

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.



"PRAY BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY," REQUESTED THE DOCTOR STERNLY.

CHAPTER XI.—A VANISHED BANK-NOTE.

"WHERE can I have put it? Where is it gone?" exclaimed Theodosia, in an agitated voice.

She had grown pale, and her hands shook, as they turned over the contents of her desk. No one would have guessed her surprise to be simulated; and in truth the agitation was genuine enough, though not from the avowed cause.

No. 1994.—JULY 16, 1892.

"Where is what gone?" asked Dr. Bryant. He and Lettice had taken Felix to Bristol station in the pony-carriage; and dinner, deferred to a late hour on account of this expedition, was now over. Lettice sat near a lamp, reading; and Dr. Bryant, who had risen to leave the drawing-room, was arrested by his wife's exclamation.

"My bank-note! It is not here." She did not look at him or Lettice, but seemed to search with eagerness, turning the papers rapidly over

PRICE ONE PENNY.

—too rapidly. The Doctor's keen eyes noted something odd in the manner of her seeking; not that he at the moment drew any conclusion therefrom.

"You don't keep bank-notes loose in your desk, surely?"

"I was in a hurry, and I threw all the papers in here together, just before tea."

"The note among them—loose!"

"They were all together, just before."

"I saw," remarked Lettice, always anxious to agree with Theodosia when possible. "It was before afternoon tea. I noticed that the note was for £20."

"You saw my wife put it away?"

"I didn't notice what went into the desk; but it was lying on the desk, I know, with a pile of letters, and Mrs. Bryant pushed them all in together, in a hurry."

"You will find nothing at that rate, Theodosia. Take each sheet separately, and lay it on one side."

Theodosia paid no heed. She went on "pitch-forking" the mixed contents of her desk, and Dr. Bryant took the matter into his own hands. Lettice sat watching, with a look of interest hardly amounting to concern. Theodosia stepped back, still with averted eyes, and evident agitation.

"I locked the desk so carefully. Nobody can have been to it since," she said after a while.

"No:" and the Doctor continued his systematic search.

"Not here," was at length his decision. "You must have put it elsewhere—unthinkingly. Are you sure it is not in your purse?"

She turned out her pocket mutely, and opened the purse.

"Stay—you had on another dress. What of that?"

"I looked there—I mean, I have only this purse—I had only that in the other pocket, and when I changed my dress, I moved it."

"You looked there!"

"I don't know what I am saying. It has flustered me so." She sat down and put her hands over her face. "I don't know what to think."

Dr. Bryant was again conscious of something unsatisfactory about his wife's manner; something which to his consciousness had about it a ring of untruth. Yet he never could endure to suspect her without full proof; and he had no proof.

"The servants are above suspicion," he remarked.

"And they were not in the room at all—I mean between my seeing the bank-note, and locking the desk. I don't know whom I trust or don't trust; but *they* had no opportunity! Nobody was here alone—except—Lettice—" she paused, not adding "and Felix."

The insinuation, pointed by her stress upon the word "they," might have glanced unfelt from the shield of Lettice's unconscious innocence, but for Dr. Bryant's indignant—"Theodosia!" It opened the girl's eyes. She dropped her book, and sat up, not frightened or angry,

but amazed. That anyone should suppose such a thing possible, seemed beyond credulity. Lettice could have laughed aloud.

"Pray be careful what you say," requested the Doctor sternly.

"I'm not accusing anybody—why should I? But you can't deny that things look odd. I know the bank-note was there, and Lettice was left in the room alone—for some minutes alone—and nobody has seen the note since. And I heard her say this very morning, that she wanted twenty pounds. You know you did, Lettice!"

"I said I wished I had twenty pounds," Lettice answered in a dreamy tone.

Silence fell upon them.

"Of course anybody can think what anybody likes," Theodosia observed at length, breaking into an uneasy laugh. "The thing may have spirited itself away. Or the cat may have got it. Or it may be in my desk all the time. Only I don't see how it can be—and the cat hasn't been here, all day—and if I were Lettice, I shouldn't like the look of things."

Silence again. Dr. Bryant had taken up a paper-knife, and was carefully examining its edge. Lettice sat like one dazed. She said not a word in self-defence. Another dread, a terrible fear had fallen upon her. Felix had been alone in the room, as well as she; only for a brief space, yet, alas, long enough. She had not after that observed the bank-note, so as to know if it still lay there. Could it be that Felix had possessed himself of the twenty pounds, under a sudden temptation? Was such a thing possible? Lettice did not know. He had wanted ready money? so much she did know; and he had accepted her little all, without hesitation or compunction. He might have gone further still.

Dr. Bryant stood in pained silence, waiting for her denial of Theodosia's implied accusation. He could not understand the long silence. All he wished for, was a denial from Lettice: for he trusted her word perfectly, and his wife's word he could not perfectly trust. Had Lettice met him with her clear gaze, and said firmly—"I did not do it!" then he would have had no more doubts. He would have believed her implicitly, in the face of any odds.

But, to his bewilderment, she made no protest.

She only sat motionless, with a changed face, growing whiter and whiter, till it was the hue of wax. While apparently listening, she heard in reality not a word that was said, beyond the one utterance which recalled to her mind the fact of Felix having been left in the room alone. Had Theodosia forgotten? If so, Lettice would not remind her. She would bear anything, rather than cast upon Felix doubt which might be undeserved. Even if it were otherwise, even if the doubt were deserved, she would shelter him at all hazards, for Cecilia's sake. So much was clear.

Silence again. The Doctor made no answer, and Theodosia stopped speaking. Lettice wondered vaguely what was to happen next. She forgot that she had made no attempt to clear herself: indeed, at this moment, she hardly so much as realized that she was under suspicion. The dread

for Felix—not a mere fear of suspicion falling upon him, but an overpowering terror of what he might actually have done, crushed lesser uneasiness out of existence. She sat and thought of that in-growing anguish, her hands unconsciously strained together, pulling one against the other. That Felix, her only brother, should take money not his own! But could he, would he, have done such a thing? Might it not be that she was cruelly suspecting him of an impossibility? Lettice was unable to decide. She only knew that the bare idea was overwhelming. A vision arose of Felix standing at Theodosia's desk, handling the bank-note, thrusting it shamefacedly into his pocket; and the vision turned her sick. Her whole frame was beating in quick throbs.

"Theodosia cannot find the note, Lettice." Dr. Bryant spoke with restrained quietness, and not in his usual voice. He came near, and gazed at the girl's ashen face, striving to read what was there. Lettice actually cowered beneath his gaze; shrinking, not for herself, but for the possible shame of her brother.

"You heard what my wife said just now?"

"Yes," as he paused.

"And you have nothing to say? Nothing to deny, or explain?"

To deny or explain—for Felix? That was what she understood. She had forgotten herself, in thought for her brother.

"Nothing?" he repeated, in grieved accents.

"You see!" from Theodosia.

"Hush! Lettice, my child," and he spoke pleadingly, "you will not leave me to believe this. It is too dreadful. The thing cannot be. Stand up, and look at me, and say I am mistaken."

Why should the thing not be? What did he know of Felix, to make any such confident assertion? What did any of them know? If she could have been sure, she of all people living would have been sure! But what security had she! Lettice neither rose or lifted her eyes.

"It cannot be true!"—yet there was now in his voice a tone as of one yielding to conviction against his will, and Theodosia was quick to note the change. "If you had wanted money, for yourself or Felix, surely you would have asked me. That you should be a thief! You! It is impossible."

His meaning dawned upon her slowly. She to take the note! A sense of positive absurdity in the notion almost made her laugh; and then, sharp as lightning, came the thought, "If I deny it, they will suspect Felix!" She had all but exclaimed, "I! No!" and this recollection sealed her lips.

"Child, stand up, and look me in the face. Do you hear?"

She obeyed the stern order, though not easily, for her limbs shook. It was the first time that he had ever spoken sternly to Lettice; and the pain of having him so speak, of letting him think such a thing of her, turned her sick again, while the room seemed full of mist; but her clear eyes looked out from the wax-white face straight up into Dr. Bryant's, none the less straight because of intervening mist, and whatever the Doctor saw

there he did not read guilt. The question following was not what she expected.

"Are you faint?"

"I don't know. Only—just——"

"Just a little. You had better go to bed at once. It is getting late. I will look into this to-morrow morning."

Lettice made no protest. The one thing she desired was to be alone, to have time for consideration. Dr. Bryant, always gentle to anyone in suffering, gave her a helping hand to the door. Then, finding that she could walk sufficiently well, he left her to go upstairs alone, returned to his wife, and said: "This must go no farther, if you please."

"She will not confess it, of course."

Theodosia had by this time hardened herself thoroughly.

"I cannot believe yet that she has done such a thing. I will not, without fuller evidence. It is too outrageous. There is some mystery in the affair that we have not fathomed. Lettice looks wretched, but, to my mind, she does not look guilty."

"I'm afraid nobody else would agree with you."

Dr. Bryant flung himself into an easy chair, and gazed moodily on the ground.

"Lettice!! I would as soon have suspected myself. I have always found that girl the soul of honour."

"People are mistaken in one another sometimes."

"They are," assented the doctor, with a bitterness born of experience.

"She might do for her brother's sake what she would not do for her own. Evidently he is in difficulties."

"Why? What makes you suppose so?"

Theodosia repeated more fully what she had overheard; in fact, as is often the case, her repetition was slightly more full than the original. "Only five pounds for you, Felix; it is all I have. I would do anything if only I could make it 20*l*."

"Strange that she should have named that sum. A mere coincidence."

"A coincidence that she happened on the same day to have a chance of securing the 20*l*."

"I do not believe—— Why should she not have asked me to help her brother?"

"It would be very cool if she did, I think. There is no real tie: and these Andersons have no claim upon you."

"These Andersons!" The Doctor could have laughed, if he had been less unhappy. He loved Lettice as his own child.

"Are you absolutely sure that nobody except Lettice was in the room for a moment alone?"

Theodosia wished now that she had not left Felix alone there. She did not desire to divert suspicion from Lettice to Felix, though she had had that possibility in reserve. Moreover she had managed thus far to avoid the more direct form of falsehood, though each step had been an acted lie; and there was a momentary hesitation before she answered in the negative. Dr. Bryant noted the hesitation. "No one?" he asked sharply.

"Lettice would not have been, but that I took her brother into the conservatory for a few minutes." To herself, Theodosia added, "If it is found out, I can say that I forgot." Like all who leave the firm path of truth, she was getting deeper and deeper into the quicksands of falsehood.

"You are sure! No one?"

"No."

"It is the strangest thing!" and Dr. Bryant sighed heavily. "I would have trusted her with any amount of uncounted gold. . . . I do not, in fact, believe it yet."

"She doesn't seem able to do much in the way of clearing herself."

"That is the perplexity. If she denied it, I should not feel a moment's doubt."

"I should!" murmured Theodosia, loud enough to be heard.

The separation between Lettice and her husband, for which she had craved, seemed now to lie within a measurable distance. Yet Theodosia could not feel happy. A dark shadow hung over her, the fruit of her own ill-doing. Conscience worked uneasily, and the dread of detection was a haunting companion.

Lettice's non-denial of the deed puzzled Theodosia, even more than it puzzled her husband, because she knew, as he did not, that it could not be due to guilt. Not until late that night did a clue to the mystery occur to her mind, in the shape of a suggestion. Did Lettice fear to direct suspicion towards Felix by diverting it from herself?

"If that is it, I am safe," thought Theodosia. "Lettice will never let out that he was left alone in the room."

Was she not rather in deadly peril?

Lettice was down early next morning, somewhat unexpectedly, since the Doctor had sent word that she might stay in bed to breakfast. The advice was not followed. She looked unusually pale, and the eyes were heavy with sleeplessness: but Dr. Bryant was strongly impressed at first sight with the peaceful calm of those brown eyes. It seemed to him that she must have come straight from communion with the unseen world, with the Divine Lord, to Whom she was used to refer all her difficulties. Dr. Bryant, albeit a man of few words on religious subjects, knew what such communion meant. . . . That the face of a thief! Impossible. For ten minutes he had not a shadow of doubt as to her innocence.

"Why did you not stay upstairs?" he asked.

"I didn't think I need."

"Well, you must eat a good breakfast."

This was by no means what Theodosia had looked for: and she tossed her head.

"Mamsie says Lettice is a wicked girl. Is she?" asked Keith, glancing from one to another. "Mamsie says she has taken a lot of money that belongs to somebody else." The spoilt home-boy was childish for his years, in voice and mode of expression. Theodosia did her best to keep him a permanent baby.

"Theodosia!" The Doctor spoke sternly.

"Keith gives his own version of affairs," she answered carelessly. "Children are always outspoken."

"You had no business to say a word to him about the matter. I told you that it was to go no further."

Theodosia tossed her head again, with no sign of regret or submission.

"Did Lettice do it?" asked the boy.

"It is no concern of yours. Hold your tongue, and attend to your own concerns," commanded Dr. Bryant. Then, as he noticed the whitening circle round Lettice's lips, he added gently, "Go into the drawing-room, Lettice. I will bring a cup of tea to you there."

"Is that the way you mean to bring her to confession?" asked Theodosia.

"I do not know. Another cup of tea, if you please."

"She has not taken half that—and your egg will get cold."

"Let it." The doctor himself emptied Lettice's cup, held it out to be refilled, and took a slice of dry toast. "Mind!" he said to his wife as he went—"if you do not silence that boy's chatter, I will take means to do so."

Then, making his way to the drawing-room, he placed the cup and toast on a small table beside Lettice, saying simply—"This first."

"I don't think I can eat," she whispered.

"You must."

She obeyed silently, at whatever cost: and he took the empty cup away. On his return he stood watching the girl's downcast face, unobserved, for two or three minutes. Had she forgotten his presence? It might seem so, from her start when he spoke.

"Tell me now, child. I cannot go on in uncertainty. I promise to accept your word without hesitation. Did you—or did you not—touch the bank-note?"

Lettice was seated in a drooping attitude on the sofa, leaning forward, as if lost in thought. At this question she lifted her face straightway, aglow with the eager desire to speak, the certainty that he would believe her. Once more her lips parted with the out-bursting. "No, no! oh, no!" And again the checking thought of Felix came. If she were cleared, would not suspicion fall upon him? Would not Sissie have desired her at every hazard to shelter Felix?

"Not one word!"

She pressed her lips to his hand, but did not speak, and Dr. Bryant drew the hand away.

"Am I to count you guilty—you, my little Lettice!" The Doctor could hardly speak. "Child, this is too terrible."

"If only you would not ask—" she faltered.

"Not ask! Rubbish!" The Doctor was growing angry. "I must ask. What on earth do you mean? Things look dark, and I offer to trust you absolutely, if you simply say 'No.' If you do not, what can I think, but that you did take the money?"

Lettice patiently dropped her head again. "For Felix's sake! For Sissie's sake!" she kept saying, and perhaps she forgot what was due to this kind uncle to whom she owed so much.

"Did you take it, Lettice?" The Doctor spoke severely now, and his brows were drawn together. The girl's chest heaved.

"Then—I have no choice. I must look upon the child I love, as a miserable thief."

"O no," shrieked Lettice, resolution failing as he turned away.

"You deny it!"

She wrung her hands over her face, in the struggle not to answer. Dr. Bryant walked up and down the room twice with heavy steps.

"No choice seems left to me," he said at length, pausing by her. "Listen! Since you cannot deny the theft, nothing remains but free confession. Tell me how you came to do it—and what you have done with the money. If you are sorry, say so. I may at least forgive. The relations between us cannot be what they have been, if you are capable of such a deed—still, I can believe that there has been some peculiar temptation. Only you must tell me all."

The Doctor was surprised afresh. As he spoke, Lettice threw up her head, and the honest eyes, dimmed with tears, looked full into his with a glance of indignant reproach.

"But I——" she exclaimed.

And though she stopped, the Doctor knew as distinctly as if she had finished, that she had all but said—"I did not do it."

"Go on."

A negative movement of the head answered him.

"There is some mystery here. All I can understand of it is—that you wish me to count you guilty——"

She moved her lips, as if in protest.

"And that you—are *not* guilty."

Another swift glance, this time of gratitude. It was swiftly checked.

"I cannot fathom your motives," Dr. Bryant went on, with judicially-assumed sternness: "nor can I suppose them to be right. But I confess, without stronger evidence, I am unable to believe this thing of you."

"Evidence enough for any reasonable person,

I should think," said Theodosia, in his rear. "If you want more proof, why not search her boxes!"

"Nonsense! as if that would settle anything! No! I do not see my way to any further step at this moment. Sooner or later, something will turn up to throw light on the subject. . . . Remember, Lettice, though I do not actually believe you guilty, I am very much displeased. More, I am disappointed in you. There is a want of straightforwardness in your conduct, which I could not have expected. You are not treating me as I have a right to be treated. If a mystery exists, I ought to be told what it is: and if you did not take the bank-note, as I believe you did not—you ought to avow your innocence. Until you can resolve to show me your old frankness, I cannot feel my old confidence in you."

She said, "No," in a low voice, her lips quivering.

"To-day I will not press you further. You are not quite fit for it, physically. But, understand—while this mystery lasts, things cannot be between us as they have been."

Dr. Bryant passed out of the room with a heavy and grieved step, Theodosia following. Lettice sat alone, wondering wearily whether the shadow would ever be lifted. She could see no way out of the trouble. Wondering too, in what manner Dr. Bryant meant to make a change. She had always been used to go to his study at half-past ten, to see if he wanted any little thing done—a letter copied: a bookshelf or a cabinet arranged. Such small services had been the delight of her heart. But would he expect her this day? Might she venture to go as usual? She tried to weigh the question, to consider what ought to be done: and found it difficult to come to any conclusion. Just before the half-hour, after long hesitation, she rose mechanically, unable to resist the drawing: and then she saw Dr. Bryant pass the window, equipped for a walk. It was an hour when ordinarily he never went out. . . . Lettice understood, and she burst into a flood of tears.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

INITIATED.

"I have learnt the secret."—*Phil.* iv. 12 (R.V.).

ST. PAUL is sending a message from his prison in Rome to the Philippian Church. Of all the churches which he founded none had taken so tender and constant an interest in him as this; to none was he bound by closer ties. For awhile, not through choice, but of necessity, St. Paul had lacked their accustomed, and apparently indispensable benevolence, but it was opportunity and not care that was lacking. Seizing the opportunity which first came, Epaphroditus was despatched to Rome the bearer of gifts, which

met the Apostle's necessities, and ascended to heaven, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God."

Yet St. Paul treats lightly his necessities. The Apostle was a very wealthy man, because his wants were very few. The circumstantial happiness which men regarded so highly was to him but as "the small dust of the balance;" to be full and to be hungry, to abound and to suffer need, were but inconsiderable trifles which he would not allow to disturb his heart's ease.

Life had taught him many things, and had been a severe schooling. He had graduated in the school of affliction; in labours, in stripes, in prisons, in deaths. Five times had he received the Jewish measure of thirty-nine stripes, once stoned, thrice shipwrecked, a night and a day had he spent in the deep. "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils on the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."¹ Yet all these things, to which his more recent hardships might be added, had but taught him to be content in whatsoever state he is. Nor had this lesson of contentedness with such resources as a man has, been either misunderstood or forgotten. "I know," says the Apostle, the lesson, I have acquired the art.

There is another expression used by St. Paul in this connection which is even more suggestive than that of the school of life. He says: "I have learnt the secret." "I have been initiated." He who had found figures in the battle and triumphal procession, in the foot-race and wrestling match, now uses one taken from the religious or semi-religious "Mysteries" of ancient Greece. Shrouded as the subject is with uncertainty, and though in their decay these rites became grossly sensual revels, it is not impossible that at one time they were the occasion of some profound mystical instruction. Persons were prepared for, and then initiated into, these secret rites and esoteric doctrines. Now darkness, then light, at one time silence, at another song and speech; now excitement, and now rapt devotion, these were parts of the initiation of these who would "learn the secret." And enlisting this observance in the service of Christian thought and sanctifying it to a pure and spiritual use, St. Paul declares that he had been initiated unto the Christian mysteries, had learnt the Gospel secret, "both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."

St. Paul had been initiated. As the candidate for this secret knowledge was led with bandaged eyes, for this is suggested by the word used, which were opened that he might behold the symbols of the hidden instruction, so had the eyes of the Persecutor been blinded outside Damascus on that memorable day that he might open them upon a new world, to which he was now to gain an entrance, and gaze upon things which had hitherto remained concealed. He is led into the vast sanctuary of the Gospel mysteries, and his unbound eyes behold what "eye hath not seen, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." No sooner does he cross the threshold than he feels he has entered upon a world of eternal realities. Then begins to rest upon him "an eternal weight of glory." His opened eyes begin to see "the things which are eternal." He has passed from the hopes and uncertainties of

Judaism into a world of indubitable certainty, where "life and immortality" are "brought to light," and where he seems to catch the first note of that trumpet which shall ring out "when the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God." He is initiated into the eternal mysteries, and the circumstances of a fleeting present, fullness and want, exaltation and humiliation, are dwarfed into their true insignificance. The "eternal weight of glory" makes his joy or his affliction "light, enduring but for a moment." The wondrous revelation makes old ago and failing energies of no moment, for while he looks, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," at that stupendous vision of eternity, "though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."¹ And thus from his prison in Rome, though friends seem to forsake² and resources to be exhausted, he writes as one to whom the vision of eternal realities has taught the secret of inviolable peace.

As a second stage of initiation St. Paul had learnt the significance of Man's Sin and Fall, and of his Restoration in Christ. As a Jew he had learnt the fact, now he was to learn more of the secret of the Fall. He begins to see that if "by one man sin entered the world and death by sin,"³ and by his offence "death reigned," yet through the righteousness of a Second would the "free gift come upon all men," and to understand how "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now," made subject to vanity "in the hope that the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."⁴ He saw that as in Adam all died, even so in Christ should all be made alive.⁵ And now this "mystery which hath been kept in silence through times eternal"⁶ is uttered. And in the light of that vision, in the knowledge of the secret spoken, St. Paul has no fear of want, no craving for wealth, no dread of humiliation, no ambition for greatness. He counts not his life dear to him, so that he may finish his course with joy and his ministry, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. He reckons that "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."⁷ As he learns the significance of Man's Fall and God's purpose in Christ Jesus, these things are small beyond consideration, mere notes on the radiance of "the glory that excelleth." Bodily pains and perils, the instability of friends, the persistence of foes, all the pressure of untoward circumstances are as nothing to him. He had discovered the true philosopher's stone that can transmute the base metal of discontent into the pure gold of joyous serenity; he had been initiated and learnt the secret that enabled him to bid welcome to poverty and pain, and because he "rejoiced in hope of the glory of God," to "glory in tribulations also."

¹ 2 Cor. iv. 16-18.

² Rom. v. 12, 17, 18.

³ 1 Cor. xv. 22.

⁴ 2 Tim. iv. 10-11.

⁵ Rom. viii. 21-22.

⁶ Rom. xvi. 25 (R.V.).

⁷ Acts xx. 24. Rom. viii. 18.

¹ 2 Cor. xi. 23-27.

Thus had the Apostle stood within the temple of truth and gazed upon eternal things and marked the greatness of the Divine purpose. In view of these things, the ills and joys of life became trifles, too inconsiderable for reckoning. But again he raises his eyes to see new symbols and gain a firmer grasp upon the thrice blessed secret. Before him there was a manger, and lying in it a Babe, but it was God's "Son made of a woman," One who "had emptied Himself, being made in the likeness of men."¹ Beyond it rises the form of a Cross, and upon it One obedient unto death, "Jesus Christ evidently set forth, crucified." Still farther appears an opened sepulchre and rising thence One "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection." Beyond, his eye beholds the ascending form of the crucified yet risen Christ "received up into glory." - Yet again raising his eyes he sees the same Jesus Christ at the right hand of God, making intercession for us. And yet looking on through the lengthened aisles toward the far-off end, he beholds the dawn of the eternal day, "the flaming of Christ's advent feet," how from that throne of glory there will come again the same Jesus, "revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire." And as through this far reaching vista, whose end seemed even farther off to human thought, the Apostle gazed upon these glorious truths, these resplendent symbols of Divine mysteries, earthly things once more became as dross.

Before the Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension, Advent of the Lord he reckoned life's gains as loss, as dung. He is ready to rejoice in his sufferings. By that cross "the world has been crucified unto Him." He is shown what is "the length and breadth and depth and height," and to these stupendous measures of the Divine love the things of this world become as specks lost in the vastness. He is "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake," a man whose hold upon temporal things is loosened.

He has learnt the secret of the crucifixion, that "Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again"; and this selfless life can take no reckoning of want or fulness. Because Christ is seated at the right hand of God, He will "seek the things which are above, not the things on the earth," honour and possessions. Because at His coming the Lord Jesus will "fashion anew the body of our humiliation" (R.V.), therefore the accidents of his bodily life can not be to him the all in all of being; the vision of the returning Christ dwarfs the greatest of life's gifts, and dulls the brightest of earthly joys.

For joy and sorrow, possession and want, the seeming good and the confessed evil are alike understood by him who has passed through this initiation. He may be deeply abased, or highly exalted; he may be hungry or satiated with delicacies; he may abound with all that heart

can crave, or suffer the lack of even the things that seem necessary. To him it matters nothing. His eyes have seen the symbols of reality, his spirit has felt the mystic power, known only to the initiated soul. Across the stillness mysterious words have been borne, his eyes have been empowered to behold Divine things and eternal realities. He has been taught the meaning of the primal Fall, of Death's long reign, of the victory of grace. He has gazed upon the facts and symbols of the faith; upon the manger, scene of the Incarnation, the Cross, instrument of the atoning Death; the tomb, rent by the rising Lord, the splendour of His path into glory, and the majesty of His triumphant return. So now he can sit in Nero's prison, poor and forgotten, worn out with a life of toil, knowing, it would seem, the pinch of need, yet, as he tells us, by none of these things is his peace disturbed, for he has been initiated into a life of inviolable calm, and learnt the secret of profound, yea, fathomless peace. Thrice blessed are they who have learnt this secret of contentment, and have been initiated into this, the life of Life.

J. T. L. MAGGS, B.A.

The Christ Life.

HOW, before a watching world,
Stands our life to gaze of man?
With our Christian flag unfurled,
With the eager haste to scan—

Are we faithful to our great Exemplar's plan?

Can we bear His Cross in meekness?
With kindness ill return?
In the view of other's weakness
Strive to hide from scoff or scorn?

Through oppression, can the Cross for Christ be borne?

As we live our tiny moments,
Do we rest on God for grace?
Do we in our life day's duty
Know He holds His sacred place?

Ever near us, do we see His smiling face?

Are we getting nearer, closer,
To our dear redeeming Lord?
Working, winning, bravely bearing,
Trusting to His spoken word?

In obedience yielding up our all to God?

This means Christ-life, this means Christian—
Living out the thing we preach,
Building up the Heavenly kingdom
With the small things in our reach.

True to Jesus—heart and soul, as well as speech.

¹ Gal. iv. 4. Phil. ii. 8.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERK, PH.D.

THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.—THE WORSHIP OF SHIVA.

THE subject of our last paper was the Great Cave of Elephanta. As we stand at the mouth of the cavern and see behind the rows of pillars receding in the depth of "the underground church," colossal shapes of gods and animals and men, standing or struggling along the walls, we have before us hewn in stone—the religious history of a thousand years. To understand the full meaning of these sculptures, we must go still further back to the earliest age, the beginnings of Indian mythology.

The earliest sacred volumes, the Veda, which were composed by various poets between fifteen hundred and a thousand years before Christ, might lead us to assume, that the original religion of the Aryans was monotheism, belief in one god.

In the beginning there was neither nought nor aught,
Then there was neither day, nor night, nor light, nor
darkness.

Only the Existent One breathed calmly, self-contained,
says one of the earliest hymns come down to us.

Whose hiding-place is immortality,
Whose shadow—death; who by his might is king
Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world,
Source of energy . . . the only God . . . above all gods.

runs another chant.¹ But the thoughts and imaginations of men did not rest satisfied with this one living cause of all things. How did he, they asked, come to step out of himself, to create, to produce? "First in his mind was formed Desire, the primal germ productive, the first subtle bond, connecting Entity with Nullity"—their sacred book told them.

What does this "Desire," this "germ productive" mean? It means that the feminine, as opposed to the masculine (God) "felt not delight, being alone. He wished another, and instantly became such. He caused his own self to fall in twain, and thus became husband and wife; and thus were human things produced."

When they once gave the reins to their imagination the Aryans in India, as in Greece, peopled all nature with many different deities. There was *Prithvi*, the goddess of the broad earth; and *Yama*, the ruler of the nether-world, of the departed spirits; in the heavens above there appeared at dawn, *Ushas*, "the rosy daughter of the sky," and the *Asvins*, the twin sons of the sun, young and handsome, who mount the firm-

ament in a golden car and represent the rays of light, which precede the break of day.

But men who had settled down in the tropical climate of the valley of the Indus and the Ganges, were far more impressed by the powers of nature around them than their kinsmen in a temperate zone. The scorching heat of summer, the sun burning overhead, the dark rain-cloud travelling up from south and east, the struggle—repeated every year—between the heat and the rain, the tempest, the lightning, the roaring fire—all filled them with awe and fear.

The gods who ruled over these elements stood, in their estimate, high above all the other deities. These were Indra, the lord of the rain who overcomes the demon heat with his bolts from the clouds, so that the

Pent-up waters,
Released from their long imprisonment, descend
In torrents to the earth; and swollen rivers,
Foaming and rolling to their ocean-home,
Proclaim the triumph of the Thunderer.

The second was *Agni*,

One in (his) essence, but to mortals three;
Displaying (his) eternal triple form,
As fire on earth, as lightning in the air,
As sun in heaven.

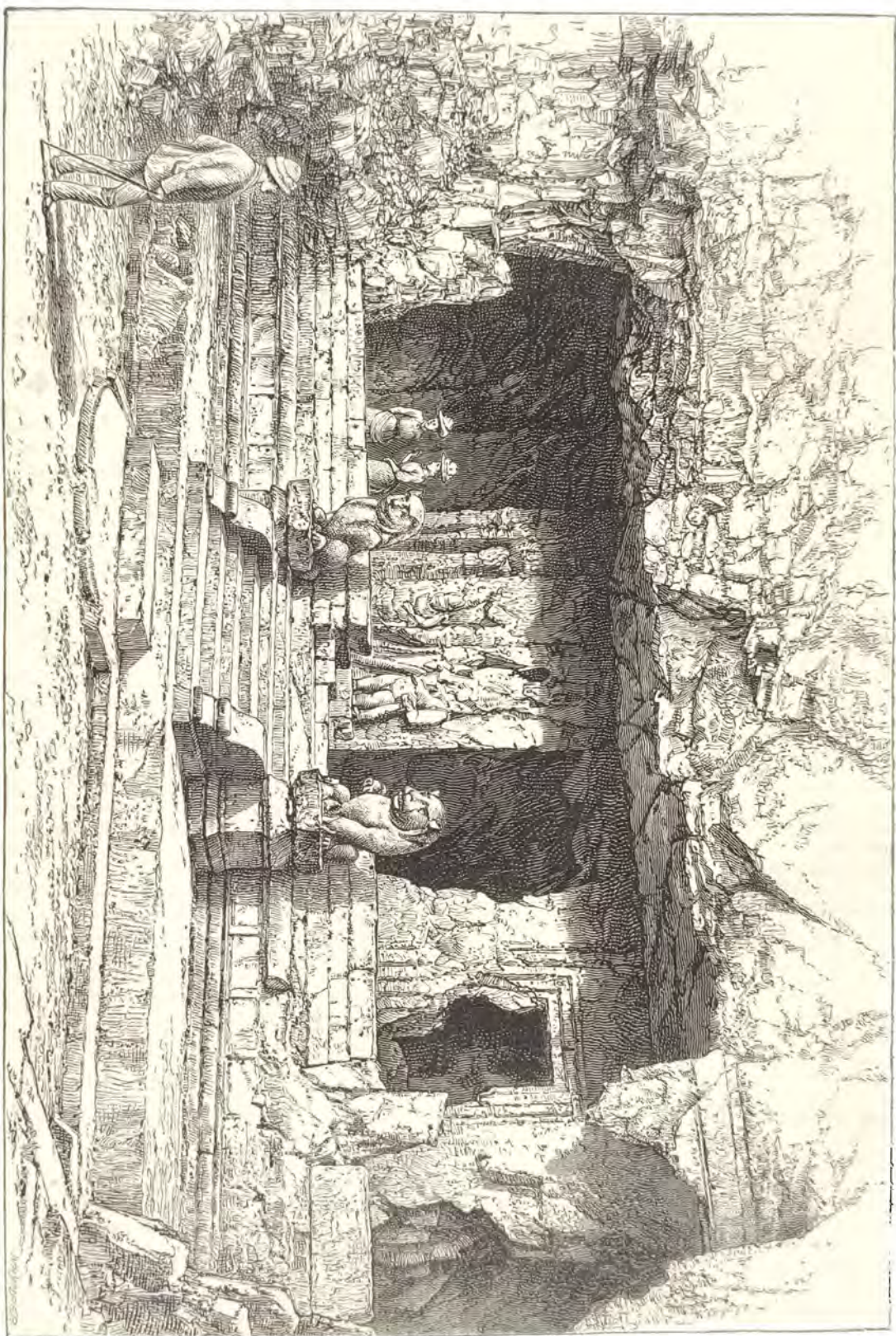
The third was *Surya*, "with flaming locks, clear-sighted god of day."

Each one of these three gods is pictured as a male being, and has his consort. The names of Indrani, Agniani, Asvini, and others are mentioned; but they do not occupy a prominent position; they have, taken for themselves, little significance, nor have they ever been worshipped.

Centuries passed away, during which the development of the Hindu religion cannot be distinctly traced. It was no doubt strongly influenced by the Buddhist movement in the sixth century B.C. The next record of a later age we have, is the Law-book of Manu, which was composed about five centuries, and edited about three centuries, before our era.

Here we find that the "Eternal One" is called Brahma. His name is derived from the root *brih*, which means to grow, to expand. He does expand and manifest Himself in things visible and invisible, in things animate and inanimate, in stones, mountains, rivers, plants, animals, men, and gods. The noblest of men, we are now taught, are the priests, the Brahmans. Above them are ranges upon ranges of angels and divine beings. Man, when he dies, receives the reward of his works done during the time of his life—here we see the influence of Buddha's teaching—

¹ These, as well as the following quotations are taken from Sir Monier Williams "Hinduism" (Non-Christian Religious Systems). Part II. London, 1877. Comp. also, "Religious Thought and Life in India," p. 26 *et seq.* Second edition. London, 1885. By the same author.



THE TIGER CAVE, ELEPHANTA.

he is born again in a higher or lower form of existence, "an angel or a beast." He may pass through all possible forms: for no line is drawn between the higher and the lower, between stock and stone, men and gods, between "Brahma and a tuft of grass."

Far above all others there are enthroned three divine persons, the highest manifestations of the Eternal Essence. Their name is the mystic monosyllable of three letters, *Aum*. Hindu philosophers have endeavoured to introduce this sacred number into their system of this world. There are, they say, three objects in nature: Earth, Water, and Fire; and three worlds: Earth, Air, and Sky; and three kinds of bodies: the earthly, the intermediate, and the spiritual. Nay, even living man is himself a threefold trinity; he consists of three spiritual essences, three corporeal envelopes, and three dominating qualities.

The Eternal Spirit, they taught, entering the bonds of matter, manifested himself first as fiery creative energy, as Brahma, who seems identical with Agni, the ancient god of fire; secondly as the power of darkness and destruction, as Shiva, who takes the place of Indra, the ancient god of storm and rain; thirdly as the power of preservation, as Vishnu, who stands for Surya, the ancient sun-god.

All around us in the world we watch the unceasing process of death and of birth; we see continually plants and animals fading and dying, and out of their dust fresh organisms arising. The death of one is the birth of another. The two are one and the same thing regarded under different aspects. The matter, even when it is converted from the body of a man into earth, and thence into the stem of a plant, "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," is preserved throughout these changes; and throughout them there is manifested creative energy. The gods who preside over this process, Brahma the creator, Shiva the dissolver, Vishnu the preserver, are really one and the same; each can take the place of the other; none is before or after.

Each first in place, each last—
Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, each may be
First, second, third among the blessed three,

says an Indian poet. Further, as in the ancient Veda we found the belief in the Eternal One, and next in the deities of fire, rain, and sun; so here we are instructed that the Eternal Spirit manifests itself in this triad of gods, and may be worshipped through any one or all of them. Each one of them has a wife; the consort being the counterpart of her lord, and exhibiting all, or some of his qualities. We have dwelt on this subject at some length, to show the great difference which exists between the Hindu conception of a triad of gods, and the Christian doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

We return to the Cave of Elephanta. Entering in by the portico to the north we find ourselves in a structure carved out of the side of the hill, which may be roughly compared to a church, stretching from east to west; a double

row of columns traverse the nave; at the western end is the sanctuary and altar, corresponding—may we say?—to the chancel. On either end, east and west, is a door leading into an open court; to the north of the eastern court rises the wing, which is represented in the illustration. In the middle of the long south wall, which is all solid rock, there is a recess—we may compare it to a chapel. As we walk from the portico straight across the nave towards this recess, we see that it contains three groups of sculptures. The central group is a bust of huge size. It consists of the breast and shoulders of a man, bearing a head with three faces; the middle face is turned full towards the spectator, those to the left and the right appear in profile. The height of the whole bust measured about eighteen feet, the circumference twenty-three feet, and the length of each face four feet.

A glance will tell us what this colossal sculpture represents—the one god-head manifesting itself under three different aspects. The central face, Brahma, "the father of all," has a mild and tranquil appearance; the face is round and full, the lips somewhat thick; the neck is adorned with strings of pearls, the head crowned with a diadem elegantly chiselled in the stone, similar to that perhaps worn by the princes of the age. The profile to the left is Shiva, the destroyer; his emblems leave no doubt as to his character; amongst the ornaments of his headdress appear a human skull and a writhing serpent. His brow seems to be protruding. That protuberance marks the place of the third eye, which the god has in the middle of his forehead, and from which at the end of time fire will flash to consume the world. In his right hand he holds up a cobra, its tail is twisted round his right arm, its hood is raised, the human face and the serpent are gazing at each other with mutual grim satisfaction.

The profile to the right is Vishnu, the preserver. His face has a gentle almost feminine look, the nose is finely and delicately formed, the underlip thick. The headdress is tastefully wrought; around it swing garlands of pearls, amongst which are entwined the leaves and flowers of the lotus, the emblems of the god.

To the right hand and to the left of the bust there stand two human figures, carved out of the stone, like pillars, thirteen feet in height. They are known as the dwarapalas, doorkeepers. They have been standing on duty for the last thousand years.

We have seen that Brahma occupies in this image the place of dignity; for he is the creator. We may be surprised to hear after this that no homage is paid to him, and that throughout India there are only two temples consecrated to his service. "He is a spirit, and as such an object not of direct worship but of thought and meditation," the Brahmans say. But the true explanation of the fact is probably quite a different one. The deed of creation once done, lies behind us in the past, and becomes ever more distant, and though of course creative force is at work around us, it does not come home to us in the same way as the terror of death and joy of birth, which we

witness every day; on the other hand, our preservation is a matter of the utmost concern for us. The great Destroyer and the great Preserver are the deities men are most likely to pray and to sacrifice to; the worship of Shiva and of Vishnu is the very "life and soul of modern Hinduism." The greater number of religious men prefer Vishnu as the particular god through whom they hope to obtain salvation; but the worship of Shiva is far more extended amongst the people of India; numberless temples dedicated to his service are scattered throughout the country. Every temple and shrine in towns, "under green trees, and on high places," contains an altar upon which is fixed his symbol. The number of such symbols throughout India is estimated at thirty millions. The Regenerator has usurped the place of the Creator. Shiva is frequently called Mahadeva, lord of the universe, a title really due to Brahma.

All the rock-cut temples of Western India which illustrate the Hindu religion, amongst them the Cave of Elephanta, are devoted to his service. He is worshipped by the masses of the people, because his character appeals to the different instincts, to the highest religious and spiritual as well as to the lower and brutal inclinations of human nature. The tendency seems to have been, on one hand, to exalt him far above all gods; on the other hand, to represent his character as displaying some of the worst and most horrible qualities found in man. It is wonderful how sharply the sculptures in the Cave bring out these various traits. We need but walk through, and look at, the groups of rock-carvings, which are placed against the south wall and in the four corners of the nave, as well as to the right and left of the entrance-door—and we see as in a gallery, embodied in stone, the various ideas which the Hindoos entertain of their god.

The central doctrine of their religion is that of the three gods, and accordingly we find in a central place in the recess the image of one head with three faces.¹

In the south-west corner we come upon a representation of the marriage of Shiva and Parvati. The bride stands at the right hand of her lord, as she should on the day of her wedding; thereafter her place will be to his left. Shiva had sent seven sages to king Himalaya of the snowy hills, so the poet Kalidasa tells us, to ask for the hand of his daughter. As on a painter's canvas, so on the stony background there throngs, neatly chiselled in half relief, a crowd of people. Amongst them we recognise the friends of the groom; crouching on the ground is Brahma, "Lord of Might," who in this ceremony took the part of priest, next to him is Vishnu, "glowing from the realms of light." The father and mother of the bride appear in this august company.

In the fourth, the north-west corner, we are startled by an entirely novel sight. Hewn in

the rock is a huge figure, over eleven feet high (a reproduction of which is found at Ellora). It is the figure of a man; his face expresses rage, his eyes are swollen, tusks project from his lips. On his diadem is fixed a skull, behind which a cobra twists. He has over his left shoulders "a rosary of human skulls," and a short straight sword is fixed in his waistcloth. From his shoulders issue eight arms, five of these as well as the two legs are broken off. But their stumps, the body, and the head, indicate a violent and passionate movement; the corresponding image at Ellora leaves us little doubt as to the scene which the god is enacting. One of his arms has seized a child by its legs, another brandishes a sword, a third holds a bowl to catch the blood of the victim, a fourth raises a bell whose tinkle told the fatal moment, again another swings a strip of elephant's hide, which he wore round the loins, but which in frenzied excitement he now flourishes in the air. On either side of the slayer are two small creatures, who with clasped hands hold up garlands, and above are clouds of tiny beings who seem looking down with awe upon this deed of horror.

Some of the emblems, such as the third eye, the death-skull, the hooded cobra, which appear upon the brow of Shiva, we have noticed before; we have some idea as to what they mean, namely, death and dissolution. But the sculptures in the recess on either side of the bust, and those in the three corners of the nave, show forth one and the same conception, god and goddess, man and woman, the progenitors of the human race. Shiva is the Regenerator; but before he can reproduce he must destroy, he is the Dissolver, the king of "the grave and decay," whose sign is the grinning skull and the snake.

Shiva means the "blessed one," it is natural that men should dwell with preference on the gracious, the life-giving attributes of his being, and that five out of six images of his should show him as "father and mother," but over the brightest picture are scattered like black spots those sinister emblems, a warning of the gloom to be revealed in his character. About the statue before us, there can be no mistake. It exhibits, although we have reserved it to the last amongst the sculptures of the nave, the god in his original character—he is the Destroyer. His names are *Bhairava*, that means the terrible one; and *Kapalabhr̥it*, that means the skull-cherisher; his colour is black, his nature darkness. Naked with dishevelled hair, smeared with funereal ashes, adorned with a garland of dead men's bones strung together, he roams the cemeteries, he is attended by hosts of ghosts. He is the instructor in the proper mode of conducting human sacrifices, and he is evidently pictured in the statue as giving a practical example of his instruction. According to the principle of Hindoo theology he must have a spouse, she is a feminine copy of this aspect of his character; the darkest attributes of Bhairava have been transferred upon the dreadful goddess Kali.

¹ Comp. J. Burgess. "The Rock-cut Temples of Elephanta." Bombay, 1871.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND JOHN KNOX.

THE Reformation had hardly been established in Scotland when the arrival of the young French queen, Mary, threatened to throw all into confusion again. Educated under the Guises, and her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, Mary had been early taught that the chief glory of her reign would be to restore the kingdom of Scotland to Rome. Her mind had been prejudiced against the Reformers, and against the religion of her new subjects.

Already, the year before her arrival, the first General Assembly of the Reformed Church had met, and a free Parliament had declared Popery to be abolished, and Protestantism to be henceforth the national religion.

Notwithstanding the Act of Parliament by which the celebration of the Mass was forbidden, the Queen resolved to have her own way in her private chapel at Holyrood, and gave orders accordingly. In this she was acting according to her right. Even the "Lords of the Congregation," the associated nobles who had favoured the Reformation, declared their resolution not to interfere with the Queen. No sooner were they admitted to an audience at Holyrood, than they cooled in their zeal for what they had called "pure religion." As an old chronicler of the time has recorded, after being with the Queen they came out quieter one than another. At first they had been ready to cry "Down with the Mass," or "Hang all the priests," but that fervency soon passed. "I think," he adds, "there must be some enchantment, whereby men are bewitched."

But there was one man, whom neither the fascination of the Court, nor the defection of friends, could move from his integrity of purpose. This was John Knox, the leader of the Reformation. Hearing after a time that the Queen was preparing to celebrate Mass in a more public manner, and with great pomp and ceremony, he took occasion to denounce the evils of idolatry from the pulpit, concluding with these remarkable words: "One Mass is more fearful to me, than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm, on purpose to suppress the whole religion."

This sermon in St. Giles's Cathedral was much talked about, for it was through the pulpit that the people were in those times reached. The Queen heard of it, and sent for the preacher. There was a long conference, the substance of which was a charge against him of teaching a different religion from that which was allowed by his princes. He replied that true religion derives its origin and authority not from princes but from God. When Knox quoted the prophecy that kings should be foster-fathers and queens nurses unto the church, "Yea," she rejoined, "but ye are not the kirk that I will nourish; I will defend the Church of Rome, for it is, I think, the true Church of God." Much more was said,

and Knox, in this first interview, perceived that he had an able and self-willed as well as a dangerous foe to contend against.

Not long afterwards the news came of the "massacre of Passy," where the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Guise, attacked a congregation of Huguenots, and slew many of them, when peaceably assembled for Divine worship. The Queen made this the occasion of a festival, and gave a ball at Holyrood to her foreign Court. Against this Knox inveighed in severe terms from the pulpit, and was a second time summoned before the Queen.

In his defence he said that his words had not been truly reported, as he would show, if the Queen would be pleased to hear exactly what he had said. So the Queen had for once to hear a Protestant sermon. When he had finished, she told him that if he heard anything in which her conduct displeased him, he ought to come to herself privately, and she would listen to his admonitions, instead of publicly attacking her. Knox saw through this courteous proposal, which was evidently meant to keep him from saying what would bring contempt on the Court. However, he left the Queen without further discussion, and as he passed out, on hearing one of the attendants say, "He is not afraid!"—"Why, should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affray me? I have looked in the face of many angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure."

Once again he was summoned to Holyrood. The Queen knew that the sermons of Knox, delivered with fiery eloquence to thousands of people, and fearlessly denouncing the faults and follies of the Court, were rendering her unpopular. When she heard that a protest against her marriage with Darnley had been made, she could no longer refrain from seeking another interview. It was more stormy than the preceding ones. No sooner had he appeared than she passionately exclaimed—"Never has prince been handled as I am; I have borne all your rigorous speeches; I have sought to make favour with you by all means; yet I cannot be quit of you. I vow to God I shall be once revenged!" She then burst into tears. Her maids of honour tried to stay her grief, and lessen her resentment.

Knox waited calmly, and said to the Queen, "Madam, out of the pulpit, no one complains of me; but there I am not my own master, and I have to obey Him whose word I speak, and to flatter no flesh on the face of the earth."

Mary burst afresh into tears. Knox waited till she had given vent to her feelings, and then added, "I never took delight in the distress of any creature; it is painful to me to see my own boys weep when I correct them, and far less can I rejoice in your Majesty's distress; but since I have given no just cause of offence, and have only discharged my duty, I am constrained, however



Painted by Wm. Allan, A.R.A

The Automatic Engraving Co., Lim.

JOHN KNOX ADMONISHING MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

unwillingly, to sustain your Majesty's tears rather than hurt my conscience, and betray the Commonwealth by my silence."

The apology enraged the Queen more than the offence. She ordered him instantly to leave her presence, and await her pleasure in the adjoining chamber. It was when there that he uttered the words of faithful rebuke to the ladies of the Court: "Ah, fair ladies, it were a pleasing life this of yours, if it should always abide, and if in the end you might pass to Heaven in all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave Death, that will come, whether we will or no!"

The subsequent history of Mary need not be more than referred to. The words of warning were unheeded. The marriage with Darnley, the assassination of Rizzio, the attachment to Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, all rapidly succeeded. For a short time the Queen, by her

alluring manners, gained over a party of the nobles, and she joined the league, planned by Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Alva, for the extermination of the heretics. For a season the Reformed religion was under a cloud, Knox had to leave Edinburgh, and the good Earl of Moray had to take refuge in England.

The murder of Darnley on the 10th of February, 1567, awakened the nation to the true danger of the position. The murder was at once ascribed to Bothwell, and the marriage of the Queen to the murderer roused the nation. She was soon compelled to abdicate the throne, and after the defeat of her adherents at the battle of Langside she fled to England, where she lived for many years as a prisoner till her execution in 1587, the year preceding the Spanish Armada. Her son was proclaimed king by the title of James VI.

TALKS WITH WORKERS.

A Plea
for our
"Hobble-
dehoy's."

IN an age of polytechnics, youths' institutes, and social clubs of every kind, one would think that the evening leisure of our working lads was amply provided for. Yet there is a large class who are only just coming into line with these helpful and humanising agencies. Clerks and the better kind of mechanics, to whom the charmed world of amateur science, art, handicrafts, and intellectual life is open, are now well catered for in almost every neighbourhood. But the "hobbledehoy's" of the "awkward age"—from fifteen to twenty—the big, independent lads newly launched into the routine of shop, or cart, or errand-basket! How the perplexed parish worker sighs about them, and the minister shakes his head over what he looks upon as the doubtful element in his flock! They are too respectable for missions of the ragged-school order; too old for bands of hope or board-school "recreative evenings"; too exuberant in animal spirits either to read seriously or to listen to lectures.

Handicraft and innocent amusement seem to be the great safety-valves for their superfluous strength. Literary class-work is not to be thought of; they delight in the handling of tools, and will be happy for hours with the licence to make unlimited litter. Most of them, too, are fond of music, and can be organised into drum and fife or brass bands—no, "orchestras," if you please; fortunate indeed if long-suffering neighbours will look kindly upon an occasional procession, and lenient audiences be induced to sit through a "Toy Symphony." Gymnastics, too, are always safe and popular. Better still if drill can be introduced in a harmless fashion. The drills and parades which the Boys' Brigade has initiated have proved a wonderful bond of union; and, perhaps, we have not yet fully learnt the moral value of a uniform. Lads earning their own living resent all authority that savours of the schoolroom; but strong discipline exhilarates whilst it trains them.

Our
Shop-girls'
Evenings.

The difficulty in the case of girls arises at a different age, and on another level of industrial society. The campaign of practical philanthropy among average working-women, domestic servants, factory and laundry hands, flower-sellers, etc., is now fairly well organised. But the leisure of

respectable shop-assistants, many of whom are girls of considerable refinement, offers a much more delicate problem to the sympathetic mind. Intelligent, well-dressed, fairly educated young women naturally hold a little aloof from the less skilled bread-winners of their own sex, with whom they have neither tastes nor ambitions in common. A great number of them live in lodgings, having left country homes for town employment; and are at a loss for pleasant, innocent resources for their leisure hours.

Efforts are now being made in London, and with encouraging success, to establish quiet and homely club-rooms, which shall be open on Sundays, and every week-night, for girls in business during the day. The rooms are under the management of Christian ladies of the locality, but some measure of responsibility is left in the members' hands. Furnished with a piano, a good library, comfortable lounges, and writing-tables where weekly correspondence may be kept up with "the old folks at home," such resorts may be an invaluable link with the family life from which the young workers are too easily severed. In London, a very good specimen is the "Westbourne Evening Home for young ladies in business," situated in Westbourne-Grove. By no means the least of the benefits is the kind and womanly friendship which the organizers of such homes extend to the lonely and inexperienced girls with whom they are brought in contact.

A Word
with
Temperance
Workers.

Is there not a danger that the enthusiasm for legal reforms in the supply of intoxicants, the closing of public-houses, and restricting the sale of liquor, may outrun the worker's desire for the reformation of the individual? "If the temptations were not so great, men would be more sober." We must not despise even a half-truth. "The sight of means to do ill deeds, oft makes ill deeds done." Our Lord Himself taught us to pray: "Lead us not into temptation!" He teaches us not to despise, but rather to provide an improved environment for the weak brother. But the conflict is still to come, there is still the "straight gate," and the "narrow way," to be confronted, and a time arrives when no easement is to be reckoned on in the inevitable conflict. Our Lord's chief work for the tempted is to make them strong to resist temptation.

The noblest character will be formed in men who have had the hardest fight with the foe. The moral nature of the man is strengthened by every conflict in which the conscience subdues the impulse, and the will conquers the appetite and the desire. "Temperance Made Easy!" must not be the watchword of our Plan of Campaign.

Retreat may often be an absolute duty, even of the mature Christian soldier. The trumpet does not summon him to every fight. Still less must we put the poor weakling recruit in the front of the battle. His time will come, he will be promoted to the place of conflict.

But as a recruit how our sympathies go out to him! Few are the veterans who cannot go back in thought to the time in their own lives when they were painfully rehearsing both his failures and successes. "Despise none, despair of none!" says Archbishop Leighton. Ill indeed is it for our hardness as good soldiers if we cannot look back, as Coleridge says, on "an hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer over a single passion or subtle bosom sin."

"It must be seraphs and not the hearts of imperfect mortals that can burn unfuelled and unfed," says the author of "Aids to Reflection." And the worker in any field of Christian service well knows the reflex truth implied in this aphorism. It refers us to the need of a constant renewal of personal instrumental fitness for our work. It reminds us of the inevitable depletion of the will, even when our ideals are still before us. There are times too, when the busy worker needs not only time for recuperation, but for self-scrutiny. "Have I really anything to give to my fellow-men? Have I the morality to make them better?" Such was the inquiry solemnly put to himself by a young American fresh from college, who afterwards became a great power for good in the Christian ministry. And how much more than this is expected of us?

Yes, happily there is a time for us to be refuelled and refed; and a time to regain the higher vision from the peaks. And then again the call comes, and our work reclaims us:

"Now," saith the Lord, "the hour is past!—we go;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below;
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there."

There is a pleasing unanimity at the present time in favour of frequent and sociable meetings for the discussion of the practical difficulties of religious and social work, and of the current intellectual topics of the day. The growth of the "Guild" spirit has done much to foster the desire for friendly interchange of thought and opinion between the older and the younger members of the flock. Broadly speaking, of course the Guild movement involves much more than this. It is pre-eminently a binding together of workers, rather than talkers; and it aims at the federation of all branches of educational, evangelistic, and philanthropic work in each church into one corporate society. But the intellectual element in the congregation has too often been lost sight of, and is only beginning to be recognised as a source of spiritual and social strength. At a well-known evangelical church in north-west London, the members sometimes meet in the week to discuss their minister's sermons of the preceding Sunday: the preacher himself showing the utmost cordiality towards the debate. Similar Guilds in connection with the Church of England often meet after school on Sunday afternoons, thus giving the teachers an opportunity of sharing in the talk. Sometimes tea is provided,

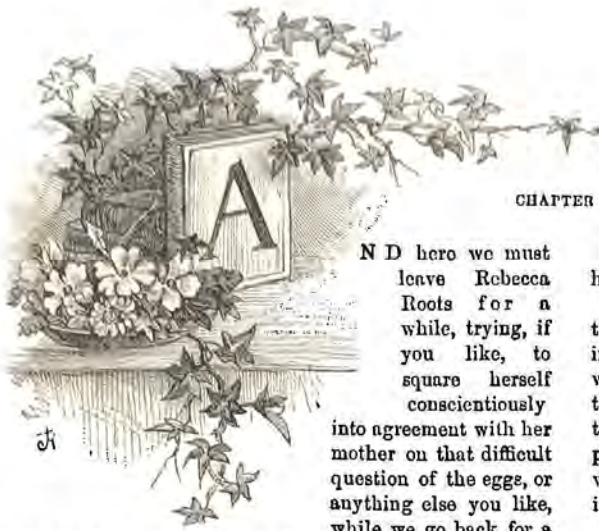
so that those living at a distance (and does not every church number such among its most earnest workers?) can remain to the evening service. Grave and pressing questions of the hour, with which religious teachers are increasingly urged to deal, and the difficulties of church life in town and country, are discussed in the light of Christian revelation and duty. The reading of carefully prepared papers by the members in turn, followed by open discussion, is felt to be the most helpful method of procedure. In many instances the results justify Macaulay's dictum, that "men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely." Whatever objections may be urged against the insufficiency of "guilds," and "hands," and "leagues," and "unions," they have become a feature of the time.

"Why," it was recently asked, "cannot men and women cultivate any particular virtue, or abstain from any particular vice, without all this elaborate machinery of social crusades? If I am convinced that a certain course of action is injurious or beneficial, why cannot I avoid or pursue it without joining a society for the suppression or encouragement of this, that, and the other?" Simply, it may be answered, because human nature is fallible; and so long as the weaker brethren find it impossible to stand their ground alone, so long will Christianity "set the solitary in families," and bid the strong confirm the weak with the inspiration of a common loyalty and love. Men and women may have perfectly clear ideas of right and wrong in their own minds, and yet be utterly unable to put those ideas into practice without the constant stimulus of fellowship and sympathy. In all our "rescue" work, in the broadest sense of the term, the most difficult cases we have to deal with are those of people who need no argument to convince them of their wrong-doing; who know as well as we do the folly and wickedness of their besetting sin; but whose lapses seem to spring only from an incurable weakness of the will.

Not that there are no great moral battles fought single-handed and nobly won, thank God, by isolated and obscure heroes all the world over, quite apart from any mutual pledge or special dedication. Indeed, such solitary heroes are the vanguard of the army of holiness. No human hands buckled on their armour: no earthly witnesses approved their victory. All honour to the temperate who know no temperance society, to the pure who join no White Cross League, to the charitable who give through no benevolent institutions. Still, we must not ignore God's great economic law that a two-man power is more than twice as strong as a one-man power: it is a two-man power *plus* a new force which is generated when two men join hands.

Moreover, the essence of Christianity lies always in its missionary spirit. Andrew "first findeth his own brother Simon." "Philip findeth Nathanael and saith unto him, Come and see." The woman of Samaria brings the men of her city to the Saviour and asks them straightly, "Is not this the Christ?" The religion of Jesus is above all others a gospel to be passed on from man to man in the common intercourse of life; as among the fishermen in their boats at Bethsaida, so in English homesteads, and in the offices and workshops of the great metropolis, "not by might, nor by power" of much argument or exhortation, but by the Spirit of the Lord, daily revealed in the cheerful countenance, the pleasant voice, the sunny temper, and the gracious word and deed of the disciple. The gospel of Love is in its very nature evangelistic. A religion in which every man does what is right in his own eyes, and never seeks to "impose" (as cynics love to say) his faith and hope upon his neighbours, is simply not Christianity.

E. W.



"KITTY TOPSELL'S FOUR-POST BED."

CHAPTER III.

AND here we must leave Rebecca Roots for a while, trying, if you like, to square herself conscientiously into agreement with her mother on that difficult question of the eggs, or anything else you like, while we go back for a

little to the desolate home—if home it can be called—where lived the family of Topsell, the mother, the baby, and Kitty, and Bess.

Bess Topsell was the eldest, but she was not the strongest of the family of Topsell. She was very tall for her age, and very thin. The baby of course was, so to speak, nowhere; it was Kitty who was the hope of the family, if indeed of such a family the word "hope" could be rightly used at all.

Kitty was short for her age, but Kitty, like Rebecca, who had recently come into her neighbourhood, had her own ideas; and one of them was that it was not a good thing to be too tall. Kitty Topsell grounded her opinion on Bess. Wasn't Bess tall, ever so much too tall for her age, and wasn't she a bit funny in her head? Didn't she almost live on orange-peel, when she could get it? and wasn't she always hungry? It didn't occur to Kitty that Bess would have done with less orange-peel, if she had had more of something else; but the orange-peel was a fact; and facts must point to theories; and plainly, the theory in this case was that, owing to an inordinate consumption of orange-peel, Bess had sprung up altogether too fast. "It's well," said Kitty to herself, "that she ain't had the pips, or perhaps she'd have gone up through the ceiling. I'm glad I never ate no orange-peel," said Kitty Topsell to herself; "I hope I'll keep short, and thick, and able to work. Mother's getting weak, I think; she ain't what she used to be, and I must keep Bess, and the baby, if she can't go out; and keep her too. Even if she keeps well now, she must die some day; and I think I'd like to help her now."

"Bess," said Kitty, "when are you a-going to stop eating orange-peel, and growing? I can't do anything until you promise to stop."

"What do you want to do, Kitty?"

"To help mother. You must stop at home and mind the baby, and not be going out and looking for peel, and growing. Now if you'll promise to do this, I'll see if I can't help mother. If mother dies, I'll have to support you all, and I had better begin now. Bess, will you go without peel for a week—for a month, if I get you a penny bun every Saturday night?"

The bribe was irresistible, and the bargain was struck.

"But how will you do it?" asked Bess, who, where her own small interests were concerned, was uncommonly sharp.

"Oh, I'll do it—that's all;" and with this assurance Bess had to be content.

The fact was Kitty Topsell had made her own observations on the new greengrocer; and taken stock of Rebecca in particular. She had noticed that this young person's work was not always of the cleanest, and she bethought her that for a small consideration, some of this might be entrusted to her. She accordingly ventured one day to propose herself as a scrub to help to clean out the shop, to wash some of the vegetables, and to clean up the flag-stones in front of the house.

"I don't know but that it would be a good thing to employ her," said Mrs. Roots; "she looks to have plenty of work in her, though she is so poorly clad, and poorly fed, no doubt; anyhow, we'll give her trial."

"Now I'm in work," said Kitty to herself most triumphantly as she turned her steps homeward after securing the situation, "and now that I am in work I *will* work."

And so she did; and Mrs. Roots and her daughter Rebecca were glad that they had given so willing a little body a turn. And, in truth, though Kitty's wages were very small indeed, her work made a great difference to the family. Not only did Bess get the stipulated bun paid regularly every Saturday afternoon, but the few pence at Kitty's disposal enabled her to improve the living of the family generally, so far as there being at any rate just bread enough. Moreover, odds and ends of vegetables, which if kept would have gone stale, were added to Kitty's wages; and these also were a family help.



"I HOPE I'LL KEEP SHORT."

Up to the present, Kitty Topsell had never penetrated beyond the shop; but she had looked in through the glass half of the door, which separated the shop from the back parlour. There she saw what was to her a never-to-be-forgotten sight; a carpet, with blue, and green, and pink, and yellow, and red, and black, and white, and grey also, were scattered about it here and there. There also she saw a stuffed arm-chair, in which Mrs. Roots rested when off duty, and especially on Sundays. Moreover, there was a smaller one, in which Miss Rebecca sat from time to time. For Mrs. Roots thought familiarity to be odious; and calculated, as the copy says, "to breed contempt," and the distance between her poor scrub and her daughter would be suitably marked and emphasised by the word "miss."

Of this drawing-room and parlour Rebecca Roots was very proud, for she kept it in order with her own hands.

"Suppose you were allowed to dust and clean in here," said the Miss to the Scrub; "what would you think of that?"

The bare supposition was too much for poor Kitty, who in her own way gave Rebecca to understand that the idea of attaining to so great a privilege never crossed even her wildest imagination.

"And there's an upstairs, as you know—'tisn't as grand as this, but 'tis very comfortable with a feather-bed, and a carpet too; and maybe some day you may clean up there."

"It must be beautiful," said the poor Scrub, "I never see'd the like."

"And would you like to see it all?" asked Rebecca.

"If you please, miss. I'd like to see the bed; you say 'tis made of feathers, miss."

"Yes, of feathers; and it has four posts, and curtains all around it; they're for ornament, you see, and to look comfortable; but mother keeps them open, because she says when one is sleeping one ought to have plenty of air."

"Please, miss, I'd like to see the bed, I never seed a bed."

"And what do you sleep on?"

"On the floor, miss. We've slept there ever since I can remember; and we have only some rags to cover us; the bed's made of shavings and all sorts of things that's any ways soft, I won't say soft, but at least that isn't any ways sticking up and too hard."

Permission having been got to allow the Scrub to enter the sacred privacy of the Roots' establishment, the Scrub prepared herself accordingly, to the very best of her ability, to put in an appearance worthy of the occasion and its privileges.

Kitty rubbed and scrubbed herself, until her skin almost shone; and had she only been tin, she would have reflected like a mirror; it was all the preparation she could make, and it was perfect of its kind. The glories of the parlour being exhausted, poor Kitty was ushered upstairs, where was displayed not only the feather bed, but a smaller one in which Miss Rebecca reposed. And it was on this that the poor Scrub's eyes were fixed, on this and the carpet. The china milkmaid, and the florid youth who was supposed to be courting her, but who looked too bashful ever to propose, unless he were helped very much (which, according to the appearance of the milkmaid, he was likely to be), had few charms for her, though she owned they made the chimney-piece look very nice; the bed and the carpet, they were substantialities, and the former especially; and in her mind they were put in sharp contrast with the bare floor and the bed of rags at home.

"And that's a bed?" said Kitty, "and may I touch it please, miss? my hands are clean;" and the Scrub held up her palms for inspection.

The leave was given; and the child pressed the soft feather-bed with both her hands; and then, on further permission, felt the thickness of the blankets, sheets, and quilt, combined. Rebecca Roots didn't perceive it; but a

tear came into the Scrub's eye; and she is not to be blamed, for how could she perceive that a cold chill passed over the Scrub's heart; it was as if a breath from an iceberg blew in upon its warm blood.

"And now," said Rebecca, "I'll show you how mother tucks me in at nights," and the girl put the bolster in her own little bed to imitate herself, and tucking the clothes in quite tightly round it, patted it affectionately, and said, "There, my deary, I hope you'll lie comfortably, nice and warm until the morning."

"And what do you feel like when you're in bed?" asked the Scrub, "up so high from the floor, and with such a lot of soft stuff under you and over you; I'd feel as if I were sinking like, and as if I were smothered like."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said Rebecca; "you'd feel all like buttered toast before the fire."

"And what's that like, miss?"

Rebecca Roots was pondering an answer to this, I confess a difficult question, one for which I am sure that I should not have got a mark, if it had been put to me at an examination for honours; and must have confessed herself unable to answer it, had not the necessity been prevented by another question about the bed.

"And, miss, what do you dream about, when you're comfortable and warm? Is it of the angels that I heer'd father talk about when he was alive? I wouldn't wonder now if they helped Mrs. Roots to tuck you in, anyhow they're sure to come and look at you of nights. I'm always dreaming of bread, and of our Bess growing so tall, and wanting so much to eat; and of mother's being so poor. I never seed an angel in my sleep but once, and she said, 'Some day! Some day!' that was all, but she smiled very sweet, and stooped down and kissed me; 'twas as sweet as candy; I'd rather have that kiss than the candy tuppence an ounce, miss, in the yellow bottle in the shop."



BURIED TEXT.

NO. III.

1. Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.—*Heb. iv. 1.*
2. There shall come a Star out of Jacob.—*Num. xxiv. 17.*
3. Joseph . . . went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus.—*Mark xv. 43.*
4. Then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory.—*Matt. xxv. 31.*
5. God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.—*James iv. 6.*
6. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper.—*Heb. xiii. 6.*
7. So run that ye may obtain.—*1 Cor. ix. 24.*
8. Mercy and truth are met together.—*Psa. lxxxv. 10.*
9. Let me find grace in the sight of my lord.—*Gen. xxxiii. 15.*
10. O my Strength, hasto Thee to help me.—*Psa. xxii. 19.*
11. He went down also and s'ew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow.—*2 Sam. xxiii. 20.*
12. My God shall supply all your need.—*Phil. iv. 19.*

From the 1st, 4th, 6th and 11th take three consecutive words; from the 2nd, 5th, 7th and 12th, one; from the others, two words each. The whole forms a text from one of the Epistles.