

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.



A CALLER TAKES THEM BOTH BY SURPRISE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE VALENTINES AGAIN.

DR. BRYANT made a hasty movement. "What do you mean? Where did you find the note?"

"You are not likely to guess."

"Guess! Nonsense. This is no matter for jesting. Where was it?" A vague alarm had seized him, and he was in danger of losing his usual equanimity.

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"I advised you once to have Lettice's room searched, and you would not hear me. So I took the matter into my own hands, and on the whole I consider that I have managed it pretty cleverly. If she had had the least notion beforehand—well, naturally, the note might have found its way elsewhere." The keen and angry sting of conscience, following upon these words, found no expression in Theodosia's face. "I took care not to speak of the keys till the last moment. What her

PRICE ONE PENNY.

object was I cannot so much as guess—keeping it hidden away all this time. No good to herself or anybody.”

“Lettice!” The word was rather a groan than an utterance.

“Of course. Who else could you suspect? Deep down in her biggest box.”

Lettice's cheeks were bright still with happy relief, on behalf of her brother. “But that is nonsense!—I mean, that must be a mistake,” she cried impulsively. “I never took the bank-note.”

“O yes, you will deny it now, of course! Now that we have full proof!”

“Who found it?” the Doctor asked.

“Susanna and I.”

“I do not see what Susanna had to do with Lettice's boxes.”

“I dare say not; but I do. I asked for the keys on purpose, because I had my suspicions, and I meant to institute a regular search. You saw how Lettice behaved, and how she begged me to leave the largest box alone. It didn't need much cleverness to suppose why. I took good care to have Susanna present: and it was she, not I, who unpacked that box, while I stood by. She didn't understand, of course; and she made a fuss, but I insisted. If there had been no other reason, I would have had all those musty old clothes turned out for an airing, and I told her so. Near the bottom—at least, about half-way down—Susanna picked out a crumpled paper; and she was dropping it on the floor, when I said: ‘What is that?’ I shall not forget her face, when she opened it, and found the bank-note in her hand. I thought she would have fainted.”

“But I can't imagine how it ever came into that box. I never put it there,” urged Lettice.

Dr. Bryant turned slightly from her; his face grey. Lettice went to his side.

“Uncle, won't you believe me? You know I would not do such a thing. Indeed, indeed, I never touched the bank note. How could I, after all your kindness?” She grew crimson, then paled and trembled. “Somebody must have slipped it into my box on purpose.”

“A box always kept locked,” commented Theodosia.

“Yes: I do keep it locked; but I might have forgotten, or have left my keys about. I don't know in the least how the thing has happened; only I am not to blame—really and truly.”

Dr. Bryant gave her a look, and remained silent.

“If I had known where the note was, should I have given up the keys this morning?”

“You had no choice,” Theodosia said promptly.

“You did your very best to escape giving them up.” Dr. Bryant could not but recall Lettice's marked reluctance, as well as her after uneasiness, and the avowed cause which to him had seemed so inadequate. He had felt a measure of perplexity all day on the subject; and these recollections now told heavily against her. “Of course,” continued Theodosia, “you hoped that I should not come upon the note. A bit of paper crumpled up is easily overlooked. If I had not been on the look-out, we should not have noticed it.”

Lettice glanced despairingly at Dr. Bryant. The ground seemed to be slipping from under her feet.

“Then this is why you have refused to speak!” he said slowly. “This—the reason! And I could trust you throughout—”

“Won't you trust me still?” besought Lettice. The temptation to tell him all was strong; but after her unfounded suspicions of Felix, it seemed too cruel to avow them to another, as a means of defending herself. Such a confession, tantamount almost to a declaration that he was not trustworthy, might never be forgotten. Lettice restrained the words which almost broke from her lips, and repeated passionately: “Won't you trust me? Won't you believe me? I had a reason for not speaking; but indeed this is the truth. I don't know how it got into my box. Indeed, I am innocent! Won't you believe me?”

Dr. Bryant made no answer whatever. He rose, quitted the room, and was heard to enter his study, shutting the door heavily. Lettice knew that at last he counted her guilty.

The Valentines had been nearly a month in London. Only in the outskirts; but the veriest fringe of the great City's garment is apt to seem overpowering to country people. After the “dear old Farm,” where every patch of grass was familiar, and every bush was a friend, where cottages could be counted on the fingers, and people might be numbered by tens, the ceaseless rivers of human beings, the never-ending roll of human noise, and the uncountable blocks of human dwellings, had a tendency to weigh upon the spirits.

Perhaps Mr. Valentine felt this weight most severely. He was a thorough old yeoman, absolutely at home among the clods of a ploughed field, utterly lost among bricks and mortar. Not only had he lived in the country all his life, but love of rural quiet was inherited by him through a long line of yeomen forefathers; and dislike of crowds was ingrain. His gentle old wife grieved over the change, and was tried by the narrow limits of her new sphere; but she had no strong inherited proclivities either way, and her girlhood had been mainly spent in town. The brick and paving-stones, the hum of sound, seemed natural enough, only wearying from want of use. She grew at times pale and tired, but her placid face had not the forlorn look which fixed itself permanently in the lines of her husband's features.

Nan fretted and fumed, hated town restrictions, and above all things kicked fiercely against the wearing of gloves every time she set foot outside the front door. It was “like being in a prison,” she wrathfully declared. But she had no support in the grumbling line from Wallace, who fell into the new manner of life with unlooked-for readiness, seeming to like it as well as the old. “Takes to London like a duck to water,” grunted his father discontentedly.

And Prudence! Everybody had expected Prue to suffer under the uprooting. Quiet Prue, retiring Prue, the good home-daughter Prue, how should it be otherwise with her? A good deal of pity was wasted upon Prue; and people found themselves a little out of their reckonings. Prue

showed no sign of suffering, beyond a reasonable amount of sorrow in bidding farewell to the old home. When they reached London she was not depressed; nay, she showed herself the most alert of the whole party, the quickest to spy out pleasant points in their novel surroundings, the readiest to discover fresh interests, the most eager to settle down and change "house" into "home." "London seems to suit you, my girl, anyway," the old father sometimes observed, not quite approvingly. Prue had not for years worn so young and cheery a look. When it was remarked upon, she smiled, and even blushed a little.

Mrs. Valentine understood, and she alone. Others of the family knew that, on finding this new home, they had dropped—oddly, because without intention—into the Parish of a former acquaintance; and some of them remarked on the "curiousness" of so doing. "Rev. Robert Kelly—yes, I remember him. Not a bad fellow. Dare say we shall like his sermons," Mr. Valentine said carelessly. But Bertha was far away, nursing a long and severe "case," while Nan and Wallace barely recollected the name of "Kelly." It had not been a prominent factor in their lives. Only Mrs. Valentine divined what this resuscitation of an old friendship might mean to her eldest daughter.

She was sorry for it. Prue had seemed uniformly happy of late years. Would it mean the former trouble over again—Prue caring too much, hoping too much, only to be disappointed. "Such a pity," mused the old lady. "And Prue remembers him still, I know. She has never really forgotten." If it did not mean disappointment to Prue, it might mean to Mrs. Valentine the loss of her daughter. That she could bear, for her child's sake; so that only it might mean Prue's happiness. Yet what if, for Prue, the best thing which could happen should be the denial of earthly happiness? Or what if that which seemed to promise happiness should mean lifelong sorrow? "After all, we're but blind creatures," murmured Mrs. Valentine, mechanically knitting, while she glanced backwards upon certain passages in her own early life. "If I had been allowed to choose for myself, I should have had a very different story. Not a happy one, either. I couldn't guess then. And now I'm wanting to choose again for Prue . . . Perhaps not to choose altogether—only to wish we had not come to live just here . . . Yet if that is the very thing God meant for her? How do I know? We didn't come—knowing—and perhaps He has just guided us to this very spot."

They had not yet seen Mr. Kelly. On the day before their arrival he had gone off for his annual holiday; and the exact date of his expected return was not known to them. Still, it would be soon; and Prue must see him. Mr. Valentine had left his card at the Vicarage, and Mr. Kelly would therefore know where they were. "And then—" sighed Mrs. Valentine almost audibly. "And then—"

She looked up, to find Prue near at hand; Prue, with a faint colour in her cheeks, a faint indefinable glow and brightness, over her sometimes too impassive face. It was like a dim

imprisoned light, shining outward from within. "If he were to see Prue now, he would think her as taking as ever," Mrs. Valentine thought. She, like Prue, always believed that Mr. Kelly had cared, and that some hindrance had come between.

"What was that sigh for, mother?"

"Did I sigh, my dear?"

Prue sat down, unoccupied; a rare state of things. Her thoughts were too busy to allow the hands to work.

"No letter yet from Lettice," she said, becoming aware of a solicitous glance. Lettice had not been the subject of her cogitations.

"How long is it since you heard?"

"One has to reckon. A good many weeks. Nothing since the little scrawl written the morning after her birthday. I fancied the tone of it unhappy, and I wrote again soon; but she has never answered."

"I wish we could get hold of the child."

"I wish it too. She refuses invitations so persistently—yet I always feel sure that she does wish to see us again. There is some obstacle in the way. Not money, of course; for Dr. Bryant is well off; but something. Is it Mrs. Bryant?"

"Lettice never seems very fond of her. But after all we don't know much."

Then a pause.

"Mother, Mr. Kelly has come home. We shall hear him preach next Sunday." Prue was never more composed.

"He used to preach well."

"I never heard any sermons equal to his."

Mrs. Valentine could have sighed again.

"How do you know he has come back?"

"I saw him—going in at the front door. He did not see me."

"You are sure you would know him again?"

Prue's face exhibited a gleam of amusement. "Know him!" she repeated.

"It is a good many years since you both met. He must be changed."

"No, not much. But perhaps I am! If he saw me—I don't know whether he looked, but if he did he passed me by. Am I so altered?"

Mrs. Valentine could have said "No!" with all her heart, but she hesitated. Would it be true?

"I suppose there must always be a difference between twenty-one and thirty," she said. "Not in my eyes, but to outsiders."

Disappointment stole over Prue's face. "Yes, of course," she said in flat tones. "But still—"

"He would see the old look still. Anybody must."

"If he takes the trouble to think about the matter."

"He has fresh interests now. I hardly expect the old intimacy to revive—do you? We must expect to be merely one family among hundreds."

Prue could have given vent to a rebellious protest. She said: "Only he has known us, and he has not known them."

Then the door opened to admit a caller, taking

them both by surprise. For it was none other than Mr. Kelly.

Mrs. Valentine welcomed him, after her kind and placid manner, casting not a glance towards her daughter; and Prue held back somewhat coldly. Light and colour had fled from her countenance. How should it be otherwise, when she was utterly in the dark as to his sensations? She was conscious of a quick heart-beating, quick enough to shorten her breath; but all tokens of agitation were veiled; and her "How do you do?" was emotionless.

Beforehand she had not looked for this prosaic type of meeting. The prominent idea in her mind had been her own pleasure in seeing him. Not till the actual moment arrived did the reverse side of the picture present itself, the possibility that he might experience no particular pleasure; and not till then did she see the imperative need to hide aught which she might feel, lest he should not feel the same. Prue acted her part so well, that Mr. Kelly had no part to act. He merely had to greet her as he had greeted hundreds in his new Parish; and if a slight touch of disappointment came to him also, it was mingled with something like relief. He had been so long a bachelor for Prue's sake, that he was not now at all certain whether, even for Prue's sake, he wished to be anything else; and yet he was glad to see that Prue remained distinctively herself. More gone off in looks, perhaps, than he had expected; but still unlike any other woman of his acquaintance. At least Prue would never be ordinary.

"So many years since we saw you last," Mrs. Valentine was saying.

"Yes, indeed." He was glad to turn from Prue, and to put on one side awakening recollections. "When I found your husband's card, I felt sure that it must be yourselves. It was an agreeable surprise. Are you spending a summer in Town?"

"We have come to live here. Our old home is given up."

"Not permanently?"

"It is sold."

Mr. Kelly asked a good many questions, and expressed due sympathy. His manner with the elderly lady was kind and gentle, all that it should have been; but Prue's still reticence baffled him, and aroused a growing desire to draw her into the conversation. He wanted to see if she were indeed the old Prue, or whether she were greatly altered: and Prue would not be drawn in, without more obvious efforts than Mr. Kelly cared to make. Not fully knowing his own mind, he had to be cautious. The girl, Prue, had been in his estimation, everything that a girl of twenty-one ought to be; but the woman, Prue, at thirty years old, might be another individual. He had not gauged her yet. The fact that the Valentines would live in his Parish was an unexpected complication. "I shall be thrown a good deal with them," he thought: not sure whether to congratulate himself: and when the question arose, "Why not?" he made no attempt to answer it.

Lettice Anderson's name presently came up.

"Yes, I have seen much of her brother off and on," Mr. Kelly said, responding to Mrs. Valentine. "He often came in to supper with me on Sunday evenings: and I have been able to get him into a good house of business in London. Did you not know that he was in this neighbourhood? He is likely to make his way."

"You think him clever?" Prue's still tones asked.

"Capable, certainly. He has in him the making of a good man of business, and I should expect him to be a successful one. I am not—not thoroughly satisfied—however——" This was said slowly.

"Lettice wrote lately, just after they met, and I thought she seemed disappointed."

"He is very difficult to know. In fact I do not know him, often as we meet. Any more than I knew his sister—Miss Anderson, I mean: not little Lettice. But there is a serious difference between the two. Miss Anderson lived a self-devoted life for others. Felix lives—I fear—a self-devoted life, for himself. I hardly know how else to express my meaning. It sounds like a contradiction in terms—but you understand? There is a growing absorption in his work, which seems to wall off all external claims. He cares for nothing but how he may advance towards success."

"Is that wrong?"

"Intrinsically, no. It is needful, to some extent. No man is likely to get on well in life, who has not set success before him as a main object. No doubt we are meant to make the best use possible of our gifts. The desire is perfectly lawful in its right place, as a main object, but not as the sole object of existence. Do you not see?" Mr. Kelly looked appealingly towards Prue, who had been noting with pleasure his greater decision and readiness of speech. The old self-distrust and shyness had markedly lessened. "If the entire horizon of his life is filled with one object, no room remains for a higher aim to come in. He is absorbed in his work for its own sake—and that is the sum of the matter. I wish one could bring some other element into his life—something outside and beyond mere personal success."

"There is Lettice," Prue said.

"True: but they rarely meet. Perhaps in London his circle may widen. He has been in a narrowing groove at Brighton. The young fellow works manfully: and he is self-controlled—almost extraordinarily so. The resoluteness of his life would be admirable, if only the expenditure of will were for some loftier object—including this, but not this exclusively. I would not do away with the good I find in him, but certainly I would add to it." Mr. Kelly did not often flow so easily in conversation. He was subject commonly, to fits of silence, or of shy hesitation: but Prue's intent serious face drew him on: and unconsciously he enjoyed having her for a listener. She was appreciative.

"Will you ask Mr. Anderson to come and see us, if he is within reach?" asked Mrs. Valentine.

"I have found him lodgings in this Parish—not wishing to lose sight of him. Thanks:

nothing could be better. I shall hope much from Miss Valentine's influence. . . . I have seen this self-absorption closing in upon an older man, but rarely in one so young. There is danger of its becoming a positive ossification."

A little more in the same strain, and Mr. Kelly took his leave. Prue closed the door, and came back to her mother.

"That explains—partly—the grieved tone of Lettice's last letter," she said.

"Mr. Kelly is very good to interest himself in Felix Anderson."

"He has the power. It is part of his work. It would not be right not—" said Prue dreamily.

"Mr. Kelly looks older."

"Naturally."

"Yes, quite naturally. He will be very busy here. I do not suppose we shall see much of him."

"No—perhaps not."

"You have dropped a stitch, mother. Let me see."

She worked steadily at the knitting for some minutes, then gave it back, remarking—"Now I have put things right."

"Prue—"

"Yes."

"I have been thinking so much to-day about my own past. About when I was a girl."

Prue was a little surprised. Mrs. Valentine seldom talked voluntarily of herself.

"One sees the meaning of things—looking back. There was a time when I would have given all I possessed for a different life from this that I have had."

"Don't most people go through that—more or less?"

"A good many. It was before I knew your father. Somebody else—somebody who seemed to care for me—for a time I thought he did care. And when I found my mistake—found he had deceived me—I thought my life was over. Nothing seemed left. . . . And yet my life really was hardly begun: and that which I wanted would not have been happiness, but misery. Nothing short of misery. He could be winning enough when he chose, but there was no strength of principle. His wife has had a bitter story since, poor thing—and it might have been mine, if I could have had my choice. . . . The real happiness came later: and I have often thanked God that He guided me away from those quicksands, and denied my heart's wish. Though at the time it seemed almost more than I could bear. Nobody ever had a better or truer husband than I in your dear father."

Perhaps Mrs. Valentine was unreasonable to expect that her past experience should serve for Prue. There was a slight pause, and then—

"Some men one can be sure would not act so."

"Yes: but one cannot be sure what other kind of unhappiness might be bound up in the thing one wants. God knows best."

"I never doubt that. . . . One doesn't question His knowing best. . . . The difficulty is not to wish for the thing He denies—even if it is worst for one. Or to believe that it can be the worst."

"If we could see a little way on, I suppose we should be willing always, Prue. I mean if we could see beyond the border of this life. If we could know how much each single step here tells upon our future there. . . . I suppose we should choose for ourselves the very things that God does choose for us now, because they would so clearly be the best. . . . Perhaps that is clearer to me than to you, because I am nearer the border."

"Mother—you may not be. Who knows? . . . Do you think we should choose—not to have the things we want most—even if we could see—"

"If we could see the evil they would bring? Yes, surely we have sense enough for that."

"But if God gives the thing we long for, cannot He keep it from being an evil? He has all power. Is there ever a 'must-be,' of that kind?"

"In one sense—no. But He will not work needless miracles, dear. Why should He? If you drink a cup of poison, however unconsciously, you will die. God could save your life, of course, but in most cases the poison does its work."

Prue smiled faintly. The "thing" which she had in her mind seemed so far removed from any poisonous tendencies.

"Sometimes, not having what we want means only waiting for it—till God's time. And that time may not be in this world. . . . I often love to think how wonderfully all our longings will be satisfied, and all our emptinesses will be filled, there—in the Life to come."

Prue made no answer in words. She bent slowly forward, and was folded in her mother's arms: a long close tender embrace. One or two tears might have dropped unseen: but when she sat up, she was smiling. "That always does me good," she said.

"IF THE LORD WILL."—"I do not think that we need always, in every letter and in every handbill, put 'If the Lord will'; yet I wish that we oftener used those very words. The fashionable way is to put it in Latin, and even then to abbreviate it, and use only the two consonants, 'd.v.', to express it. You know, it is a fine thing when you can put your religion into Latin, and make it very short. Then nobody knows what you mean by it; or, if they do, they can praise your scholarship, and admire your humility. I do not care about those letters 'd.v.' I rather like what Fuller says when he describes himself as writing in his letter such passages as 'God willing,' or 'God lending me life.' He says, 'I observe, Lord, that I can scarcely hold my hand from encircling these words in a parenthesis, as if they were not essential to the sentence, but may as well be left out as put in. Whereas, indeed, they are not only of the commission at large, but so of the quorum, that without them all the rest is nothing; wherefore, hereafter, I will write these words freely and fairly, without any enclosure about them. Let critics censure it for bad grammar, I am sure it is good divinity.' So he quaintly puts the matter. Still, whether you write, 'If the Lord will,' or not, always let it be clearly understood; and let it be conspicuous in all your arrangements that you recognize that God is over all, and that you are under His control. When you say, 'I will do this or that,' always add, in thought if not in word, 'If the Lord will.' No harm can come to you if you bow to God's sovereign sway."—No. 2242, *God's Will about the Future*. (James iv. 13-17.) Published the week of Mr. Spurgeon's death.

SOME OF THE OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

BY D. BUNFORD HOOKE.

LEWIS POWELL—DANIEL DAVIES—LEWIS REES—DAVID WILLIAMS.

SOME of the old Welsh preachers are but little known to English readers. Sketches have already appeared in the *SUNDAY AT HOME* of Christmas Evans and men of similar type whose "praise is in all the churches." But the general public knows but little of a large number of men who in their day rendered great service to the Principality, and whose names will ever be household words among the hills of Wales. While we thank God for the great men "whose faith lit up their age," let us not forget

The good of humbler name
Who passed from earth, unknown to fame.

In the present paper it is proposed to deal with such a group.

LEWIS POWELL, of Breconshire, born in 1788, died in 1869, exercised an active ministry for more than half a century. His sermons were unique. Take for instance a *Cymanfa* sermon preached at Mynyddislwyn, a name which, by the way, no Englishman has been known to pronounce correctly! His text was Galatians i. 12, a verse in which the Apostle Paul, speaking of the Gospel which was preached by him as being "not after man," says, "For neither did I receive it from man, nor was I taught it, but it came to me through revelation of Jesus Christ." Regarding this passage as illustrating the divine origin of the Gospel, he observed that it was "not after man" for four reasons,

- I. It was older than man.
- II. It was wiser than man.
- III. It was holier than man.
- IV. It was stronger than man.

Under the last heading he said "Yes. The Gospel is stronger than man. Lewis Powell was once a very strong man—too strong for the melting of Davies of Swansea—the high-soaring imagination of Christmas Evans—and the rousing eloquence of Ebenezer Morris. They could not break his stony heart: but the Gospel has proved strong enough to change his heart of stone into a heart of flesh. It has done the same with thousands besides." These words may seem simple to English readers. Yet when uttered in the Welsh language, with true Celtic fire, especially on the preaching field, they would have great influence upon the assembled thousands. The late Dr. Thomas Rees of Swansea, who was present, says that the effect of this discourse, which was delivered "with an emotion not to be expressed in words, was overwhelming. There was not a dry eye in the place. Many fainted under the excitement, and scores shouted out for joy."

His first charge was at Capel Isaac, in Carmarthenshire, where he was ordained in 1813, of

which church Dr. Rees, when a lad, was a member. It is one of the oldest churches in South Wales, having been formed in 1650, only eleven years after the formation of the mother church of the Welsh Nonconformists at Llanvaches, in 1639. The term "mother" was often applied to it, especially by the older members. A minister whose religious life began there was accustomed thus to speak of it, and whenever he met Lewis Powell his inquiry always was, "How is my Mother?" By-and-by, Mr. Powell removed to Cardiff, so the old preacher reproached him with: "I find you have left Capel Isaac. What have you done with my Mother?" "Sir," he replied, "I have left her under the care of your Father!"

Lewis Powell was evidently clever in repartee. And there was need, for the old preachers were subjected to much criticism, and were often made the objects of foolish jests. There is a story told of two solicitors who, walking along a street in Cardiff, saw him coming and resolved to tease him. He bade them "good-day," and, as was his custom, added "What news?" "Very sad news for you, Mr. Powell," replied one of them, "The devil is dead!" "Indeed, gentlemen," replied he, "I am very sorry for you," and, putting his hand into his pocket, he added, "I must give a penny each to the two orphans."

On one occasion he was interviewed by an eminent Welsh minister, who was addicted to immoderate drinking. He left the Principality for America, where he regained the good name which he had lost. After seven years' sojourn in the United States he returned to Wales, but he no sooner landed than he fell again. Reports of his ill conduct spread far and wide. He consulted Lewis Powell, telling him that he should enter an action for slander against the man who had started the ill report, were it not for a loss which he had sustained. This loss proved to be his pocket-book, in which he said would be found, "the best recommendation as to character that had crossed the Atlantic. It was endorsed by the most eminent Doctors of Divinity in New York."

"Well," said Mr. Powell, when he had heard the story, "we can learn a lesson from that mishap."

"What is that?" he asked.

"This," was his reply, "that a pocket-book is a very unsafe place in which to keep a character." A reply which has a very wide application.

Lewis Powell was noted for his success as a collector for the removal of chapel debts. He visited London on several occasions, and was often so long away that not even his wife knew his whereabouts. It is said that on one occasion when he returned home from a long journey

and sought admission to his house, he was peremptorily ordered away, being informed that Lewis Powell's wife and family had removed to another part of the town!

There is a characteristic story told of him at Llantrissant. On his way to the railway station he was accosted by a woman who informed him that, as the train would not start for an hour, he might visit an aged Christian, who, in a neighbour's house was passing away. He went in to tarry for awhile. When, by-and-by, he rose to go, the dying person said:

"Good-bye. The next time I shall see you will be in heaven, for I expect soon to be there."

"Well," said Lewis Powell, "when you get there remember me most affectionately to the blessed family: to Abraham, Moses, the prophets and the Apostles, and to the Virgin Mary. I do not ask you to remember me to her Son, for we correspond with each other every day."

Like most Welsh preachers he had but a small income. When, in 1828, he applied for the admission of his son John to Lewisham School, he stated that he had a wife and children to support on an income of 38*l.* a year. The application was endorsed by William Jay, of Bath; John Clayton, of the Poultry; George Clayton, of Walworth, and Caleb Morris, of Fetter Lane.

He resigned his pastorate in 1852, but lived to a good old age. The end came most singularly. While returning from a school service with a number of children, and talking to them by the wayside, he suddenly fell down and expired. Sudden death was to him sudden glory. He was buried as a prince. On his gravestone, in Ebenezer Chapel Yard, Cardiff, there runs this inscription: "In memory of Mr. Lewis Powell, the first Pastor of the Church at this place. Commenced in 1827, resigned in 1852. Died September 19th, 1869, in the 81st year of his age. He sleepeth in Jesus."

Among the contemporaries of Lewis Powell may be mentioned DANIEL DAVIES, a native of Pembrokehire, though popularly known as "Davies of Cardigan." He began his work in stormy days and had to contend with difficulties throughout his life. His first pastorate was at Buckley Mountain, Flintshire. Daniel Davies travelled throughout Wales preaching the Gospel. Often he had to subsist for days on barley-bread and sour butter-milk; and to sleep on beds of straw. The spirit of the man is well illustrated by an incident which occurred at the dry dock, Cardigan. Carpenters were busy repairing a vessel. One of them, boring a hole in the wood-work, struck, with his tool, an old nail in the plank, and so it became blunted. Thus irritated, the carpenter, who was in a rage, exclaimed—

"Why, the devil is in the hole!"

"If he is there," shouted Davies behind him, "squeeze him in with all your might. I have been for over fifty years trying to get him into a hole and failed. If you have got him, squeeze him in."

LEWIS REES, one of the evangelistic preachers of the eighteenth century, was a man of an

altogether different type. He married a Penry of Breconshire, the county which gave birth to John Penry, the Welsh martyr.¹ It is said that when he sought the consent of his intended father-in-law, he was asked what property he possessed. Taking hold of a Bible which lay on the table, he replied: "Sir, my chief inheritance is this book." Mr. Penry was satisfied, both with the man and his inheritance.

Wonderful was the ministry which, for sixty-five years, Lewis Rees exercised. He first laboured at Llanbrynmair, selecting it because of its "destitute condition." Soon after his settlement he promised to visit Bala, and did so. While there a farmer asked him to visit the adjoining parish of Llanuwchllyn, promising that there should be a congregation if he would preach. He gave the promise, and in due time fulfilled it. The way in which he was received furnishes a curious glimpse of religious life in North Wales at that period. The congregation, which filled the farmer's kitchen, had no idea of worship. To the preacher's annoyance he found the whole of his audience, men and women, knitting stockings. He hoped they would cease when the service began, so he took a Bible and read a chapter. But no, the knitting went on. Then he explained some of the verses, but his audience found chief interest in the knitting needles. At length he felt it was best to pray. As he closed his eyes he hoped the congregation would also do so, but no, despite his announcement of prayer, the last thing he observed was the people busy as ever with their work. It was not, however, for long. The prayer prevailed. When the preacher rose, needles and stockings were on the floor, and one cry rent the air, "What must I do to be saved?" That night eighteen persons found their way to the Cross, and there consecrated themselves to Jesus Christ.

Lewis Rees often crossed the mountains to visit Llanuwchllyn, though it involved a wearisome journey of fifty miles. In 1746 an Independent church was formed there, and it continues to this day one of the largest and most successful in Merionethshire. Llanuwchllyn is on the Great Western line between Bala and Dolgelly. English tourists, as they pass that way, can easily see the chapel which had its origin in this visit of Lewis Rees. They may wonder how so large a building on the hillside can ever be filled. But the farmers and their servants come from all parts of the neighbourhood, and the influence of the labours of Lewis Rees will never cease. Recently this village gave to Oxford one of its most brilliant scholars, a fellow of Lincoln College, of whom it is said that few retain a

¹ John Penry was born in 1559. Executed, 23th May, 1593. No statute of the realm condemned him. "He was unjustly hurried," says Dr. Herber Evans, "to prison and the scaffold chiefly for setting his heart upon the evangelization of neglected Wales, then almost in a state of heathendom, and by means of lay preachers." He died for his God and his country before he was thirty-five years old. In his will he said, "I leave the success of my labours, the calling of my country to the knowledge of Christ's blessed Gospel, unto such of my countrymen as the Lord is to raise after me." From that day to this the Lord has never failed to raise up the needed men.

deeper attachment to the simple faith of their fathers.

In crossing from Llanbrynmair to Llanuwchllyn, Mr. Rees had to pass through Llan-y-Mawddwy.¹ Meeting the rector of the parish he complained of the ill-treatment to which he was subjected whenever he visited the place. Having laid the matter before the clergyman he was met with, "How can you, a Presbyterian, expect to be tolerated in this country? Go to Scotland; that is the Presbyterians' country." "I hope, sir," replied Mr. Rees, "that you act from a higher principle in religion than a regard to the custom of the country in which you happen to live? Else, if you were to change your country you would change your religion. If you were to go to Scotland you would turn Presbyterian; if to Italy a Roman Catholic; if to Turkey you would give up your Bible altogether and receive the Koran as the rule of your faith and practice." From that day all persecution at Llan-y-Mawddwy ceased.

When a few years later Mr. Rees visited Anglesea, he met with a most violent opposition. How it fared with some of his opponents one of them shall tell in his own words. He says:—

"Saul of Tarsus was never more determined to imprison the disciples of Jesus than I, and the persecuting band that had gathered together with staves to meet the Roundhead who was coming to preach at Penrynnydd. We had all agreed, if he tried to preach, to make an end of him there and then. When he had arrived, we began to push forward close to him; and when he had mounted a large stone which stood beside the house, and turned his face toward Carnarvon, and gave out this stanza,

I lift mine eyes unto the hills
Whence willing help shall come—

we, supposing him to be expecting some armed men from the hills of Arvon, began to retreat a little. After consultation some of us decided to hear what the preacher had to say; and so we went over the fence, and crept slowly and noiselessly under cover of it till we came over against where he stood. He could not see us, and we did not want to see him; but we could hear every word he said as plainly as if we stood beside him. Under that sermon, on the most wonderful day of my life, I came to know myself as a lost sinner—lost everywhere, and in everything, outside of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Referring to the death of another Welsh Rees ("Gwilym Hiraethog"), the editor of a London daily paper once remarked to the writer that the only Rees of whom he had knowledge was Abraham Rees, author of an "Encyclopædia" which he regarded as of value. This Abraham Rees was a son of Lewis Rees. He was a noted friend of civil and religious liberty, and through his efforts a band of Welsh Christians who had been

excommunicated and declared outlaws, had the dread sentence removed. A long way from the home of the Welsh Evangelist of the early part of the last century to the editorial "den" of a London daily, yet I was glad to trace a connection.

DAVID WILLIAMS, known as "the Patriarch of Wales," is said to have come from the same stock as John Penry, the martyr. He was in several respects a most remarkable man. Born in an obscure farm, in a lonely glen near Llanwrtyd, he lived to be nearly ninety-seven years of age, and thus saw four sovereigns sit on the British throne. His ministry extended over seventy years. At his baptism Mr. Price, the minister, whilst holding him in his arms, said, "This child will be great." This sentence his mother allowed to sink into her heart, it spread throughout the neighbourhood, and many prayed for its fulfilment.

He was set apart to the ministry at Troedrhwdalar and Llanwrtyd in 1803, first as assistant to Mr. Price, and then as his successor. When his jubilee services were held and a presentation made to him, it was said that during the fifty years there had been 2600 Sundays, yet never once in the whole of that period had he been prevented from fulfilling his pulpit engagements. When he was ordained his modest stipend was 15*l.* a year, and it never rose above 40*l.*

During his ministry at Troedrhwdalar there were several remarkable revivals. One, which occurred in 1839, spread throughout Wales, and infused new life into many of the churches. Its effects remain until this day. The feeling ran so high that for ten consecutive Sundays, Mr. Williams could not get so far in the service as to announce the text of the sermon which he had prepared. "Sometimes," says Dr. John Thomas, who visited Troedrhwdalar, shortly after the revival, and thus had the report from Williams' own lips, "the people broke out into raptures with the singing of the first hymn, and would continue for two hours singing and praising God, and when one part was quite exhausted, some having even fainted, others would take it up. If Mr. Williams could go on through the reading to the prayers, that was the furthest he was able to reach for ten Sundays."

Many were somewhat sceptical as to the results of such seasons of excitement, but hundreds of converts "held fast their profession," and no less than twenty young men who were converted through his efforts became preachers, and later entered the Christian ministry. But the practical proof was in the changed character of the neighbourhood. The Sunday sports, which a hundred years ago were common in the hilly district of Breconshire, disappeared, and the whole condition of the people, spiritually and morally, greatly improved.

Of course Mr. Williams did splendid service outside his churches. Regarding "the world as his parish" he journeyed, as opportunity offered, all over the Principality, preaching the good news of the kingdom of God. He had a pony which seems to have been as well-known as its master. He used it by day and by night, and it is computed that he spent about ten years of his life in

¹ At that time the terms "Presbyterians" and "Independents" were used in Wales to denote the same communion. Just as to-day the term "Methodists" is always employed to denote the Calvinistic Methodists; the name "Wesleyan" being kept for those who in England are known as "Methodists."



POPE FORMOSUS AND STEPHEN VII.

After Jean Paul Laurens. Photographed from the Original in the Museum at Nantes, by special permission of the Painter.

the saddle. Sometimes while crossing the mountains at night, he had to dismount and lead the pony, lest in the darkness both should be lost. It is said that "more than once he reached home in safety after having crawled on his hands and knees for hours, feeling his way over sheep-tracks in Egyptian darkness." His white hat was also well-known. On one occasion, crossing a mountain, he was caught in a storm and so it became necessary to buy a new hat. The shopkeeper said the only one he could guarantee to be waterproof was white. It mattered not to Williams what was its colour so long as it was waterproof. From that day forward he always owned a white hat.

"A child of the revival," as he called himself, he was great at a *Cymanfa*. In 1806 he was announced to preach at a great gathering at Cilcennin. It had been arranged for him to stay with two other preachers at the house of a neighbouring squire. Failing to recognize the preacher in him, the host allowed him to look after his own pony, and sent him to the kitchen with the servants. Much to his astonishment he discovered him at the *Cymanfa* among the ministers, and later was startled to hear him

preach. He carried everything before him. His eloquence was so overwhelming that the rest of the service had to be abandoned; and Dr. George Lewis, who was to have preached after him, declined to do so. The thousands who had gathered broke out into raptures. The squire apologised to the preacher, and a friendship was then begun which continued for many years.

Mr. Williams worked to the very end of life. A few months before his death he was announced to preach in London. He did not leave South Wales until the Saturday. On the next day he preached three times, and twice on the Monday. He was back at home, a distance of three hundred miles from London, on the Tuesday, and this when he was ninety-five years of age. At the end of that week he started off for Pembrokeshire—"little England beyond Wales," as it is locally called. There he preached five times, back again on the Tuesday, and on the next day was at the opening of a new chapel near Llandovery.

When the end came—which it did suddenly—he expressed a simple wish to be left alone with his God to die. When friends called, he "was not, for God had taken him."

A DEAD POPE TRIED AND CONDEMNED.

AS the first thousand years of the Christian era came to an end, the great institutions of the Middle Ages—the Empire and the Papacy—appeared in a state of dissolution. An episode of the times is here depicted by Jean Paul Laurens, the great French painter. Laurens works in the spirit of Michel Angelo. He nearly always takes his text from the history of Christendom, and each of his pictures is a sermon to his own times and people.

Here is a subject which casts a curious light on the condition of the papacy towards the end of the ninth century, when the popes appear to have been nominated by contending factions.

In the pontificate of John VIII., Formosus, Bishop of Porto, called the Apostle of the Bulgarians, appears to have been the head of the German faction; and the latter being accused of conspiring to murder the Pope and his adherents, and to introduce the Saracens into Rome, Formosus was involved with others of his party in a general sentence of excommunication, degradation, and anathema. Formosus stands, however, specially charged with disobedience to the Holy See, and an attempt to raise Bulgaria into a new province independent of the Pope. With the death of John VIII., Formosus returned to Rome and to power, for Pope Marinus not only absolved him, but released him from his oath not to enter the city.

On the death of Marinus, Hadrian III. ruled for rather more than a year, and then in 891

Stephen V. was crowned by Formosus, and seven months after Formosus himself ascended the papal throne, apparently pushed into his seat by the German faction, for the clergy and people of Rome elected Sergius, who favoured an Italian Emperor. Accordingly the main incident of the reign of Pope Formosus was the struggle between Guido the Italian and Arnulf the German, which should be supreme in Italy. After a preliminary campaign in which Arnulf got the worst of it, he returned again into Italy, and at the earnest entreaty of Formosus, made his way to Rome, now mastered by the Italian faction, and held captive. When Arnulf approached the city the faint-hearted Romans were seized with a panic, and the German invader easily made himself master of the city. Upon which he and Formosus rendered each other mutual service, Arnulf cutting off the heads of the chiefs of the faction opposed to Formosus, and the Pope solemnly crowning Arnulf as emperor. But the latter dared not stay long in Rome, the hatred of the people was too intense, while Formosus himself hardly lived a month to enjoy his triumph. He died May 23, 896.

A profligate priest now ascended the throne as Boniface VII., but died fifteen days after his elevation, and the Italian party having elected Stephen VI. (June 3, 896), immediately began to wreak their vengeance on the lifeless remains of the late Pope Formosus. Disinterred, the corpse was arrayed in the costume of a pope, and

being set before a Council assembled for the purpose, was thus addressed: "Wherefore wert thou, being Bishop of Porto, tempted by ambition to usurp the Catholic See of Rome?" An advocate had been appointed, but he prudently held his peace. The corpse was then stripped of its sacred vestments, three fingers cut off the hand, those presumably used in the act of blessing, and the body thrown into the Tiber. A few years passed away, and the remains were fished up from the

river and carried back to be buried in the church of St. Peter. And as they were borne to their last resting-place, the sacred images, so the chronicler relates, reverentially bowed their heads.

This curious episode in papal history was painted by Laurens immediately after the declaration of papal infallibility by the Vatican Council in the summer of 1870, and was exhibited at the Salon at Paris in 1872.

R. H.

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

XVI.

I FOUND that it would not suit me at all to go to Beirût by the carriage road. I would be crowded into a small diligence and whirled rapidly along over seventy miles with no stop of more than half an hour, only once so much as that, and no chance to see anything of the country or its people. So I made up my mind to go over the mountains by the old bridle path, giving not thirteen or fourteen consecutive weary hours to the journey, but two or three days. Now I was very sorry I had not decided upon this before parting with Yûsef. To find him was next to impossible: I did not know his whereabouts, nor did I know his name beyond the common one of Yûsef. While I was pondering the matter of another guide, and of the propriety of going to the consul for counsel, who should come in, but the very Yûsef for whom I was wishing. He had forgotten some trifling article, and had come for it at an opportune moment. We were not long in coming to an agreement. He told me frankly that it would be cheaper to go by diligence as in passing over the mountains I would have to sleep two nights on the way, and it would be three days' journey if I went leisurely as was my fashion. I did not mind that, so all was well.

On the same gentle easy-going horse that had brought me from Tiberias, and with Yûsef beside me, I turned my face westward, and climbed the somewhat cultivated eastern slopes of Anti-Lebanon. The view over the city and across the fertile plain was exceedingly beautiful. Chief among the many streams there are the Abana and Pharpar, which indignant Naaman counted "better than all the waters of Israel." The former lends of its abundance not only for the wants of a great city, but also for the irrigation of the gardens and plantations, miles wide, that surround it. One sees on the plain of Damascus the beneficent power of water, and feels what could be done by it even in the most sterile regions. After a time I passed out of the more cultivated parts, but though barren and desert it was always grand. The path was so stony and often so precipitous, that to avoid pitching over the horse's head, I sometimes walked, and found it far the easier way. Between the Lebanon and

the Anti-Lebanon range, there is a valley about fifteen miles wide, el-Bekka the Arabs call it; but before reaching it one must pass many a weary mile of rocky ups and downs. However, I had always one pleasant object near at hand—the face of Yûsef. If ever the light of a pure happy godly soul shone out undimmed through a human countenance, it was that Arab Christian's.

Le Bon says that the mountains of Lebanon were once covered with valuable trees; oak, sycamore, plantain. An Arab poet speaking of this country says, "every mountain bears the winter on its head and the spring upon its shoulders, while summer sleeps in careless peace at its feet."

We slept in a khan where I saw women. It seemed rather a mountain home, where occasional travellers stopped. Of course I slept on the earth, and of course we had horses and donkeys for neighbours. Two other travellers slept on the same floor, and ate the next morning in the room where I sat, and which served as dining-room for all of us. There was an air of friendliness very pleasant to feel. I talked with the women, and the men joined in the conversation, and gave me some information about the country. They smoked their narghile, which the women filled for them, and all seemed happy in this out-of-the-world place.

The next day was much the same, sterile mountains, rough steep paths, rugged grandeur, and patches of culture with some trees. Descending the westward slopes of the western range, it was quite a different region, and the eye was delighted. Earlier, I had been able to find some flowers, but now there were many. I have in my portfolio a splendid arum painted here. A still finer one I found on the morning of the third day; its spathe measured from my elbow to the tip of my fingers, and was one mass of rich, dark purple velvet. Before I got to a stopping-place it was so withered that I could not paint it.

I felt somewhat weary when on the third day I came in sight of Beirût. The city stretching along the blue sea, the lovely mountain slopes, O, how beautiful it looked to my eyes, weary of barren, rocky mountains. The environs of

Beirût are beautiful indeed, and when I had feasted sufficiently upon their loveliness and had gone about in the town, which was not very interesting to me, I went to arrange for my passage to Athens. In settling my little bill at the khan, Yûsef valiantly defended me against what he thought was an injustice—a trifling overcharge—then he had another dispute with the man who was to carry my luggage to the ship, and when he could not make the fellow listen to reason, bade him go his way, and himself went with me. He was desirous of starting on his homeward journey as soon as possible so as to reach a certain point that evening, but he would not see me imposed upon. We stopped at the office to take my ticket, and there I paid Yûsef. He looked at the gold, and after a moment's reckoning said:

"I am to give you back fifty paras" (eight shillings).

"No, you are to keep it all."

He looked at me doubtfully, then spoke a few words in Arabic to the agent, who said to me:

"He asks if you understand how much you have given him."

"I understand perfectly how much it is."

"Do you really mean that you give him a baksheesh of fifty paras?"

"I do mean it; and please say to him that I give it with the greatest pleasure; that a part of it is in recognition of his faithful service; he has taken good care of me, and has allowed no one to overcharge me for anything I have had. The other part is for his kind treatment of the horse, which is God's creature as truly as I am. He has not given me the pain of seeing him kick, or in any way maltreat the animal, in all the days from Tiberias to Damascus, and in the bad roads from Damascus to Beirût. He has behaved in every way as a Christian should; and I thank him from my heart, and shall always remember him as a friend and a brother. Please express all this to him."

I think he did so, for the tears stood in his eyes and in Yûsef's. The latter begged him to say to me that if he did once act angrily towards the horse, it was because of his fear that he would throw me off. He bargained with the boatmen who were to take me to the ship, saw them properly paid beforehand, then bade me good-bye and disappeared in the crowd. As I stood yet a moment looking in his direction, he reappeared, came to me and kissed my hands; then stretched his own far out in opposite directions, and, bringing them together, touched his chest and mine, again spreading his hands abroad and looking upward, joined them high above his head. I understood the touching pantomime. We had come together from afar, we were now going far apart, but we would meet again above. Once more he kissed my hand: I kissed his brown cheek, and, with tears that I could not restrain, bade adieu to dear, good Yûsef, and the Holy Land.

I never say good-bye to any country without cherishing a hope, or at least a wish, of seeing it again, and if this is true of other lands, how emphatically true is it of Palestine, where there

is so much beside what meets the physical eye; so much that appears to the poetic and the religious feelings, I may say also to the patriotic; for does not every Christian feel it his country? There is not a brook nor a mountain but has its story, not a town nor a village that has not been the scene of some fearful tragedy, some touching history, some deed of lofty patriotism or self-sacrifice. What delight to see with my living eyes places dear to the hearts of thousands of men and women throughout the world, and whose names were familiar to me as a child. There is a strange reality about Palestine. The face of the country is much changed since the days when Christ lived here, its cities have been overthrown again and again, but the old life, its ways and customs, still survive among the common people, and it is among them we must seek it. I can better understand and realize what it was, since I have travelled and lived among that class of its inhabitants. Whatever there may have been fatiguing or disagreeable, I have already forgotten. I remember only the beauty and the charm. Like Jerusalem, shining beautiful in the distance, are now those days of happy wandering, and they will remain to me a sweet and glorious memory as long as I shall walk this earth.

Talks to the Boys.

THE SILVER MELTED.

"He is like a refiner's fire."—*Mt. iii. 2.*



VERY likely, at some time or other, you may have picked up a bit of old lead somewhere, and dropped it in the fire. If so you will remember how pretty and clean it looked as it ran out on the hearth in a silvery stream. My father used to let us boys melt lead in an iron ladle over the fire

and pour it into moulds of sand or clay, or sometimes plaster of Paris. We used to make all sorts of things with it—a letter-weight for father, a keel for my boat, a medal with our initials on, or some little ornament or pattern.

But the part I used to like best was watching the metal in the ladle and waiting for it to melt. There lay the pieces of dirty lead—a bit of piping which we had picked up after the plumber had mended our burst water-pipe; the broken wheels of my little brother's engine; a couple of bullets, and a lead soldier, all thrown in together and gradually crumbling and slipping down into the bottom of the ladle. Presently the surface was all pretty level, but rough and grey, as if it wanted skimming. Then, when we took the ladle off the fire and inclined it over the mould, there came from under the rough grey "dross" a little shining stream of pure liquid metal, so clear that you could almost see your own reflection in its surface.

This molting down, so as to get rid of all the dirt and dross, is called "refining" the lead, which means "making

it fine," or changing it into pure finished metal. Every bit of lead you might pick up would want refining before it would be pure, because if it has been exposed to the air it has got dull and even black perhaps, and has certainly gathered a good deal of dross. When the lead is dug up from the mine it is mixed with all sorts of other things and is not at all pure, so that every bit of lead must be refined before it can be of any use at all, and it is just the same with silver and gold, and other metals.

Now God says that we are just like so many pieces of silver; we have got some good in us, but it is all mixed up with sin like dross, and as long as we are like this we cannot possibly go to heaven, where everything must be quite pure. So Jesus has died to cleanse us from our dross, and to teach us to live pure and holy lives for Him, and "He is like a refiner's fire," for He melts our hearts until He can get such a beautiful clear stream of love that He can see His own reflection in it.

If my little lead soldier could have felt and spoken, how he would have cried out at being put into the ladle and heated so much. But still, if he wanted to be made into pure lead he must be content to melt, and must forget all about being a soldier, and just let me make him into whatever I liked. And of course, when God is "refining" us we do not like it, because it seems like a fire getting hotter and hotter.

Sometimes you get a piece of lead that seems as if it would not melt. All the other pieces have sunk down, but this bit seems as hard as ever. What do you do? Why you get a pair of bellows and blow the fire, making it hotter and hotter till it is white hot and the blue flames are breathing all round the ladle, and suddenly—down sinks your lead—it has given way at last. So sometimes it seems as if a boy would never give way, he is so obstinate; when he is punished he only sulks, and never tries to improve; in everything he does, even in his good moods, when he thinks he will do better, he always wants to do it in his own way, and there is so much dross it almost seems as if there were no real true silver underneath to melt.

Ah, if we would be "refined" we must have the fire made hotter, until at last we are willing to forget ourselves and our own fancies, and just let God make what He likes out of us, and do with us as He pleases.

Even boys must go through this "refining fire" if they would be "finished silver." Pick up a lump of old lead and look at it. It is dull and dirty, and an ugly shape. Wash it; it is still ugly. There is perhaps no particular black mark on it; when you look at it closely you cannot see any dross, but altogether it seems dull and dead. You cannot cut it into the shape you want it, and it will not bend easily enough to make anything. What is to be done to make it bright and pure? Melt it. Nothing else will do.

I know a good many boys to-day who are like that piece of lead. There is no particular fault to find with them—they don't steal, or tell lies, there are no very ugly marks that everyone can see—but they are dull and dead. They are not fighting against any sins, they cannot see any to fight against. When I ask them they tell me they always say their prayers, are never selfish, always speak the truth. I cannot find out anything that is wrong, and yet I can see their silver is not real bright shining silver, it is dull and grey. They never get any better, they always keep just the same. You feel as if you'd like to give them a good shaking and wake them up.

Do you know what I think would do them good? I think they want "refining." They ought to have to bear something for Jesus' sake; something which gets hotter and hotter, like the fire—perhaps be sent to a boarding-school, where the boys would laugh at them for saying prayers and throw slippers at them—or be in some choir

where the other boys would tease them well for trying to listen to the sermon—or in some office where bad men would persecute them for loving Jesus. Then we should see if there were any real true silver in them, any bravery to "stand up for Jesus," or whether they were mostly dross.

Are you one of this easy-going sort of "good boys"? Do you kneel down each day and say, "Forgive us our trespasses," when you never trouble to think what your trespasses are, and never try to find them out and fight them?

Do you think God hears a prayer like that?

All true silver has a proper mark upon it, and all God's children have His mark on them because He has poured them into His mould.

All good coins have a proper ringing sound when you bounce them on the table. What is the sound that comes from you? A clear ring, or a dull thud?

SYDNEY MILLEDGE.

A SCRIPTURE SCENE.

NO. I.

Two men, one probably alone and the other with many attendants, meet outside the gate of a beautiful city where an apostle was afterwards baptized. One brings a present, although he is an anointed king; like David, he was anointed by God's command long before he reigned. He "fought against Gath and took it," and received an enormous bribe to retire from another city. His name is mentioned by Amos. The life and character of the other are very fully described in one of the books of the Old Testament; a king's servant speaks of him as pouring water on the hands of a prophet, and a very remarkable circumstance attended his burial. The present brought is large, needing forty animals to carry it, but we do not read of its acceptance. So far from seeming pleased, the man to whom it is offered weeps. One of the men asks a question of the other, and mentions the name of a third person who, we find, committed a sin of which Eli accused a sorrowful woman. The reply is a very strange and sad one, and the prophecy it contains is fulfilled the following day. The deaths of both these men are recorded in a later chapter within the space of five verses.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIX.

A follower of his Lord,
Who preached the Word
Full earnestly and well,
Though once, alas! he fell.

1. A word that meant a sack or bag,
Which filled too full would make the traveller lag.
2. A name for one,
In whom our Lord was pleased to find
Two virtues rare—
Humility of heart, simplicity of mind.
3. Once on this mount, in ancient days,
The whole world uttered thanks and praise.
4. A virtue this, and held in high esteem
By Him who sent His Son, souls to redeem.
5. One chosen, public office to fulfil,
Who with six others did his Master's will.

J. E. H.

Monthly Religious Record.

The Line
of
Advance.

THE multiplication of societies makes a collective view of their work every year more difficult. We have already given account of some of the earlier anniversary meetings, but must return to others, at the risk of appearing after date, for the sake of historical continuity. Two features have been chiefly conspicuous this year, first, the revival and spread of missionary enthusiasm, and next, the very much larger place taken by women in the public work of the societies and churches. In some directions there has been increase of both machinery and funds; in others there has been conspicuous diminution; and so marked has this been that the question arises as to whether side by side with more generous contributions there is not sometimes a change in the direction of gifts rather than larger giving. However that may be, it is certain that the churches have not yet reached their economical limit. The spirit of self-denial is evidently strengthening; and we may hope that, notwithstanding temporary checks, Christian work of all kinds will be carried forward with less spasmodic effort. If this year social questions seem to have fallen behind, and the spiritual claims of men to have been the more emphatically declared, there has been no falling off in practical endeavour to help the masses. The schemes of the Salvation Army, for example, have been put to partial test, and in the opinion of competent witnesses have achieved a good result; but there are signs of reaction in the public mind, and the failure of funds in this case can hardly be set down to waning interest in the "submerged tenth." The experience of General Booth, if it has its encouragements, has also its warning for other workers. If, for instance, the view recently enunciated with fresh force were to obtain generally, that it is the duty of the church to proclaim the Gospel without overmuch concern for results, the very ease of its mission would imperil all it has gained, if it did not embody a divine prudence in its councils.

Bible
Society.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society is carrying forward its work with unabated energy, but with restricted resources. Nearly four million copies of the Bible, Testaments, and portions were distributed last year, an increase of 62,680 on the previous year; yet while the receipts for the year were 211,384*l.* there is now a deficit of 23,397*l.* The Earl of Harrowby, who presided at its anniversary, said that from all the countries of Europe there was a greatly increased demand. Russia took no fewer than half-a-million copies. The Bishop of Exeter spoke of the thirst for the Scriptures he had found in Japan. He asked the subscribers to take as their watchword "Half as much again." An English Presbyterian missionary in China, Rev. J. C. Gibson, of Swatow, pleaded for an enlargement of the work. To put into the hand of every Chinese one copy of the Bible it would take, he said, ninety-five years at the present rate of the total issue for the whole world. Archdeacon Hodgson, of the Universities Mission, said that this very year for the first time the Bible is being sent to Central Africa in its most cursed language—the vernacular used by the slave dealers. Hundreds of other dialects, however, are still waiting for the Gospel. Chevalier Prochet, D.D., from Rome, said the Bible was still put in the index of prohibited books for the whole Latin race of the South of Europe. Those people need the Bible as much as the Chinese. Last year alone Italy took 166,915 copies.

Religious
Tract
Society.

THE Religious Tract Society followed its usual course at Exeter Hall, in supplementing its report and speeches with songs by a children's choir, representative of the schools which take prizes in the Scripture examinations instituted

some years since. The chair was taken by Mr. R. Holmes White, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. Gilbert S. Karney, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, and the Rev. Robert M. Thornton. The report stated that the contributions during the year, including subscriptions, donations, collections, and legacies, had amounted to 18,764*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, an increase of 2,837*l.* 13*s.* over those of the preceding year. The trade receipts had amounted to 172,153*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, making with the above and the balance of last year a total of 192,594*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* The expenditure had been 202,833*l.*, being an excess over income of 10,238*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*, which the Committee had been obliged to provide for by again entrenching on the reserve funds. Out of this expenditure, the grants to societies and individuals at home and abroad, in money, paper, electrotypes of engravings and publications, have amounted to 42,264*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*; towards which the sum of 9,077*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.* had been contributed by the recipients, leaving the value of grants 33,186*l.* 14*s.*; an excess above the free contributions to the Society of 14,421*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* This sum has been furnished from trade sources, and, as mentioned above, in a great measure from the reserve funds of the Society, which, however, the Committee feel must not be drawn upon to meet further deficiencies, should they unfortunately occur. They appeal to their friends and subscribers to prevent the necessity of reducing grants which are eagerly sought, far beyond the ability of the Society to supply them, and which in the past have been the means of great and signal blessing, both at home and abroad. Home mission work in numberless ways has been helped. Tracts have been liberally supplied for mission services and to individual distributors. Colportage societies in England, Scotland, and Ireland have been assisted by supplies of tracts and of books at reduced prices, so far as this could be done without interfering with the regular course of trade. The work designed to promote biblical education in board schools, to which allusion has been made, has continued to grow; 252,804 children and pupil teachers were examined in connection with the London School Board, and the prizes given by the Society and Mr. Francis Peek were distributed as usual. Grants of the same kind have been made to Hornsey, Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth, Stonehouse, Devonport, Liverpool, Bromley, and other places. The grants in aid of foreign missions have been continued to various forms of religious work, not only in Europe, Asia, Africa, but in Canada, South America, the West Indies, and even Australia and Polynesia.

At the public breakfast meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Albert Spicer presided, and gave a sympathetic statement of the claims of the society to larger support. "Remove the Religious Tract Society," he said, "and you cripple nearly every Christian association with which we have to do." Nearly all the speakers bore testimony to the direct help received. The Rev. F. H. Kruger, of the French Mission in Basutoland, gave an account of the growth of Christianity there, and expressed his deep gratitude not only for hymn-books, but for much other literature which had been generously granted to them. The Rev. W. H. Ball showed how Calcutta was indebted. The Rev. Arthur Bonsey, of Hankow, illustrated the value of tracts by the fact that he had known two churches founded as the result of the distribution of those silent messengers. The Rev. George Everard, who has recently returned from a tour in India, described the tract depôts as so many wells of salvation, the waters of which were fertilising the land all round. He read a moving letter from a young Hindu and upon it based a stirring appeal that help might be sent. The Rev. James Sibree told of the progress made in Madagascar, and of the place taken by Christian literature. The Rev. J. A. A. Fuller, a coloured missionary from the

Congo, and the Rev. Dr. Mathews, of the Presbyterian Mission, were also speakers.

London Missionary Society.

THE anniversary week of the London Missionary Society was in every sense a festival week. The heavy anxieties of the previous year seemed to have lifted like a cloud, in the sunshine of revived hope and joyous enthusiasm. There were several innovations in the course of procedure—amongst them a conversazione, and also a meeting for children—both great successes. All the meetings were crowded. The Exeter Hall assembly was presided over by Mr. F. Howard, of Bedford. The Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, as Foreign Secretary, was the first speaker. He said that his statement must be a doxology. God had blessed them in every department. There had been dark clouds in China and Mongolia, but they had passed away. In India the northern stations were still waiting for the rain from heaven; but in South India there were evidences of the power of the Gospel, not only in the great Telugu Mission, but even among the Tamil people. A great spiritual movement had also begun in Madagascar. The Society has now twenty more missionaries in the field than it had twelve months ago. An exceptional number of well-qualified women have offered their services to the cause. There was also an increasing interest in missionary work among the men. Amongst them two names should be specially mentioned—Dr. Hart, of Cambridge, and Rev. R. J. Ward, of St. Helen's, the former giving up a distinguished position in the University, and the latter the pastorate of a large and prosperous church. There had, further, been a great increase in the Society's funds. The resolution which commenced the Forward Movement involved the Society in heavy responsibility—not less than additional expenditure of 25,000*l.* The new workers were required, not for any schemes of advance, but for old fields of labour. No sooner had the decision of the directors gone forth than it became apparent that God had been preparing the hearts of the people. The ordinary contributions had reached 10,000*l.* more than ever before; 9,500*l.* had come in special gifts for the Forward Movement; the Week of Self-Denial yielded 9,600*l.*; making an increased income of 29,000*l.*, or, with additional legacies, 35,000*l.* The Rev. S. Mateer, of Travandrum, subsequently testified to the growth of Christianity in Travancore during the last ten years, the native Christian community having increased nineteen per cent., whilst the population had grown only six per cent. Multitudes were ready to hear the Gospel. At the present time, Mr. Hacker had the oversight of 17,000 native Christians in 134 congregations. Another retrospect of much interest was that of the Rev. James Sibree, of Madagascar, where, we regret to say, the aggressive action of the French authorities is creating grave political difficulties. When he first went to Madagascar, twenty-nine years ago, a heathen queen was on the throne; but for the past twenty-three years there had been Christian queens, whose influence had been most beneficent. From the summit of Antananarivo 120 or 130 towns and villages could be counted, and substantial churches might be seen, built in memory of those who in a past generation had died for Christ. Formerly cruel laws and punishments were in force, but now there was an enlightened and merciful code. Twenty-nine years ago the literature of the country consisted of the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," a few sermons, tracts, and elementary school-books. Now it comprised 500 books of 100 pages each, with a yearly circulation of 200,000 copies from the various presses. Instead of a little handful of churches, a dozen in number, with schools containing 360 children, there were now over 90,000 children under instruction. And instead of twenty congregations, including 5,000 people, there were between 1,300 and 1,400 congregations, including 210,000 people. The Children's Demonstration was also in Exeter Hall, and on the Saturday afternoon, Mr. Benjamin Clarke presiding. A very attractive feature of the programme was the repetition of the text "Suffer the little children" and the singing of hymns in various languages.

China.

THE China Inland Mission was commenced twenty-six years ago by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor with fifteen Missionaries. The income, which for the first ten years averaged about 5,000*l.*, last year rose to 26,584*l.* The staff has increased at a similar rate and now numbers 432, with about 526 workers in connection with

other societies, acting under the direction of the Mission. The breadth of its platform has been steadily maintained, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Church of England, Wesleyans, and Brethren working harmoniously together. Of these, some have gone out entirely at their own expense, and have, besides, liberally contributed to the general fund; some are University men, and some have received only a plain English education, and some are from the humblest positions. The Mission has now more than 100 stations in which there are resident missionaries. At the annual meeting, at the Mildmay Conference Hall, Miss Guinness pointed out the need for more workers. Out of 591 cities that were centres of education and government, all but 18 were without any mission workers. She believed that the future success of the Mission lay in the number of women workers and medical men who could be put into the field. The Rev. A. T. Polhill-Turner had had four years of encouraging experience. Mr. Stanley P. Smith, one of the Cambridge band, said he had gone out full of enthusiasm; he had made mistakes in method, and had failures when he looked for encouragement, but the "out and outers" among the converts more than made up for all. Where the natives went back it was in most cases attributable to the use of opium.

Christianity in India.

THE testimony of Dr. Pentecost, in returning from a prolonged visit to India, is fitly quoted in the centenary report of the Baptist Society:—"To me the evidences of the coming of the day of the Lord in India are so many and so indisputable that I am daily more and more amazed, and wonder how any Christian can for a moment feel discouragement. The habit of consulting statistical tables in our missionary reports, and forgetting all else, has blinded us, narrowed our horizon, and kept us from seeing the truth. The cry, 'Show us converts,' is a most misleading one, and has misled many good people. The multiplication of converts in India to-day is altogether out of proportion to the number of evangelists and missionaries engaged in the work, as compared with the proportion of converts at home from among the non-Christians of our 'Christian communities' to the number of men and women engaged in direct Christian effort. In all India there are not as many missionaries as there are ministers of the Gospel in London City, and yet the number of converts yearly in India will be from five to ten times as great as the number of conversions in London. Give to India one-half the missionaries in proportion to population as there are ministers and Christian workers in England, and India will be evangelised in ten years."

The Telugu Mission of the American Baptist Missionary Union reports about 8,000 baptisms in the mission during 1891, of which 3,239 were in the Cumbum field. In the year from November 1, 1890, there were more than 10,000 baptized.

Presbyterian Missions.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS figured only for the second time in the May meeting list, but the gathering in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Lord Kinnaird, afforded further proof of the rising tide which is moving all the churches. Last year the English Presbyterians raised 25,000*l.* for foreign missions—nearly double the income of ten years ago.

London Life.

THE population of London is increasing, according to the average of the past ten years, at the rate of more than eighty thousand souls every year. Well might Canon Barker, in his anniversary speech, describe it as the world in miniature. Yet the London City Mission is hampered by lack of funds. The expenditure during the last twelve months was 60,274*l.*, which, though 333*l.* less than in the preceding year, is greater than the receipts by 701*l.* The number of missionaries is 498. Mr. Sidney Gedge, M.R., said the history of the religious revivals of the last hundred years taught them that the workers required should be of the same class as those to whom they were to speak, it was because that principle was followed out that their missionaries succeeded. The Rev. F. W. Macdonald referred to the notion abroad that it is in the power of legislation to raise the whole quality and character of our citizenship; but said that any expectation of regenerating English society which rests upon political or social problems to be hereafter carried out must yield one more bitter disappointment. To have the new world

we must have as its community new men, and then we might build up a regenerated society.

The Young Men's Christian Association, having its headquarters at Exeter Hall, may be counted as another of the great London societies dealing directly with the life of the people, though having vigorous allies far beyond the bounds of the metropolis. Its meetings usually bring together a great concourse of friends. This year the total number of young men in connection with it is 4,528, and every kind of agency that can minister to them is in full operation.

The Ragged School Union still finds a sphere worthy of its founders as a distinctively Christian agency amongst the children of the streets. It has its Holiday Homes, its "Drift Children's" branch, its clothing and benevolent fund, it seeks to provide pure literature, it has its recreation and industrial classes, and its institutes. It has also its own Sunday schools, now numbering 258, with 49,877 children. In addition there are sundry Christian bands and Christian endeavours, guilds, leagues, and other agencies under various titles, but all aiming at the retention of the scholar and the continuous influence of the school right on to adult life. Nor are the parents forgotten. They also are gathered and cared for.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, speaking recently at Ipswich, on behalf of the West End Mission, of which he is a leader, said that among the 1,500 members attached to the mission are representatives of every Church in Europe. "If you ask me what they are now," continued Mr. Hughes (as reported in the *British Weekly*), "I can't tell you. All I know is that they are converted, that they know it, that they meet in class regularly, and that they do what I tell them." One Roman Catholic soldier had been sent to the services by his priest, who told him that every Christian ought to go.

Gawin Kirkham.

THE Open Air Mission has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Gawin Kirkham, its secretary for nearly thirty years, and one of the most devoted of evangelistic workers. His labours were not limited to England; he introduced open-air preaching into Holland, and did much to revive the practice in other countries. A brief illness of five days only sufficed to carry him off. In his last utterances he bore testimony to the truths he had proclaimed. In a period of unconsciousness he gave a tender communion address to an imaginary audience. His last utterance was—"There is one offering for sin—Jesus."

Religious Equality in Hungary.

EXISTING relations in Hungary are curiously illustrated by recent events in the Hungarian Chamber. The motion in favour of Religious Liberty and Equality, which has been moved by M. Iranyi every year for the last twenty-five years, has been accepted by the Government, and passed unanimously amidst tremendous cheers. It was interpreted by Count Csaky, Minister of Public Worship, as binding the Government to introduce Bills at an early date, removing the obstacles to marriages between Jews and Christians, and to the conversion of Christians to the Jewish faith. All creeds will be declared equal before the law; the registers of marriages, births, and deaths will be taken over by civil functionaries; and, at the same time, the supremacy of the State over all creeds will be maintained and proclaimed. A Bill legalising marriages between Jews and Christians was introduced by M. Tisza's Government in 1883, but thrown out by the House of Magnates at the instance of the late Primate and the late Cardinal Haynald, who acted under the orders of the Pope and the Holy See. The failure of the Bill led to the reform of the House of Magnates, which, as at present constituted, cannot offer the same resistance to the Bill now promised. The Ministerial declaration has a further significance, as it will assure a legal status to the Anglican Church and all the English and American Dissenting creeds, which at present are tolerated in Hungary, like the Jewish faith, but can at any time be interfered with.

Protestant Prussia.

THE Supreme Council of the Protestant Church of Prussia has suggested to the ecclesiastical authorities throughout the country the advisability of keeping the churches open on week-days as well as Sundays, at least when the evening bells are rung, in order, if possible, to hold a brief and simple service at that time, as is done in Roman Catholic

churches. Eighteen new Protestant churches are about to be built in Berlin; and other steps are in contemplation by which it is hoped to increase the efficiency of existing Protestant institutions.

A CURIOUS glimpse into Western Europe is afforded by a letter in the *Standard* newspaper, which describes a great festival in a village in the Timok Valley, in Serbia, to celebrate the baptism of no fewer than four hundred Mohammedan gypsies, belonging to the tribe of Ibrahim Hamil. "There are still a number of gypsies in the country who belong to the creed of Islam; but one tribe after another is induced to embrace the Orthodox Faith, on the strength of their 'expectations' from their sponsors. Nor were the four hundred disappointed in that respect. The men appeared at the ceremony in brand new garments, the women and girls were adorned with real gold and silver ornaments, presents from the wives of the rich merchants in the district. After the baptism, which was performed by the Bishop of Zaitchar, there was a great popular fête. Sheep were roasted whole at open fires, wine flowed in abundance, and then followed a popular dance in front of the church. Mohammedan gypsies are not known outside Turkey and the former Turkish Provinces."

The Friends.

FROM the statistics presented at the Friends' Yearly Meeting, held in London, it appears there are now 340 meetings in this country, with 16,102 members, and 6,185 habitual attenders of meetings who are not yet in membership, making a total of 22,287 Friends in this country—a gain of 221 over last year.

Cardinal Manning.

WILL Cardinal Manning be canonized? So asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the same time reporting that since his death numbers of persons have written to the Catholic newspapers, testifying to the benefits received from prayers to him for favours required. The following extracts are from the correspondents' columns of the *Catholic Times* :—

"A Child of Mary wishes to return public thanks in the *Catholic Times* for a wonderful temporal favour in answer to prayers to the Holy Face. She also prayed to Cardinal Manning, and believes he obtained a request for her."—April 15.

"S. desires to return thanks for spiritual and temporal favours obtained through Our Lady Immaculate of Lourdes, St. Barbara, and Cardinal Manning."—April 23.

"An Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer wishes to make public thanksgiving for a temporal favour, after putting an intention in the box of the Apostleship of Prayer and making two Novenas to St. Joseph and Cardinal Manning."—May 6.

"J. R. T. writes to say that he has received an answer to prayer after asking our late holy Cardinal's intercession."—May 20.

"E. S. Beswick wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart and Cardinal Manning for a temporal favour received after saying for nine days the exercise in honour of Jesus Risen, and invoking the help of the dear Cardinal."—May 20.

"A Child of Mary (Dublin), in fulfilment of a promise, wishes to return thanks for a temporal favour received from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of Our Lady of Dolours and Cardinal Manning."—May 20.

Kanaka Labour Traffic.

THE regulations issued by the Queensland Government for the Kanaka Labour Traffic are comprehensive, and, if carried out, would remove many objections; but competent witnesses still think the risk of abuse greater than the security against it. How, for example, when so many dialects are spoken, can a mutual understanding be always ensured? The admiral who commanded in the Polynesian waters in the days of the earlier Traffic thinks no safeguard sufficient. Sir Harry Parkes also protests. The vote of the Victorian parliament against the Traffic is influenced by other considerations. But all the evidence goes to show the need of extreme caution. No colony would assert its independence in favour of a policy of slave-trading contrary to all our imperial traditions; and we must hope that the immediate exposure of any wrong will prevent the revival of practices which all Christendom would condemn.