular rock overhung by small trees and shrubs gapes the huge cavern, the traveller passes "from the glare of tropical sunshine to the dim light and cooler air of the temple, and realizes that he is under a vast roof of solid rock that seems to be supported only by the ranges of massive columns receding in the vistas on every side, and some of which appear to have split or fallen under the tremendous superincumbent weight; and the feeling of strange uncertain awe that creeps over the mind is only prolonged when in the obscure light we begin to contemplate the gigantic stony figures ranged along the walls, from which they seem to start, and from the living rock of which they are hewn."

This temple was in ancient times a place of worship; the island of Elephanta may have been the site of a city. In the rice-fields near the northern landing-place are found the stone foundations, the traces of walls, the broken pillars and statues of a town that has passed away. Of the age of the various structures and ruins discovered in the island it is not possible to speak with perfect certainty; no records of their erection have come down to us. The philosopher Porphyry (who died at Rome, about 303 A.D.) in one of his treatises has a curious notice of a description which ambassadors from India, about 220 A.D., had given of a certain wonderful statue in their country. That image, they said, was ten or twelve cubits in height; it stood upright, with the hands extended in the form of a cross; the right of its face was that of a man, the left of a woman. The image stood in a cave, in a very lofty mountain nearly about the middle of the land. Now, in the depth of the Great Cave against the back wall on the left hand side, there is a statue of Shiva, half male, half female, eleven cubits high, which—making allowances for a statement made in a foreign

tongue, and not reported accurately—corresponds to the description handed down to us from the third century of our era. Although this notice is too uncertain to permit any theories regarding the age of the rock-carvings, yet it seems likely that the ruins, which are strewn over the fields, formed a city which flourished between the third and the tenth century (it was perhaps the Maurya city of Puri); and that the Great Cave, the entrance to which we see in the picture, with its pillars and colossal statues, was hewn out of the rock towards the close of that period.

Archæologists have studied the development of Indian architecture; they have compared the temples at Elephanta with those of Elora; they have deciphered a few fragmentary inscriptions, and obtaining what light they could get from contemporary literature, they have come to the conclusion that the Great Cave dates from a period lying between 750 and 900 A.D.

It was a temple intended for the service of the god Shiva; but it had ceased, before the British occupation of India, to be a place of regular worship. Hindus of the Baniya (the merchant) caste still congregate there on certain days sacred to their god; and at the Shivaratri, the greatest festival, just before the first new moon falling after the middle of February, a religious fair is held.¹

Why the daily services should have been discontinued, we cannot say; but it is at least probable, as Mr. Burgess suggests, that in the early part of the sixteenth century the Portuguese, in their fanatical zeal against Hindu idolatry, desecrated the temple.

Towards the end of that century the attention of travellers was directed towards Elephanta, and since that time a continuous record of the caves has been preserved in the descriptions of their journeys. J. H. Van Linshoten in 1579, Diogo de Couto in 1603, Fryer in 1673, visited the place; amongst modern scholars who have carefully examined all its remains may be mentioned W. Erskine, J. Fergusson, and Dr. J. Wilson. A comparison of the earliest and the latest accounts gives rise to very mixed feelings; it gives the reader an idea what the interior of the temple must have been in the day of its splendour, little more than three hundred years ago, and also of the barbarous rudeness with which the hand of the Western visitor has since then defaced its beauty. So vivid are the descriptions left behind by the early travellers, that we have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves what Elephanta must have been at that time.

The island derived its name from the large stone figure of an elephant that stood near the old landing-place on the south side. The statue was about 7 feet 4 inches high, 13 feet 2 inches in length, and 35 feet 5 inches in circumference; it bore on its back another smaller elephant, all carved out of the same stone, "very proportionable and well shaped." A little further up the valley, between the two long hills that traverse the island, there stood the image of a horse "so lively, with such a colour and carriage, and the

¹ James Burgess, "The Rock-Temples of Elephanta." Bombay, 1871. Sections 7, 6, etc.

¹ Comp. James Burgess, p. 3, No. 12.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES AT ELEPHANTA.

Shape finished with that Exactness that many have rather fancied it, at a distance, a living Animal than only a bare Representation." Both these curious examples of Indian statuary have disappeared—the horse some time between 1712 and 1764; the figure of the elephant dropped to pieces in 1814, and the shapeless mass of stones was subsequently removed to the Victoria Gardens in Bombay.

Climbing the side of the hill to the mouth of the Great Cave, the first European visitor in 1579 beheld with awe the "hole that goeth down into the hill, digged and carved out of the hard rock as big as a great cloyster; and hath within it both places and cesterues for water, and round about the wals are cut out and formed the shapes of Elephant, Lions, Tigers, and a thousand other such like wilde and cruel beasts: also some Amazones and many other deformed thinges, which are so well and workmanlike cut that it is strange to behold."¹ But, continues our authority sorrowfully, since the Portuguese have held them under their subjection, "these pagodes are whollie left overgrowne and spoiled." An account dating twenty-four years later tells us that the entire body of the temple inside, the columns, the statues, and everything, "was covered with a coating of light colour," which made the temple altogether so bright that it was a beautiful object and well worth seeing; and not only did it make the figures very pretty, but enabled one to perceive very distinctly the features of the countenances and the delicacy of the workmanship: so that neither in silver nor in wax could they be made or engraven with more nicety, nor with more elegance and perfection." But, runs the refrain, "this temple is injured in many parts, and what has been spared by the soldiers is so badly cared for, that it is a great pity to see thus destroyed one of the most remarkable things in the world."

Since then the work of destruction seems to have gone on apace. Captain Pyke in 1712 found that the Portuguese used the temple "to fodder all their cattle there in the rainy season," and that one of their officers "fired a great gun into it to divert himself with the echo, which is

most admirable," breaking thereby some of the pillars. J. H. Grose, about fifty years later, speaks of the bigotry of the Portuguese, who would not "suffer any idols but their own," and were "at some pains, considering the hardness of the stone, to maim and deface" the statues in the cave. When the religious zeal had expended itself, there followed "the frolics of the soldiers of the fleet that visited the place" during the times of the Portuguese as well as of the English. Troops of sailors, when going over the caves, "displayed their ingenuity in lopping off heads, legs and arms from many of the most curious statues, wisely leaving their names behind them as testimony of their profession." In the grand image of the Hindu Trimurti (Trinity), which stands against the back wall in the centre of the cave, and represents a bust bearing a head with three faces, or rather three heads joined together, the noses of two of the faces were fractured in 1865, and the head of one of the tigers at the entrance of the eastern wing of the temple was broken in 1868, probably by some seamen. Since 1849, a retired sergeant and guard of two native policemen have been placed in charge of the caves, and they have been able to prevent, in some degree at least, such foolish mischief. The engraving shows with sufficient clearness the kind of injury that has been done. The pillar at the entrance to the left is badly shattered; the base of one of the columns on the right is much injured. Earth has accumulated before the entrance. Were that removed, it would, by disclosing the basement of the temple, render the first view more striking. Notwithstanding the ravages, wrought by time and by men, the mighty cave impresses us with a sense of gloomy grandeur. The rows of pillars, more colossal by their contrast with the tiny mortals in modern dress standing in the daylight, lose themselves in the dusk of the cavern; and the stone carvings, far above life-size, that appear to the right of the entrance, and extend along the walls, tell the religious history of a thousand years. Of the plan and the various parts of this temple, of the sculptures it contains, and of the religion it embodies, we shall treat in our next papers.

WILLIAM CAREY IN LEICESTER.

II.

AMID his ministerial labours and varied occupations Carey's one thought was ever uppermost in his mind. "His heart's desire and prayer to God" was that the Gospel of the grace of God should be sent speedily to the heathen. For this he yearned with intense longing, and poured out his soul with strong cryings and tears.

¹ J. H. Van Linschoten, 1579, quoted by J. Burgess (preface).

In this hitherto opposition had been his lot. Some deemed him a foolish fanatic, others charged him with audacity, even his most sympathetic friends were not prepared to give him much encouragement; still he was not dismayed. By the advice of some of his brethren he published his "Enquiry on Missions" which he had written at Moulton.

At a ministers' meeting held at Nottingham, May 31, 1792, Carey made the decisive plunge.

In a sermon based on the words contained in Isaiah liv. 2, 3, he condemned as criminal the negligence of the Christian Church in obeying the command of the Master: "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and urged the necessity for immediate action, uttering the ever-memorable words—

"Expect great things from God.
Attempt great things for God."

His hearers, although servants of the Divine Master, were "slow of heart to believe," and were leaving the meeting without responding to the appeal. Carey, with the energy of despair, exclaimed: "And are you, after all, going again to do nothing?" His imploring tones and evident distress were not without effect, and a minute was entered on the records of the day's proceedings: "That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering for forming a Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen." With what a joyful heart Carey returned to his home after that meeting can be better imagined than described.

His days in Leicester were numbered. The meeting at Kettering followed four months later. Those present "solemnly pledged themselves to God and to each other to send the Gospel to some part of the heathen world," and Carey declared himself ready to go to any part of the world that the Society might decide. How, we are tempted to ask, did this announcement fall upon the ears of the Harvey Lane community? To lose their beloved pastor would be to them indeed a sorrow, and to feel that he was leaving them to go to a far distant land to encounter unknown difficulties and perils would add keenness to their grief: and yet it may be hoped that they had imbibed something of the spirit of their teacher, and that, influenced by this zeal and devotion, inspired by his enthusiasm, and conscious of the joy with which he was going forth to undertake the long-cherished enterprise, they willingly gave him up, rejoicing that they were permitted to participate to this extent in the great cause to which he was devoted.

At a second meeting held at Kettering, in January 1793, it was agreed that Carey and Mr. Thomas, a medical evangelist who had lived in India and worked amongst the Hindoos, should be appointed missionaries "to the East Indies for preaching the Gospel to the heathen." Funds for the necessary expenses were raised by subscriptions collected by Andrew Fuller and the two missionaries themselves. A letter to his father written about this time shows that the ties which bound him to his relatives at home were not severed without a pang.

Leicester.

January 17, 1793.

DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER—The importance of spending our time for God alone is the principal theme of the Gospel. "I beseech you, brethren," says Paul, "by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which is your reasonable service." To be devoted like a sacrifice to holy uses is the great business of a Christian, pursuant to these requisitions. I consider myself as devoted to the service of God alone

now I am able to realise my professions. I am appointed to go to Bengal in the East Indies, a missionary to the Hindoos. I shall have a colleague who has been there five or six years already, and who understands their language. They are the most mild and inoffensive people in all the world, but are enveloped in the greatest superstition and in the grossest ignorance. . . . I hope, dear father, you may be enabled to surrender me up to the Lord for the most arduous, honourable, and important work that ever any of the sons of men were called to engage in. I have many sacrifices to make. I must part with a beloved family and a number of most affectionate friends. Never did I see such sorrow manifested, as reigned through our place of worship last Lord's Day. But I have set my hand to the plough.—I remain your dutiful son,

W. CAREY.

"A farewell meeting," says Dr. Culross, "was held in Leicester on the 20th March, to commend the missionaries to the Divine safeguard. It was a meeting unprecedented in England and was characterised by profound solemnity. In the Leicester conventicle that day there was a calmness almost awful. The forenoon was spent in prayer. In the afternoon, both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hogg spoke to the people. Fuller addressed the missionaries from the words: 'Peace be unto you: as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.' The powerful frame trembled with emotion; the grave, stern face glowed as he spoke. 'The preface,' he said, 'is sweet; 'Peace be unto you'; as if He had said, All is well as to the past, and all shall be well as to the future. The commission itself is sweet. Nothing could well be more grateful to those who loved Christ than to be employed by Him on such an errand, and to have such an example to imitate.' Then he drew attention to some of the points of likeness between the enterprise in which they were embarking and the mission of Christ Himself. Referring to the object in view, the directions for their guidance, the difficulties and trials to be encountered, and the promises of support and of a glorious reward, 'Go then,' he said, 'my dear brethren, stimulated by these prospects. We shall meet again. Crowns of glory await you and us. Each, I trust, will be addressed at the last day by our great Redeemer: 'Come, ye blessed of My Father: these were hungry, and you fed them; athirst, and you gave them drink: in prison, and you visited them; enter ye into the joy of your Lord! Amen.' When the assembly broke up the dispersing groups were silent or spoke in the subdued tones of solemn awe."

How deeply the parting was felt is shown by the next note in the church book. 1793. March 24. "Mr. Carey, our minister, left Leicester to go on a mission to the East Indies, to take and propagate the Gospel among those idolatrous and superstitious heathens. This is inserted to show his love to his poor miserable fellow-creatures; in this we concurred with him, though it is at the expense of losing one whom we love as our own souls."

In March 1798, Mr. Carey wrote to his old church at Leicester informing them that there were then five persons united in Christian fellowship in the place where he was, and asking

for his dismissal to the "Church of Christ meeting at Mudnabatty or elsewhere, Bengal."

The letter was full of affection for and interest in the welfare of his former people. He urged them to individual faithfulness, and implored them to consider themselves "as at the disposal of God, and never go reluctantly about anything which He commands you, who so willingly laid down His life to deliver you from the lowest hell."

The following record proves how great an interest was taken by the people of Harvey Lane in the career of their honoured and beloved pastor.

1798. March 18. Church Meeting.—By a letter from Mr. William Carey (our former worthy pastor, and whom we resigned to the mission in Hindostan in Asia), we were informed that a small church was formed at Mudnabatty; and he wished his dismissal from us to it that he might become a member, and have also an opportunity of becoming its pastor. We therefore agreed not only to send his dismissal, but also to insert it at large in our church book, to preserve to posterity the memory of an event so pleasing and important—the planting of a Gospel Church in Asia:—

The Church of Christ meeting in Harvey Lane, Leicester, England, in Europe; to the Church of Christ of the same faith and order meeting at Mudnabatty, Hindostan, in Asia, sendeth Christian salutation:

DEAR BRETHREN—As our brother William Carey, formerly our beloved Pastor, requests a dismissal from us to you as a Member, we comply. We earnestly desire that he may be very useful among you, both as a Member and as a Minister. Though few in number, may you be as a handful of genuine corn in Hindostan, which may fill all Asia with evangelical fruit. The Lord has already done great things for you whereof you have cause to be glad. We hope ye will make it your great concern to prize and conform to the glorious Gospel and its holy institutions. That ye may be filled with Spiritual Light and Life and Joy; and abound in the promise of all the fruits of Righteousness, is the ardent prayer of—Your affectionate Brethren in Jesus Christ, in behalf of the whole.

— Signed at our Church Meeting, March 18, 1798, by

BENJAMIN CAVE, *Pastor*.

FRANCIS PICK, JOHN PURSER, JOHN YATES, *Deacons*.

SAMUEL HULL.	HENRY BANKS.	} <i>Members.</i>
JOSIAH GIMSON.	JOSEPH PERRY.	
PETER BEDELLS.	SAMUEL HARRISS.	
JOHN JOHNSON.	EDWARD PAYNE.	

A passage in Mr. Carey's journal some time later shows with what tender regard he watched the progress of his old church. He says: "Thank God that the Leicester people go on well."

Carey's work in Leicester is not to be measured by the time he spent within its walls. In his own day he did incalculable service to those whose happy privilege it was to own him as their minister and friend, but who shall say how much the present church owes to its spiritual father? In the Baptist Chapel, Belvoir Street, Leicester, a plain marble tablet marks the esteem

in which Carey's name is still held in the scene of his early labours, and briefly records his achievements in the larger sphere to which he was called. The centenary of the Baptist Missionary Society, this year commemorated, dates back from the beginning of Carey's work.

The inscription is as follows:—

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV^d. WILLIAM CAREY, D.D.

WHO ENTERED ON HIS WORK

AS PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIX.

AND LEFT HIS NATIVE COUNTRY

AS A MISSIONARY TO INDIA, A.D. MDCCXCIII.

WHERE HE ROSE TO THE HIGHEST EMINENCE

AS AN ORIENTAL SCHOLAR.

DEVOTED TO THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL AMONG
THE HEATHEN,

HE WAS CHIEFLY ENGAGED

IN THE TRANSLATION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES

INTO THE VARIOUS DIALECTS OF THE EAST,

AND BECAME PROFESSOR

OF THE SANSKRIT, BENGALI, AND MAHRATTA LANGUAGES.

HE WAS DISTINGUISHED BY ELEVATED PIETY,
INDOMITABLE PERSEVERANCE, AND DISTINGUISHED
BENEVOLENCE;

AND HAVING BUILT FOR HIMSELF,

BY HIS VAST ATTAINMENTS AND GREAT LABOURS,

A BRIGHT AND IMPERISHABLE MONUMENT,

DIED AT SERAMPORE, IX JUNE, MDCCCLXXIV.

AGED LXXII YEARS.

"Attempt great things. Expect great things."

In the Harvey Lane chapel a memorial tablet has lately been erected with this inscription.—

THIS PLACE OF WORSHIP

HAS BEEN SANCTIFIED BY THE DEATHLESS MINISTRY OF
THREE GREAT MEN.

WILLIAM CAREY,

1789-1793.

EXPECT GREAT THINGS.

ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS.

ROBERT HALL,

1807-1826.

MIGHTY IN WORDS AND IN WORKS.

JAMES F. MURSELL,

1826-1845.

AN ENSAMPLE TO THEM THAT BELIEVE.

REMEMBER THEM WHICH SPAKE UNTO YOU THE WORD
OF GOD, AND, CONSIDERING THE ISSUE OF THEIR LIFE,
IMITATE THEIR FAITH.

A. PATTISON.

A BRAVE LAD.

CHAPTER IV.



BUT within that moment a form came gliding down the rope, and a hand gripped his. An arm was thrown around his waist. He was held in a friendly grasp, firm and secure, as the angry wind swept by. His head drooped. He hardly knew what had happened. He only knew that he was mercifully saved from death.

When he opened his eyes, a rough face was pressed against his.

"My dear boy," a familiar voice was saying,—"my dear, brave boy—Daniel was save him—Daniel was proud this night. Iss shu-arr. Little was Daniel think he evarr have a chance to pay Mastarr Waltarr back for all his kindness to the old man. Iss shu-arr."

"Daniel," said Walter, faintly, "is it you? How—how—did you know I was here?"

"Oh, Daniel was know all! He was hear what the men say. He was hear what Mastarr Waltarr say to Jack. He was run after Mastarr Walter all the way. There was some life in old Daniel yet! Iss shu-arr. He no know exactly what Mastarr Waltarr going to do, but whatevvarr it be, or wherevvarr it be, Daniel was go with him!"

How pleasant it was to hear the old man's voice—how sweet to have some friend to help and encourage him! Walter felt twice as strong, and ten times as brave. He quickly explained that, while searching about in the cavern with Jack on an exploring expedition, he had discovered a natural hole, which they followed up for some distance, and found to lead to the disused pit. He had heard his father say that there was communication between this old pit and the one in present use. If he could only make his way to the spot at which they joined before the tide had risen all the way up the level, he would be in time to warn his father of his danger.

"Brave boy!" said Daniel, admiringly. "Brave, noble boy you was! Please God, we was savey our dear father yet."

With what a will they set to work, each cheering the other! Rapidly they let themselves down, Walter first, and then Daniel, until they reached the mouth of the cavern. Daniel seemed to have the strength of ten men. Save for his deformed back, he might have been the strongest, sturdiest man in the whole country-side.

Taking their own end of the rope in with them, they secured it by means of a large boulder, which they found after much groping in the darkness. They could not help

shivering as they stood in the mouth of the cave. The wind whistled in so furiously, and rushed round at the other end with such a dull echoing roar. The rain also beat in fiercely with a hissing noise.

Hand in hand they went on, until a turn in the cavern enabled them to strike a match and light the safety lamp. The sickly gleam cast a feeble glare upon the dripping, jagged walls.

"Here is the hole," said Walter, leading the way.

"Go on, my brave boy," said the old man, "Daniel was follow you anywhere."

On hands and knees they crept along the cleft in the rocks, until their limbs were aching and their flesh was torn by the rough edges of the hard path. On and on, with beating hearts and panting breath. It seemed to them that they had crawled thus for hours, when, at last, with an exclamation of joy, Walter held out the lamp at arm's length, and after peering into the darkness, jumped forward. Daniel, when he had followed, found himself standing on a disused tramway.

"Bravo!" cried Walter. "Bravo! The water hasn't even approached here yet. Now for it, Daniel! Now for a run! I know the way quite well. Oh! Daniel, if we can only save him, I shall thank God all my life."

"Go on, brave boy," replied the old man. "Daniel was follow like arrow."

And then they ran for it. What a run it was! A run for life or death. Kicking their feet against the sleepers and the tram lines, now dashing violently against the rough wall, by reason of the sudden turnings, on they rushed through the gloom.

Walter's heart beat high when they came to the top of the slope that led down into the newer mine. He dared hardly think of the terrible thing that might be. Oh! what if they were too late! What if the cruel, slimy waters had won the race! What if they had arisen to the bottom of that slope, and cut off all hope of escape! He slackened his pace. The dread was so great that he was almost afraid to go forward. He held the lamp close to the ground, and his heart throbbed wildly at every step.

No, thank God! no. There was no water in the slope. But what was this, as they stepped into the level tramway at the bottom? What was this? A sudden splash as he ran forward! A cold shock striking his feet and ankles! The lantern's gleams fell upon a dark, shining something, moving forward, creeping silently, ever forward, like a stealthy serpent. The tide was up! Already there was nearly half a foot in the tramway!

But they did not pause a single instant. They only sped forward all the swifter. It was now a race with the water. A run of half a mile and back again, and all to be done before their cruel enemy cut off the entrance to the slope!

Splash! splash! splash! How they went through it, the safety lamp swinging wildly, now casting its gleams upon the slimy roof of the level, now upon its watery floor! Splash, splash, splash! How Daniel footed it out! He kept by Walter's side as steadily as though he, too, had been a young lad of twelve. Splash, splash, splash! while the minutes seemed hours, and every step so short, so feeble, compared with the wings of love that urged them forward.

Oh! what a shout Walter gave, as the voices of men fell upon his ears! What a ringing, eager shout! And again!

And again! The echoes rolled and reverberated through the dark passages.

Was that not a shout in reply? No, it was the echo. No, it was a shout, for the words came in a gruff collier's voice, so distant, so strange-sounding, that they seemed to come from some unseen land.

"Hoy there, hoy, hoy! Who goes there?"

Again Walter raised his clear, ringing voice, as they dashed forward with renewed energy.

"Hoy there! Hoy, boy! This way for your lives."

Almost as he shouted they sped round a corner and came upon a ray of light. The men were gathered in a group, listening with bewildered faces to the voice that rung out upon the stillness. Mr. Vivian, in his rough engineering clothes, was in the act of coming forward from a stall which he had been inspecting.

With a cry, half of triumph, half of hysterical joy, Walter ran forward and threw himself into his father's arms.

"Father, dear father!"

"Walter! Daniel! Why, what are you here for?"

"Your brave boy wass come to save you, sir," said Daniel.

"To save me! What——"

"Father," cried Walter, "not a moment is to be lost. The tide is coming up——"

"My dear boy, I know it, but there is no danger in working on until it reaches us. We can always make our way to the mouth of the shaft."

"But, father, that is just why we have come! There has been a great fall between you and the pit-shaft. By the time you got there and found it out, the water would have cut you off. Come at once."

"A fall!" shouted the men. "Then we are cut off already."

"No, no," cried Walter. "I can show you a way out. It is the way we came in, through the old mine, and out through the cavern."

"My brave boy," exclaimed his father. And the tears were in the strong man's eyes, as he threw his arms around his son.

"But you must come at once," Walter went on, "or it will be too late. We must get to the slope before the water rises above our depth."

They threw down their tools, their tea-jacks, their food-boxes, and ran for dear life, Walter leading the way. They had not proceeded a hundred yards, before they found that already the water had risen to their knees. They floundered on through it as best they could. Above their knees! How swiftly it was rising! They were not yet half the distance. Their progress became slower. The splashes of the troubled water echoed and re-echoed among the silent tunnels. Walter became faint, and began to lag behind. His father caught him in his arms, and pressed forward. Up to their waists, up to their arm-pits, to their shoulders! Daniel would have dropped, had not two sturdy colliers linked their arms in his and borne him up.

There have been moments in the lives of some of us which we shall never forget—moments when we have stood face to face with grim Death, when his hand has been laid on our shoulder, when another second would have placed us in his grasp.

Those men, and the boy who was with them, will never forget the moment, when, with a shout of joy, they dashed up the slope to which the lad in his father's arms pointed. The water was already touching their mouths. It would, indeed, have been above the depth of one of them, a deformed old man, had he not been held up by the two strong men at his side.

"Safe! safe!" they cried, as they ran up the slope, with a shout that awoke a thousand echoes among the dark

passages. And when they reached the cavern, they turned round to each other, and shook hands with streaming eyes, and threw their arms with a blessing around the brave lad who had led the way to their rescue, and the poor crippled old man who had so pluckily borne him company.

And there, in the cavern, far above the cruel waters, they one and all knelt with bowed heads, while Mr. Vivian, in trembling tones, returned thanks to the great God for their wonderful escape.

"And you, my son," said Mr. Vivian, as he rose to his feet; "what shall I say to you? You have made me a proud man this day. My brave little heart, what shall I say to you? I owe my life to you; the deepest debt that any one person can owe to another."

"Then," said Walter, with a happy smile, as he took the hand of Daniel, "you owe the debt to Daniel as well as myself; for had he not saved my life, as I came down the cliff, I should never have reached you."

"It was nothing, lad, nothing," said Daniel.

Who could describe in poor, feeble words the hand-grasp that Mr. Vivian gave Daniel; and the meeting between the anxious woman and the two dear ones who had escaped as from the grave; and the joy of heart that reigned in each collier's home that night; and the many blessings that were called down upon the head of brave Walter Vivian, and his faithful, humble friend!

I think Daniel Morgan never knew a day's poverty after that. I think he never again heard the words "Ricketty Daniel." I believe Jack has never dared to call Walter a coward since that day. Since that day, in fact, Jack has been strangely altered, quieter in manner, less confident of his own strength, less boastful of his own powers, sweeter in disposition, more considerate for the feelings and infirmities of others.

And as for Walter, his voice grows kindlier, his eye sweeter, every day of his life. He will grow up to be a good and honourable man. All his friends will love him. Everyone who knows him will respect him. His will be a useful and a happy life.

It is better to have a true, manly, modest heart than to possess all the wealth that the world can give. A true heart will keep the life calm and placid, the eye bright, the smile sweet, the days fair and happy, when all else has failed. It will fear no evil, it will quail before no misfortune, it will be strong in the bitterest sorrow, it will laugh at Death. For it is the heart that God gave, the heart that God loves, the heart that He will take unto Himself, oh! so gently, so tenderly, when at last the life is done, and the great Light of the Eternal Love bursts upon the soul.

HARRY DAVIES.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIV.

My first is an Old Testament book, out of which our Lord brought proof of His being David's Lord.

My second, another Old Testament book, out of which He read to the men of Nazareth.

1. A man who thanked God that he was not as other men.
2. Men who denied the resurrection, or the existence of angels and spirits.
3. A holy woman who welcomed the coming of the infant Saviour.
4. A publican who left all and followed the Lord.
5. A good woman cumbered with much serving.
6. Men who refused to receive Jesus because He was going to Jerusalem.

M. A. S. M.

Monthly Religious Record.

May Meetings. The May meetings have commenced with enthusiasm. The criticism of recent years seems to have borne fruit that was not expected. There is an evident reaction from the time of doubt and hesitancy; less discussion of methods, though more ready adaptation of means, and a disposition to go forward and solve difficulties in actual effort on the field. This at least is the spirit of the leading missionary societies. The week of the Church Missionary Society afforded a notable example of this gathering flow of spiritual life. Exeter Hall was crowded both morning and night, and St. James's Hall, where a second meeting was held, was also filled, the two meetings exchanging telegrams which gave a sense of community of purpose. Sir John H. Kennaway presided at Exeter Hall. The report described a year of checkered experiences. It so happened that alarming news had that week been circulated with respect to Uganda; but all that could then be certainly said was that it had been partly confirmed and partly denied. The resettlement of these lands is not likely to be accomplished by mere agreements, and the strife which has broken out comes unhappily in natural sequence to much which has taken place before. The final pacification will not be helped by the foolish rumours which religious jealousies are putting into circulation in Europe. Returning to the report, we find it stated that there is need of many more missionaries. Interest in missions is "undoubtedly increasing." A medical mission auxiliary committee had been formed; during the year 52 candidates were accepted for training and 66 for immediate service. There were now 316 stations, with 329 ordained and 69 lay European missionaries, besides 101 ladies. The native and Eurasian clergy numbered 2,847, and the native lay teachers 4,232. There were 196,983 native Christian adherents and 50,710 native communicants, with 70,731 scholars in 1,759 schools; 10,173 baptisms had taken place. The ordinary income for the year had been 231,204*l.*, and the expenditure 243,444*l.* The deficit had been met by 10,662*l.* from special funds for the purpose and 1,577*l.* from the contingency fund. The gross expenditure, including special funds, was 251,374*l.*, and the gross receipts were 269,377*l.*, including a legacy of nearly 21,000*l.* for North American work. The Bishop of Exeter, in moving the adoption of the report, described the great work which he had found progressing in Japan. Forty years ago this beautiful land was barred against the missionary. Now in all parts he had, in his recent visit, been welcomed by native Christians. At one of the schools there were 1,500 students, many of whom came from villages where the people clubbed together to defray their expenses. Lay agencies were also active, and a hospital was doing efficient work. In one place he had laid the stone of a church the converts were themselves building. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. W. H. Ball, from Calcutta. Canon Taylor Smith, of Sierra Leone, which he described as a Switzerland by the sea, although it was called the white man's grave, said he was not surprised at race-feeling in West Africa, considering the British slave trade in the past and drink trade in the present. Sometimes he was almost ashamed of being an Englishman in the face of those Africans. Dr. Pentecost, Mr. S. Hoare, M.P., the Rev. Jani Alii, a former Mahomedan, from Calcutta, and the Rev. Hubert Brooke, of Reading, also spoke.

At St. James's Hall, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton occupied the chair, and among the speakers were the Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, Sir Charles Bernard, Canon Tristram, the Rev. Cyril Gordon, from Uganda, the Rev. James Stone, from South India, and Dr. H. Martyn Clark, from the Punjab. A benefaction of £1,000 was announced. At the evening meeting, when the Bishop of Sodor and Man presided, Exeter Hall was again crowded.

Baptist Centenary. CONSPICUOUS among the anniversaries of the year will be the centenary celebrations of the Baptist Missionary Society. In another page we have recalled some of the circumstances under which William Carey made his great appeal, in which he was expressing not the voice of a

denomination, but the call of God to the churches. The Baptist Missionary Society was formed at Kettering in 1792. In 1795, three years later, the London Missionary Society was born; five years later, in 1800, the Church Missionary Society; and in 1816 the Wesleyan Missionary Society was fully organised. On the other side of the Atlantic, in 1796 the New York Missionary Society was established; in 1799, the Connecticut and Massachusetts Missionary Societies; a few years later, in 1810, the Missions of the American Board were commenced, and in 1814 the Missions of the American Baptist Missionary Union. There are now nearly one hundred missionary societies in Great Britain, Europe, the United States, and Canada, numbering: stations and out-stations, 11,388; missionaries, 4,693 male, and 3,228 female; with 40,083 Christian native workers, and 726,883 communicants. To commemorate the present occasion, an appeal was issued for the formation of a special Centenary Thanksgiving Fund of 100,100*l.*, to be accompanied by an endeavour to advance the annual income to a like sum; and the large sum received at the time we write warrants the hope that the object in view may be achieved. A series of meetings was also arranged—first at Nottingham, then at Leicester, and afterwards at Kettering—which could not but be stimulative in their influence to all who are interested in missions.

The anniversary meetings, held as usual in London, varied in form and adapted to different classes, showed all the enthusiasm of such a time. At Exeter Hall, Lord Reay, the late Governor of Bombay, presided. Speaking from observation, he said that Hinduism was adopting Christian ideas in a spirit of self-preservation, and that the number of professing converts was the least important test of missionary success. His experience convinced him of the necessity of the missionary making himself thoroughly acquainted with the opinions and religious ideas of the educated natives, many of whom are readers of Herbert Spencer and other philosophers. At the same time there is a great demand in India for skilled labour; and he believed the mass of the people would be greatly influenced by missionary workmen, that is, those artisans who, in teaching natives their trades, would use their opportunities to instruct them in Christianity. Mr. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., represented the younger generation. He said that when he read the glorious Forward programmes of the Baptist, the Congregational, and the Church Missionary Societies, he thanked God he was so young as he was. "He could conceive that the time would come when the money now spent on the architectural adornment of churches would be diverted to the more pressing need of the souls of the heathen in foreign lands. He condemned the waste of sacrifice by men and women in many little insufficient spheres at home, while the need of service in the mission field is so scantily met." Other speakers were the Rev. T. Lawson Forfeit, of Congo; and the Rev. Arthur Sowerby, of China.

Wesleyan Missionary Society.

THE Wesleyan Missionary Society is not only reducing its debt, but addressing itself with new zeal to the difficult work before it. Though last year's income shows an increase and the expenditure a decrease, there is still a deficiency of 4,000*l.* to be met, and a larger income will be required next year to maintain the missions on even their present level. More cheering were the facts presented by the new Secretary, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald. The number of missionaries showed a slight reduction. There had been an increase of 70 paid agents and lay evangelists, and an increase of 135 of unpaid agents and Sunday-school teachers. The increase in accredited Church members was 1,500, while the number on trial was 1,000 more than last year. The number of weekday and Sunday scholars had increased by 2,400. The chair at Exeter Hall was taken by Mr. J. R. Hill, of York, who urged his fellow Methodists to live up to their theology and hymnology—to turn their holiness conventions into action, their talk and experience into service and gifts. He could not imagine, he said, a church singing their hymns and allowing the missionary income to go down. Dr. Stephenson, as President of the Conference,

was the first speaker. He emphatically endorsed the proposal of a ten per cent. advance on the income, by which they might aim to put 20 European and 200 native agents additional into the field. Glancing back, he quoted some of the returns of the past ten years. "Ten years ago in Cape Colony we had 13,000 members, and in 1890 there were 14,000. In Hyderabad, in 1883, we had 109 members; now 1,100, including those on trial. In Mysore we had then 600; now 1,200. In the North-Western Provinces the numbers were respectively 213 and 788, and in the Transvaal we had then 78, and now 2,300." He did not think that those figures, striking as they were, enabled them to understand the greatness of the success that had been achieved. The veteran Dr. Jenkins, who was received with great enthusiasm, spoke of India as he knew it in 1856, and of India as it is in 1892. He declared that, even if the missionaries were withdrawn, the people would see that it was better for them to retain their teaching. Amongst other speakers were Mr. W. Oulton, J.P., representing the laity; the Rev. David Hill, of China; and Mr. William Goudie, of India, who deeply stirred the meeting by his account of work among the Pariahs.

Methodist
Free
Churches.

THE United Methodist Free Churches have their own forward movement, which was vigorously set forth in its various aspects at their London meeting. The chair at Exeter

Hall was taken by Mr. James Duckworth, the Mayor of Rochdale. The report showed that they had 68 missionaries abroad, and 10,510 members, an increase of 375 for the year. The total income had been 26,284l., an increase of 868l.; and the expenditure 25,997l. Among the speakers were the Rev. M. T. Myers, President of the Free Methodist Churches, and Dr. Stephenson, the well known president of the elder Wesleyan Conference, a fraternal association much appreciated.

Li-Hung-
Chang.

THE name of Li-Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of China, has been recently much before the public. In a volume just issued, "A Winter in North China" (R. T. S.), which describes the journey of Dr. Glover, and the Rev. T. M. Morris, of Ipswich, there is a reference to him of much practical interest. The Viceroy received them, and plied them with questions about their impressions of China, about Christianity, and about the opium trade. In reference to the last he observed that, as they were sending out missionaries to convert the Chinese, they might try to convert their own Government. He said Confucianism was good enough for the souls of the Chinese, but he admitted the Christians knew more about their bodies. "I hope," he said, "you will send out a great many more medical missionaries." We note, meanwhile, that the recent demand for the arrest of Chan-han, admitted to be the originator of the attacks on Europeans in Hunan, has also been evaded, the agents of the Viceroy reporting that they were unable to discover his abode.

Scotch
Students.

THE wave of missionary enthusiasm which is passing over the English Universities has reached the Scotch students. Over thirty offers of service from students in theology and medicine at Glasgow alone, not to speak of the other northern universities, have been made to the Convener of the Free Church Foreign Missions Committee.

Dr. Allon.

LONDON has lost another of its most conspicuous ministers in the death of Dr. Henry Allon, of Union Chapel, Islington. He had retired to rest in his usual health, when during the night he was taken ill, and passed away before medical help could be secured. Although he had reached his seventy-fourth year, the news came as a shock to his people, to whom he was announced to preach on the succeeding day. The larger part of his life had been spent in this association. Born in 1818, he came from Yorkshire to Chesham College. In June, 1843, he preached his first sermon at Union Chapel, filling the place of the pastor absent on a holiday. Such was the impression he made, that the following year he was invited to undertake the office of co-pastor; eight years later he became sole pastor. The long period of service which followed witnessed a steady growth of influence. In 1877 the present chapel, accommodating some 2,000 people, was erected at a cost, including the freehold site, of nearly 50,000l. The ideal aimed at in the building was, to use Dr. Allon's own words, to secure

"in a substantial and architectural way a church fitted to, and, so to speak, expressive of, Congregational worship, not a weak and lifeless adaptation of one meant, as our ancient churches in general were, for Catholic worship." "It must not be supposed," says a contemporary, "that either Dr. Allon or his people were satisfied with raising the tone of Nonconformist public worship. He taught his people to be hard workers in every good cause. They were in the Forward Movement long before that phrase was invented.



DR. ALLON.

Jas. Russell & Sons, photo.]

Connected with the church are three missions, one in the heart of Spitalfields, one at Lower Islington, and one at Highbury. Apart from these missions there are agencies which touch almost every form of human need. During the period of his pastorate Dr. Allon received into church membership about 4,000 persons, and some 250,000l. has been subscribed for religious and benevolent objects. The amount now annually raised is, on an average, 5,000l., and the membership 700." For twenty years Dr. Allon also edited the *British Quarterly Review*, a work which brought him into contact with men of "light and leading" in various departments. The services he rendered to church music and hymnology are well known. On all that he undertook he left the impress of his own wide culture. The thousands which gathered in Abney Park Cemetery testified to the popular regard. The many tributes to his memory showed how strong men recognised and honoured his great gifts.

Polynesian
Labour
Traffic.

A VIGOROUS protest against the re-opening of the Polynesian Labour Traffic has been issued by Dr. John G. Paton, the veteran missionary of the New Hebrides. It appears that in consequence of the decline of the sugar industry, and the ruin of large numbers "from want of labour to utilize the rich resources of the country," the prohibition against the introduction of Polynesians has been withdrawn. It is, however, not more than seven or eight months since black labour ceased on the plantations. Dr. Paton recalls the circumstances under which it was excluded, and supports his case by quotations from the evidence taken before the Royal Commission. There is no doubt as to the monstrous cruelties and wrongs by which the labour traffic was accompanied. It is pleaded that the abuses were checked, and that stringent provisions will be introduced to prevent their recurrence. This does not satisfy Dr. Paton, who appeals to all the churches and the colonies, and to the British Government, to interfere and prevent what he holds to be "the worst kind of slavery." Bishop Barry, in a letter to *The Guardian*, expresses his fear that no "adequate safeguards" can be depended upon, and urges that therefore "the cause of humanity must be sternly defended, and the hands of those who fight for it strengthened in every way." Bishop Selwyn also writes, giving the details of his own experience, but thinks that restrictions might be enforced, and arrangements made to the advantage both of the islanders and of Queensland.