

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

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



DR. BRYANT GIVES A SYMPATHETIC WELCOME.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEW HOME.

KEITH stood with big blue eyes fixed upon Lettice's face, as she leant against the foot of the bed.

"Why not now?" he wanted to know. "'Cause

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you're tired? And you've got to unpack all that lot of boxes?"

"Some, not all."

"And then you'll have a jolly race with me, and ever so many games?"

"Perhaps——" was the utmost that Lettice

PRICE ONE PENNY.

could force herself to say. She had never felt more out of tune for boisterous fun. Keith pranced off, banging the door, and she remained where he left her, drooping in a dead blank of depression and loneliness, the like of which she had not before known. Always she had had her home, her sister and brother, her right to love and be loved by them: and now she was alone.

Nothing to live for: nobody to care for: no one to live and care for her: only Felix far away out of reach, and the kind Valentines scarcely more accessible. A sense of dreariness weighed her down. It was not so much active pain as dull pressure—the harder to be resisted. Her head throbbed with dull responsiveness: and a wave of temptation to despair swept over her. What hope, what interest in life remained? A cup of tea might have brought relief to body and mind, but the cup of tea was not forthcoming: and she of course did not realize, as at such times one does not, how far the depression was purely physical.

Dropping her hat, Lettice crept to the side of the bed and lay down upon it—lay flat and still, with closed eyes; for more than an hour, never stirring a finger.

Nobody came, and in later years this hour always stood out as one of the worst and bitterest phases through which she had had to pass. Worse even than when she had first learned Cecilia's true state; worse than the morning of Cecilia's death. For then she had had the help of kind faces and voices around, though they could not touch her sorrow: and now she was utterly alone. Minutes had never dragged past with such slowness. If one afternoon were so interminable, what would the whole of life be? thought the poor girl in her distress. Past, present and future were blended into one murky cloud of darkness. Burning tears crept at intervals through her closed eyelids, and an occasional sob fought for utterance: but Lettice dared not let the struggling passion have way. Once to yield would have been to lose all mastery over herself.

Then through the parched Sahara of her woe came a murmur, breathed softly like the voice of an organ in the far distance, with familiar words, which yet she had not particularly remarked,—

"When the Lord saw her, He . . . said unto her, Weep not."

In response a rain of tears fell; but this time they brought a measure of relief. As they lessened, she seemed to hear again—

"He said unto her, Weep not."

"O how can I help it? I am so alone—so alone?"

Yet once more the quiet murmur sounded—

"He said . . . Weep not."

Lettice sat up, and gazed around with dim eyes. "But how can I help it? What can I do? If there were anyone to care—"

The whisper came in other words, equally familiar, equally unthought of—

"He careth for you."

Lettice sank back on the pillow; a strange new peace at her heart. Prue had talked, and Bertha had talked; and their words had dropped on her dulled spirit, like stones against a wall. But now

it seemed as if the Divine Comforter Himself had come; and with one little shower of heavenly rain, the arid desert was changed.

An indescribable sense of rest, of being loved and cared for, crept over her. Consciously and clearly she was no longer alone. With tears still undried upon her cheeks, she fell asleep, and though the sleep could hardly have lasted half-an-hour, it seemed to bridge over a chasm in her existence, to land her in a new world, inwardly as well as outwardly. She had never slumbered more profoundly, and when she woke the same calm peace enfolded her. Everything looked different. "Jesus cares for me! Jesus loves me!" she murmured, clasping her hands. "I'm so glad—oh, so glad."

Then there was a bang at the door, and Keith bounced in.

"—Because it's getting cold," reached her ears.

"I don't understand."

"What are you lying down for? That's awfully lazy. Mamsie says, if you want any tea, you'd better make haste, because it's getting cold. It's been up ever so long."

"I didn't know the time. I've been asleep."

Lettice rose slowly, feeling still battered and weak but happy. Pain of body and pain of mind alike were stilled by that strangely deep slumber. She was able to smile down on the child, as he stared at her with wondering eyes.

"What makes you—so?" he demanded.

"Makes me how? I don't understand?"

"Mamsie said you was ugly. But I think you're pretty."

Lettice stooped to kiss the boy. "Keith, will you love me?" she asked softly.

"Will you play with me after tea? Father said I was to be kind to you. Will you be my horse, and let me beat you?"

"Yes, if you won't beat very hard."

"Oh, 'course not—you're a girl, you know. But I'll love you, if you'll be my horse."

He slid down the balusters, looking up with eyes of approval: and Lettice came after. A cup of tea was welcome, albeit not too warm; and as she sat under Theodosia's critical gaze, the thought came again—"I'm not wanted here. But—He cares for me."

"What are you dreaming about?" asked Theodosia abruptly, noting a transient smile.

Lettice could not answer the question, and she made no attempt to evade it.

"Have you been unpacking all this time?"

"She hasn't unpacked one single thing," cried Keith. "She's been laying down, sound asleep."

"Lying down, you mean; not laying."

"And she's going to play games with me, mamsie. Lots of games, and run races. And I'm going to love her, ever so much, 'cause I think she's pretty."

Theodosia's face darkened. The last thing she desired was that Keith should care for Lettice. Her own love for the child was of a jealous and exacting nature.

"Your friends at the farm seem to have been in a great hurry to get rid of you," she remarked coldly.

"O no, indeed!" Lettice could not let this

pass in justice to the Valentines. "They would have kept me any length of time. Only Felix thought—and I thought—it would not be right."

"I'm sure I wish——" Theodosia's half-uttered sentence could not have been clearer, if fully uttered. "Why not 'right,' pray?"

"They are—no relations," faltered Lettice.

"Are we?"—in an undertone.

"I thought—Dr. Bryant——"

"He was related to your sister. Not to you yourself, of course."

"Sissie—my sister—had told me——" Lettice could not finish the sentence: and Theodosia moved impatiently.

"Do stop crying, pray." Then, in a tone of surprise:—"Maurice! To-day! You said you would not come before to-morrow."

"Have you any objection, my dear?"

Theodosia made no answer. Dr. Bryant kissed her, patted Keith on the head, then passed on to the chair from which Lettice had risen. She said nothing, only lifted two brown eyes, wide open and filled to the brim with tears. The upward look was singularly sweet and pathetic; and the inscrutable calm of the doctor's face changed slightly under it. He took her two little chill hands into his, and bent to kiss her brow, a welcome so unexpected, that one or two big tears splashed on his wrist, despite all her efforts. She was glad that he stood between her and Theodosia, from whom a slight sound, half laugh, half sneer, could be heard.

"Miss Anderson is a young lady of sixteen, I believe, Maurice."

"Lettice Anderson is my little girl, and I am her old uncle, or father, if she will have me, Theodosia." To Lettice he added softly—"For poor Cecilia's sake! Her mother was very dear to me."

Lettice clung fast to the kind brown hand. How could she hold back? The doctor put her into an easy chair, and sat down by her, watching the workings of the pale face.

"Not grown up yet, surely?"

"O no, I'm only a little girl still."

"You and I are going to be friends, I see."

Theodosia's brows drew together. She did not wish Dr. Bryant to like Lettice.

"Have another cup of tea?" asked the unconscious doctor.

Lettice said "yes:" and then was sorry, as she caught the covert flash of Theodosia's eyes.

"I have no more in the tea-pot."

"Easily have some made!" and Dr. Bryant rang the bell.

"For that child! Absurd!"

"I thought 'that child' was a grown-up young lady, just now. Be consistent, my dear . . . Grown up or no, she is a very tired little being of some sort. I shall order you off to bed soon, Lettice."

Keith shouted a protest. "O no, father—no—she's going to play with me."

"Hush! don't make that uproar."

"But, father, she said she would——"

"Not to-day."

"I said I would," Lettice tried to interpose.

"I forbid it for to-day. Keith, if you make any noise, you leave the room."

Keith was on the verge of a roar: but thinking better of his intention, he only whimpered. Theodosia withdrew from the tea-table, with a thundery brow, to pity and caress the boy, while Dr. Bryant poured out the tea for Lettice.

"You have not told me yet, what has brought you home in such a hurry," said Theodosia.

"Was there need? I heard from you this morning that Lettice would arrive to-day."

"Well?" indifferently.

"That was sufficient."

Theodosia's lips formed an "Absurd!" again.

"If I had heard sooner I could have sent notice of my intentions."

Theodosia was uncomfortably silent. She had kept Lettice's letter to her husband two days before sending it on: the said letter being undated: but from Dr. Bryant's manner she saw that he was not without suspicion of the fact. This was true: and a passing gleam of surprise on Lettice's face confirmed his suspicion. He asked no further questions, however. It was by no means the first time that he had had reason to fear a lack of straightforwardness in his wife. For instance, he knew now that a telegram had been sent to tell of Cecilia's illness, and detention at Reading: and he knew, with an almost certain knowledge, that the said telegram had been delivered into Theodosia's hands. Only, in face of her assertions, and notwithstanding the proved truthfulness of the messenger, he generously would not count it quite certain, and therefore he said nothing. But his trust in her could no longer be absolute; and his eyes had become quick to note discrepancies. To put her to shame before Lettice would, however, have been the last thing he could desire.

"Lettice is to sleep, I suppose, in the spare room?" he said suddenly. Theodosia had expected no such question.

"In a spare room,—yes, of course," slurring over the tiny word "a."

But Dr. Bryant's ears were sharp. "Over the dining-room?"

"That room, for a child! You say yourself she is a child! Of course not. If it had been for two of them——"

"Where have you put her, Theodosia?"

"Upstairs. The other spare room. Where else should she be?"

Dr. Bryant's recollections of "the other spare room" were hazy. He walked off without a word, unheeding an eager protest from Lettice. There was an unpleasant gleam in Theodosia's eyes.

"It is too supremely ridiculous. As if we never were to have a decent room to offer a visitor. I certainly shall not give in."

Lettice hardly knew what to answer, and Dr. Bryant speedily returned.

"That will not do, my dear," he said.

"I don't see why not. It is the only room I can spare."

"Another has to be spared. I will not have Keith on the first floor, and Lettice on the second. If you like to send Keith upstairs——"

"My little delicate Keith!" Theodosia nearly choked with wrath.

Dr. Bryant glanced from Keith's rosy cheeks

to Lettice's white ones. "It will not do," he repeated. "I don't insist on the best spare room. We may need that occasionally, I suppose." This was a reluctant concession, for he hated visitors. "But one room on that floor it has to be. Either Keith's, or your little sitting-room, or the room next to it."

"My boudoir! Thanks! I am very much obliged. Keith is not going upstairs! And I can't spare that other room. I want it in a hundred ways."

"One of the three it must be. Lettice will sleep in the spare room until you have made up your mind. Will you give orders to that effect—or shall I?"

"I have nothing to do with the matter."

Lettice again remonstrated, but in vain. Dr. Bryant rang the bell, ordered the best spare room to be at once prepared, asked which boxes would be required for immediate use, and withdrew. He seemed to be unconscious of Theodosia's white-heat of fury. She held it in till he was gone: then, regardless of the boy's presence, she turned upon Lettice with a fierce—"You little—toad!"

Lettice was startled to an upright position. She had a feeling of being stunned, as with a blow. "But what can I do? How can I help it!" she asked. "I did not mean to make trouble. I would not have complained."

"Complained! I should think not! What right have you to anything here, pray? Not even a relation! What are you to any of us? To want the best spare room! Oh, I understand you, for all your innocent looks. It's easy to come over my husband: but you won't come over me! I advise you to be careful, or you'll have cause to repent."

"I don't know what you mean! Indeed, I only wish to do what you like," pleaded Lettice.

"I dare say! I know how much that is worth! But it won't pay! Sooner or later my husband will find you out. And mind—if you say one word to him of this!—Come along, my sweet! Come along with me."

Theodosia swept to the door, and there halted, looking back with darkened eyes, for the boy had not at once followed, as she expected. He stood in front of Lettice, scanning her earnestly.

"Mamsie said you was a toad," the small voice uttered as if in surprise.

Lettice thought Mrs. Bryant was gone. "Mamsie didn't really mean it, Keith," she said gently. "It was only—Mamsie was a little vexed."

"Mamsie doesn't like you, but I do, Lettice."

Theodosia's wrath was filled to the brim. She strode back, said scornfully,—"You are mistaken! I do mean it"—snatched the boy's hand, and pulled him, struggling, from the room. Lettice sat, confounded. She literally did not know what to do or what to think of this display: since she had never before had to do with an unrestrainedly bad temper. She dreaded greatly the moment of their next encounter; but when it came Theodosia had reverted to her former cold and careless manner. Lettice found this to be a usual course of events. Theodosia's outbreaks of ill-humour were frequent, and she seemed to consider that a return to her ordinary manner

was sufficient apology; if indeed she ever counted an apology called for. All the world might be in the wrong sooner than Theodosia herself: and if she knew what it was to regret her own words, she would not acknowledge the fact.

Lettice suffered keenly from constant association with a temper of endless uncertainty. There could be no repose in her intercourse with Theodosia. However agreeable the mood of the latter might be at any given moment, nobody could predict that she might not flame into anger before five minutes were over; and the incessant dread of possible cyclones weighed upon Lettice like a millstone. She could never be at ease in Mrs. Bryant's presence.

The manner of her life at Quarrington Cottage was not long in declaring itself. On second thoughts, Theodosia gave in to her husband's wishes about the bedroom for Lettice, yielding for that purpose the extra "useful room," which under Dr. Bryant's superintendence was nicely prepared and furnished. But she could not forgive Lettice for having been the innocent cause of this defeat; and she showed a ceaseless jealousy of Dr. Bryant's kind interest in the girl. Not for her husband's sake, but for Keith's sake. Theodosia never lost sight of the fact that some of his money might be diverted from herself and the boy by this "interloper," as she privately called Lettice.

Lettice saw and felt the jealousy, without fathoming the motive which lay below. Had it not been for that motive, Lettice might perhaps in time have overcome Theodosia's dislike. Only "perhaps:" for another hindrance soon arose, in the shape of Keith's growing affection for Lettice. That Lettice should play with Keith, amuse him, wait upon him, slave for him, was merely what Theodosia expected, as a matter of course: but that Keith should give Lettice his little heart in return, Theodosia did not expect. The one devotion of her heart was for this boy, and anybody who could win any portion of his love, or who would stand in the way of his interests, became abhorrent to her. She was a complete slave to impulse: and Lettice's gentleness failed to conquer.

Dr. Bryant of course knew his wife to be of an "uncertain temper." Had he discovered the fact before marriage, he would not have married her: but he did not find it out till afterwards. The friction naturally deadened his enjoyment of her companionship, and drove him back into the old recluse habits from which for a time he had emerged; but because of those habits, and because he could always be content in solitude, it did not seriously affect his happiness. Sooner or later she would "come round;" and meanwhile he had his study, and the study-door had lock and key. He failed to realize the difference between his position and that of Lettice, failed to see that, where he might lift his eyebrows and retire, Lettice could only remain where she was, and endure.

He was careful to secure for the girl all that she might need in the way of material comfort. At once he began to allow her twenty pounds yearly for clothes. He superintended to some

extent her course of reading, that education might not cease: and his kindness was unvarying. A warm affection sprang up fast between the two. All this afforded Theodosia fresh food for jealous anger.

During a considerable part of each day Dr. Bryant was shut up in his study, oblivious of the outer world: and then Lettice had much to bear. Far more than the doctor ever dreamed; for while with him she was safe, and, in consequence, happy. Lettice soon saw that complaints would only make matters worse, even if she had any inclination to complain. But how could she tell Dr. Bryant, in return for all his goodness, that Mrs. Bryant was not good to her? She could only bear up and bear on with continuous patience, watching for opportunities to make herself useful, and avoiding self-defence.

Young as Keith was, the child soon learnt to control his affection for Lettice in his mother's presence. When alone with Lettice, he would show boisterous love, clinging and kissing to any extent; but before Mrs. Bryant he seldom ventured on such demonstrations. Her jealous displeasure was only too patent. Lettice felt this concealment of his real little self to be disingenuous, therefore harmful; yet she had no power to prevent it. "Mamsie doesn't like me to love you, but I do love you," the boy often said; and Lettice was grateful for the love, even while it made her fear. Despite Keith's care, which at six years old was not likely to be consistently maintained, Theodosia knew pretty well how things were—too well for Lettice's comfort.

Her daily life was indeed a course of difficult

steering among rocks and breakers. It would have been yet more difficult but for the new joy which had been breathed into it. The more cold and harsh Mrs. Bryant grew, the more Lettice was driven to prayer. Between Dr. Bryant and little Keith she had many gleams of sunshine: but her happiest hours of all were those spent in church and alone in her own room, when things unseen became most real, and the passing nature of this life apparent. In all that she had to bear, the Lord Jesus still lived and cared for her. Gradually the very passion of her heart grew to be an absorbing love for that Divine Master: an intense desire to do and to suffer His will. This did not mean that doing ceased to be difficult, or suffering to be pain. It meant only that she could say from her heart, thoroughly meaning it: "Thy will, not mine."

So passed three years: and through those years Lettice never left Quarrington Cottage. Invitations came from the Farm; and Lettice could not go. The journey meant expense, and she knew too well the opposition which would be aroused in Theodosia if she asked Dr. Bryant's leave. So for his sake, and not to disturb his quiet, she never spoke of these invitations, but smothered down her longings, and quietly declined them all. If her friends counted her neglectful she could not help it.

Nor did she once see Felix. Twice during the three years, Dr. Bryant invited him to the Cottage, and each time Felix refused to come—not too gratefully. Thereafter, for a while, Dr. Bryant let the matter rest.

THE HEART OF A CHINAMAN.

A LETTER FROM A CHINESE CORNELIUS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, D.D.

WHEN recently in China on a visit to the Baptist Missions in the interior, one of my constant efforts was to learn as well I might the workings of the hearts of heathen in relation to God. The profoundest intellectual interest attaches to the questions of—how in the darkness of heathen lands the Unseen imparts itself to the mind—in what direction it moves the conscience—what are the feelings and desires it stirs—and what the points of resemblance and difference between their ultimate convictions and longings and our own.

Great practical importance attaches also to these questions, for the knowledge of the ideas of those we address is essential to the conveyance of our own; as the same expressions will mean different things to men whose different minds will apprehend them in different meanings. And besides, he who can find and appreciate the bright and vital point in the minds he addresses, knows

what to appeal to and what to offer, in cases where others might say much without ever instituting that sympathetic connection which conveys convictions.

My experience, like that of most inquisitive foreigners, was for a long while disappointing. It seemed as if the rule of contrary prevailed. The original "concepts" of a Chinese mind seemed to deny kinship altogether with the instinctive findings of ours. The rarity of any sense of personal relation to a personal God makes anything like conviction of sin equally rare. One is disappointed to find how generally the mind is exhausted by the impression of "lords many and gods many," and falters and stops, before it reaches the conception of one Supreme God. Their sense of immortality is so earthy (the dead being regarded as still near and round about them), attributes at once such power and weakness, such authority and such dependence to the dead, and

contemplates possibilities so grotesque in their expected transmigrations, that at first it seems a question whether the universal recognition of the survival of the dead is a help or a hindrance to us in our work.

Their worship of ancestors is in some lights the best thing in China, and yet it is in some directions the greatest obstacle to their acceptance of a purer faith. So that to systematise the natural theology of China seems to be a task impossible. It is a jungle of conflicting convictions, aspirations, and despairs.

Yet my questions—failing to find satisfaction—led to what was perhaps better, glimpses of things that moved deeper questions still; and enriched me with accounts of souls struggling through this jungle to the light.

I was deeply interested in the account given of one such earnest inquirer, who eight or nine months before had met with a friend of mine and written to him. The man, like the mass of the population in North China, is a humble farmer, making perhaps ten or fifteen pounds a year; not a scholar—his letter is, I am told, poor in expression—though evidently a student. I saw him in the little village in which, though not then baptized, he was already the heart and soul of a little Christian community.

As most of us realize too poorly, that in every heathen land there are those who are seeking after God if haply they may find Him, men "waiting for redemption," I feel it may stir in some of my readers a profounder sympathy with their brethren in the dark, if I present them with a translation of this letter in its completeness. The translation is the work of my friend Mr. Jones, of the Shantung Mission, to whom the letter was addressed. For the understanding of it, I notice here one term which frequently recurs, viz., "The Way," "The True Way," "The Heavenly Doctrine." The word *Taou*, translated "way" and "doctrine," is one of the great technical expressions of religious thought in China. It was first used by Lao Tse, the profoundest of Chinese sages, whose philosophy has some remarkable affinities with the Idealism of Plato. It means many connected things: 1. The path in which a man ought to walk. 2. The law of that path, written on the heart; the Divine impulse, in every heart moving in that direction. 3. The everlasting and universal movement, in the nature of things, towards the right and the good: "The Power making for Righteousness."

The word, thus employed, may be used accordingly in a great variety of connections. The Way may be identified with the living God in the soul, and may mean anything, between the Immediate Duty and the Eternal Law of Righteousness. The word gives its name to a sect—the *Taouists*—who, alas, fall far behind the teaching of their great founder. But every more earnest Chinaman directs his first enquiries to discover the true "Way" in which man should walk. With this preamble I now give the letter, reserving a few additional words of explanation to its close.

LETTER FROM CHINESE ENQUIRER TO THE REV. A. G. JONES,
SHANTUNG, N. CHINA.

(Received March, 1890.)

ALL people are of one mind as to the Heavenly Doctrine. Ever since I was seventeen years of age, I have had in my heart the fear of Old Age, of Death, and of the consequences of Sin. What was the reason of this? I heard old men constantly saying that From youth to old age was but a few days; that Though a man lived to a hundred, he must at last die; that There was not one who was without transgression; and that Though in this Life there are many ways of evading temporal penalties, yet after Death, in the world to come, there is a Law that can not be evaded.

I listened with intense interest to these things. But although I had an honest desire to do my part in the world as a man, yet I found no one to act as my leader in the Way. Yet although my body was in the world (*i.e.* though engaged in business) my heart rose frequently in prayer to God.

I also frequented the company of some who enjoyed conversing about Virtue: who truly had hearts that were loving and receptive, and who, though they were not scholars, yet had hearts that were fond of the True Way.

Again, in reading ancient books, in my spare time, with a desire to find out the Truth, I met with the sentence, "Without Goodness it will be hard to escape Judgment;" and further, that "Except the Holy Sages, no one has ever been without transgressions."

In consequence, I could do nothing but think upon the Doctrine of the Sages, the more so as it was so hard to hear of a Teacher who had the root of Goodness in him, by whose help I might get nearer the true Way, even though I was constantly seeking such a one.

At last I met with a Mr. Mêng, who had a heart as tender as a woman's; and he pointed out to me the true principle of living in accordance with and following of that better nature we have bestowed on us by Heaven; and the starting point for ridding ourselves of our passions and conforming to Truth. In this way I came to understand The Middle Pathway of Goodness, and often at nights or in spare hours I used to try to lead men to repent and give up sin and exhort them to cease from evil and do good. I used also to give away tracts; exhorting people not to go to law: I did this to the extent of three or four hundred sheets. Yet nevertheless for several years I met very few who had real faith in their hearts though their lips assented to the truth. The most gave way to their lusts and passions; the few only had a regard for the Old Ways. In fact close acquaintance with the world and its customs reveals utter confusion and disorder, Rectitude unable to overcome perversity, still more, Falseness prevailing over Truth. Alas! Alas! does not the True Way seem to be utterly forsaken!

Happily I met at last with you Western Missionaries, who also have hearts tender like women's hearts, who have come an immense distance over mountains and seas to reach our Flowery Middle Kingdom; to exhort men to Virtue to dispense medicine, to give away good books and to relieve distress.

We Chinese will find it hard to repay such great grace as this. Mencius says that the saving of the world was not the work of the Great Yü alone. I see also that in the Christian books the first place is given to the worship of the supreme Ruler, the True God, with this to awake and rouse the people. I also see that Jesus was nailed on the cross to save the world by His grace; that He spake the comforting mystery of the Father being in Him and He in the Father. From these things it can be seen that, as in the

ancient classic and religious books of Confucius, Budha and Lao Tse, there is an infinite depth in these books not easily expressed.

The ancients said, there may be a thousand Sages but they have one heart; a myriad ages, but one Truth; that all under Heaven are one family: all Kingdoms of one manhood; that in a thousand books or a myriad volumes Truth will never conflict with Truth, that the great Way is clear to all, and is binding on all: it does not recognize the selfishness of men, nor recognize the claims of one before another. No matter in what Kingdom they are found, men of understanding who are sincere believers in the Truth, must all, without an exception, agree on these things and recognize that there is no other—no second gate of entrance save that of Truth and Righteousness.

It is also said that They who know their own natures can live together. I have the desire, according to what I have written in this letter, to know more of you, by nearer intercourse, and I shall be glad to hear from you your judgment on these matters.

(Here follows Name and Address.)

My readers will not fail to mark the elevation of sentiment and the intensity of longing here expressed.

The significance of some few points about it may be more thoroughly appreciated, if I add a few explanatory words.

"The flowery Middle Kingdom," is the customary name for China. It is in their view the centre of the world—"The Hub" of the Universe, fair and fertile. Hence its name of "Middle Kingdom" and "Flowery Land."

"The Middle Pathway" of Goodness alludes to "The Doctrine of the Mean," as laid down and enlarged by Confucius. The essence of which is, that Goodness is a line always lying between two extremes, "The Golden Mean."

The Doctrine of Man here laid down is interesting. Confucius and Laotse both held that we are born with a "better nature," but one easily and usually degenerating under temptation. This Doctrine is a recognition of The Diviner part in man, of Conscience, Aspiration, The capacity for Truth and Righteousness. It is not used, so far as I know by either of these great leaders to swell the complacency and importance of man, but rather to move the repentance and aspiration which come with self-respect, and to keep alive the ideal of manhood.

My readers will notice further a wonderful catholicism in the view of the universal identity of humanity. "All within the five seas are brethren," is a common Chinese proverb. "There is no difference, for all have sinned," "There is no difference, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call on Him," is Paul's version of the solidarity of man, urged against the Jewish exclusiveness of his day. This widely accepted finding of the Chinese sages, awakes an appreciation of those elements of the Gospel which fit it to be the Universal Religion of mankind.

The vivid sense of Immortality and of Judgment to come, will not be overlooked by any. "The Law, after death, which cannot be evaded"—how real and pathetic, and hungry, is the vision

of the heart that sees this so clearly, but sees not how to meet it.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading—

Who, for me, be interceding—

When the just are mercy pleading?

is the cry of the Soul that wrote the Dies Iræ—and evidently of this Chinaman.

The Estimate of the Missionaries is not to be overlooked. The courtesy of the Chinese prompts compliments and requires that they be profuse. But the simplicity and brevity of the reference here betrays a deeper feeling than that of compliment. The description of the missionaries as "exhorting to Virtue, dispensing Medicine, giving away good books, and relieving distress," is photographic in its simplicity. And the remark of Mencius (the great commentator on Confucius, who lived about two thousand years ago) that "the saving of the world was not the work of the Great Yü, only," is a great commendation of their usefulness. For Yü, is the man celebrated in their records, as having been the first (between four and five thousand years ago) to embank the Yellow River, thus saving the world. The suggestion is, that lowlier people have a share in saving men, and that the Missionaries conspicuously are achieving that sort of work.

But that which crowns the interest of this letter is the evidence it affords of a Heart prepared for the Gospel of Christ. This man while still a Heathen, had found his way to the Mercy-seat of the Supreme God. It is forbidden for any but the Emperor—as high priest of the people—to sacrifice to Him. But many pray to Him. And no terror of nor trust in lower powers can keep some from cleaving their way through darkness and distraction to the Father of mankind. This man had been for years a frequenter of the mercy-seat; it is no wonder that his heart lay so open to the charms and meaning of the Gospel.

To some the doctrine of The Godhead and Cross of Jesus Christ are stumbling blocks. To this man they are the Commendation and the charm of the Gospel. "He spake the comforting mystery of the Father being in Him and He in the Father." Mr. Jones explains "The word 'mysterious' or 'mystery' means also wondrously fit, beautifully adapted and effective beyond our hope—the mystery consisting in the fitness. While the fact that "Jesus was nailed to the Cross to save the world by His mercy" presents no difficulty to him, but all the attraction of a promise of great peace. Perhaps there was floating in his memory a word of his master Laotse, written five-and-twenty centuries ago. "Therefore he who bears the reproach of his country shall be called the Lord of the Land, and he who bears the calamities of his country, shall be called the King of the World," and he was disposed to expect that the Lord of all things would take the pathway of The Cross to His great Throats. Whether this was so or not, it is certain that in this man's case, and in the case of many others that I met, the glory of Calvary at once charmed, convinced, converted him.

There are many like this man, waiting, like him, for the light of life. Who will carry it to them?

CAPTAIN CHARITY.

"Sharp arrows—even bitter words."

"Therefore He, the King's Son, addressed Himself for His march, and taketh with Him five noble captains and their forces. . . . The third was that valiant captain the Captain Charity. His standard bearer was Mr. Pitiful, and he had ten thousand men at his feet."

IT is an old story, dead and done with, this history of a siege which never took place, and of a town which never existed. Fashion no longer countenances allegory. "We do not want the moral at all," say the story readers, "and if it must needs be thrust on us, let us have it plain and undisguised, so that we may recognise it and skip it if we are so disposed; but do not cheat and hoodwink us by pretending to tell us a tale and ending by preaching a sermon." No doubt there are many who feel like this, and who, in these impatient days, rebel at John Bunyan's old-fashioned way of trying to make them think; who deem it impolite to thrust Diabolus on their notice, and wax weary of all this coming and going, this besieging and retreating, and storming again of Mansoul's gates.

But there will never cease to be a few conservative folk who find some suggestion worth pondering in every page he has written, and who will not lose a single truth or beauty because it is not dressed in the mode, and speaks in accents that the fine world has learnt to despise. And to these the Bedford tinker will always seem a great and intrepid champion, fighting on the side of right, of goodness and purity and loving kindness, flinging down the gauge against sin and falsehood and tyranny, and under the guise of a story setting forth the truest, profoundest, saddest truths. Those of us who are among this little band will take very kindly to young Captain Charity, marching up to Eye-gate, and doing brave and valorous duty there; he and Captain Good-Hope, who bore themselves so well that they were singled out for special reward by the princely commander-in-chief.

But why did Bunyan set this young soldier to the assault of Eye-gate? He was needed there, no doubt, as he could ill be spared at any of the city ports; but if you or I had the writing of the story, should we not have given him the command of Mouth-gate? It is curious that the author has so little to say about this entrance which no modern Mansoul could afford to leave undefended. It was the sally-port, he tells us, the gate by which the citizens came and went, and stones were slung from it, and arrows sped from the archer's bow. The description, slight as it is, holds good to the present day. The same warfare still goes on, but the slingers and archers have grown a little more expert; the shooting is better, the aim more precise, and a good many people are hit over whose heads the stones and arrows might once have flown harmless.

It is an undisputed truth that in the two centuries since Bunyan lived, the world has learned to talk a great deal more, and to talk

both foolishly and hurtfully. Is there anything left undiscussed in our enlightened times? Is there anybody whose privacy is respected? Is there any life, the most modest and retiring, that is not in peril of being dragged into the open market and there commented on, canvassed, judged? A generation or two ago it was only a few great people, kings and queens, and personages of such high degree, upon whom the searching lights of publicity were turned, but in these un-reticent days the doings of even the small fry, who are neither great nor clever nor remarkable in any way, are duly chronicled for the gratification of an insatiable curiosity which would ever busy itself with hearing or telling something new. And it stands to reason that this old world of ours turned chatterbox must needs say many an ill-natured, spiteful, and unkind thing; nobody who talks much but must often talk unwisely, and indeed if the comments were all good-natured and kind, wouldn't they lose half their spice? How many society papers would be bought and read if they lent their columns to nothing but the praise of virtue and the recording of good deeds? How many gossips would be welcomed at tea or dinner-tables if the malice were left out of the piquant little stories it is their business to circulate? They understand too well the weakness of human nature, and set themselves to please and amuse by hinting away a reputation here, exposing a foible there, pointing out the flaw in this fair surface, and forcing into the light all the mean, despicable, shabby little tricks and turns which might very well have escaped notice had they been allowed to remain in shadow.

Never was there a time when Mouth-gate stood in direr need of Captain Charity's services than in an age when nothing is reverent, nothing is sacred, when even good people, who sincerely desire to play the Samaritan's part and would shrink from wounding a neighbour, have learned to tolerate, if not to approve, the prying and spying of modern journalism, and the exchange of slangy scandal that passes for wit in London drawing-rooms.

Half of all this spiteful gossip, so lightly passed from lip to lip, is not meant in malice at all, and is spoken in sheer thoughtlessness; the world, even the gay and frivolous world, is good-tempered in the main, and has its generous and kindly impulses, but it wants to be amused, and it is amusing and pleasing too, to pick a neighbour to pieces and expose all his shortcomings, since it proves him to be no better than we pretend to be. We do not want him to be always towering a head and shoulders above us, and if we can pull him



CAPTAIN CHARITY.

down to our own level, we seem already to have gained some inches ourselves.

Some years ago there lived in this same London a young man who might have sat for Bunyan's soldier or one of Arthur's knights, "sworn to speak no slander; no, nor listen to it." Foremost in his profession, and likely, as it seemed, to reap its highest honours, he was good at almost everything he attempted. Famous in his own little world as a cricketer, an oarsman, full of quiet fun, a keen observer, a wide reader—he was most loyally loved by the few who knew him well, though too quiet, too retiring, to do himself justice in a crowd. After his death, which occurred while he was still quite young, but not before his name had begun to be on men's lips, it was remembered and often repeated that the one thing that cast a shadow on his bright handsome face, the one thing that made him fall silent and look stern, was an ugly bit of gossip or an uncharitable story repeated in his presence.

"If you wanted to shut him up and send him out of the house, that was the way to do it," said one of a little group, speaking tenderly of him, as we do of the dead. Then another who was present answered—half shamefacedly, but struggling to be honest too—

"He was all you say; he was the only fellow I ever knew who never gave you a chance to do anything but look up to him; but he was very uncomfortable company, for you had to set a watch on the door of your lips when he was by."

But I who have been told this story have wondered sometimes how it would have been had Slander chanced to busy itself with the last speaker, and, in the raking of the mud, he had been bespattered? Would he not have been glad to know that in one pair of hands, at least, his reputation was safe, that in one breast suspicion would find no welcome? Ah, it is all very well to join in the laugh against a brother or a sister, but when we are the victims the jest does not seem quite so merry: the arrows that we speed so lightly hurt unaccountably when my bosom or yours is the target. And is it to be supposed that we who are so ready to spy out every flaw in a comrade, to whisper the disparaging word, to belittle the good deed, are to escape scot-free? We have only to make our bow to the company and retire; when our turn comes our character is tossed in the arena, and we may consider ourselves lucky if it escapes with a few poor rags and tatters to cover its nakedness.

But the regular skirmishers, those who can give and take and hit back again when they are struck, are not those for whom we reserve our pity; rather we side with the non-combatants, the kindly, simple, harmless folk who wish ill to no one and do good to all, but who may yet be mortally wounded by an arrow drawn at a venture.

For this habit of detraction, so easily acquired, spares none, and punishes most severely those who least offend. We have all in our childhood played at the game called "Russian scandal." A dozen or more take part in the sport; the first whispers a sentence or two into the ear of his neighbour, he in his turn confides the story to

his fellow, and so, from lip to lip it passes, till it reaches the last of the players, who repeats it aloud. Compare the wonderful tale he tells with the original version; see where it has been added to, distorted, twisted, exaggerated, and you will no longer wonder how an ugly rumour that creeps in humbly at the key-hole, in the twinkling of an eye, has grown too big to get out at the door.

The enormous, irreparable hurt that may be caused by a heedless assertion, an unguarded statement, must be matter of experience with us all; a man has been ruined before now by a slander that never had any justification in fact; even if his innocence is wholly proved, does the mischief stop there? We do not need the moralists to tell us that the memory is more retentive of evil than of good report; the details escape us, the outline grows blurred, we cease to remember that our neighbour was maligned, but we have not forgotten that he was accused.

"There was that story, you know—queer, wasn't it? Of course it might be all a mistake, but—" with a knowing wag of the head—"there's no smoke without fire!" So the poor wretch, who is probably a far better man than you or I, bears the undeserved load, because somebody transgressed with his lips, and somebody else, forgetful of the awful ban upon idle words, passed the gossip on.

There is no habit which so quickly grows as this of detraction and disparagement; young folks think it clever, a sign of superiority to find nobody good enough for them. "Put in the wart," said Cromwell to the painter, but these youthful critics when they look on the artist's work see nothing but the blemish. Listen to them as they talk and laugh and giggle together. How they tear, not their friends and acquaintances only but strangers to pieces! This one is a fright, that other looks a fool, one displeases by his conversation, another by his silence; it will be the listener's turn next since nobody escapes. Where is Captain Charity, where is Ensign Pitiful, and where, alas! those ten thousand men who rallied under these leaders? If there were but hope of ten where the despisers are gathered together Mouth-gate might yet be saved.

The satirists—being mostly men—would have us believe that women are the chiefest thieves and robbers of reputation, but in truth the vice is sexless; it flourishes in clubland as it does at five o'clock tea in the drawing-room; the smoke-room and the gun-room have as much to answer for as the boudoir. A gossip of either sex grown old is hopeless; he will whisper and hint mysteriously, and wound anonymously to the end; but in fresh young hearts there is a chance for Captain Charity.

Once upon a time there was a young girl whom a wise person took to task for this grievous fault.

"My dear," said the kind old voice, "you have a very pretty wit and quite a distinguished gift for sarcasm. I have been watching you, and I have noticed that all your arrows speed home. You find it amusing now to be feared and dreaded, but one day perhaps you will wonder why it is that nobody loves you, that everybody

shuns you and would rather run away than stay in the same room with you, and then, may be, you will wish that you had not made the world so lonely. We are not all as clever as you, but we have our little good points too, and most of us are trying humbly to do our duty, and be sure, my dear, that the stupidest of us is capable of being wounded and disheartened."

I think that maiden took the little sermon in good part and learned to make a friend of Captain Charity before she had quite depopulated her world. "We are none of us infallible," said Mark Pattison once, "not even the youngest of us." And so, Mr. or Miss Censorious, isn't it just possible you may be mistaken sometimes, isn't there just a chance that you may ascribe the wrong motive, or pass the undeserved sentence, and might you not now and then give the victim the benefit of the doubt?

Captain Charity goes a long, long way further than this, he does not so much as let the doubt in; he thinks no evil, he hopes all things. He looks within, and he sees there a great many short-comings and failings, and he says, "Who am I that I should judge my brother? I am not here to condemn, but only to love, as I seek and desire myself to be loved, in spite of all that is unworthy in me." And he is gracious ever in deed as in speech, pitiful in act, ready to yield "cup-offerings of kindness" to the "little ones," the feeble and defenceless. One recalls in thinking of him the beautiful legend of St. Christopher, who sought to serve the greatest king upon earth, and was told by the hermit to use his strength in carrying the weak and helpless over a mountain torrent; and how he obeyed and for a long time was the servant of all in need, and how there came one night a little child to the river's brim and begged to be taken across. And when the river, which raged as never before, was over-passed, it was revealed to him that he had borne in the guise of a little one the Lord Christ Himself.

Ah! be sure we shall be thankful for our St. Christopher's chivalrous aid before the day is done for us. He may be too strict for us when we are young, "uncomfortable company," setting a restraint on our lips, forbidding the thoughtless

word, the light sneer, the unkind surmise, but shall we scoff at him for a prig and a Puritan when it is our turn to be assailed and he springs up to defend us? Will he then seem too kind, too long suffering, too tender of our reputation? Shall we not wish we had set him over Mouth-gate long ago before we learned to wield the bow so dexterously, to fling our stones so accurately that we hit friend and foe alike, and have turned our world into a battlefield where every hand draws the sword against us?

One thing must be noticed before we bid the brave silver-clad Captain farewell. Do not suppose he condones wrong-doing because he shuts the door of his lips and will not magnify the evil by spreading it? There is in the same story of which he is one of the heroes a certain Mr. False-Peace, whose father's name was Flatter, and whose mother was a Sooth-Up. This gentleman liked everything comfortable and pleasant about him; he did not hate sin, not he, he was willing to wink at anything so long as there was no fuss made, nobody's temper ruffled, nobody's digestion spoiled; he would re-christen wrong and call it right if it made things smoother and more agreeable for everybody; he was all for quiet and outward respectability, for taking no notice of little unpleasantnesses, for hushing up unquiet reports and putting a fair mask on an ugly face.

There are a good many of his descendants going about the world (they call themselves Peace now), and some of them claim kinship with Captain Charity. But that brave soldier and honest man will have no dealings with them, for though he suffers long it is the sinner he bears with and not the sin: with that he is ever at mortal enmity, witness the great slaughter of the invader's army at Eye-gate and Ear-gate. Set him in charge of Mouth-gate, and he will win the day there for us too.

Not with the archer's bow and sling, not with the arrows or sharp stones of bitter words; his weapons are other than these. Love, patience, pity, humility, the single mind, the pure heart. Without this—the whole armour of God—no victory is possible. With it, what may not be achieved?

L. K.

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

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

ST. PAUL AT EPHESUS.—II.

THE New Testament is often read with very little appreciation of its true meaning because we do not realize the details of the various localities wherein the transactions narrated occurred. This is notably the case in the nineteenth chapter of the Acts, and the story of the Ephesian riot raised against St. Paul. Demetrius

the silversmith made an inflammatory speech to the mob of his fellow-workers—probably in the market-place of the city—and then led the heated crowd into the theatre which closely adjoined. That building, as St. Paul saw it, was brought to light by Mr. Wood between 1866 and 1869, and vast quantities of inscriptions, upon which St.

Paul may have looked or which were erected soon after his time, have been sent over to England and are now in the British Museum. These inscriptions lend wondrous light and colour to the narrative, for they are full of allusions which illustrate, in the most striking manner, the accuracy and good faith of the writer in the Acts of the Apostles. There is one very long inscription in particular which deserves the attention of the student of Holy Scripture. It was discovered by Mr. Wood in the theatre, though in all probability it was originally placed in the Temple. But hereby hangs a tale.

The Temple was destroyed probably about A.D. 400, when the emperors, the Christian clergy, and the people vied with one another, striving which should work most havoc among the monuments of the ancient superstition. Students of classical archaeology have often bitterly lamented this fact, but then, when we remember the destruction wrought among ancient buildings and among ancient documents too at the time of the Reformation and again during the era of the Commonwealth, we can scarcely wonder at the iconoclastic zeal of the triumphant Christians. The early Christians had this additional excuse. They could not forget that the ancient temples were not only the strongholds of the ancient superstition, they were also the abodes and sanctuaries of foulest vice and immorality; so that no matter how, for the sake of art, we may regret the destruction which was wrought, we can scarcely wonder at it, if we only make a genuine attempt to realise the circumstances and to put ourselves in the place of the men of that time.

The Ephesians, when they gave up pagan worship, did not, however, abandon theatrical representations. They pulled down the Temple, but they took the beautiful marbles with which it was decorated and transferred them to the theatre, where they were used up in repairing the internal decorations.

Some of these marble slabs were covered with inscriptions erected long before St. Paul's time, and stood in the Temple that fateful day when the riot was raised. Some of the inscriptions thus rescued go back three hundred years before Christ. One of them celebrates a man named Agathocles, an inhabitant of Rhodes, who had sent fourteen thousand measures of corn to the poor of Ephesus; while others, dating about B.C. 310, proclaim the distinguished actions of various citizens and friends of Ephesus. These pre-Christian inscriptions do not however help us much in the illustration of the Acts, save that they show how deep-rooted and persistent was the worship of the great goddess hundreds of years before St. Paul's time. It is quite different however when we come to the inscriptions which were erected, say, between 50 B.C. and 150 A.D.—that is the period of time which covers the activity of the Apostles and of the earliest champions of the faith in pro-consular Asia.

These inscriptions are found abounding in names, expressions, titles which can be exactly paralleled in the nineteenth of Acts, and reflect much light upon the acts of Ignatius, Polycarp

and the other martyrs of the second century. For instance, Mr. Wood found an inscription which illustrates the existence of Jews, and Jewish synagogues, and Jewish distinguished men in Ephesus and the other cities of Asia. The Acts of the Apostles speak of Jewish synagogues as existing in all the leading cities where the Apostles came in the course of their evangelistic labours. Thus in Acts xiii. 14, when Paul and Barnabas came to Antioch of Pisidia, "they went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day;" and when the Apostles were telling with great effect upon the people, the Jews of Antioch had sufficient influence with the chief men of the city to drive the Apostles out of their borders. Thence they passed to Iconium, where "they entered into the synagogue of the Jews" (chap. xiv. 1). At Lystra and Derbe there are Jews (chap. xvi. 1 and 2), while again at Ephesus there was a synagogue where Paul "spoke boldly for the space of three months" (chap. xix. 8). Now the presence of Jews at Ephesus, and that in distinguished positions, and their widespread dissemination throughout Asia Minor, is confirmed by the results of archaeological investigation and scientific research. Mr. Wood found, for instance, the following inscription in the great theatre of Ephesus erected there some twenty years at least before St. Paul's visit. "The people honoured Caius Julius, son of King Alexander, surnamed Agrippa, quæstor and proprætor of Asia, both on account of his other virtues and for his goodwill to the city."

Now this inscription is interesting for many reasons. It is very ancient. It was erected about the year 20 B.C. It must have been seen, therefore, by St. Paul and his fellow-Christians, as they visited the theatre of Ephesus to dispute and preach for their Master's sake. It is specially interesting, however, because it shows the position to which a Jew might attain, for the Caius Julius, son of King Alexander, who was proprætor of Asia, the immediate ruler under the Emperor of the province, belonged to that Herodian family.

But this is not the only evidence which late investigations have furnished of the wide spread of the Jews in Asia Minor. Traces have been found of synagogues in places and towns which are not mentioned at all in the Acts of the Apostles, but which show how Jewish ideas must have permeated into every portion of that vast country, preparing the way for Christianity, making ready a people prepared to accept the Gospel. Thus we mentioned in a note to our last article the town of Hypaipa, half-way between Sardis and Ephesus, as a place where, in St. Paul's day, the pre-historic worship of the Ephesian goddess continued and was performed with Persian rites and in the Persian tongue, though no one understood it. Even there in Hypaipa, the original stronghold of Diana, the scholars of the Evangelical School of Smyrna have found a Greek inscription consisting of two brief words, "The Jewish Young Men," which proves that a Jewish synagogue existed at that place; the Young Men being probably an order or organisation corresponding to the young men

attendant upon St. Peter, who, when God's judgments were executed upon Ananias and Sapphira, entered in and carried them forth to burial.

We now come, however, to the most interesting inscription found by Mr. Wood. The following passage, which I transcribe from his narrative (page 73), will help to introduce it to our notice. Having described the other inscriptions which he found in the great theatre, he proceeds: "Most of these inscriptions were found on the stage of the great theatre; but there was a much greater prize awaiting my discovery. I had examined the marbles on the stage by turning them over from north to south. When I came to clear the southern entrance, I found the whole of the eastern wall of that entrance inscribed with a series of decrees, chiefly relating to a number of gold and silver images, weighing from three to seven pounds each, which were voted to Artemis, and ordered to be placed in her temple by a certain wealthy Roman named Gaius Vibius Salutaris. At the same time he gave a sum of money by way of endowment for keeping them clean and in order. On a certain day of assembly in this theatre, viz., May 25th, which was the birthday of the goddess, these images were to be carried in procession from the temple to the theatre by the priests, accompanied by a staff-bearer and guards, and to be met at the Magnesian Gates by the Ephebi or young men of the city, who from that point took part in the procession, and helped to carry the images into the theatre. After the assembly, the statues or images were taken back to the temple in the same order of procession, escorted by the Ephebi as far as the Coressian Gate. Among the statues enumerated in the inscription are those of Artemis with two stags, and a figure, probably a female, representing the city of Ephesus. In one of the decrees, contained in this inscription, the consuls of the year A.D. 104 are mentioned. In another, the Emperor Trajan is mentioned as then reigning. The date of the whole inscription is probably not much later than A.D. 104." Such is Mr. Wood's description of the largest inscription he found at Ephesus. It is indeed so long that, if printed at length, it would take up all the space allotted to this article.

Let us, however, select a few passages which will illustrate the accuracy of the Acts of the Apostles, and also show the marvellous ostentation and magnificence with which pagan worship was carried out. To the eye of sense, to the man of mere carnal thought, whose vision was limited by the things of time, this worship must have dominated his whole nature. This inscription will prove an interesting commentary on such expressions as those used by the Apostles when they say of the Christian conflict, "We struggle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers," or describe the internal organization of the society of that day as "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the vain-glory of life are not of the Father but of the world," and will shed an interesting light on the abounding faith of those early Christians who could rise superior to all this pomp and show, value them at their true

worth, and despise them because they looked not at these seen things which were temporal, but at the unseen things which were eternal. This inscription begins in the usual official style affected by legal documents of every age: "In the presidency of Tiberius Claudius Antipater Julianus, on the sixth day of the first decade of the month Poseideon (end of December) it was resolved by the council and the public assembly of the Neocori, friends of Augustus." Now this very official introduction of this decree, written in the year A.D. 104, just fifty years after the riot, illustrates the nineteenth of the Acts.

We find the town clerk or recorder thus addressing (ver. 25) the Ephesians: "Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there who knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is Neocoros (translated temple-keeper) of the Great Diana and of the image which fell down from Jupiter." Now here we find precisely the same term Neocoros, temple-sweeper, temple-keeper, or sexton of Diana, applied to the city of Ephesus in the Acts, and in the inscription. It was a term first applied to the great cities of the province of Asia, Sardis, Smyrna, Pergamus and Ephesus about the time of Augustus Cæsar, when a splendid temple was erected dedicated to his worship at Ancyra in Galatia. This temple, dedicated to the deity of the Roman emperor, was in fact one of the glories of a country abounding in magnificent edifices.

It would seem indeed as if that very period, the reign of Augustus, which was to see the birth of Jesus Christ, was destined also to be the very period when Satan would put forth his greatest effort, and not content with the idolatry of Greece and Asia, would ally himself with the Roman state, and in the worship of the Emperor make a final effort to rally the forces of secular authority to the aid of spiritual wickedness. The worship of the Emperor was for three centuries the special antagonist of the worship of Jesus Christ. The Roman authorities did not in the least care how the Christians rejected the ordinary current idolatry, but when they refused to adore the deity of Cæsar, they incurred the penalty of high treason, and thus, through this Satanic invention, dating from the days of Augustus Cæsar, countless thousands of martyrs were called upon to glorify God amid the fires of persecution. The worship of Augustus being then the peculiar feature of the paganism of the first and second centuries, the cities which possessed special temples in honour of the Emperor were called Neocori, or temple-keepers, of Augustus, whence the name passed over to cities like Ephesus, which were devoted to the worship of Artemis or such-like deities.

A passing word in the nineteenth chapter of Acts sheds thus a flood of light upon the manner and habits of the civilised and poetic, yet immoral and degrading, paganism against which St. Paul waged war.

The Ephesian inscription next proceeds to set forth the sums of money which Gaius Vibius Salutaris proposed to devote to the service of Artemis, and the honours which the council proposed to pay to him on account of his

liberality. The inscription then enumerates the images dedicated to the goddess which Salutaris provided by his endowments, and enters, as in the following passage, into the most minute details as to their treatment and care. "Let two statues of Artemis of the weight of three pounds three ounces be religiously kept in the custody of Salutaris, who himself consecrated them, and after the death of Salutaris, let the aforesaid statues be restored to the *town clerk* (or *recorder*) of the Ephesians, and let it be made a rule that they be placed at the public meetings above the seat of the council in the theatre before the golden statue of Artemis and the other statues. And a golden Artemis weighing three pounds and two silver deer attending her, and the rest of the images of the weight of two pounds ten ounces and five grammos, and a silver statue of the Sacred Senate of the weight of four pounds two ounces, and a silver statue of the Council of the Ephesians. Likewise a silver Artemis bearing a torch of the weight of six pounds, and a silver statue of the Roman people." And so the inscription proceeds to describe silver and golden statues in dozens which were to be erected in various places and borne in solemn procession on certain fixed occasions.

Salutaris' care for the honour and worship of Diana was of the most minute description, and gives us a glimpse into the ritual which St. Paul must have witnessed. He provides for the theologians and the choristers attached to the temple. He prescribes the route which the public processions were to follow, the manner in which the silver and gold images shall be cleaned, and even the kind of plate-powder which shall be used; he tells us of the immense staff appropriated to the goddess, the custodians of the temple, the vergers, the purifiers of the statues, the priests with their golden ornaments, and the acrobats attached to the service of Artemis.

This immense document is the most instructive which we possess concerning the inner life and ritual of Ephesian paganism, and it has many points of contact with the nineteenth of Acts. It explains, for instance, the confusion which filled the city of Ephesus and the extent of the riot. The worship of Artemis formed the prominent feature of the social life of Ephesus. The servants, attendants, tradesmen, and ministers attached to the temple must have formed no small proportion of the entire population; while again we can perceive from it that the worship was so skilfully interwoven with the social life of the place that all the young people grew up proud to take a part in it. Then, again, the words and regulations of Salutaris throw no small light upon the 24th and 25th verses of this chapter. "For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines of Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen; whom he gathered together, with the workmen of little occupation, and said, 'Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth;'" and it is easy to see from the brief extracts I have

given how that, in the time of St. Paul and of the primitive Christians, the silversmiths and artists of Ephesus were necessarily the closest allies of the worship of Artemis. Their material interests must have been bound up with it. How terrible must have seemed to them the prospect for their trade, should St. Paul's views prevail! Salutaris alone must have caused the erection of fifty silver and golden statues varying in weight from three to six pounds.

In fact, the whole city seems to have been devoted to the trade of making these shrines and images, and beggary stared the people in the face if the teaching of this troublesome Jew were to succeed. In the Acts we read of Demetrius, that he was "a maker of silver temples of Artemis," for this is the literal translation of the words used; and then when we turn to the inscriptions, we find this very designation, "temple-makers," perpetually recurring as the title of certain officials connected with the worship of the goddess, who may have been connected with the powerful guild or corporation of shrine-makers, whom Demetrius harangued, and whose great employment consisted in making images like those which Salutaris dedicated or else models of the great Temple of Diana, which her votaries took away to their homes and preserved in memory of the blessings which they fancied she had conferred upon them.

There are two expressions which occur in the nineteenth chapter of Acts which find repeated illustrations from the inscriptions which Mr. Wood has brought to light. I have put one of them in italics in the extract which I have just given. It is the term *town-clerk* or *recorder* which occurs in almost every inscription, specially in every one which bears the character of an official decree, showing the importance of that individual in the social life of Ephesus. The Acts and the inscriptions use the very same Greek word for this official—*ὁ γραμματεὺς*. He seems from the inscriptions to have been the chief executive officer of the city, and it is no wonder, therefore, that he should have striven to appease the riot by telling the people that he and the council of Ephesus, whose officer he was, were in danger of being called in question by the Roman authorities for that day's riot. The names of a great many of these town-clerks of Ephesus have been recovered, some of them coming from the reign of Nero, and but a few years later than St. Paul's visit to Ephesus. It is not impossible but that we may yet recover the name of the very town-clerk who gave the prudent advice recorded in Acts xix.

The other officials mentioned in the Acts are somewhat concealed from our notice by being described in the authorised version as "certain of the chief of Asia," though in the revised version they are more correctly rendered as "certain of the chief officers of Asia." These Asiarchs were, however, such important persons, and their friendship with St. Paul is so illustrative of the progress of the Gospel, that we must postpone the consideration of their functions to the next paper.

"KITTY TOPSELL'S FOUR-POST BED."

BY THE REV. F. B. POWER, M.A.

CHAPTER I.



HERE are some folk who are grown up before they have grown at all; and there are some who will never grow up, even if they were to stretch out until they were as tall as Goliath of Gath.

It all depends, you see, upon how the measurement is taken. Some of us would be all wrong if the measurements were to be taken by the outer man; but others let us

hope would be all right, if they were to be taken by the inner.

Very often the outside giant is an inside dwarf, so small that, so to speak, you'd hesitate to put him even into knickerbockers; and the outside dwarf is an inside giant—a great big fellow—so big, that he would almost frighten you, if he were manifest in such measure in the flesh.

The poet says that, "the mind's the measure of the man;" shall I be wrong, if I say that, very often more truly, "the heart's the measure of the man?"

Sometimes, you'll find a great big heart even in a nice little child—there is a full grown man or woman in a little boy or girl.

Some of the biggest people I have met with in life, measuring by this heart-standard aforesaid, were amongst the poor. They were big amongst their own people. They had no opportunity of being great, or showing that they were great, amongst the squares and in the parks, and the places where grand folk lived; but they were great, where they got the chance, in slummy places—amongst slummy people; and hereafter, the greatness will be picked out of the slumminess, just as the diamonds are out of the clay; and where and how they will shine, oh who, oh who, can tell!

I am away, down in the miry clay of the East-end slums after a diamond, and I find it, little Kitty Topsell, in you. I believe, Kitty, that you were one of the great people; and as great people, when their lives are written, always have some mention made of their father and mother, so you, my good child, ought to have a mention made of yours.

John Topsell—Kitty's father—was a shipbuilder, not as a master, but a man. There are a number of people who, though they have feet, and body, and head, all complete, are known only as "hands," at least, at their various scenes of labour; and John Topsell was only a "hand," four honest fingers and a thumb, with knuckles and nails and palm complete; that was all that the shipbuilding yard knew, or cared to know, of John Topsell; therefore, why should he not be called "a hand"? When once he crossed the threshold of the yard, he might be called "a foot," or "a head," or "a backbone," or anything else that either he himself or others might please.

At home, I am glad to say, John Topsell, if he were to be known by any specific part of the human frame, would have been called a "heart," and indeed, his wife Mary used to call him "dear heart," and "sweetheart," now and again, which makes me think that to call him a "heart" and not

a "hand," within the four walls of his own little house, would have been the proper thing.

John Topsell married an orphan girl belonging to a somewhat superior station to his own; she loved him and he could give her a good home, and an honest hand and heart; and so far as he himself was concerned, she never had to regret her choice.

From these two sprang the family of Topsell—Kitty, Bess, and Jack, whom I am going to tell you about now.

Things went on well enough with the Topsells for some three years, but at the end of that time a cloud came over their home. It was not a cloud from which there was about to descend a refreshing shower, which would leave flower-springing behind it; but a cloud with lightning, which had power to wither, and blast.

John Topsell fell from the deck of a ship on which he was working, into the hold, and got an internal injury from which he never recovered. The firm helped him on for a while, but they said they could not have any regular pensioners; so when it became plain that poor Topsell could never be permanently well, they gave him a gratuity, and ended their connection with him entirely.

For a long while Topsell tried to get a living in one way and another; but, by the time Kitty was three years of age, things had gone from bad to worse so rapidly, that his wife had to turn to and see what she could do to help to earn the bread.

Mrs. Topsell got work at a sail-making yard, but, alas! all her earnings soon went for the support of a sick husband; and one thing after another had to be parted with, until she found herself with a stripped home, and down in some of the lowest depths of the London poor.

At last John Topsell died, leaving the world and—as so many of the poor have done—starving children, a wretched infant, and the mockery of a "home."

The Topsells had managed for years to keep their wretchedness from their neighbours, and everyone else; and at the time of which we write, the home was only in its usual state of destitution. There was nothing in it. The little that could be earned—and it was very little—went in rent and food; and there was nothing with which to repurchase the scraps of furniture which had gone bit by bit, most of it, nearly all of it, long ago. Kitty never remembered having seen a bedstead; the few rags on the floor was the only bed she knew.

It would not be impossible to find cases of this kind in London even now; though, no doubt, they are not so plentiful as formerly. They come more within the view of public compassion, there are so many more visitors of the poor, and so many more remedial agencies of one kind and another at work.

True, there was the workhouse; but Topsell would not accept indoor relief, which was all that he could get—moreover his wife clung to him; and they both felt that they would rather die than part.

So it came to pass that, things drifted down to the condition in which we find them now.

It may be, good reader, you think it scarcely possible that anyone who had ever seen better days should be able to sink down so low, and yet live on day by day in a simple

hopeless endurance of her lot. But the records which meet us so frequently now-a-days of those who are found in common lodging-houses, and in the abodes of extreme poverty show us that, those who once occupied good positions in life can not only sink to a terribly low level, but can become indifferent to it. There is a certain mesmerism in poverty which often blunts the sensibilities; and if this be brought up against it, it will plead also as a set-off that it often lulls its pains.

I have seen it over and over again in my ministerial experience, and one of the most supremely filthy people I ever had to deal with was an old person living on a kind of landing, who I have been told at one time drove in her carriage.

Reader, do not be too hard on the poor in this respect. You have not had an experience of what poverty can do—of how it can lower the standard, narrow the circle of expectation, make a meal one's horizon, and make life a dull acceptance of what is, instead of a hopeful anticipation of what may be. It is hard to get the flower that has been trampled on, and crushed, to lift up its head again, and once more to blush with its old colours, and breathe out its old scent: do not look for too much solidity and strength in those who have been ground to powder in the mill.

Mrs. Topsell had become one of these. She had descended to almost the lowest stratum of the unvirtuous poor. She had come to accept the lowest terms of life, to complain of nothing, and to look for nothing. And so, when she went forth to the daily jobs by which she earned such a living as she could get for herself and her children, she left them at home, and left them by themselves, to fare as best they could, for what provision could she make in the way of caretaking for them?

Those were not the days of school-boards, and crèches and district visitors—they were the times in which it might be said that this class of poverty lived and died unknown.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXV.

1. What aged man heard glad some news of one long mourned as dead?
2. Who, 'tween two counsellors, by God to choose the worse was led?
3. Who, wearing many signs of woe, wept at a palace gate?
4. Where met Paul many Christian friends while he for ship did wait?
5. Who yearly to the temple brought a love-gift for her child?
6. Who, during famine, oft was fed by ravens of the wild?
7. Who, casting lots to find out sin, his loved son's death decreed?
8. Who did, in time of sore distress, one hundred prophets feed?
9. Of whom said Jesus, as he came, in him there "is no guile"?
10. What babe was hailed with rapture as a proof of God's kind smile?
11. Who gave a prisoner liberty to see his many friends?
12. Who ere the dawn break in the east from battle homeward wends?
13. Who won a bride in battle, and some land, and water-springs?

14. Who, for his people's free-will gifts, to God grand anthem sings?

The highest claim by the Messiah uttered,
In the initials trace.

No human heart can ever fully know it
To be the living truth, till God shall show it,
Revealed by His own grace.

B. M. B.

QUESTIONS ON THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

ST. PAUL.—VII.

1. What evil report had been spread about Paul among the Jewish Christians?
2. How did the other apostles recommend him to act in consequence?
3. What outcry was raised against him by the Jews and with what foundation?
4. Why did the chief captain interfere?
5. Whom did he imagine Paul to be?
6. What was it that made the people willing to listen to him?
7. What reason did he give for going into other countries?
8. What statement threw the crowd into a fury?
9. Why did Paul insist upon his rights as a Roman citizen?
10. In commanding Paul to be smitten, what law did the high priest violate?
11. What was the chief difference between the Pharisees and Sadducees?
12. How did Paul gain the help of the former?
13. How was he encouraged to persevere in bearing testimony to Jesus Christ?
14. What new danger now threatened him, and how was he saved from it?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XX.—p. 400.—OMRI—AHAB.—1 Kings xvi. 23-26; 29, 30.

O	meg	A		Rev i. 9-11.
M	ara	H		Ex. xv. 23-25.
R	hod	A		Acts xii. 13, 14.
I	shbi-beno	B		2 Sam. xxi. 16, 17.

NO. XXIV.—p. 542.—PSALMS (Luke xx. 42)—ISAIAH (Luke iv. 17).

1.	P	harise	E		Luke xviii. 11.
2.	S	adduceo	S		Acts xxiii. 8.
3.	A	nn	A		Luke ii. 36-38.
4.	L	ov	I		Luke v. 27, 28.
5.	M	arth	A		Luke x. 40.
6.	S	amaritan	S		Luke ix. 52, 53.

QUESTIONS ON THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

ST. PAUL.—VI.—p. 496.

(1) Acts xix. 4; John i. 27; (2) xix. 12; (3) xix. 19; (4) xix. 21; Rom. i. 10, 11; xvi. 28; (5) Acts xvii. 15; xix. 22; Rom. xvi. 21; 2 Cor. i. 1, 19; Phil. ii. 19; (6) Acts xix. 27; (7) xix. 32; (8) xix. 35; (9) xx. 8-12; (10) xx. 16, 17; (11) xx. 23; xxi. 11, 12; Rom. xv. 31; (12) xx. 35; (13) xxi. 7.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ELLIPSIS EXERCISE.

NO. V.—p. 512.

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."—1 Kings xx. 11.