

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.



CEDARS OF LEBANON.

CHAPTER XV.

IF ever I visit Bānias again, as is quite possible, for I am only in my sixty-seventh year, and am hale and hearty, I will surely give myself the climb of an hour-and-a-half to the castle, which is said to command the finest view in all Syria, and whose vast ruins are extremely interesting. But I only looked longingly castleward, and turned into the direct road to Damascus. The badness of the paths that led up the slopes of Hermon was quite overlooked in the glory of the morning. Air and sunshine, earth and sky, united to make a Paradise for the senses, those doors through which the soul goes forth delightedly. After ascending for some time we descended somewhat, and passed through fertile

valleys with pleasant streams; sometimes ascending, and sometimes descending; now crossing a ridge, and now traversing a valley that separated it from its neighbouring ridge, and seldom losing the view of Great Hermon's snowy height. Some say that in the summer it is not snow-covered; that it is only in nooks and deep hollows that snow remains. But Dr. Clarke, who in July saw it from the plain of Esdraelon, says: "This summit was so lofty that snow entirely covered the upper part of it; not lying in patches as during summer upon the tops of some very elevated mountains, but investing all the higher part with that white and smooth velvet-like appearance which snow exhibits only when it is very deep."

My own beautiful memory of Hermon is as a

majestic snow-crowned mountain. There might be a difference in different years, and so travellers might veraciously give varying accounts. Giving the bridle to Yûsef, I strolled for hours over those green slopes, finding endless delight in the ever-varying scenery, and gathering many flowers, among which were two pretty varieties of orchid. That was another of my red-letter days—a day of pure happiness in the presence of kingly Hermon.

Yûsef had a wonderful genius for arranging baggage commodiously. I had discarded stirrups since he took charge of me, finding no real use for them in the seat he knew so well how to arrange. I used to sit in an easy chair as it were, ingeniously composed of sacks of barley, my saddle and saddle-bags, my lunch basket, and our joint bread-sack, my cloak, shawl, and mackintosh, Yûsef's cloak, and some other of his belongings. A blue cotton shawl, long and wide, such as I had seen the native women of Egypt wrap themselves in, formed my outer covering; my feet, instead of hanging down over the side, passed over the front of the saddle and rested on the neck of the horse.

I sat thus at my ease amidst my baggage, the aforesaid shawl enveloping me from neck to shoe-tips, so that only by my head could one guess that I was other than an immense heap of merchandize. When the English party overtook us, the old gentleman, after friendly greeting, said with a smile: "You look very comfortable; are you so?"

"Perfectly," I replied; "never more so in my life; couldn't fall off if I tried."

A few more pleasant words, and then the dragoon came and rode along beside me for some time. He asked if I had been well taken care of by Yûsef's friends, and said Yûsef himself was quite distressed that I gave the woman so much money. Neither he nor they wished me to pay anything at all, and in any case I had given twice too much. I assured him that as they had lodged and fed me, and done their utmost to give me pleasure, it was quite right that I should have the pleasure of returning it in the only way possible to me.

"That is like you English," he said, and then with some complimentary oriental phrases bade me good-bye, and Yûsef and I had only ourselves for company the rest of the way to Damascus.

We slept that night in a poor little khan, which, like the greater part of those in Southern Palestine, had no partition wall between the travellers and the animals. Farther north they are often large fine buildings of at least two compartments, and sometimes two storeys, the lower one being a stable. Yûsef took brotherly care of me, procured some milk, and made me as comfortable as the earth floor and absence of furniture of any sort permitted. Of course I had a straw mat, and I always had the resource of my square of oiled canvas. With one end of my saddle-bags for pillow, and my cloak and shawl for blankets, I was all right. Yûsef put my saddle and baggage beside my bed, and laid himself down beyond them, with the end of a bag of barley for his pillow. I was not disturbed by

fleas, nor by anything, and slept excellently well; as I think did the two other travellers near by.

I rose early so as to finish painting the orchids I had gathered on Hermon. Pouring a little water on the end of my towel, I washed my face and hands, ate my bread and milk and figs, finished my work, and in a few hours was in Damascus, crossing the "Pharpar" on my way, and regretting that I must part with my good Yûsef.

On the western border of the great Syrian Desert, at a point where it stretches out to meet the lofty mountain range of Anti-Lebanon, there lies a large plain dotted with trees and houses, and watered by numerous streams. In the midst of that oasis of verdure rise the shining crenellated walls of a city that was old in the time of Abraham, the steward of whose house was one of its citizens; old when the pyramids were young, old in the dawn of history, and whose beginning no man knoweth, with certainty.

Traversing that fertile plain and the wide belt of orchards that girdle the city, I did not wonder that to the Arabians, coming to it from a country so different, Damascus seemed the paradise whose charms their poets were never weary of singing. Syrians and Assyrians, Medes and Persians, Jews, Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs and Turks, have there warred and ruled; age after age has rolled past and left Damascus standing. Siege and sack, fire and earthquake, and, worst of all, the Turks, have done their destructive work there, and still Damascus exists—an imposing city. Within those white walls there is a curious world of pulsating life, wholly unlike that of western lands. Come in with me and Yûsef: see these lines of cypress trees, these long streets of bazaars, these terraces, fountains and winding rivulets, these domes with the crescent at their summit and beautiful minarets at their sides. It is a dream of beauty, and to an oriental the perfection of beauty. A European, nosing about in the various quarters, might growl at narrow dirty streets, shabby ruinous houses, whose walls are made of mud and straw, and at the omnipresent dog that serves as scavenger. And a travelled Damascene might say to him: "Recollect the wretched quarters of Dublin, of splendid London, and other of your cities, and possess your soul in humility."

Yûsef conducted me through streets and streets of bazaars, equalled only by those of Cairo, so far as I have seen. There is the grain bazaar, the goldsmiths', the turners', the saddlers' bazaar with everything that pertains to horse furniture or equipment, the coppersmiths' with every variety of kitchen utensils, and of dinner service so far as it can be made of metal, and a thousand things besides. There were immense platters five or six feet in diameter, which many people, even those not rich, and also the Bedouins, are fond of possessing. Is it because it has a grand look, as if they were largely hospitable? for here, as everywhere among Mahometans, hospitality is considered honourable, and a cardinal virtue; or is it sometimes for the convenience of all eating

from the same dish? I have often eaten along with a half-dozen or more Arabs from the one enormous bowl or deep platter, which, with one large drinking vessel of tin or baked clay, and three or four wooden spoons, composed the entire dinner-service.

In the "Greek bazaar" there are all sorts of wares, including antiquities, armour and weapons; among the latter, those with the taking name of Damascus blades, which are no longer made in Damascus, or if so, are not at all equal to the celebrated weapon of their name which was once the pride of the city. In the cloth bazaar Englishmen may provide themselves with stuffs woven in their own island, and will be gratified to find that they have an excellent reputation too. In the shoemakers' bazaar there are the daintiest slippers embroidered in gold and silver thread, along with all manner of coarser foot-gear. A Swiss would be pleased to find here in great quantity in the silk bazaar, women's veils or kaiks, from Canton Glarus. There are also in the drapers' bazaar goods from Germany.

In the tobacconists' bazaar one finds a tobacco which is known to the western world only in base counterfeits, so I am told. It is aromatic, of a light colour, and delicious, say the smokers; especially when as here the smoke is made to pass through water, thus depriving it of its poisonous quality.

Dr. Le Bon, a Frenchman who has travelled much, and written much, has published a work: "Researches on the Toxic qualities of Tobacco Smoke," in which he says that though the tobacco of the Orient contains very little nicotine, still one feels ill-effects from it if smoked in large quantities in the form of cigars. He therefore concluded that there must be other toxic principles present; and a series of researches led him to the discovery in tobacco smoke of notable quantities of Prussic acid, and an alcaloid much more toxic than nicotine.

Yüsef is a Damascene, and naturally was desirous that I should appreciate properly the splendours of his city, and especially its bazaars. Often he looked up to me with an expression of countenance that was an invitation to examine more closely this or that object, and loosened the bridle of my horse or let him stop fully.

The "Street that is called Straight," near the Jewish quarter, still merits its ancient name, as it traverses the entire city in a right line. One might wander day after day through the streets of Damascus with unflagging interest. More particularly in the bazaar quarter, where, in addition to the world of curious things, there is the ever-shifting scene of a polychrome polyglot crowd from all parts of the east. The Great Mosque is the only really ancient edifice in Damascus, but there are many that in other cities would not be reckoned modern. This mosque, though beautiful, is inferior to several I had seen in Cairo. It is pleasant to be able to relate that when in the first half of the seventh century the city fell into the hands of the Arabs, they not only secured the Christians in the possession of fifteen churches, but shared with them the great church that stood on the site of this Mosque.

Though severe against idolaters, whom, like the ancient Jews, they regarded as worthy of destruction, the Mahometans were, in the earlier time of their ascendancy, gentle towards all who worshipped the one God, and especially did they favour Jews and Christians. The cruel fanaticism that marked their later period, did not begin with the Arabians but with the Turks, and even now, while hating Christians and remembering the Crusades, they speak of Jesus with respect, considering Him the greatest of the four great prophets who preceded Mahomet; the other three being Adam, Noah, and Abraham. To go back to the church. When the Christians, at a later period, refused to sell their joint right in it to the Mahometans, these took it by the right of the stronger, and preserving a part of the old walls, constructed there a most magnificent mosque. That mosque was burned in good part, and the present greatly inferior one took its place. Even after this second destruction there are some fragments of the Christian church, among them the remains of the gate through which Moslems and Christians passed amicably together to their respective places of prayer. One of the minarets is called the Jesus minaret, from the tradition that at the last judgment He will descend and take His place on its summit. Outside the city are the graves of two of Mahomet's wives and of his daughter Fatima. He used to say that God had made only four perfect women; that daughter, his first wife Redijah, Mary the mother of Jesus, and Asüa the wife of Pharaoh.

They who are of easy faith will perhaps give themselves the trouble to go and see the house of Naaman the leper, and the window from which Paul was "let down by the wall." Perhaps they will not mind that this window is above a Turkish wall. Near by they will visit the tomb of St. George who helped Paul to escape. If any faith and strength survive this, they may walk out half an hour on the road to Palmyra and see the place where Elijah anointed Elisha as a prophet, and Hazael as king, and not far off the place where Elijah was fed by ravens.

But this is too much: we will not yield that to the Moslems, for the Wady-es-Relt in southern Palestine is identified beyond doubt as "the brook Cherith that is before Jordan." A little north-west from the city there is a little hill, Kaisun, greatly venerated by the Moslems as the place where Abraham became convinced that there was but one God. They also hold that Adam once lived there, and that the murdered Abel was hidden by Cain in a cavern of this hill.

The Khan to which Yüsef took me was better than any I had yet been in. My room was on an upper floor: there was a mattress laid upon a straw mat, there was a good-sized window with a fair prospect, there was a chair—and that was all, except the promise of some water. I contented myself with this: the humble traveller in the east soon stops asking for the moon.

I paid Yüsef, gave him the liberal bakshish his faithfulness merited, and we parted in mutual good-will, I feeling a little lonely and as if I were losing a friend. I went by myself through

the Christian quarter, which, though large, does not offer to the tourist much that is interesting. It has not recovered from the effects of the terrible tragedy of 1860, when the Druises, a Mahometan sect, laid waste the whole Christian quarter, slaying six thousand of the inhabitants, while the Turkish government lifted neither hand nor voice to stop the dreadful work. As I knew no soul in Damascus, I called at the American consulate where I would perhaps see some English newspapers at least. The consul proved to be a Syrian, a bright sociable man, who seemed first surprised and then amused that I had been so long travelling by myself. "But is it possible you have no tuscara?" he said. "I did not know that it was necessary." "Do you not know that you are liable to a heavy fine if found to be without one?"

"No one has ever told me that."

"It is so, and I warn you that you are in danger of being arrested, fined, and obliged to pay a larger price for a tuscara (a passport or permit) than if you had procured it in the beginning of your journey."

In coming up from Tiberias, I passed the

"Hill of Dan," and was told the story of how the Ottoman government sold it to the "Catholics" for a large sum, and then when these were about to build a monastery upon it, prohibited them. No one to whom I had spoken could tell me the reason of this conduct, and now I asked the consul the cause of this so apparently unjust action on the part of his government, in refusing to let them build upon ground they had bought fairly, and had fully paid for. He asked with a displeased air:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"I am not a Catholic."

"Then why do you stand up for them?"

"I am not standing up for them as Roman Catholics, but as men. We should stand up for justice, no matter who is the wronged party."

He could give me no satisfaction: all he would say was that "they did not want a monastery built there."

"Then they ought to give back the money they have taken for the hill, since they will not allow the purchasers to build upon it."

He made no reply, but turned the conversation, and I took leave soon.



THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER X.—AGED NINETEEN.

"NINETEEN years old to-day! Will Felix remember?" asked Lettice.

She put the question to herself, since nobody was at hand to hear—naturally obtaining no answer. It was betimes in the morning of an early spring day—scarcely 8 A.M., and the air was sharp, through a wealth of sunshine. Beads of dew sent forth prismatic rays from grass-blades, and hung upon linked festoons of spider-silk. Lettice stood upon the wet grass, careless of damp. Three years had drawn her out of a delicate childhood into a healthy and well-balanced girlhood. She was of medium height: the face still small beneath a pale brow; but cheeks and lips were nicely tinged, and the slim figure displayed a wholesome rounded plumpness. Nothing bony or sallow might be seen in her: only tokens of a well-proportioned body and mind in right conditions. Despite all the snubs and worries of her "Cottage" life, she had an eminently placid look, a look of habitual content, better than high spirits. She had managed to possess herself of the "little wayside flower," happiness, which so often fades from the grasp of those who have fullest opportunity for its cultivation.

"More than three years since I came here. Have they been long or short?" questioned Lettice, in the half articulate murmur sometimes indulged in by solitary people. After the fashion of a monotonous existence, while days

and weeks had often dragged past slowly, years shrank and narrowed under a backward review. "Will the whole of life shrivel up into nothing, when we look on it by-and-by?" she queried. "Or will it open out—broader and fuller—because of the new meanings in everything? I wonder which! Why should one mind so much the little frets, with that lying ahead? And yet—one does mind—" as her memory went to Theodosia. For after all a thorn is a thorn, and while it pierces the flesh, one cannot reason the pain away.

"Never mind now! I'll have my birthday walk," declared the girl cheerfully, putting aside unwelcome recollections. "Nothing lasts always. Some day perhaps I shall have a home with Felix. But that would mean leaving uncle Bryant! Must everything in life hurt one somewhere? Well—no need to look forward. Things will come right one way or another: and isn't the sunshine good now?"

Lettice loved an early ramble in bright weather; and this was almost her first since wintry mornings. Now and again in summer Dr. Bryant would be her companion; a treat to them both, which might not often be ventured on, because of Theodosia's jealousy. Lettice had indeed half-hoped to see him appear on this particular day: but he did not. Why should he? He was famed for forgetting birthdays, unless reminded of them: and Theodosia would not

remind him. Lettice, perhaps, scarcely realised how warm a corner she occupied in the heart of the elderly man, labouring under the disappointment and loneliness of one who is mistaken in the wife of his choice. Dr. Bryant knew now, with a knowledge which left no loophole for a mistake, not only that his wife loved his money better than himself, but—worse still—that her word was not to be depended on.

"He will not remember, of course. But I am sure Felix will write to me, quite sure," murmured Lettice, as she walked.

She dwelt earnestly on the thought of Felix, weighing his probable future. Lettice did not love Felix less because she loved Dr. Bryant. The more one loves, the more one has power to love. He was very near her heart, even though she received scant show of love from him. She belonged to him—that was his view of the matter—and he had a right to her best affection, her supremest interest. But he did not count it needful to repay her in kind.

He was getting on well, in the ordinary sense of the word; fulfilling thus far the aim which Cecilia Anderson had set before him in her life—not that which she had proposed to him in her dying message! He was giving satisfaction, receiving an increased salary, studying hard over-hours. Contented he was not, his whole heart being restlessly bent to an early escape from the stationer's shop: but if not content with his position, he was well satisfied with himself. "I shall get on," was still the key-note of his tune.

There were changes passing over Felix: changes noted by the far-away watchful sister, whose only means of judging was through the post. She scrutinized his letters, re-reading them often, with an anxious endeavour to see "between the lines;" and often she was haunted by a sense of uneasiness. For these epistles were full to the brim with his own doings, his own affairs: and he wrote less affectionately than of old. Less and less room appeared to exist in his mind for aught but the one absorbing aim. If he might succeed fast enough to please himself, he asked no more. Earth and Heaven lay outside that desire, and Lettice was a mere adjunct to it. The passion of Felix Anderson's heart was, more and more exclusively—"self"—in marked contrast with the nobler passion of Lettice's heart. "To do Thy will:" "To have my way!" gives briefly the two aims. Felix lived for self, worked for self, mainly if not absolutely. Unselfish objects were perhaps not yet quite crushed out in him: but the crushing process was far advanced.

"And yet I am sure he loves me still—if he loves nobody else," thought Lettice, reflecting sadly on his not unfrequent assertion that he "made no friends." "Will he ever come here? If I could but see him again!"

At so early an hour, Lettice hardly expected to meet anybody. She kept mechanically to the main road, because too much absorbed to choose any other path: and presently she saw the postman coming. He greeted her with a "Good-morning, Miss," and held out a letter—only one,

and that not from Felix. Had he really forgotten? The man passed on, and Lettice stood still to read.

"DEAR LETTICE,—You must have a line to tell of coming changes, which I think you would be grieved to learn in any other way than from ourselves.

"My father's long-standing embarrassments are not unknown to you. They have come to a point lately. Some months ago he resolved to let or sell the dear old home, since farming had ceased to bring much profit, and difficulties were increasing. Sooner than we expected a purchaser has appeared: not offering the full value, or nearly that,—but still perhaps it is as good as we ought to hope.

"Unless you should be able to pay us a visit very soon—and you know how welcome you would be—you may never see the dear Farm again.

"Plans are very uncertain: but Wallace hopes to find some kind of work in London. We are not without interest there, and he has worked steadily at his books in the last three years. I think my father and mother will settle somewhere near London, to make a home for him: and either Nan or I—if not both of us—must be with them. Bertha will go on with her nursing.

"It all seems very sad and strange, but perhaps when the changes are over things will be less hard to bear. I must not write more to-day. Ever your affectionate,
"PRUE VALENTINE."

Lettice shed a few quiet tears: and she could not have analysed how much of the feeling which caused them was due to sympathy with the Valentines' troubles, how much to her own distress at the silence of Felix. The sympathy was real, but the other pain was the sharper. He had never before entirely missed over a birthday of hers. She retraced her steps slowly, and presently in her rear came the sound of a quick tread overtaking hers. A young man paused by her side, to ask—"Pray, is this the way to Quarrington Cottage?"

"Felix!" Even before she could turn to look at him, the voice was unmistakable.

"You don't say it's Lettice! Hallo! This time in the morning! You are an early bird. Well, how do you do?"

He evidently expected no particular demonstration of feeling, and his careless kiss administered a chill. Still there was brotherly interest in his survey of her.

"It is such a surprise. Why did you not write? How did you manage to come?"

"No use in writing. I say, what have you been crying about?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I was only—silly."

"Like the little goose you always were."

"I was disappointed—not getting any letter from you. It's my birthday."

"Yes. Many happy returns. I've meant to come for some time, and this was as good a day as any. Not to sleep—no not I. I shall go back by an evening train. I've half a mind not to see the Bryants at all, if I—I mean, now I have seen you. What's the good?"

"Felix, you must. He is so kind to me. You must thank him. If he were my own father he could not do more."

"And she?"

"I don't think Mrs. Bryant cares for me much. She is different—but of course she doesn't mean to be unkind."

"If I come I shall not stay. Mind that. When have you got to be in? Nine o'clock? And how far off? We can take it easily. You've grown any amount—and you're not such a bad looking girl either. Quite tolerable."

"Felix, you'll be nice to uncle Bryant." She laid her hand pleadingly on his arm. "Please do."

"Why shouldn't I? Oh, you mean what I used to say. A boy's fancy. It is a good thing you are able to be here."

"When will you have a home for me?" wistfully.

"Can't say, I'm sure. It's slow work. However, I have news to tell. I am going to London."

"To leave Brighton?"

"Yes. It is Mr. Kelly's doing. He has a living there, and he is getting me into a first-rate house of business. No, not a stationer's. Tea-trade. Not a retail shop, but a wholesale house of business. If I do well there's no reason why I shouldn't make my fortune some day. Everybody says I am capital in that line. I mean to stick to it, and lay by, and sooner or later I may become a partner. At least I hope so. I don't see why not. I'll be a successful man in time. Life would not be worth living without."

Lettice thought of the dying message of Cecilia. Had he no recollection of those burning words?

"Is it always the best thing for one to be successful?" she asked.

"Of course. What a question."

"I don't mean that one ought not to try. One ought to get on—but that alone doesn't seem worth living for."

"If it isn't I don't know what is."

"What Sissie said—" very low.

"Oh, of course. I say, what sort of a person is Mrs. Bryant? Something of a termagant?"

"Oh, no—I don't think—Oh, she is only a little quick-tempered. You must not mind if she does not seem particularly pleased to see you. Dr. Bryant will be delighted."

"Then you don't call him uncle?"

"Very often. Always when we are alone together, but Mrs. Bryant doesn't much like it."

"I say, Lettice," abruptly, "you have an allowance?"

"Twenty pounds a year."

"What do you do with it all?"

"I get my own clothes."

"Well, of course you have to look neat—but in this out-of-the-way place—why, anything would do to wear. You used to talk of laying by part."

"Yes, for you," gravely. "But it is harder than I thought. Mrs. Bryant likes me to get some things—a good many things—besides clothes. And I never tell uncle."

"You ought. It is his money, and she has no right to put upon you. How much have you now?"

"My last quarter—five pounds. Are you wanting money for anything?"

"Well—I shouldn't mind! There's my journey here and back, and I have to get a lot of new things going to London. I don't mean to disturb a penny of what is laid by. I would rather go shabby. No end to that, if once one begins."

"I only wish I had more," sighed Lettice, trying not to look in the face what she really felt.

When they reached the cottage Keith alone was downstairs, and he stared with round eyes at the new-comer. Lettice left them to make acquaintance, and ran upstairs for her purse. How to get on without her quarter's allowance, during the next three months, was a mystery, since Mrs. Bryant was in the habit of making frequent calls upon it; but she would not refuse Felix. She always had meant to send him the first sum she could spare. But that he could ask her for it, not even enquiring what her needs might be, was an unlooked-for blow. She dared not trust herself to think, and hastened back to put the little purse into his hands.

"It is all I have, Felix—just five pounds. I only wish I had twenty pounds to give you!"

"Thanks," Felix said, not without a touch of shame; and Mrs. Bryant swept in, wearing a handsome morning-dress, and a by no means cordial face. Dr. Bryant followed; and Keith, now a fine boy of nine, pranced after, exclaiming, "That man says he's Lettice's brother."

"Anderson at last! I am glad to see you!" Dr. Bryant shook warmly the young man's hand, while Theodosia made no attempt to conceal her annoyance. The greeting she gave was of the coldest description.

For awhile no allusion was made to Lettice's birthday, but when breakfast was begun, Dr. Bryant said, "Hallo! I'm forgetting," apologised and vanished. He brought a small parcel, laid it before the girl, and wished her duly, "many happy returns."

Theodosia's face darkened. He had not recollected her birthday, six weeks' earlier, till reminded. It darkened still more when Lettice, with sparkling eyes, uncovered a little old case, and found within a handsome bracelet of gold and emeralds.

"O uncle! you don't mean this for me."

"It belonged once to Cecilia's mother. I gave it to her, and when she died her husband sent it back to me. A rather singular thing to do! If anyone has a right to it now, you have."

"I never saw anything more beautiful. Felix, look! It is perfect."

"Worth—?" queried Felix, with an involuntary reference to £ s. d. after the habit of his mind.

"It is worth uncle's love and kindness," Lettice said softly, with an eloquent look.

"I wonder when you expect her to wear it," asked Theodosia sharply.

"Opportunities will offer," said the Doctor. Theodosia curled her lip.

Felix had brought no present. Instead of buying a birthday-gift, he had begged one, and with all her willingness, Lettice was keenly alive to the distinction.

Yet on the whole the day passed happily. No persuasions could induce Felix to stay over the night, and indeed, say what the Doctor and Lettice might, Theodosia's manner was not encouraging: but he remained till a late hour in the afternoon. Lettice took him about the place, talked to him of her interests, listened to all he had to say, and did to some extent thaw the crust of self-absorption fast forming over his being. Only, would it remain thawed, away from the softening influence?

They saw little of Theodosia, until afternoon tea. She gave her husband a bad quarter of an hour, on the score of the bracelet, and he endured the same with man-like philosophy. What was the use of minding? He had done what he considered to be right, and Theodosia was unreasonably angry. Sooner or later she would come round; and meanwhile he had his study. To that haven he retired; and into it, for an hour, he invited the brother and sister after lunch, making a pleasant impression on the young man, despite early prejudices. "Really, he is not half bad," declared Felix, on emerging from the elderly man's "den."

"Maurice."

"Yes, my dear."

"I must have a cheque for eighteen pounds, if you please."

Dr. Bryant lifted his eyebrows.

"It's no use your looking like that. I told you yesterday."

"Fifteen, I think you said you might require."

"Well, I find it must be eighteen. My London dressmaker's bill has come to more than I expected."

"I hope the cows and swallows admire results," murmured the Doctor.

"I don't wish to be a scarecrow, if there is no one to see, in this horrible place." Theodosia was offended still about the bracelet, and when offended she was always tart.

"Certainly not," assented Dr. Bryant. He opened his purse, took out a 20*l.* Bank of England note, and placed it in her hand. "That will cover your necessities," he said.

"Thanks. I shall manage now."

The two extra pounds were perhaps meant as a peace-offering, and Theodosia was grateful for them; yet she could not recover her equilibrium. Each time that her thoughts recurred to the exquisite bracelet, "flung away on that stupid girl," as she phrased it, her anger flamed up afresh—partly against her husband, and much more against Lettice. Evidently Lettice had an increasing hold upon Dr. Bryant's affections, and who could say what this might lead to, in the matter of will-making.

Theodosia had given in to jealous and bitter moods, until they had complete mastery over her. Worse, she had given way to habits of not quite truth, not quite straightforwardness, till there too her powers of resistance were weak. As she sat in the drawing-room, discontentedly fingering the bank-note, and weighing her grievances, a sudden thought came, a suggestion of evil, sharp and clear as a flash of lightning—or rather a string

of suggestions, in quick succession, flash after flash. First, a distinct longing to do something to separate those two—her husband and Lettice. Then, a recollection of the words which she had overheard Lettice utter that morning, from outside the breakfast-room, "It is all I have . . . just five pounds. I wish I had twenty pounds to give you!" Thirdly—the idea, was Felix in debt? and had he appealed to Lettice for help? Fourthly—suppose such a bank-note to be left carelessly in the way of Lettice, was it certain that the girl's principles could be strong enough to withstand sudden temptation? Might she not be led to possess herself of it, for the sake of Felix? She was very young, and perhaps she would not fully realize what the deed meant.

Theodosia recoiled from her own evil thoughts. To wish to lead that young creature into sin! It was too terrible. Deliberately to plan temptation, in the hope that it might prove irresistible! Theodosia shuddered at herself for the desire, yet she did not cast it away, and slay it. She let herself look at it steadily, and the sense of repulsion lessened. A thought of the bracelet came up anew. Then Theodosia grew harder, and when she viewed the suggestion once more, it seemed not quite so black, but after all only natural under the circumstances.

At the worst, she was merely proposing to use a slight test, the kind of test that comes to everybody sooner or later. She was not going to tempt or injure Lettice. If she chose to leave the bank-note lying outside her desk, instead of locking it up at once, whose business was that? All the world might see it there; Lettice and Felix included of course. If it remained untouched, she would have proved the girl's inviolable honesty. So much the better for Lettice.

When the two came in, they found Theodosia in a mood to all appearance friendly. Lettice, being used to these sudden variations, thought little of the change. She knew how slight was the dependence to be placed on Theodosia's happiest frames.

They talked of where the brother and sister had been, discussing the neighbourhood. Theodosia presently called Lettice out of the room, on some slight pretext, leaving Felix alone, with the bank-note on her desk, half-covered by papers, yet distinctly visible. The figure "20*l.*" might be seen from half across the room. Then she brought Lettice back, begged her to wind a skein of silk, and led Felix into the conservatory, making talk about the plants for a good ten minutes. After which, at the sound of the incoming tea-tray, she sauntered to her desk, with carefully-averted eyes, that she might not see if the note were or were not still there, and tossed all loose papers into her desk, turning the key upon them securely. It was a key which she always carried on her watch-chain.

Nor did she again shudder at herself for what she had done. As one grows used to the dim light of a darkened room, it seems to become a little less dark. Theodosia's eyesight was becoming accustomed to the blackness of that evil desire which had taken possession of her.

Sermonettes



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

THE ECHO.

"Then call Thou and I will answer; or let me speak and answer Thou me."—*Job xiii. 22.*

THERE are places where, if you speak with a loud voice, your words will come back to you after a short interval with the utmost distinctness. This repetition is called echo. It is found most frequently in lonely spots among the woods and hills, where rocks

form reflecting surfaces from which the sound is thrown back. Every time it is heard it produces a startling effect. You think that it is some mysterious being hiding among the rocks and trees who repeats your words and gives them a softer cadence. The ancients thought that this mysterious being was an Oread or mountain nymph, born of the air and earth, who loved a beautiful youth, and because her affection was not returned, she pined away until nothing was left of her but her voice, and even then she could not speak until she was spoken to.

In the days of our Lord the Jews believed that the only thing which remained of the old revelations from heaven which their forefathers enjoyed, was the *Bath-kol*, which means, literally, the daughter of a voice. It was so called because it was the last lingering echo of the oracle of the Urim and Thummim of the high-priest's breast-plate which disappeared for ever. The Jewish traditions give many strange accounts of this *Bath-kol* being heard at different times in the Temple. They tell us that shortly before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, an awful voice was heard coming out of the Holy of Holies in the dead of night, saying, "Let us depart hence," followed by a deep silence never more to be broken. Many of these things were doubtless mere superstitious fables unworthy of belief. But we know for a fact that there was a voice from heaven at the call of Samuel, at the baptism of Jesus, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and on the occasion of the Greeks seeking to see Jesus in the Temple.

In the text we have a striking example of two kinds of echo, God calling to man, and man answering; and then man speaking to God, and God answering. Let us look for a little at these two wonderful echoes.

First God calling man and man answering. It is God who always begins first in every good thing. Our religion tells us distinctly that it was not man who first called upon God, but God who first called upon man. When our first parents sinned they hid themselves among the trees of the garden, and God called out, "Adam, where art thou?" God sought man to do him good, even when he had sinned and deserved to be punished. And that is what He has always done since. It was God who called Abraham to be the founder of a covenant people. It was God who spoke first to Jacob when, sinful and careless, he was sleeping at Bethel. It was God who called Moses up to the mount that He might give to him the law by which He might be worshipped, and the sinner might be pardoned and accepted. The truths which are familiar to us from our earliest years have come to us not by our own reasoning but by God's direct speech. If God had not broken the silence of the heavens we should never have known to whom to cry in our sins and troubles, and how to cry; we should never have known about the pardoning love of God, or about a future life after death. And what a dreadful thing a silent world would be—a world in which every sound might be heard save the voice of Him who created and sustained it!

But God has not been silent. He has spoken out, not by the dull, unchanging signals of nature that do the telegraphic work of the world, but in human language, in human thoughts and words. And though now He does not speak to you straight out of heaven as He spoke

to the godly men of old, yet He speaks to you in the Bible as clearly and distinctly as he spoke to the child Samuel in the Tabernacle of Shiloh, so that old familiar truths may come home to you with new power. God addresses you personally in the Holy Scriptures. He has in them a special message intended and suitable for each one of you; and what you need is that the word of truth should become to you, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the word of life; that the written word should be turned into a living voice, speaking to you with all the emphasis and solemnity and personal feeling of a living voice, about the things that belong to your everlasting peace.

God thus calls to you; will you be silent to Him? Will no response, no echo come from your heart to His voice? God called Samuel by name, showing that He knew all about him; and Samuel replied, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." God calls you by name, showing that He is intimately acquainted with your whole history; will you give no reply? Will a dumb spirit take possession of you and seal your lips? In the natural world even the hard cold surface of a rock, when certain conditions are present, will echo the sounds that strike upon it. To-day if you will hear God's voice, harden not your heart, but seek the aid of the Holy Spirit that He may enable you to send back the very answer which God waits to hear, and which will draw down a blessing upon yourselves.

When thou didst say, "Seek ye my face," then did my heart reply—quick and clear and distinct as the echo to the hunter's horn—"Thy face, Lord, will I seek." The voice of Heaven is speaking even now, the still small voice of mercy and love. It is telling you of the evil of sin and of the blessedness of salvation. Do not say of it, as the Jews said of the wonderful voice which sounded in the air when Jesus stood in the Temple, "it thundered," it is a mere natural sound without any meaning; but whisper in a rejoicing awe, "an angel spake." Pray for the hearing ear and the understanding heart. Listen to it and obey it, and it will become more clear and distinct to you, as the atmosphere of your soul becomes purer and calmer by obedience, and your path of duty shines more and more unto the perfect day.

But let us look for a little at the second point, man calling and God answering. David cried out in great distress on one occasion, "Be not silent to me, O Lord." He had prayed, but he had got no answer. He had cried from the depths of despair, but no sound came back save the echo of his own wailing. But God was all the time preparing to give him the answer that he needed. God did not act as Baal acted towards his priests on Mount Carmel, who called to him all day in vain from beside their sacrifices, even though they wounded themselves with knives to excite his pity.

You know in the natural world you cannot have an echo everywhere. There must be a peculiar arrangement of rocks or hills, or woods present, in order to enable nature to send back your voice with distinctness. You have noticed that in a stone vault, or arched hall, you have a confused reverberation of your voice when you

raise it, but not a clear and distinct sound. It is because the walls and roof are too near, and the ear is not able to separate the numerous echoes, which are thus confounded with each other. You must be a certain distance away in order that the echo may come to the ear after the sound, and be distinctly separated from it; and there must be a degree of hollowness or angularity in the surface of rock or hill, which collects the lines of sound, and concentrates them in the place where the echo is audible. The reflection of sound depends upon the same laws as those which regulate the reflection of light. And so there are laws according to which God hears and responds to your cries. He prepares the conditions in which His voice can come back in answer to your prayer. He makes such arrangements in His providence and grace, that your prayers will be reflected back to you in the very answer that you need.

Sometimes in nature an echo is made more or less distinct according to the state of the weather. The arrangement of the rocks, woods and hills around is the same, but if the day is dry and sunny, you hear a distinct response to your words in the distance; whereas if the day is wet and cloudy, you hear only a confused noise, or the echo refuses to stir at all. Now so was it with David when he said: "Be not silent to me, O Lord." It was a dark and cloudy and faithless time with him, and he could not get a response from God to his cry. But while he was still praying, the clouds lifted and the sun of faith and hope shone out upon his troubled spirit, and immediately he broke out with a song of praise, "Blessed be the Lord; my heart trusted in Him and I am helped." There was nothing changed in his outward circumstances. His trials and enemies were still the same. He was still kneeling beside the mercy-seat. But a great change took place in himself. The special weather in his soul was created, the peace of trust and faith, in which the echo of God's answer to his prayer could be most effectually heard. And so, my dear young friends, when your heart changes from doubt and fear into calm bright trust and confidence in God, then, although the outward world may be the same to you, you have got the conditions in yourselves in which an echo can be heard—in which your cry to God will bring back from Him the answer that will turn your sorrow into joy.

You know an echo in nature repeats your very words exactly. Some echoes can only repeat one word; other echoes can repeat a great many, and seem exactly like a person speaking in the distance, with a most startling effect. Now so it is with God's echo to your cry. He will respond to you according to your call. He will put His answer into the very mould of your prayer, and repeat your own very words over again. To Moses, who said to Him, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence," He sent back the answer, as clear and distinct as the echo of his own shepherd-call from the rocks of Horeb, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." To the poor leper who met Jesus at the foot of the mountain after His sermon and clung

to Him and said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," He replied, echoing the very words of the leper, "I will, be thou clean." He says to you, "According to your faith be it unto you." You limit the power of God by the poverty and unbelief of your prayer. But if you ask largely, you will receive liberally.

Some echoes refuse to send back a whole sentence, and only repeat the last word of it. But God's response is an answer to your whole prayer. He echoes in His reply all your request. He often does more than you ask; gives a much richer answer than you expect or hope. In every case in nature, an echo is more pleasant than the original sound. It makes a harsh voice sweet, and returns in mellow music the coarse sound that rude human lips have fashioned. And that is the case always with God's answers to your prayers. He gives sweet and harmonious responses to your harsh shrieks and screams and cries that pierce the air.

But He often does for you exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think. There are echoes in nature that are truly wonderful. Visitors to Killarney are much struck with the remarkably fine echo in the Gap of Dunloe, which reflects the sound of a trumpet in successive waves from the cliffs around, and dies away in the sweetest cadences. In the valley of Lauterbrunnen in Switzerland, I remember long ago hearing echoes which produced an extraordinary impression upon me. On the pathway, as I was going up the magnificent valley, a goat-herd met me, and putting a long tube of wood on a stone before him, he applied his lips to the thin end of it. It was the mountain-horn of the Alps, and was as rude and rough a musical instrument as any savage could make. But what a succession of the most delicious sounds did it call up! The grandest organ that man ever made was nothing to it. The huge precipices above me gave back the flute-like notes with an indescribable sweetness and variety of cadence. Never before had I heard such rapturous echoes; they ran from ridge to ridge, and rose and fell, and at last died away in a long-drawn-out musical sigh. I listened as one in a trance, almost fancying that heaven was opened above me, that the great white throne appeared in the summit of the Jungfrau high in the air, and that the celestial choir was giving me some angelic chant as they ascended to the skies.

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear!
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of elf-land faintly blowing!"

Such were the marvellous echoes awakened by the rude breath of the Alpine shepherd. And does not God send back answers as wonderful to the rude imperfect prayers that you make to Him? Isn't it wonderful that by a breath you can call up such marvellous responses? There is joy in heaven in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth; and there was joy in heaven when it was said of the persecutor Saul, "Behold he prayeth." And equal commotion in the heavenly courts do your prayers make. The

least cry from infant lips, which have no language but a cry, goes up before God, awakens the echoes of heaven, and rings through the celestial arches. You seem to hear the tinklings of the golden bells on your high priest's robe as He intercedes for you within the veil. Have you ever been in the "whispering gallery" in the dome of St. Paul's in London? The least word you say there is heard, far away at the opposite end, clear and distinct. And so the whole universe is God's whispering gallery, where the faintest cry of distress comes to Him with a loud reverberation as of thunder, and causes Him to give the help and the succour that are needed.

In Greece there were certain covered ways or porches, where the people assembled, called Porticoes of Echo, on account of the echo that was heard there. In the Cathedral of Girgenti in Sicily, there is a particular point where the whispers of the penitents in the confessional at a great distance off can be heard with the utmost distinctness. And so people imagine that it is only in sacred places, in churches and chapels, that they can hear the voice of God in answer to their prayers. But there is a living heart beating, and a living ear listening in every silent lonely place or trying circumstance; and it echoes back your cry if you know how to appeal to it by faith and prayer.

In prayer it is not so much what you say that is important, as how you say it—the spirit with which you pray. In nature you have to cry aloud, to utter your words distinctly and slowly, else you will only get a confused sound back. There are echoes slumbering in undreamt-of places, but you must know how to awaken them. There are sounds to which they will be deaf, and other sounds to which they will immediately reply. I remember in another part of Switzerland, where there was a famous echo, doing all I could to arouse it, but in vain. But just as I was giving up the effort, a poor peasant came past with a bugle and quietly played a few simple notes on it. The effect was magical. Immediately the sleeping echo awoke, and enchanted me with its silver melody. And so you will find out the secret of prayer when you use God's instrument, the spirit of prayer, and play on it the simple old notes of faith, hope and love. It is not in your thoughts and words that the magic lies; it is all in the echo. God's answer will make the rudest prayer musical, and the oldest, most commonplace wants new. Try to awaken the echoes of heaven by the old words which the Spirit teaches you, and they will come back to you in a rich and blessed experience. Call, and God will answer.

"If," said Augustine to his mother, Monica, on the night before her death, "the tumult of the flesh were calmed, and the sounds of earth were stilled, and the very soul hushed to itself, and God alone should speak to us, not in these human and angelic voices, through which alone we have hitherto heard Him, but directly by His own voice, would not this of itself be to enter into the very joy of the Lord?" If you do not hear the voice of God speaking to you in this way, as it spoke to Saul on the way to Damascus, as it

speaks to you when Jesus stands at the door of your heart and knocks, is it not because you drown the voice by the Babel noises of the world? You are too much occupied in listening to other voices to heed His still, small voice. Or you are apt to think more of your speaking to God than of God speaking to you. You cry to Him and tell Him all your wants and sins and sorrows, till the very crying seems itself a kind of answer, and you therefore do not wait for or expect an answer; you do not listen to hear what He has to say to you; you do not give Him an opportunity for His gracious response. My dear young friends, if you would make your own the prayer of David, "Be not silent to me, O Lord," then couple it with the spirit of Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." You are not to pray less, but to listen more; for He has many things to say to you, and He will know how to speak a word in season to each listening heart.

In the Taj at Agra—that most beautiful of all man's buildings, erected by an Indian monarch as a monument over the grave of his beloved wife—if you speak or sing in a certain part of the tomb, you hear, after you have ceased, the echoes above you drawn out in sweet prolongations as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing.

And so, even beside the tomb, where you long for the sound of a voice that is still, you can catch the echoes of celestial voices full of hope and comfort. Job says that even in your death God will have a desire to the work of His hands, and raise that work up again and finish it in glory. "Thou wilt call, and I will answer." The cold ear of the sleeper in the tomb will hear the summons that calls him forth and at once awaken; as Lazarus, three days dead and buried, heard the loud voice of Jesus calling to him, and came forth from the grave and was restored to his friends. And as the risen Saviour beside the sepulchre said to Mary Magdalene, "Mary," and she at once responded, "Rabboni," so will He utter your name of welcome, and you will answer with His beloved name. Do you wish to be greeted with that voice of ineffable sweetness then? Listen to it now; let it find an echo in your inmost heart.

"Call thou, and I will answer;" and the words will be fulfilled to you—the marvellous, resounding, far-reaching, long-drawn-out echo of grace will come back to you, "He will call upon Me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him and show him My salvation."

DUNWICH, PAST AND PRESENT.

THIS is the battery. Here are six cannons close together all of a row, as little boys draw them up when playing with tin soldiers. Some of the real original "musket's mothers," taken from "Hey! Johnnie Cope," at his "wau-kin'" and recaptured and left here by "Butcher" Cumberland. A small show of historic old iron—slightly more interesting than the usual Crimean variety.

"And I hev heard likewise they hev dug up shot in the gyardens here."

"What, from their guns?"

"No, sir. Dutchmen."

"Dutchmen! Do you mean cheeses?"

"Not so big, sir. Shot fired by the Dutch in the battle. You see, sir, the Dutch were outside and we were in shore, and all our shot that went over dropped out at sea and theirs came over on to the beach. Battle of Solebay, sir. The old folks call Southwold, Sowole; and the name comes that way, sir!"

"The name? The names! The very words of the ballad!—

"I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number or their tonnage;
But this I say, the noble host
Right gallantly did take its post,
And covered all the hollow coast
From Walberswyck to Dunwich!"

A hollow coast it looks, though not perhaps in

the sense meant by the ballad-maker. Let us get down to Walberswick across the ferry and make for this Dunwich—which rhymes with tonnage—and, which looks within easy walking distance. To the left is the sea, but the tide is nearly up, and the walk, under the circumstances, is not recommended; to the right, some distance inland, the ground has a gentle rise, and is pleasantly varied with clumps of woodland through which the road winds for some nine miles and more. In front rises above the red cottages and dark trees the bald green hill on which stands boldly against the sky the imposing ruin of the once great church of All Saints—a ruin just now at its best for artistic effect. Nine miles by road, and this so temptingly close? Absurd! Let us go straight at it through the meadows.

Straight at it? But we cannot. It is a voyage in zigzag, a beating to windward with the wind dead on us from the church tower. To the right, to the left, back again, on again: slow is the advance. The river is here, the rivulets there, the drains apparently on all sides; the path is doubtful, and only discoverable at rare intervals; the horses and cattle look at us in wonder as over the gates we go, over the bridges of all widths from one frail log to ten; we reach a windmill, called a watermill owing to its duty, and we reconnoitre. Dunwich Hill that seems so close is yet so far. Up to it stretch the meadows, the path through which is such a maze; the waterways between seem even more numerous than

those we have passed; the banks are lined with plants; the reeds bend in the water-courses, and they shiver and sigh and set us thinking of Midas; and we start again. In the backwaters *conferva* covers the drains with a green sheet of wrinkled crape; in the drains the water is clear to the bed; and from the bed of the stream to the blue haze above there is life. High, over all, sails a heron with his beak out like a bowsprit evidently homeward bound; below him cross half a dozen rooks; below them circle a few gulls; a flock of small birds is rising from the next meadow; down by the nearest rivulet is a pair of wagtails, evidently proud of being "the smallest birds that walk;" in the stream are a few mollusca; and flop into the water goes a frog as we watch. At one gate, as we rest, we are examined by a yellow bunting who comes out from under the bush, and varies his examination of us by preening himself on a bough that grows half in and half out of the ripple.

And at last we are in a farmyard: and here is the road over which the river runs; and here is a foot-bridge for the side-walk; and over the bridge, and along for a few hundred yards, and we are in Dunwich.

Dunwich the old—the very old! Twelve hundred years and more ago on such a night as this will be, when the old town was silent and lay in black shadow and silvery light, a man strode up from this very riverside and walked towards one who was here lost in thought. Full in the light he walked; tall, stooping, black-haired, with slender aquiline nose, and dark eyes glowing like coals of fire from out the thin worn face. Wrapped in an ample cloak he strode to the broad-limbed thinker, who knew not of his approach.

"Wherefore," said he—and the Englishman started up ready for fight, with his hand on his seax—"Wherefore dost thou"—and the voice was foreign, and the words were curiously intoned—"while other men sleep, sit thus alone and sad on a stone?"

"What is it to thee," answered the Englishman, looking at the strange dark face, and wondering at the cloak, the like of which he had never before seen. "What is it to thee, whether I abide this night within the house or without it?"

The dark eyes sought the eyes of the Englishman to read them.

"Think not that I know thee not, who thou art, and why thou sleepest not? But tell me, what wilt thou give him who shall free thee from thy sorrows, and say to King Redwald that he shall neither do thee harm nor hand thee over to those that seek thee for Ethelfrith?"

"All that I have will I give to him that shall do this thing for me."

"And what wilt thou do if a man shall tell thee of a truth that thou shalt smite thine enemies and reign in their stead, and be a mightier king than were any of thy forefathers, yea, or any of the kings that have ever reigned over the English?"

"Verily, if a man shall do this, I will give him such a reward as shall be fitting for his good deeds."

"And now," said the stranger, and the dark eyes seemed ready to burst into flame, "when this thing hath come to pass, what wilt thou do if he that told thee all these things shall tell thee of a new life and a new law, better than any that thou and thine have known? Wilt thou then believe him, and trust him, and obey him, and do such things as he shall speak to thee for thy good?"

"Verily, if such a man shall bring me out of my sorrows, and set me on my father's throne, I will believe him, and trust him, and obey him in all things whatsoever he shall say unto me."

"Then when this sign shall come unto thee, bethink thee of this night and thine own words, and do that which thou hast said."

And Paulinus reached out his hand, and on Edwin the Englishman's head he made the sign of the cross, and, passing into the shadow of the trees, he was gone. And Edwin, as we know, won back his throne at Retford, and kept his promise on due reminder, and became a Christian and founded York Minster with Paulinus as first bishop.

Many changes has Dunwich undergone since it was the town of the second Bretwalda, and practically the capital of England. Redwald lost his tall son Rainer at Retford, and sent his son-in-law Sigebert out of the country so that his other son, Eorpwald, might succeed in peace.

Eorpwald was murdered by Richebert for favouring Christianity, and then the Christian Sigebert became king, to abdicate after three years, and enter the monastery at Burgh Castle. And then Egric, his successor, failing to make head against the Mercians, retired in favour of the old king, who came from his monastery, and with a white wand, instead of a sword in his hand, led his people against the invaders and was slain by the terrible Penda.

Sigebert did much for Dunwich. He it was who brought over the missionary Felix the Burgundian, who became first bishop of the East Angles, and, of course, made Dunwich the seat of his bishopric. And for two hundred years there were Bishops of Dunwich until the see was moved to Elmham, from which it again moved on to Norwich so that here were once the centre and headquarters of Christianity in East Anglia.

It does not look much like it now. We have passed its only church, but when it was in its prime it had seven parish churches at the least: Stow even says fifty-two—but the good old chronicler must have been nodding. Along the road are a few well-built, well-to-do cottages in flourishing gardens, and there is an inn—the only one—and sharp round the corner and up the hill-side amid the trees a quarter of a mile away is another group of houses, and that with a school, a coastguard station, a few wooden huts, a lifeboat and half-a-dozen fishing boats is modern Dunwich. It is "lonesome," "forsaken," "out-of-the-way," but it is the prettiest spot on the Suffolk coast. To the north, backed by the high ground at Southwold, are the green meadows—those meadows with the mazy walk, the meadows which old Aggas calls "the diverse marshes, and shreds, divided with fleetes, crickes, and diches."

To the east is the strip of sandy beach and expansive sea, and from the red and white and golden sand rises the hill amid a fringe of trees that cling to its flanks as it runs inland and becomes an open common aglow with yellow furze and pink and purple heath.

From the shade of the massive ruins we can look out towards the Bank where the sea shallows; and we can imagine the old city on the promontory that has gone: fortified with a rampart, on the top palisades, at the bottom a deep ditch; on the north side the ascent from the river strengthened by artificial mounts fenced with palisades—fortifications which Henry the Second's Earl of Leicester found too strong for him so that he retired and left as traces of his works the fragments of vallum and fosse on Westleton Heath

into the waves, and in 1740 All Saints was dismantled for fear its bells and lead should go.

But Dunwich might have defied the sea by retreating along the cliff, and perhaps with great effort have cleared out its harbour and dredged its river and done wonders engineeringly, had not its heart been taken out of it by its politics. And yet what could it do? The monks from Normandy had brought over and cherished the little flower that is its pride—so sweet and velvety and white—and when its townsmen had to choose between the roses, what more natural than to declare for the colour of the one around them? And the Dunwich rose was the ruin of Dunwich; for in the time of trial Henry VII. backed up Southwold, which had chosen the red rose, and the old city could not keep in the



RUINS OF DUNWICH.

over which we can trace King John's road which once ran across country from Dunwich to Bury St. Edmunds. South eastwards under the sea, is the forest in which William the Conqueror gave the Rouses of Baddingham leave to hunt and hawk; and under the sea in front of us are the palaces and churches and houses in hundreds which the sea has been swallowing up at intervals during the last eight centuries.

It is one long story of landslips. Evidently the Iceni who founded the city were deficient in observing power and weak in their geology. What could be expected of a patch of boulder clay on the top of a pebbly gravel resting on sands and crag washed by the waves? In the eleventh century half the town went out to sea; in 1329 four hundred houses slipped away in a night and the port was choked; in Elizabeth's time four churches were lost; in 1702 another church fell

running with its youthful rival. Slowly it slipped and sank until when it had about 200 people in 1832 it lost its two members of Parliament, and in 1886—cruellest blow of all—it lost its very ancient mayor and corporation. It has seen its rival rise and fall to begin a new career as an unobtrusive watering place, and memberless and mayorless it waits until its time in turn shall come.

Once, we are told, the tailors of Dunwich could sit in their shops and see the shipping at anchor in Yarmouth Roads. They would be puzzled to do so now. It is pitiful to read how it lost its parishes, to say nothing of its mint and its monasteries. St. Felix and its church went first, then St. Leonard went, then St. John the Baptist, then St. Martin, then St. Nicholas, then St. Peter. All Saints is, as we have said, in ruins, the most conspicuous ruin in East Anglia, and

close by are the great remains of the Franciscan monastery, and other relics of departed grandeur.

But did no good come out of Dunwich? Was there no one man of note to whom it gave birth? Yes, there was one, and he was a printer, born in the parish of St. Peter, now under the waves, in 1522. Only a printer, but what an influence he had! Like all the printers of his time he had his "emblem," and his can hardly be looked at without a smile; quaint and crude it shows a naked youngster waking up a sleepy young man and pointing to the rising sun with the words: "Arise; for it is Day!"

And a good day's work did John Day. He was Dunwich's best gift to London. From the time when at four and twenty he began business in St. Sepulchre's, at the sign of the Resurrection, his life was spent in spreading the light as he understood it, of Protestantism. Imprisoned under Mary, escaping abroad and returning in 1556 to be the first person admitted to the newly-incorporated livery of the Stationers' Company, he became in a few years one of the foremost printers and publishers of his age. He it was who cut the first fount of Anglo Saxon, which he used for Ælfric's Saxon Homily, edited by Archbishop Parker, as a "Testimonial of Antiquitie," the same fount he afterwards used in the "Ælfredi Res Gestæ," which was the earliest collection of our national history printed in English. He it was who printed "Parker's Translations of the Psalms," the first rendering by one man of the Psalter into English verse. He it was, who in 1563, secured the co-operation of Tallis and published the earliest collection of Psalm tunes in England; and six years afterwards he it was who printed the first edition of Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book. But it is not for these things, nor for having printed the first privately printed book, nor for having cut Roman and Italic letters to range together, nor for his new founts and mathematical signs that he should be known, but for having undertaken and produced the book that struck the mightiest blow for the Protestant cause in England. Whatever might be right, that book showed that martyring must be wrong; and though one side of it alone was seen, the seeing of that one side was a step onward in the progress of mankind.

In 1560 he came to know John Fox, once a Fellow of Magdalen, who at Basle, the year before, had, after five years' labour, issued to the world in Latin a certain learned but unprofitable "Rerum in Ecclesia Gestarum, etc." Fox was poor, miserably poor, and had applied for help to his former pupil the Duke of Norfolk. That "most bounteous, charitable, and princely lord, gave him free entertainment and dwelling" at his manor of Christ's Church, by Aldgate. "From that, his home, he travelled weekly every Monday, to the printing-house of John Day;" and finally he took up his quarters at Day's house in Aldersgate Street to live there altogether, while translating his Latin volume, and adding to it and

improving it out of all knowledge into the world-famed "Acts and Monuments." Day found the money, "infinite sums of money," for many days and years, while the book was preparing; and Fox had to travel about to collect material such as anecdotes and scraps of biography, and of necessity he had to depend much on hearsay, so that in many a detail he was not as correct as he might have been; but assuredly his work was well done in the main, as was also Day's as far as the printing and publishing were concerned.

Archbishop Parker was a good friend to Day, and said that he was more ingenious and industrious in his art than the other printers, and was probably richer, so that they were jealous of him. When Day started a branch-establishment at St. Paul's, "little, low, flat-roofed and leaded for men to stand on at any show," the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, urged by his rivals, tried to shut it up, but the Archbishop came to the rescue, and there it remained, a centre of distribution for the Martyrology where folks were most likely to buy.

Few care much for John Day now. He is "as dead as Dunwich," his native place; but it is perhaps as well that his memory should not be entirely left to his memorial in Bradley Church. Though that is not worth going to see, it certainly is worth looking at when one is there. John Day with a row of little boys on one side, Mrs. Day with a row of little girls on the other, between them a table under which are two children in swaddling clothes; and underneath all—

"Here lies the Daye that darknes could not blynd,
When popish fogges had ober cast the sunne;
This Daye the cruell night did leaue behynd.
To biew and shew what bloudi actes weare donne
He set a Fox to twright how martyrs runne
By death to lyfe, Fox ventured paynes and healtly
To gibe them light, Daye spent in print his wealtly,
But God with gynn retourned his wealtly agayne,
And to him gabe as he gabe to the poore.
Two wyfes he had, pertakers of his payne,
Each wyfe twelue babes and each of them one more.
Als was the last increaser of his stoore,
Who mourning long for being left alone,
Sett up this toombe, herself turnd to a Stone."

The mourning lady thus facetiously alluding to her change of condition having been Als or Alice Lehunte, afterwards Mrs. Day, afterwards Mrs. Stone!

But enough! We are getting "as dull as Dunwich."

"How far is it to the nearest railway station?"
"Six good moile!" And off we go across the heath—six good miles in every sense—to catch the train at Darsham.

W. J. GORDON.

"KITTY TOPSELL'S FOUR POST BED."

CHAPTER II.



SOMETIMES one feels inclined to wish that children should be able to begin where their parents left off—how wise the world would then become! Fancy a little bantling coming into the world with all the experience of his old medical father! full of knowledge as to powders, boluses and pills, prescribing instead of crowing, ready for an operation instead of for his bottle, for a consultation instead of for his rattle; who eyed his father and

mother as if they were patients, about whom in a moment or so he would tell them a thing or two; or a little lawyer! a dreadful prig full of precedents, full of equity and common law, ready with the inherited skill of his crafty old papa to examine, or cross-examine, or re-examine, and goodness knows what; but whatever it may be, if it be law, I don't like it; and so I shall let this dreadful little prig alone.

But let me observe before I leave this dreadful view of the human race, and its advent into the world, that I am heartily glad our babies have to begin at the beginning; that they love us before they want to dissect us, and that they believe implicitly what we tell them, before the time comes that they want to put us into the witness-box; or pass sentence upon us, as the case may be. Thank God that men and women begin as children, that, however fallow, and wrinkled, and tough-skinned, they may become in after life, when they first come to us they are fresh, and smooth, and soft, and fair; that, however "fact" may square them off in after days, in their first days they know the roundings off of Fancy's curves; that however life as it goes on may be a time of withering and withered leaves, as it begins it is a time of swelling bursting buds. It were ill for the world if its children started life with the yellow shrivellings of age, and not the tender green of youth.

And so it comes to pass, just because it is so, that I have now to tell you, good reader, of what one of these beginners in life, little Kitty Topsell, both said and did.

At the time of which we write, two great events happened in little Kitty's life. There came to the neighbourhood in which she lived a new green-grocer and a—no, I cannot conscientiously say a second-hand furniture dealer or broker, nor can I say even a third or a fourth, with a safe conscience, but I will venture on a fifth. Mr. Hardwood opened a fifth-rate furniture and odds and ends shop, quite near to where Kitty Topsell lived.

Mr. Hardwood's coming into the neighbourhood was productive of both good and evil. It provided surrounding folk with various useful articles at a very low price, and was so far good; but it also put into the minds of some a desire for other things, which grew to a feeling that they were absolutely necessary to them, of which they would have never thought, if they had not seen them; and if they had not been kept continually before their eyes. By way of example, I may mention a battered old copper coal-scuttle, which might have gone through the Peninsula War, the

target of many a battery; and then, so far as it could do, forming into a square and resisting many a charge of cavalry. It was dented and bulged, and fell in here and stuck out there; and had one tremendous hollow in it, as if society had given it a parting kick, and sent it flying head-over-heels into Mr. Hardwood's shop. Society is in the habit, not only of giving daily pinches, but also, when opportunity offers, parting kicks, it may be for all I know, not malevolently, but with the praiseworthy desire that we should not think too much of ourselves, when it has had all out of us that it can, and we are old.

It is hard, sometimes, when we wish to make a bow, that we should get a kick; but no strange thing happens to us; and let us be thankful that it is no worse.

The two articles which wrought most mischief in Mr. Hardwood's were this old scuttle, and a very old glass chandelier. This latter had, of course, like the scuttle, seen much better days. It was now the aristocracy of the broker's shop; and I dare say would have been addressed as "My Lord," or "Your Grace" by its humbler companions in the place, perhaps "companions" is too familiar a word; by the humbler folk, or articles beneath.

I myself cannot imagine an old bunch of skewers and three yards and a half of worn-out stair carpet, presuming to affect companionship with a glass chandelier; the coal-scuttle, remembering its very far back existence in a baronet's house, might have presumed; but I am certain it would have been put down.

The way in which these worked mischief was this. As I am speaking of the chandelier, I shall begin with it.

There was one man who called himself a "man of the people," and him the chandelier aggravated terribly. "What right had anyone to possess such a thing as that! he was ground down to produce that chandelier! every glass drop on it was really a drop of his blood!" And there it was kept dusted and shining too, when the skewers never got a rub, and the bit of carpet was never brushed. Down with that chandelier, and down with the Queen and creation generally, and up (well with himself) but he forgot entirely how many workmen had made their wages by that chandelier.

I don't know that Timothy Grabbs would have been so fierce against that chandelier had it not been that it was so polished and dusted, but the fact was old Hardwood had two motives for making it look as spry as he could; partly it added to his own importance; and he knew enough of human nature to make him think that it would minister to other people's ideas of their importance, for to deal at such a shop, where such a thing was for sale, even though it were only to buy a half-penny skewer, would be conducive to one's thinking more of oneself. "This half-penny skewer came from Hardwood's, the place, my love, where the great chandelier is on view, you know, of course, he keeps only the best!" oh dear! how we do jumble up words to be sure, good benevolent Mr. Hardwood called this "self respect," but I think good reader if it was, it took the line which divides self-respect from pride.

But now as to the coal-scuttle! This coal scuttle too did some mischief in its way. Being copper, it was of course worth something as old metal, battered and bruised as it was. This made it even in its low estate somewhat too costly for old Mrs. Delaney, who up to the present had been contented with a very good scuttle, only made of wood.

Day by day she eyed this scuttle as she passed old Hardwood's shop, who at last observed her, always, so to speak, setting that scuttle, just as a pointer does a bird. Seeing this, and being wise in his generation, the old dealer polished up the scuttle, further to whet the good woman's appetite for it.

I have said that this scuttle had a bad influence on Mrs. Delaney's mind—and so it had; for it made her discontented with what she had—it made her almost covetous of what she had not, it brought an element of discomfort and disquiet into her mind. Oh! how many things we should never want, never trouble ourselves about, if we had never seen them; what a good thing it is to feel we don't want a great deal that we see—how many of our troubles and disquietudes are made by ourselves—how many need have never been.

Day by day Mr. Hardwood polished up a little and a little more, until at last the scuttle shone in resplendent glory.

This was another grievance for the "man of the people." He declared that that scuttle must have belonged to an archbishop, and that now it had come down amongst the poor, it must flout its grandeur in their faces—the hypocrite—to come down amongst them first of all covered with dirt and dust, and then to come out in its true colours. He was more than ever determined to overthrow church and state: that scuttle ought to be melted down, if it were for nothing else, to teach it its place; and when it was melted down, well what was to be done with it; who was to have it, he didn't exactly know—that it should be destroyed was the great point—the chandelier and the coal-scuttle combined were too much for his poor brain.

The chandelier had produced no manner of effect upon Mrs. Delaney, it was nothing to her. It would burn too many candles entirely; but the coal scuttle when fully polished was too much for her; so one day the old woman ventured to ask the price.

"Six-and-six!" said the broker. "Is it after robbin a bank you'd be takin' me for," said the old Irishwoman; "and I, one of the Delaneys, who, father and son, go back as far as you like, never touched a fardin belonging to man or baste."

"But look how it shines," said the dealer.

"Dy ye think now that whin I remember how my great grandfather spilt a kettle of boiling water over his big toe, fifty-five years ago, that I don't remember what this scuttle was when it came here not three months ago. I didn't ask the price then, worse luck! for 'twould have been ever so much less than now, 'tis gone up the ladder intirely since you've given it a bit of a rub; och, but sure a very little makes people stick themselves up, and 'tis unchristian-like for that scuttle to be sticking itself up with pride. Now, supposin' Mr. Hardwood, that ye were in a reasonable state of mind, you'd come down to what?"

"To not a penny less."

"Thin ye'll never prosper in this world, I can tell ye—puttin' on upon a poor widdy—'tis takin' the bit and the sup out of her mouth you are, wid makin' her save and scrape to pay yer onraisonable demands, and she, a Delaney too, that's worthy from her family to have something better than the ould wooden scuttle she has at home. 'Tis a better mind ye'll be coming to, when yo think what'll come to him that tramples on the widdy and the orphan: and when ye've come to your sines, and think where your goin' to, you'll find Mrs. Delaney in the back kitchen at No. 4, Cook's Row, and you can bring the scuttle wid you; and she'll pay you for the same tuppence a week honourable and punctual until there's not a penny of debt left. Did ye ever hear speak of a Delaney being in debt?"

"I never heard of a Delaney at all."

"Well now," said Mrs. Delaney as she walked off, "the ignorance in this world is surprisin'; to think now of that ould man livin' all these years, and a'most comin' near his end, and he never to have heard of a Delaney! What does he think will become of him at all, at all; but the crathur's English; and that will be the reason, no doubt—there's a power of ignorance amongst these English people—and Mrs. Delaney went home to administer a disparaging kick to her faithful old wooden scuttle; and to be more or less disquieted for the rest of her life by its presence; for the hard-hearted broker never came down her way with the copper one; and the scuttle was sold, before she could gather a sufficient number of tuppences to pay for it.

Thus, as I have said, did the coming of the furniture broker, and general dealer in odds and ends bring some disquietude into the humble neighbourhood in which he settled; but he brought some good also, as we presently shall see.

But now, a word or two about the second arrival. The new greengrocer, Mrs. Roots, was a stout comely woman; and she too was a widow, with one child; and little Rebecca Roots was stout and comely too. In fact, she was a little Mrs. Roots, only not a widow—not married—not engaged. Rebecca was an amazing help to her mother in all household work, and in trimming and cleaning the humble vegetables which she sold; she was one with her mother in the way of handling a carrot or a parsnip; and held her mother's opinions about greengrocery in general, and wood, matches, and the other articles of the trade in particular. There was a slight difference of opinion between them as to the amount of time which constituted the difference between a fresh and a new laid egg, but as that was the only thing in which they differed in life; and Rebecca, though exercising internally her private judgment, still openly deferred to her mother, the matter is scarce worth mentioning. Mrs. Roots, I should say, though a widow, wore short curls; and Rebecca wore short curls too. There was one other point of similarity in mother and daughter, which I must not pass by. They were one in their ideas of doing good, the only difference between them in this matter being one of degree, Rebecca, however, always trying, according to the best of her ability, to catch up her mother; and it was Mrs. Roots' pronounced judgment upon her daughter that though at present without any family, and indeed not even married, she had yet quite a motherly heart.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXVI.

To what Scripture characters are the following expressions applied?

"Churlish and evil in his doings."

"Born after the Spirit."

"His own works were evil."

He "feared the Lord greatly."

"Full of good works."

"He pleased God."

"Priest of the Most High God."

"Slain with the sword of the children of Ammon."

"A choice young man and a goodly."

These nine initial letters give the name
Of one who secretly to Jesus came;
Fearful at first, love taught him to be brave,
And sent him, sorrowing, to the Saviour's grave.

L. T.