

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

Our Village Home.



OUR VILLAGE SLEEPS AMONG GREEN TREES
WHERE THE BIRDS BUILD—WHERE HUM THE BEES.

Our Village.

WHEN pitiless bright sunshine beats
Upon these busy dusty streets,
When on the pavements of the town
The flower-girls' baskets are set down,
Then most I long—yet long in vain—
To see our village once again.

Our village sleeps among green trees,
There the birds build, there hum the bees,
The yellow furze, the may-flowers white,
Spread gold and silver, fresh and bright;
And in those gardens spring to birth
The fairest flowers of all the earth.

There sweet-briar buds and pansies grow,
Sweet-williams, stocks and roses blow,
And on the quiet air float by
Quaint fragments of old melody—
And kindly faces smile to greet
Some neighbour passing down the street.

When the sweet morning's tears drop down
On our forlorn and faded town,
Before I rise to face the day,
To tread the rough and lonely way,
I walk in fancy up the lane
And see our village once again.

There life no more is rough and loud,
With the harsh hurry of the crowd;
But there is time for love and faith,
For the joy of life and thoughts of death,
And for the thousand dreams we miss
In such a railway-rush as this.

There my soul gathers strength to bear
The sordid face that cities wear,
And there I hear dear voices pray
For me who love them far away;
Such prayers and tears as make men strong
To face and fight a world of wrong.

E. NESBIT.

THE ANDERSONS: BROTHER AND SISTER.

CHAPTER XVII.—RULING PASSIONS.

LETTICE dropped her head on Felix's shoulder, and he slipped an arm round her, as he had done long before on the Brighton Parade. Looking down on her pale face, that day came back to him; and with the sudden recollection came also the old sense—almost forgotten of late—that he had to care for her. If she had reached him, happy and in gay spirits, it might not have been recalled; but her pale lips, her shortened breath, her clinging hands, all cried out to the manhood in him for protection.

"Don't cry! What's the matter?"

"You won't mind having me, will you? just for a day or two! I didn't know if you would like it, but Prue said I ought to come. May I stay only over Sunday? They can't have me at the Valentines. And I'm not wanted at home. Except—Keith—but I do dread going back."

"Can't have you at the Valentines?"

"The wind has blown down part of their stack of chimneys; and the floors are all broken through. It is such a smash! Nobody can stay in the house; and they are in lodgings. Only two bedrooms; and Wallace has to sleep somewhere else. Of course there is no room at all for me, unless Prue turned out, and I couldn't let her do that. She is wanted, and besides, they will have such expenses now? And we thought you would let me come here."

"When did it happen?"

"Only this afternoon; not long before I arrived. Isn't it terrible for them? Mrs. Valentine and Prue were so good; but they couldn't keep me! At least, I couldn't let them! Felix, do you mind? May I stay, just a very little while? I couldn't go back to-night; it is too late. And to-morrow,—that would be such a tiny little peep. . . . I do dread going back. . . . Mrs. Bryant can't bear me; and even uncle thinks I did it."

"Did what?"

"That—oh, you know." She forgot that she had not told him. "It has been so hard to bear. Sometimes I have felt as if I must come away to you, and never go back. . . . Felix, do love me just a little. Won't you?"

She tried to smile, and broke into an agony of tears. Felix at first answered nothing. He was dumbfounded by the revelation of what she had suffered, even though the cause of that suffering was still hidden. A wonder sprang up, how he could have been content to go carelessly on for so long a time, knowing no more. She clung to him as if for comfort; and Felix was glad that she could not see his face. In an unnecessarily gruff voice he asked—

"What is all this about a bank-note?"

"I didn't take it! Felix, I didn't, really." She lifted her head to look eagerly at him.

"You take a bank-note! I should think not."

My sister a thief!! Who ever dared to hint at such a thing?"

"But it disappeared! Don't you remember? I told you, ever so long ago. And you never answered me."

"I remember something, not much. You said they couldn't find a bank-note; but I supposed it was all right, as you never said any more."

"They found it afterwards—some time after—locked in one of my boxes."

"Whew!"

"And ever since—even uncle believes that I stole it."

"Then he's a noodle!" declared Felix shortly. "What sort of box?"

"My biggest,—the one I have all Sissie's things in. I always keep it locked."

"Who found the note?"

"Mrs. Bryant and Susanna. Mrs. Bryant wanted to have my room turned out, and she insisted on having the keys of my boxes. I was going off for the day with uncle, so I could not help myself. And when we came back in the evening, she had found the bank-note, she and Susanna together." Lettice found it a wonderful relief to pour out all this; and Felix drew her on to tell a good deal more by questions at intervals. If his tone were dry it was not indifferent. A lurid gleam came into his eyes.

"Plain enough!" he said at length. "Mrs. Bryant put it into your box herself."

Astonishment at his penetration rendered Lettice dumb.

"That woman hates you like sin. I saw,—it was clear enough. She's afraid you may stand in the way of her interests. You're not half sharp, child! But I should have thought Dr. Bryant had more sense."

"He did hold out for a long time. He wouldn't believe I could do such a thing. But when the note was actually found there—"

"Where it had been actually put by his own wife!"

"Felix—you can't know—"

"Can't prove it, if you like. I know well enough. Why else should she have arranged so cleverly to get to the box, and to have Susanna at hand just at the right moment."

"But still—"

"And you have no more doubt of the fact than I have!"

What could Lettice say?

"Well!!" and Felix drew one long breath of resolution: "You don't go back to them again in a hurry! That's flat."

"But—"

"You don't! It's settled! I'll have you to live with me. So you just send for the rest of your luggage."

"Felix! O Felix! May I? May I really? Will you let me?"

"Of course. I'm not going to have my sister treated in that fashion."

"Oh, you dear, dear boy! You don't really mean it! Not—to live with you always!"

"Yes!"

"It will be so happy! I can't believe that it's true. . . . And I'll work. . . . I can work, you

know. . . . I'll teach, or copy, or do anything. . . . And I'll eat as little as ever I can. . . . I won't be a burden on you."

"You keep quiet, and don't talk nonsense! I've had a rise lately." Felix gulped down a sudden recollection of his beloved savings. "If you don't eat, I'll make you. So you just be a sensible girl, and stop fretting. You have done with those people, once and for all."

"Not uncle Maurice!"

"If he counts you a thief——!"

"He wouldn't, if—I think she talks and persuades him! And till it was actually found in my box, he always trusted me—though I had been alone in the room with the note, when it was left out."

"So had I!"

"Ah! that was the very thing. I knew you had, and I couldn't bear them to remember that, and so I did not dare at first to speak. Uncle almost begged me to deny taking the note, and I would not. I was so afraid of making them suspect you. . . . Felix, I must tell you the truth. I didn't feel quite quite sure of you, and that made me wretched. And now I see how horrid it was of me to doubt. Will you forgive me?"

"I should think you might have felt sure," Felix said, in a constrained voice. "I'm not that sort of fellow."

"O I know, and I do hate myself for it——"

"Now, look here! I won't have any more crying. You'll wash the house away next. It's been a mess, and you've been an arrant little goose; and that is the long and short of it. . . . I suppose, if we hadn't been so many years apart, things would seem different. . . . Anyhow, it won't happen again. . . . You're just got to banish the Bryants out of your mind, and make yourself happy here."

"Make myself happy! Felix, if you knew!" She wrung her hands together in an ecstasy.

"Well, I've got to see about supper now. There's a single mutton-chop in the house; and I'm as hungry as a bear."

"And I'm not hungry in the least. I couldn't eat to-night—I couldn't, really. I'm not shamming, Felix. I think I'm too happy to eat."

"Rubbish! I'm going out to pick up something. My landlady never has a notion what to do at a pinch!"

"I don't really want any supper. My head aches so."

"No wonder; after lakes of tears. You just tuck yourself into the corner of the sofa, and go to sleep again till I come back."

Felix used gentle force to induce obedience, and departed. Lettice leant back with closed eyes, in a dream of delight. Dearly as she loved Dr. Bryant, the relations between him and her had been of late far too constrained to permit any enjoyment; and the very thought of escape from Theodosia was relief unutterable. Only—poor little Keith!—what would he say? "But Felix must come first! I couldn't go back," sighed Lettice. "I'll write to Keith very often."

Then a tap came at the door, and in answer to her "Come in," Wallace's voice asked, "May I?"

"Yes; please do. I want to hear about them all."

Wallace entered, glancing round the small room, perhaps rather gratified to find Felix absent. Then his regards travelled back to Lettice's face, and remained there. "I'm afraid—things haven't gone straight," he said gravely. "Prue wanted very much to know; so I offered to come round. Has Anderson been in?"

"O yes. He is only gone out to get something for supper. It is all right," said Lettice, a brighter smile flashing over her face than Wallace had ever seen there, though her reddened eyes and pallid cheeks had at the first moment sent a shock through him. He would not have expected to care so much; but, as of old, he never could endure to see anything slight or weak in suffering.

"I am afraid you are awfully tired," he said.

"Yes, I think I am—awfully," assented Lettice, with another flash of a smile. She went back to the corner of the sofa, and dropped her head down on the arm. "I'm so tired, I don't know how to sit up. But that's nothing—it only means going to bed. Please tell Prue I'm happier than I have ever been in my life. I am to live with Felix,—not to go back to Bristol at all."

"That is good news indeed, if——" hesitated Wallace.

"There isn't any 'if'—there isn't, indeed. Felix is so good! What makes you look at me like that? Are my eyes red?"

"Well, just a little; and I thought——"

"I couldn't help crying. It wasn't Felix, only I have been so wretched, and now it is all changed. Don't worry Prue, because everything is all right. Indeed it is."

"I'll be sure to tell her. She will see you, of course, to-morrow, while your brother is away. I was to ask if you would spend the morning with us,—at least with them. I shall be in the City, I'm afraid."

"Should I not be in their way? But I'll come round, and I shall soon see. Do tell me now about your house. Have any more chimneys fallen? Is nobody hurt?"

Nobody, Wallace assured her: and the furniture had nearly all been carried out by this time to a neighbouring warehouse. All, except what had been destroyed; and the amount thus lost was considerable. Whether any further collapse would take place remained to be seen; but since the wind had gone down, it was less likely. "Things are bad enough without that," Wallace said. "The house can't be habitable for weeks, I suppose."

"And the expense," suggested Lettice.

"Doesn't do to think of that yet!" responded Wallace.

It was hardly to be expected that Felix should go through no after-regrets on the score of his new resolve. His was not, indeed, a nature to fluctuate feebly to and fro over a determination once arrived at. If Felix made up his mind on a point, no matter how rapidly, he would carry out at all costs the programme laid down; and having given his word he would stick to it.

Felix had plenty of faults, but neither fickleness of purpose, nor lack of honourable feeling, had a place among them.

Still, the prevailing habit of thought through years could not be broken by an instant's resolution. The original desire for "success" generally—expressed by himself as "getting on"—had gradually resolved itself into a definite desire for wealth. To this end he had toiled with a persistence rare in one so young: for this end he had laid by with remarkable self-control. In pursuit of this absorbing aim all gentler outlets of his nature had been in danger of getting permanently clogged up.

To take Lettice into his little *ménage* meant hindrance, to say the least, in the carrying out of his aim. It would imply some reduction in the amount of his savings; it might even mean an infringement upon those savings. Under the influence of aroused feeling, he had experienced no doubt as to what had to be done; but a measure of reaction was almost inevitable. No hesitation existed as to the carrying out of his resolution; for to that he was pledged: but none the less the battle had to be fought. Questionings assailed him with respect to the wisdom of what he had undertaken to do. He blamed his own impulsiveness, and regretted that he had not at least waited for fuller consideration.

All Friday night he lay awake—an unwonted experience in his healthy youth—debating with himself; looking on the question from all sides; finding fault with his precipitancy; and grieving over the thought of his now diminished saving powers. In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, one glance at the sunshine of Lettice's face chased the regretful mood away as if by magic. She had slept peacefully all night through, and had awakened to a new life of freedom and happiness. Felix, contrasting her joyous smiles with the tears and pallor of the evening before, felt that he could have done no otherwise: and to her no signs of his inward conflict were allowed to appear. Yet the same regrets assailed him over his work that day; and though on his return they were dispelled afresh, a fierce renewal of them at night drove him nearly frantic.

Next day, Sunday, he came down in a restless and worried state, which was only in part soothed by her companionship. "I shall have you all to myself to-day," she said repeatedly, and her delight woke a response in him, even while those gnawing doubts went on. One shadow alone rested on Lettice, and that was the thought of Dr. Bryant. She could put aside bitter recollections of Theodosia, but not loving and pained recollections of him. Still, her prevailing sensation at present was of freedom and relief.

The brother and sister went to church in the morning, and for a long walk in the afternoon. Felix once more found his inward battle lessening as her sweetness won him back to the old love of their childish days: and a keen consciousness was dawning that better things might exist in life than a hasty acquisition of wealth. In the evening Lettice wiled him to church again. She

had been always used to go twice, and in London she could not, unless he would act escort.

He had not listened with any particular attention to the morning sermon; but this evening Mr. Kelly's text took hold upon his mind, and refused to be forgotten.

"For no man liveth to himself."

Some part at least of the sermon following was more or less an outcome of a certain conversation once held between Mr. Kelly and Prue, with reference to Felix himself. Of this Felix knew nothing; but he could not help listening. He had undoubtedly lived to himself of late, so far as such living is possible, and he knew it—nay, he had rather prided himself upon the fact. He had not lived for other men. He had not lived unto God. His one aim had been wealth; not wealth to be used for the good of fellow-men, but wealth purely and exclusively for his own advantage.

Such thoughts floated in a back region of his mind, while Mr. Kelly drew sharp distinctions between the life that is lived to God, and the life that is lived to self. "In one sense," he explained, "no man ever lives, or can live, utterly to himself. Our lives are so intertwined, one with another, that the lives of others must affect us, and our lives must affect them, at every point of contact. We must influence, and be influenced. We must help to make others more or less good, more or less happy. No choice here is left to us. From the very constitution of our nature and of human society, no man ever can live or die absolutely to himself alone. The manner of his living, and the manner of his dying, must tell upon the living and the dying of his fellow-men.

"Yet within limits we have choice—not only a choice whether our influence shall be for good or for evil; but also a choice whether our lives shall be unto God—unto our fellow-men—or exclusively unto self. The wide margin of aims, of motives, of intentions, is left to our decision. You must live; you must act; your living and acting must affect your neighbours and friends; all this, whether you will or no. But the spring of action, the motive-power of life, shall be as you choose. And remember, whatever you do or leave undone, God looks straight to the motive.

"In most men's lives we find one or two or more dominant motives, occasionally one only, so strong as to become a 'ruling passion.' Those who are so governed are commonly the men who get on, who do well, who succeed. That is to say, they succeed in their aim; they get on and do well in the thing which they have set before them to accomplish. The aim may be high or low: the thing may be good or bad; but at least they seldom fail in their object, because the full strength of body and mind is bent to the obtaining of it. When such men are won to the side of God, in the great battle against evil, they are men worth having. From them you will not see lazy or half-hearted service.

"If the leading aim, the mastering passion, in a man's life be Self, then the object for which he toils is poor and low; he gives money for that which is not bread, and his hunger and thirst

cannot be satisfied. If the ruling aim and passion of his heart be to live unto God and unto men, then his object is noble, and unlimited possibilities lie before him.

"The love of self takes many different developments. It may desire money for self, success for self, comfort and ease for self, admiration for self. Or it may desire these things for the one being best loved on earth; and self may actually be worshipped and toiled for in that being, so that here we find another form of selfishness, though by no means so ignoble a form as the first.

"Now I do not for a moment say that these desires are intrinsically wrong. It is natural that we should like a measure of ease and comfort, that we should wish for wealth and success—natural and not evil. The evil lies in overbalancing. That which is right in moderation becomes wrong in excess. That which is harmless, even laudable, as a well-controlled aim, subject to high principle, becomes contemptible as the one sole object of a man's existence—becomes perilous as his mastering passion.

"Love God first, and other love will take its due place. Live for God first; and all your life will be in fair proportion. Work for God first; and you will work for fellow-men; Self sinking into a reasonable background. But put self first; live for self; toil for self; and the whole of your life will be ill-balanced, crooked, out of order and proportion.

"You need not for a moment suppose that this high aim is incompatible with a useful and successful career on earth. Rather, it should help you towards success, because it should ensure a single-hearted devotion to labour. Surely a man ought to work better for God and for others than for himself alone. No more inspiring, no more grand and uplifting motive can be found than this—'To do the Will of God!'

"Was ever any life loftier than the Life of Christ? He said, 'I come to do Thy Will, O God!' We too, in our little measure, may say and do the same. If that be the ruling passion of your heart, 'To do His Will,' then no success will injure you, and no adversities will shake your firm foundation. Whatever your line of life may be, it makes no difference. Christ is there; and you have to do His will. He may give you success; or He may not. But one thing is certain. You will not do your work less well because you do it 'unto Him.' You will not live a less beautiful life because you live it 'unto Him.'

"Success is more commonly His will for the diligent; and He bids us to be diligent. He would not have us feeble and indolent servants. He would have us strive our utmost. And suppose He gives to us success and wealth—what then? What of the money so gained? My friends, remember, 'No man liveth to himself!' and wait upon your God for orders. The silver and gold are His, not yours. Whether you have much or little, you hold it all in trust for Him; and you have to do His Will."

Felix walked out of church with those words sounding in his ears—"You hold it all in trust for Him, and you have to do His Will."

He said not a word to Lettice. Like Cecilia, he was reserved. They talked of other things at supper; discussed Lettice's troubles; and planned little changes in their mode of life together. Lettice was in gay spirits, joyous as a kitten; and Felix was thoughtful, but not sad. That sentence clung to him still, "You hold it all in trust!" Then his savings were not strictly his own; only held in trust; and if he were called

upon to spend more, to lay by less, how should he resist? Further than this he did not advance before bed-time; and then the old struggle recommenced. But in the last few hours he had learnt something, and he was stronger to resist. These persistent regrets were far from noble. They drove him at last, in the dead of the night, to prayer, and from his knees Felix arose, victor over himself.

SOME OF THE OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

BY D. BURFORD HOOKE.

THOMAS PHILLIPS, D.D.—MORGAN JONES.

IT may be asked, how were these old Welsh preachers trained? Evidently not a few English readers seem to think that they had no training of any kind, for even in the House of Commons it was suggested, not long since, that Wales would have been a better country if such men as those referred to in these sketches had been better educated than seems to be implied from the fact that some of them farmed as well as preached, and so followed the example of the illustrious tent-maker, who boasted that he was not burdensome to any.

But the fact is, some of the early Welsh preachers, including several of the most remarkable men whose names were prominently associated with the revival of the last century, had the advantage of a university training. William Wroth, who founded, in 1639, the first Independent Church in Wales, was an Oxford graduate, and when, in 1662, the first academy was formed at Brynllwarch, near Bridgend, its President was the Rev. Samuel Jones, M.A., tutor at Jesus College, Oxford. In 1719 Carmarthen College was founded, and in 1753 Brecon. The first Welsh Baptist College was founded at Abergavenny in 1807, and thirty years later the Calvinistic Methodists started their first Theological College at Bala, Dr. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, founded, in 1822, a Theological College at Lampeter, and six years later it was incorporated by royal charter. At Trevecca the Countess of Huntingdon founded her college in 1768, in 1792 it was removed to Cheshunt.

But these and other institutions did not cover the whole ground. There were breaks in their histories, and some of them would hardly be dignified to-day by the name of "College." Side by side with these institutions there grew up what were called "Seminaries," and in them a large number of preachers were trained. Most of them, at their founder's death, were amalgamated with one or other of the Colleges. Yet they did a useful work, and to understand the old preachers we must not lose sight of the places in which they were trained, nor of the men who trained them. It must be admitted that numbers found

their way into the Christian ministry who had no collegiate training of any kind, yet of these—for instance David Williams, of Troedrihiwdalar (see page 616)—were most earnest in their efforts to supply others with the education, the great need of which they themselves had come to experience. It is also worthy of note that in a number of the old Welsh chapel deeds, clauses may be found restricting the use of the pulpit to men who were trained at a recognized Academy.

Among these Academies NEUADDLWYD occupies a unique position, and as its name has almost disappeared from denominational year books of all kinds, it may be well that some notice of it be placed on record. The reader will search his gazetteer in vain to find Neuaddlwyd. Yet it was one of those places "whither the tribes went up," for it is the name of a large old-fashioned chapel at the foot of a steep hill, in the vale of Aeron, midway between Aberystwyth and Cardigan. A century ago its minister was the Rev. THOMAS PHILLIPS, D.D., of whom the late Dr. Thomas Rees declares that he was "a man of extraordinary talents; one of the most successful ministers in his own or any other age." He was a native of Pencader, and belonged to a Church which was noted for the strict orthodoxy of its deacons. It was customary at the close of the Sunday services for these church officers to meet and discuss the sermons to which they had listened. Woe be to the supply who was "found lacking." Young Phillips' father was one of these deacons—a stern Puritan, whose son was reared under its man-making influence. In England young men seek the ministry; in Wales it is the ministry that seeks the young men. Thomas Phillips made no application, but the church of which he was a member determined to call him to "the work of ministration," and appointed its pastor to intimate its wish. This he did in the following curious terms: "Thomas, it appears that the people here want you to become a threshold." A metaphorical way of saying, that, if he began to preach, many would try to step upon him! After

a course of preparatory training he entered the ministry, and was ordained, in 1798, at Neuaddlwyd, where he laboured until 1842, when he was succeeded by the Rev. William Evans, who still retains the pastorate. Only one pastoral change in a century!

Soon after Dr. Phillips had entered on his work, he began to hold evangelistic services throughout the district, and as the result of his efforts, a number of churches came into existence, some of which are among the largest in the county. Soon the question arose as to how these pulpits should be supplied, and by-and-by a further difficulty presented itself in the educational needs of his own children. A thatched cottage was erected for school purposes, and a young preacher appointed master. But he died, and so Dr. Phillips came to undertake the work himself. There, in a most primitive building, he trained two hundred men as ministers of Christ's New Testament. Some of them occupied important positions in their various communions, and two of them became the pioneer missionaries to Madagascar. It is said that when the first news of their work in Madagascar was received, Dr. Phillips read it with tears flowing down his cheeks, and then retired to commune with his God. On returning from his room he said—"I am ashamed of myself when I think of how little service I am to God and to His kingdom."

The names of these pioneer missionaries were S. Bevan and D. Jones. They were ordained on August 21st, 1817, but news travelled slowly in those days, and it was not until the following March that the ordination services were recorded in the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*. The record reads like a chapter from ancient history, yet to those who were present the proceedings seem to have been intensely interesting. The chronicler says:—"On this very important and delightful occasion, it was supposed that no less than 5000 persons were present; and the general interest excited by the confessions of the young men, and the pathetic addresses delivered by the different ministers who were engaged, was no less gratifying." It is added that "the sweet remembrance of this meeting will long continue in the minds of the inhabitants of the Principality." Among those who took part in the proceedings was the Rev. Ebenezer Richard, of Tregaron, father of the late Mr. Henry Richard, M.P.

The Rev. Jenkin Jones, to whom I am indebted for several interesting particulars of Neuaddlwyd, says that he knew some of the old students, and that they could read Hebrew and Greek quite as well as their beloved mother tongue. The students lodged in the neighbouring houses and cottages. Their life was intensely rural and primitive, and a good deal of their preparation rough and uncouth. But it was just the preparation needed; for these men were "not expected to sojourn or to spend much of their time in drawing-rooms. Most of them would have to preach three times every Sunday, perhaps walk twenty miles between the services, and to live on a salary of between 25*l.* and 70*l.* a year. They were trained for a work to be done

then in Wales, and they went forth to rough it among the hills, to help the sons and daughters of toil, to speak to the sorrowful in heart, to sympathise with the heavy laden, to visit the sick, and to cheer the last moments of those who were passing out of sight, down the dark valley of the Shadow of Death. This work they did nobly and well. In their daily contact with these somewhat rough and blunt farmers and labourers, they had splendid opportunities to learn something of human nature; the simple yet genuine piety, as well as the honest natural life of these men and women, left an influence on the young men's hearts which time could not efface."

Services were conducted by the Neuaddlwyd students in farmhouses and cottages; these Dr. Phillips often attended, and his subsequent criticisms proved most useful. Though full of mirth, he rarely gave expression to it in the pulpit, though when the services were over he gave frank utterance to witty sayings. To a preacher who expressed surprise at this he replied:—"The only difference between us in that respect is this, you use your wit in the pulpit, and I out of it."

Many of his students became like him in this respect. As, for instance, Lewis Powell, to whom a lengthy reference has been made. In fact witicism was a characteristic of most of the old Welsh preachers. What stories abound as to Christmas Evans, of whom it is said that he was walking, one summer's morning, over a mountain in Pembrokeshire to a distant village, where he was expected to preach. On his way he met John Herring, a preacher of almost equal celebrity. "Good morning, Mr. Evans," exclaimed Herring; "but who would have thought of seeing Christmas in the middle of summer?" Christmas was, however, equal to the occasion, for he quietly retorted, "Good morning; but who would have thought of meeting a Herring on the top of a mountain?"

Among those who took part in the ordination of the first missionaries to Madagascar was MORGAN JONES. He had settled at Trelech about ten years before Dr. Phillips entered on his work at Neuaddlwyd. They became close friends. Both caught the missionary spirit. Their names are found together in the early records of the London Missionary Society. At the third anniversary of its South Wales Auxiliary, held at Newcastle Emlyn, there was a communion service in the open air, when upwards of a thousand members of various denominations obeyed the command, "This do in remembrance of Me." The record¹ says that while various ministers were engaged in distributing the elements, Dr. Phillips and Mr. Jones addressed the people. This missionary *Cymanfa* extended over three days, and thousands attended the various gatherings.

Mr. Morgan Jones did much to excite interest in missionary work. He translated the letters of the English missionaries into Welsh, and in

¹ "Evangelical Magazine," December 1817.

other ways helped to lay the foundation of that love for foreign missions which is so distinctive a mark of the Welsh churches. The first missionary meeting ever held in Wales was in 1814, at Swansea.

But Mr. Jones worked "with both hands earnestly" for home as well as foreign missions. Five churches were formed as the result of his labours in the neighbourhood near where he resided, with a united membership of 1800. He laboured in a district far removed from any town or even large village. It was a purely agricultural district, yet during his pastorate of nearly half a century he received more than 3000 persons into church fellowship, and of these at least fifty became preachers, and about one-half were ordained. Some of them occupied important spheres of labour, for instance, the late Samuel Bowen, of Macclesfield, and Samuel Simon, whose son, Dr. D. W. Simon (author of "The Redemption of Man"), is Principal of the Theological Hall, Edinburgh.

The secret of Morgan Jones's success was prayer. Not only did he live in the atmosphere of prayer, but the members of his churches, in their secret devotions and at their family altars, ceased not to make intercession for him. There is a story told of one, Betty by name, who on her dying bed whispered to him: "I have one thing to say to you before I go, for I shall not see you again in this world. You remember that the chapel was overcrowded on the day of your ordination, thirty-five years ago. I was sitting on the pulpit stairs during the service. There and then I entered into a covenant with my God that I would never leave you to ascend those stairs without offering a silent but earnest prayer for the Divine blessing to rest upon you and your ministry. By the help of God's grace I have been enabled to stand to my resolution. I never mentioned this to any one before, for fear people would take it as a proud boasting; but now, on the threshold of eternity, I can tell it to you, that you may ask all the members of the church to do likewise, if they are not doing it." Who can tell how far the success of the unique ministry of Mr. Jones—for he was in no sense a great preacher—may be traced to the prayer of old "Betty" of the staircase? To-day, as of old, the earnest request of the true preacher is, "Brethren, pray for us."

Things New and Old.

MISSIONARY WORK OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—It is not sufficiently considered that the Religious Tract Society, besides being a great publishing house, is also a Missionary Society, one of the largest and most important evangelistic agencies in the world. In the Home Mission-field it does not distribute tracts, or any kind of religious literature, but it provides safe and suitable publications for

colportage societies, City missions, district visitors, hospitals Sunday schools, and all kinds of agencies for the diffusion of evangelical truth. In the field of Foreign Missions, the voice of the preacher, or of the missionary, can reach comparatively few, but the printed page is spread far and wide. The object is to use the mightiest of all modern agencies for the highest of all objects—the spread of the Gospel of Christ by the Press.

The Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the China Inland Mission, the Paris, Bath, and Halle Societies, and a hundred more, are all helped by the Religious Tract Society. It issues publications in above two hundred languages, dialects, and characters. The "Pilgrim's Progress" alone is printed in eighty-six languages and dialects. Wherever the Bible is sent, there the silent interpreter and expositor goes, to make the people understand what they hear or read.

All the profits of the sale of books or periodicals issued by the Tract Society, after paying the entire expenses of the institution, are handed over to the missionary fund; so that every shilling given for missionary work by subscription, or otherwise, is available without any deduction. The Society could do ten times more, were its funds larger.

To explain the missionary operations of the Society, and to tell of their results, there are "Association Secretaries," who visit different parts of the country; but they are few, and it is often difficult to get attendance at public meetings whether by day or night. But there must be many members of the Society interested in so great and good a work, who could, in London and other great towns, invite their friends to afternoon "drawing-room meetings." This is an agency now much employed for all benevolent purposes; saving the expense of hiring halls, and securing an attendance at comparatively little cost or trouble. If any friend of the Society, or of the cause of missions, is willing to help in this way, and will kindly write to Mr. James D. Legg, Corresponding Secretary, 56 Paternoster Row, London, he will assist in arranging for the meeting, and give all needful information.

A BRAHMIN'S OPINION ABOUT CHRISTIANITY.—In the theatre at Poonah, the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, for many nights, spoke to above a thousand natives on the Christian religion, the majority of the audience being educated Brahmins. It has been found that the natives, in all parts of India, will hear speakers in town halls, concert rooms, or in the open air, when they will not go near Christian churches or chapels. Dr. Pentecost knew this, although most of our chaplains and missionaries do not seem to know it. At Poonah on the last night of his series of addresses, he invited remarks or questions from any who were present. The leading man among the Brahmins of Western India rose up and said: "We have listened for more than a fortnight to this gentleman, who has come to us not only as a Christian, but as a great teacher, with the avowed purpose of converting us to the faith of Jesus Christ. He has preached about the Man; he has called him the Son of God; he has told us that God has raised him from the dead; he has explained the meaning of his death; and he has promised to us life in the name of Jesus Christ. My countrymen, the time has come when as educated and intelligent men we must meet this great new religion. It is in our land, and as the preacher has told us, it has come to stay; we must meet it, and we must soon decide what our attitude towards Christianity is to be, because it is an insistent religion." Christian laymen should consider this, as they could by addresses during a short visit to India be helpful in counteracting the evil influence of infidel books, which are widely circulated among educated Hindus.

Sermonettes

FOR
YOUNG
PEOPLE

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

THE RUSH.

"Can the rush grow up without mire?"
—Job viii. 11.



BILDAD who said these words was a very polite man. He professed to be a friend of Job, but was convinced in his own mind, notwithstanding his friend's high reputation for goodness, that he was guilty of some secret crime or vice which brought down upon him the punishment of God. Job could not, as he thought, have been such a great sufferer unless he had been a great sinner. But Bildad could not bring himself to tell him that to his face in plain words. He therefore took refuge in the common custom of his people, and brought his charge against Job in a round-about fashion, in the form of a proverb or figure of speech, in which his own opinion was supported by higher authority. He wanted Job to inquire of the former ages, and to search for the wisdom of the world's grey fathers. But who, it may be asked, were these persons; for we believe that Job lived long before the time of Moses, when writing, though known, was little used, and men preferred to impart their knowledge by word of mouth? In those far-off times there was one nation that was famous for its wisdom, and that had written even then many books, some of which have come down to our own day. Learned men from all parts of the world visited the schools and colleges of that nation, and brought back with them many rich treasures of knowledge. That nation was the Egyptian. And we find that the words which Bildad uses in the text were from an Egyptian source. They formed in fact a proverb that was well known in Egypt from the remotest antiquity.

The rush to which he refers did not grow in the dry and parched land of Uz, which was the place where Bildad and Job lived. It grew principally in Egypt, and in one or two places in Northern Palestine. It is no other than the famous bulrush of the Nile, of which the ark was made in which the infant Moses was concealed; an ark of bulrush being supposed to be a powerful charm for warding off all evil. The smooth rind or skin of this remarkable plant that once grew in great abundance in Egypt, but is now very scarce, supplied when dried and beaten out and pasted together the first material used for writing on. Our word paper comes from its name papyrus. Perhaps Bildad, who from his style of speech was evidently a learned man, possessed an old Egyptian book made of papyrus leaves, in which he found the picturesque proverb of my text; and it would be a very curious thing if on the very leaf of a book made of the skin of the papyrus or rush, there should be inscribed an account of the way in which the papyrus or rush itself grew on the swampy banks of the Nile—"Can the rush grow up without mire?"

Every plant needs water. Water forms the sap which circulates through the veins of every plant; it is the internal stream along which little successions of floats continually go, carrying the materials of growth to every part of the structure. In Egypt we see in a very remarkable way the dependence of plants upon water; for vegetation only grows as far as the life-giving overflow of the annual inundation of the Nile extends. Beyond that point there is nothing but the parched leafless desert. Nothing can be more striking than the dry white sand, and the long luxuriant grass side by side. There is no mingling of barren and fertile soil; and the two endless lines of grey and green come abruptly into contact.

But while other plants thus need water and are dependent upon it, they can nevertheless cling to life and preserve their greenness even during a pretty long drought. The rush, on the

contrary, cannot exist without water, even for the shortest period; and the burning sun of Egypt would destroy in a few hours every water-plant that grows in the Nile, were the stream to fail and cease to bathe their roots. Bildad tells us this in very striking language. He says: "While it is yet in its greenness and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb." That is to say, while other plants wither slowly and require to be cut down before they dry up, and even then they retain their greenness a long time, the rush shrinks up at once when it is quite fresh and uninjured, if the nourishing water be withdrawn from it, and it is left exposed to the scorching sun. No other plant so quickly withers in the absence of water, just because it is made to grow in the water. All its structure is adapted to that kind of situation and to no other. Its material is soft and spongy and filled with water, which evaporates at once when the circulation is not kept up.

There are in nature two kinds of plants at the opposite poles from each other, and each wonderfully suited to the place in which it grows. There is the cactus found in the dry-parched deserts of Mexico, where there is no water, no running stream, and no rain for weeks and months together. It has thick leathery fleshy stems instead of leaves, without any evaporating pores on their surface, so that whatever moisture they get from the rare rain or the dew by their roots they keep and never part with, and therefore they can stand the most intense and long-continued drought, having a reservoir within themselves. And there is on the other hand the rush which grows with its root in the waters of the Nile, and like a vegetable sponge cannot live for an hour without that outside water ascending its stem and flowing through all its structure. You know our own common rush cannot do without water. It always grows beside springs and the sources of streams, and on marshy lands. Wherever you see rushes growing you may be sure that the soil is full of water; and if the farmer drains the field where rushes grow, they speedily disappear, and grass comes up in their place.

Now the moral which Bildad draws from that interesting fact of natural history is, that as the rush requires water for its life, so man can only live by the favour of God. It is the same truth that is conveyed in very similar words in the 17th chapter of Jeremiah, where the prophet says: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." This striking image Bildad applied to Job. He insinuated that his afflicted friend was like the rush that had been forsaken by its nourishing waters, and therefore withered away. He forgot God, and therefore his paths were not prosperous. He was a hypocrite, and therefore his hope perished. You all know how false this accusation was; how upright and truly God-fearing Job was,

and how therefore his misfortunes were chastisements of love and not judgments of wrath, proofs of God's grievous, though gracious dealings with him to make him a nobler man, not punishments of some secret sin, or habitual transgression. But from Bildad's point of view, there seemed no other explanation of Job's terrible trials than that he had sinned greatly against God in some way or other, and that he was reaping in these sore trials the fruits of his own evil doings.

Your natural life is like that of the rush that grows in the water. Seven-tenths of your bodies is water. Seven-tenths of your bodies came from the last rains that fell. Your life is indeed a vapour, a breath, a little moisture condensed. You begin as a fish, and you swim in a stream of vital fluids as long as your life lasts. You can taste and absorb and use nothing but liquids. Without water you have no life. You know after a long drought how restless and parched and irritable you feel; and what a relief and refreshment the rain is when it comes. It shows you how necessary water is to the well-being of your bodies; how you cannot exist without it.

And if this be the case as regards your natural life, what shall be said in regard to your spiritual? God is as necessary to your soul as water is to your body. Your souls thirst for God, for the living God; for He, and He alone, is the element in which you live and move and have your being. You are made for God as the rush is made for the water; and nothing but God can suffice you, as nothing but water can suffice the rush. So long as the rush grows in the swampy mire, and has its roots watered and its veins filled by the ever-flowing river, the burning sun of Egypt, instead of withering and consuming it, makes it only flourish more freshly and greenly, and grow up taller and more luxuriant. It converts the destroying sun into the best of friends. What would have been a curse is changed into a blessing. The rush with its head in the torrid sunshine, and its root in the unfailing waters is stimulated from below and from above. Nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the rush or papyrus in the waters of Merom, a lake to the north of the sea of Galilee. There it covers a vast impenetrable swamp several miles square, with myriads of green stems sixteen feet high and three inches thick. And all this enormous vegetation is the result of the unfailing water and the burning sun; the one helping the other to produce this amazing growth of plant life.

Now what you require for your spiritual well-being is that you should grow beside the well of water that springeth up into everlasting life. Jesus can be to you rivers of water in a dry place; dividing like the branching mouth of the Nile over every part of the delta of your heart, irrigating the whole desert of your life. The glorious Lord can be to you a place of broad rivers and streams. And quickened and refreshed by this living element in which you are rooted, you can defy the drought of evil circumstances, and turn all hostile things to blessed uses. You can flourish in the withering atmosphere of the world, and endure the fiery trials of

life, just because all your well-springs are in God, and the sources of your human steadfastness and hope are high up in heaven. You are independent of the precarious supplies of the world. The sun shall not light upon you nor any heat; and the things of the world that would otherwise be against you will work together for your good.

God promised by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." What were those willows that loved the water, and could not do without it? They were not the dull grey-green trees that you know by that name, and that are so familiar to you beside your native streams. They were the fair oleanders or rose-willows, with long willow-like leaves, and lovely large crimson flowers like roses. The banks of the Jordan, and the course of every stream in the rainy season, and the shores of the sea of Galilee, are fringed with the brilliant pink bloom of this splendid plant. The Jews hung their harps upon the real weeping-willows of Babylon, and thought upon those lovely rose-willows of their native land; just as the exile in India or Africa might dream with longing desires of the daisy fields and primrose woods of England. Thus, you see, it is not as a mere rush with only a dull uniform greenness, relieved only by the brown rusty tassel of a blossom at its top, with no brightness or beauty about it, that God wishes you to grow up into beside the water-courses of His own grace; but as oleanders or rose-willows, putting forth brilliant crimson blossoms, making a perfect garden in the wilderness, and attracting every eye by the beauty of your religion.

There are plants whose ancestors grew in water only and could not live except in pools and streams, and yet, by some strange change of circumstances, they have forsaken the waters, and now grow in the very heart of tropical forests, on the mossy forks of trees where they find some soil and moisture stored up for them. I know one plant of this kind called *Utricularia*, whose sisters inhabit our peat-mosses, and have little white bladders full of air on their long thin stems, which serve the purpose of buoying them up in the water like floats, and also of catching insects, upon which, strange to say, this remarkable class of plants, like the sundews, live. Well! this species of *Utricularia* now grows on trees in the damp mountain woods of the West Indies, far away from water; and it there keeps up the air bladders and the other contrivances which were necessary in the water, but are of no use to it now on the trees. It has become adapted to its surroundings; and it grows as well as it can in its new situation; but it has not the luxuriance and beauty and grace of its sisters that grow in the waters. It is a poor stunted dwarfed thing, a mere wreck of its old self. And we have something of the same kind in the animal world. There are several species of water-birds that live only in the woods, far away from all water. There are curious creatures called tree-ducks,

living in the woods of Texas, and feeding upon seeds and grain. They will alight upon a stalk of growing corn like a black-bird, and make their nests among the lofty trees. They are real ducks with broad soft bills, and webbed feet, entirely different from the other birds of the woods in their structure and appearance. These ducks were made for the waters; but by some perverted instinct or force of circumstances they never resort to the rivers or streams, or seek their food there.

And are there not similar cases in the human world? Are there not persons made for God, as the rush is made for the mire, or the duck for the water, and yet, by a perverted instinct, they do not make their refuge in God, or seek their happiness in Him? God made them for Himself; but they have sought out many substitutes for God, and they alienate themselves from Him, and seek their happiness in other persons and things. And if you live without God, if you live for worldly instead of for heavenly things, you become like a duck that forsakes its native element in the stream and lake and lives in the woods, and in such a situation finds no use for its webbed feet, or its soft broad bill, or for its peculiarly arranged plumage; you lose your highest powers and become degraded to the level of the things you love. And just as the duck, though it can adjust itself in a way to its novel circumstances among the trees, is not quite at home there, and finds its water qualifications unsuitable for its land habitation; so, although you can adapt yourselves to an ungodly life, and seem contented with it, yet you cannot be entirely satisfied. The restless heart of the sinner is a terrible thing, with its ceaseless craving after something which it has not, and its deep discontent with its state and condition. Bildad well expressed it when he said, "Can the rush grow without mire? Can the flag grow without water? While it is yet in his greenness and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb. So are the paths of all that forget God; and the hypocrite's hope shall perish."

Seek, then, my dear young friends, to grow in grace; for you must grow in something, and if not in grace, then you will grow in sin and degradation, in conditions for which you were not made, which will be continually unsuitable to you, and which will make you always wretched. The soil of grace is the only circumstance in which you can flourish and accomplish the purposes for which God made you; for there the roots of your being will draw living sap continually from the fountain of living waters that perpetually wells up. Growth in grace is not subject to the changes and decays of earth. It is the only growth on which death has no power. Strive then to grow in that which must grow for ever. Strive to be like the rush which is the thirstiest and the greenest of plants. Among the native tribes of Japan, the thirstiest man, we know not for what reason, is considered the holiest. But so it truly is in the Christian sense, for the thirstiest of you will receive most of the water of life, to make you fairest. As the secret of the rush's remarkable greenness is its

hidden moisture; so the secret of your spiritual beauty is that your life is hid with Christ in God. Without Christ you can do nothing; you are like the rush without the water in which it grows, dry, withered and dead. With Christ you are like the rush with its root in the river; you will flourish and grow in that holiness whose end is everlasting life. You will indeed be a papyrus displaying on its own leaf the reason of its flourishing condition, in the unmistakable hieroglyphics of nature which he who runs may read; a living epistle of Christ known and read of all men.

GEORGE HARRISON'S PLEASANTEST HOLIDAY.



THE break up had come. Prizes had been earned and given away. Some were triumphantly carried off under the eyes of pleased parents and admiring sisters and brothers and other relatives, and the June vacation, with all its delights for the school youths, was about to open brightly upon them.

Two boys were lounging out of the college grounds arm in arm, leaving the old walls for a time behind them. Neither had won a prize, though both had striven for one.

"I shall try all the harder next term," thought Frank Leslie.

"It does not matter much after all that I missed the prize," soliloquised his friend, George Harrison, and yet his face was far from wearing the cheerful expression that lighted up his companion's countenance.

"Why, you look as glum, George, as if you were not off for the holidays to-morrow."

"I don't care so much about them."

"Don't care about the holidays!" echoed his chum in amazement. Doubtless he was thinking of the kindly father, gentle mother, and a whole troop of younger sisters and brothers, who were looking forward with pleasure to his arrival.

"No. My uncle means to be kind, I suppose; but he is always finding fault with me; always telling me I am so thoughtless." He had pulled a racket ball out of his pocket whilst he was speaking. "I got sick of it all before the holidays are half over; but there, it doesn't matter." On concluding this sentence, as if to illustrate his thoughts, up went the ball into the air with a jerk.

The boys were passing near a lamp-post at the moment.

A smash, and then the pieces of glass shivered at their feet.

"Now that is what your uncle would call thoughtlessness," laughed Frank Leslie.

George bit his lip. "I did not mean to do it," he said.

"I know that. I was once terribly thoughtless."

"You! Why you are caution itself."

"I was taught a severe lesson. My thoughtlessness in placing a barrier for jumping across a broad path leading to the house, and forgetting to remove it, was very near being the death of an old friend of my father's, who struck violently against it in the dark, and received a severe injury. He forgave me, oh! so kindly, but I never forgot it."

Here the boys, who had known each other for one term only, shook hands and parted.

George's parents had been dead for more than two years, and his mother's brother, kind-hearted and punctilious General Fraser, had adopted, and did his best for, the high-spirited boy who, notwithstanding a large amount of real good nature, so frequently acted without a moment's reflection. When he first came to live with them, the General and his invalid wife overlooked his little misdemeanours, but now that he was fifteen years of age, this carelessness of his was a constant source of annoyance and anxiety.

The day following, George started for Firwood Lodge, the General's country seat. As he neared his destination, his thoughts dwelt naturally on his coming holidays. Mindful of his friend's last words: "We shall go on more smoothly this time," he said to himself. "I will try at any rate."

A few minutes more and the train was coming to a standstill. He leant carelessly out of the window. Seeing his uncle at the station, he felt grateful for his coming to meet him, and without a moment's reflection, he threw open the door, attempting to jump out before the train stopped, and was only saved from a violent fall to the ground by the guard who had just alighted, and who, there and then, administered a severe reproof to him, under the very eyes of his old relative.

"Ah! young scapegrace!" began the latter, holding out two fingers to his nephew. "So you have come back to give us a few more frights, eh?"

Poor George! This welcome was not a very encouraging one. Angry with the guard, still more angry with himself, he was unable for a moment to find an answer, and to make matters worse, his uncle's favourite dog, who had accompanied him to the station, coming suddenly from behind, George in his nervousness struck him with his foot, and the creature at once set up a howl.

"Poor animal! Poor dog!" exclaimed his master full of pity for the creature that was more frightened than hurt.

This was a bad beginning, but at last George found words to ask for his aunt, and learnt that she was not feeling so well as usual. Her reception of him was so kind, however, that he soon forgot his previous annoyance, and for a day or two everything went on splendidly.

George was fond of swimming, and concluding that the poodle would like it as well as himself, he one day took him down to the lake in the grounds, and launched him into the water. The dog's howls and yells, in its efforts to regain the shore, brought the General, who was at no great distance, to the spot.

"Did you not know, sir, that poodles do not like the water?" he asked, indignantly, pointing to the shivering pet.

"I did not think about it, uncle."

"I daresay not. It is high time that you should learn to think."

"I am always coming to grief about that dog," thought

George. "I will try and be less thoughtless, uncle," he replied, although, truth to say, a mischievous smile still lurked about his lips, as he took out his handkerchief and assiduously rubbed the animal dry.

His next escapade was the smashing of the pigeon house roof. Whilst standing one day in its vicinity with his uncle, engaged in his favourite pastime of playing at ball, the latter flew sideways out of his hand, and lodged in a creeper clustering outside it. Quick as lightning, George climbed the pole supporting the pigeon house. He did not reflect that his heavy weight might pull down the lightly constructed edifice, but, alas, scarcely had he secured the ball and found his feet, when the frail tenement tottered to the ground.

"Incorrigible boy!" muttered the General.

"I am so sorry, uncle," burst out penitent George.

"I should have liked you to feel sorry before you did the deed," replied the General. He said no more, although George felt that he was really grieved at what had happened. In a few days the pigeon house was repaired; all traces of the accident had vanished, and with them, for that time also, the lad's good resolutions.

A fortnight passed away. Nothing particular had occurred to mar the flight of time. One evening, however, the General informed George that he and his wife were about to visit a sister-in-law who had suddenly been taken ill, adding that, as he might feel dull on being left alone, he was quite at liberty to invite some college friend to stay with him during their absence.

George had many friends of longer standing than Frank Leslie, but none for whom he felt such a real regard. To him therefore he wrote at once, asking him to Firwood Lodge, omitting, however, to mention his name to his uncle, being doubtful as to Frank's accepting the invitation. No answer could arrive before the departure of his aunt and uncle on the following morning.

That same evening, the General being absent on business, Mrs. Fraser took her nephew's arm and strolled into the grounds. A little winding path through a shrubbery led them to an opening, and George stood still in admiration of a bed of snow white double tulips that had hitherto escaped his notice.

"Those are my favourite flowers, George. Will you water them this evening, as the gardener is away?"

George gave the desired promise, and after conducting his aunt back to the house, re-entered the gardens. Sauntering about, tracking a bird here, and climbing a fence there, twilight had stolen in, before he was aware of its presence. Suddenly he bethought him of his promise to water the tulips. He was about to retrace his steps to fetch a watering pot, when something shot with the rapidity of lightning across his path.

"A hare!" shouted George, as the frightened creature flew straight ahead of him. In the excitement of the moment all else was forgotten. George dashed after it. Regardless of all beneath his feet, he rushed straight through the tulip bed, in which for a single instant it had concealed itself, tramping down and crushing into a thousand fragments the pure white flowers which but a moment before had bloomed in all their loveliness.

The hare was lost to sight, but instantly he realised what he had done. Dark as it was, the havoc and devastation around him were only too visible. With no pleasurable feelings he entered his aunt's room and there confessed to her what his unpardonable heedlessness had brought about.

Tears rose to his gentle aunt's eyes, on hearing his recital, but not a word of reproach escaped her lips. Her nephew was truly sorry. Touched by her uncomplaining grief, he realised for the first time how his selfish thoughtlessness had been the cause of unhappiness to one so kind and dear to him.

"Can you forgive me, aunt?" was all that he could ask. "I am more sorry than I can say," and his tone convinced her of his sincerity. From that moment he resolved, with God's help, to be henceforth more watchful over himself, and to do all that lay in his power to make amends for his former carelessness.

The General and his wife left the next morning, and, to George's no small delight, Frank Leslie arrived at Firwood Lodge in the evening. The former lost no time in acquainting his friend with what had occurred, adding that Aunt Fraser was very unhappy about it.

"Fraser?" interrupted Frank, "that is the same name as that of an old friend of my father's."

"I cannot rest, Frank," concluded George, "until I have put that bed in order again."

Frank only too gladly offered.

The next morning the lads worked with a will, and the bed was cleared of the shattered tulips. On their proceeding to the neighbouring town, to seek out the nurseryman from whom the plants had been purchased, to George's great joy he found him possessed of a number of them in blossom identical with those that had been destroyed. They would live when transplanted, if watched over with vigilant care and watered twice a day, he told him.

Frank was as earnest as his friend in the matter. The blooming treasures were carried away in their mould, and the rest of the day was spent in replacing plants wherever they had been removed. No fear of the watering being neglected. George did it daily with his own hands, and before the return of his relatives, at the expiration of ten days, the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the glorious plants looking just as they had done on that eventful evening.

"You need not be afraid of uncle, Frank, he is awfully kind, although he does find fault with me—when I deserve it," was added in a lower tone, remarked George to his chum on hearing the carriage wheels approach the door. There was more than one surprise in store for his uncle and aunt that evening.

"So this is your friend, George!" exclaimed the former, shaking hands with Frank Leslie in the most cordial manner. "Why, we are old friends, too, or rather his father is my old friend, and he is my young one, although we have not met for more than three years."

Frank's pleasure may be conceived on his finding again the old gentleman who had taught him such a lesson, no other than George's uncle, and this fact tended only to further strengthen the friendship between the two school-fellows.

Mrs. Fraser's first act, on her return, was to visit, with her husband the scene of George's misfortune ten days previously. Her nephew and his friend followed them through the shrubbery, and it would be impossible to describe her surprise and pleasure on discovering no apparent alteration in her favourite flower-bed.

As to George, never again had his uncle to take him to task on the score of thoughtlessness, and he now looks forward to his holiday stay at Firwood Lodge as eagerly as does his friend Frank Leslie to his return to his parents.

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXX.

1. Whoso history to his mother was foretold, ere he was born?
2. Who, fearing greatly, in his terror grasped the altar's horn?
3. What prophetess, with timbrel in her hand, sang songs of joy?
4. Who in derision said, "If fox go up he" shall destroy?
5. What thirsty woman sat her down and wept with well near by?
6. Who sought to know, and do, and teach the law with purpose high?
7. Who, as a sign for war, did wait for wind in mulberry trees?
8. Who, in his threshing-floor at work, his troubled monarch sees?
9. What giant-king, last of his race, had threescore cities spoiled?
10. Who gleaned in wheat- and barley-fields 'mid reapers as they toiled?

Shut in? shut out? shut in with Christ?
 Oh! precious pearl of joy unpriced?
 Shut out with self and sin? oh, woe!
 Yet none such fearful doom need know;
 The way is plain, the entrance free
 Is paid in full for you and me,
 By One who waits and speaks! Now place
 The initials and His own words trace.

B. M. R.

BURIED TEXT.

NO. IV.

1. For whatsoever is not of faith is sin.—*Rom. xiv. 23.*
2. Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.—*1 John iv. 7.*
3. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God.—*1 John v. 5.*
4. And this is the writing that was written, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.—*Dan. v. 25.*
5. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*1 Cor. xv. 57.*

6. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.—*Rev. iii. 5.*

7. I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.—*John xv. 19.*

8. Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.—*Luke xii. 7.*

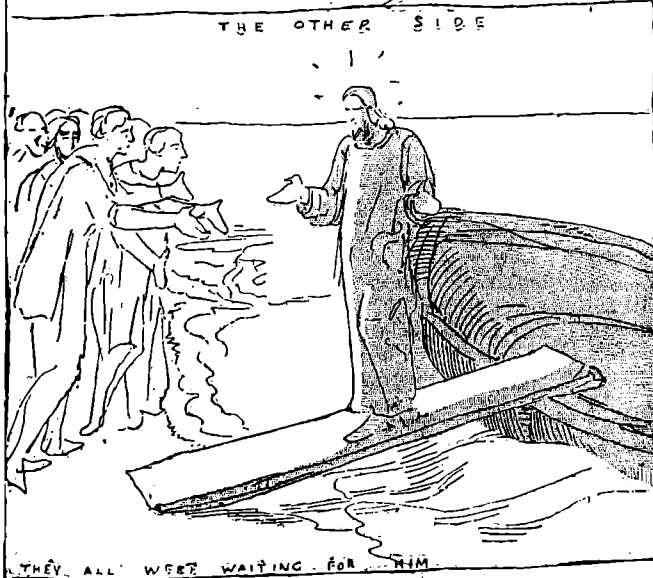
9. Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.—*Heb. xii. 2.*

From each of the first 4 texts take three consecutive words; from the 5th, 6th, 7th and last, two; from the 8th, one. The whole forms a text from the Epistles.

L. T.



THE OTHER SIDE



A CONTRAST.

[James Smetham.]

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIII.—p. 512.—I AM THE RESURRECTION.
 —*John xi. 25.*

1. I saac's . . . Gen. xxiv. 67.
2. A aron . . . Exodus iv. 30, 31.
3. M ary . . . John xi. 2.
4. T ernh . . . Gen. xi. 28, 31.
5. H ezekiah's . . . 2 Chron. xxxiii. 33.
6. E phraim . . . Gen. xlviii. 19, 20.
7. R cuben . . . Gen. xxxvii. 21, 22.
8. E sau . . . Gen. xxv. 29, 34.
9. S tephen's . . . Acts vi. 8-15.
10. U zziab . . . 2 Chr. xxvi. 15, 16, 18.
11. R achel's . . . Gen. xxxv. 19, 20.
12. R choboth . . . Gen. xxvi. 22.
13. E utychus . . . Acts xx. 9.
14. O audaco's . . . Acts viii. 27, 38.
15. T roas . . . Acts xx. 6.
16. I shmaelites . . . Gen. xxxviii. 28.
17. O nesimus . . . Philemon 10, 17.
18. N icodemus . . . John iii. 1, 2.

Monthly Religious Record.

The Bishop of Manchester at a Nonconformist College. In connection with the question of Home Union we note the presence of the liberal-minded Bishop of Manchester at the annual gathering of the Lancashire Congregational College. Moreover it was not the first time that his Lordship has been present at the College. In replying to a vote of thanks, the Bishop made the welcome declaration that he was a Christian first and a denominationalist last, and said when the difference between belief and unbelief was so great it was nothing short of criminal for Christian communities to stand heedlessly apart. It was the natural build of his mind to insist on the things which were positive; and if he seemed more catholic than some he took no credit for it to himself for it was simply natural to him.

"Mission to Seamen" Institute. AMONGST all the work going on for various classes of the community the seamen are not forgotten. The munificent sum of 5000*l.* has been given by Lord Brassey towards a block of buildings to consist of a "Missions to Seamen" church, institute, gymnasium, adult school-room, class-room and coffee-bar. The structure is to be situate in the East End of London, and is to be for the free use of sailors and fishermen of all nationalities frequenting the port of London. With four other seamen's institutes, the total cost is to be 30,000*l.* The plans, by Sir Arthur Blomfield, for the main block have been submitted to the Funds Committee of the "Missions to Seamen," of which committee H.R.H. the Duke of York is President. With this noble gift of Lord Brassey to head the list it is hoped that the 30,000*l.* will soon be subscribed, while a further sum of 3000*l.* per annum will be required to maintain the proposed buildings and staff. At the present time, there is not in London, the greatest seaport in the world, a single church and institute connected with the Established Church for the sole use of seamen, though most of the larger provincial seaports are thus provided with them, and it is hoped that the proposed institute will do much to reduce drunkenness and immorality and preserve the health, character, and pecuniary resources of the sailors who are strangers to the port. The "Missions to Seamen" Society, of which Commander Dawson is secretary, at 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, is of course a Church of England Association, and is anxious to found the Mission Church Institute in connection with the Established Church. It is estimated from parliamentary returns that there are 300,000 arrivals of seafaring men annually in the large port of London.

Zenana Missions. The funds of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission (2, Adelphi Terrace, London) show a continued increase for the earlier months of this year—if one large donation, which has not been repeated, be excepted. Perhaps by this time that gift has again been sent. Last year was one of steady progress, and the financial report was favourable, though the 20,000*l.* per annum at which the Society aims was not reached. It is estimated that there are 135,000,000 of Indian women and children, and the progress of the teaching among them seems to be viewed with some alarm by natives. The *Bangabasi*, a Calcutta paper, is reported to have said, "But there is a far more subtle foe of Hinduism. It is none other than the quiet Zenana Mission lady penetrating into the recesses of the Zenann, and turning the heads of the women of Indian homes; and the most objectionable and alarming feature of the whole matter is that the lady of the Zenana rather welcomes, than treats with becoming contempt, her lady visitors. Added to this are the schools for girls, which may be found springing up in the villages wherever Hindu owners are willing to grant sites for such a purpose. And more than this—the teaching of the Bible has found its way into the very veins of our Hindu women, under pretext of instruction in the art of sewing. It is true some Zenanas offer objection to Bible teaching; but, nevertheless, the vernacular translation of the Bible goes where these

Mission ladies go. . . . Within how brief a period shall we see our tender girls and our beloved Hindu wives and mothers spoiled by this kind of teaching? If these missionaries once succeed in ruining our Hindu women, then Hinduism is ruined." And speaking of Christian missions generally in India, the following extract has been published by the *Zenana* from a tract by the Hindu Tract Society:—"Patriots of India, be warned in time! Do your duty! The Christian belief is slowly making way!" Concerning the Lady Kinnaird Memorial Hospital at Lucknow, a handsome contribution of 600*l.* will enable the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission to complete the building, and make it available for immediate use. The second wing, however, remains to be added, which will involve a further outlay; and the Mission is in great need of a trained lady nurse who can go at her own cost to help in the Mission Hospital at Lucknow. Several of the larger city companies have made donations to this Mission within the last few months, and the Salters' Company subscribes five guineas annually.

Jubilee of Medical Missions. THE fiftieth anniversary meetings of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society have been celebrated with much enthusiasm; and there is no doubt much truth in the remarks of Dr. Henry Martyn Clark, medical missionary from the Punjab, who believed the success of missions would have been a thousand times greater to-day had a dozen Medical Missionary Societies been celebrating their jubilee instead of the one parent society. The way in which medical missions had been overlooked by the church of Christ was to him simply unaccountable, unless it were owing to the agency of the evil one blinding the eyes of good men to their value. He thanked God for the work this society had accomplished, especially in having done so much to win for medical missions the place they now occupied, and for training such a band of devoted men as it had sent forth to the mission field. The Chinese are very backward in medical knowledge. In one sense it may be said that medical missions are a close following in the steps of the founder of Christianity, for He went about healing the bodies and curing the diseases of mankind.

Anti-Foreign Riots in China. UNHAPPILY riots against European missionaries have again taken place in the large "Flowery Land" of the east. According to Reuter's telegrams via San Francisco they now occurred in the Fo Kien province in Eastern China, in Se Chuan, 1500 miles up the Yan Tse Kiang river, also in the two cities of Chin Ho and Kien Ning. At Chin Ho, the house occupied by Church of England missionaries was attacked by a mob assembled by the leading military men of the town, and after being exposed to insults for some three hours, Messrs. Johnson and Newcomb were rescued by the Mandarin, who however appears to have been himself implicated in the riot, and taken to the Yamen. Then later on the "Little" Mission Hospital and Dispensary at Kien Ning were wrecked by a mob, hired it is said by the leading literary man of the city, and Dr. Rigg narrowly escaped death; while in Se Chuan literature of the same kind as the infamous Huanan publications has been offered for sale to stir up the people against the missionaries at Chun King. The roofs of their houses were removed, and they were taken without the city. We are of opinion that these outbursts are not wholly or largely due to the fact that the victims are missionaries and preachers of a different faith. They are to be traced rather to the intense dislike to foreigners generally, frequently manifested by the Chinese, and which seems to be innate in their character.

The Troubles in Uganda. It is somewhat difficult to form a clear idea as to events in this district of Eastern Equatorial Africa. It is reported, however, that fighting has now ceased. The Church of England missionaries were first in the field, their first party having started

in April, 1876, and two of them visited Uganda in June, 1877. Mr. A. N. Mackay took up his abode there in November, 1878, and three more missionaries arrived in February, 1879. The first Roman Catholic missionaries did not arrive until that month. It appears to have been Mr. H. M. Stanley's letters, published in 1875, telling about Uganda, and the request of its king—who was then Mtesa—for white teachers, that the Church Missionary Society resolved to send missionaries to this, then unknown, part of Africa. The region of Uganda appears to be the most fertile and best cultivated district in Central Africa; moreover, it opens the way to Equatoria and to the sources of the Nile. The report that the British East Africa Company are about to abandon it may be due to the fact that they are only bound by contract to remain there up to December next; and although orders have been sent to the coast to withdraw, yet it is impossible to say when they will be carried into effect. The actual position of affairs, based on information supplied to Reuter's agency in the *Standard*, seems to be as follows:—After the meeting at Exeter Hall last year, when Bishop Tucker was present, it was agreed that for 26,000*l.*, subscribed by the Church Missionary Society and others, the Company should remain at Uganda at least until the end of this present year. Although the Company have despatched instructions for withdrawal, the orders have not yet left the coast, nor is it possible to say when they will take effect. The Company had originally no intention of going to Uganda. They were practically forced to it by the urgent requests of Mwanga and of the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries. Instructions had been given to one of the officials not to go to Uganda; but, acting on his own judgment, he proceeded thither to help the missionaries in the latter part of 1889. Since then the Company have had to send up reinforcements at very heavy expense, and so onerous has the expenditure become, that they have no alternative but to stop it, notwithstanding their earnest desire to retain their stations there. It is not their policy to withdraw, and they highly disapprove of that action being forced upon them.

Evangelical Alliance. ARRANGEMENTS for the Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, which will be held at Dundee from September 26th to 29th, are progressing favourably, and already many speakers have been secured. Among them may be mentioned Dr. Clement Clemance and Dr. John Bennett of Worthing, also the Revs. George Wilson and John Smith of Edinburgh, Revs. H. E. Fox of Durham, Sholto Douglas of Glasgow, F. E. Marsh of Sunderland, and others. Lord Kinnaird and Lord Polwarth, the Lord Provost of Dundee and Mr. John Paton have also promised to take part. The opening meeting will be held on the evening of Monday, September 26th, and will be preceded by a conversation, and on the three following days prayer meetings will be held at 10 in the morning; conferences from 11 to 1; open conferences from 3 to 4.30, and from 7.30 to 9 Public Meetings of an evangelistic character. The May conversation of the Alliance was held as usual at Regent's Park College and was largely attended.

The L. M. S. Forward Movement. A FULL year has passed away since the notable Forward Movement Resolution of the Directors of the London Missionary Society in July 1891, and up to July of this year no fewer than twenty-four men and twenty-four women had been accepted for foreign work, subject to various conditions. A dozen of the men however have periods of training to pass through; extending for most of them to three years or more. Four out of the twenty-four had already gone, and it was hoped that the remaining eight would soon be sent. Out of the twenty-four women, seven had gone and several more will follow this autumn. The cry however is still for men, and ten fully trained are needed at once for some most important posts. The hundred additional workers who are to be sent out in connection with this forward movement include five classes, viz., fully ordained missionaries who are to preach, teach, guide native churches, and train native agents; lay evangelists to serve under experienced missionaries; medical missionaries; ladies for Zenana work and for service among women and girls, especially in India and China; and artisan missionaries for pioneer work in Central Africa. This movement means that the staff will be increased from 200 to 300 persons, and involves an increased expenditure of 25,000*l.*

per annum. Prompt remittances are urgently asked for in order to avoid the necessity of borrowing at the bank, which of course involves loss through the payment of interest, and indeed the Society began to borrow on the 28th of May.

English Education in India. A GREAT cry is arising in our Indian Empire for English education; it comes from the higher classes, and the Principal of the Church Missionary Society's College—called the "Noble" College—at Masulipatam, South India, states that last year upwards of 10,000 youths were examined at Madras University, and that they come from the most influential class in India, the class from whose ranks are drawn the leaders of the people politically, socially and intellectually. The question therefore of the education of these youths is a very important one. At present three agencies are at work, Governmental, Native, and Missionary. In the first the course of instruction is secular; in the second secular with a strong bias to Hinduism, while in the third, Christianity is taught systematically. The policy of the government is to retire whenever efficient voluntary institutions, Native or Missionary can be found to take its place. Hitherto the Missionary Societies have taken a foremost part in English education, but as the desire extends for it a greater strain is put upon the Societies for men and money. Mr. Clarke—the Principal of Noble College—says that for three years he has been waiting for a man to come and assist in teaching at the college. A B.A. is needed, "fired with the love of Christ, in sympathy with the Church Missionary Society, and apt to teach. One who could instruct in either history or philosophy up to the standard of the Madras B.A., which embraces similar subjects to the corresponding schools at Oxford or Cambridge, but treated in a more elementary manner." At least six graduates are needed in the Church Missionary Society's schools and colleges in India alone, and some of the posts have been vacant for years. The exercises of the day begin at a quarter to seven in the morning with prayers, and out of the six working hours one is devoted to "the consideration and exposition of the Christian religion"; the secular work is much the same as in the public schools and universities at home, English being substituted for the classical languages.

The Baptist Missionary Centenary. THE celebrations of the Baptist Missionary Society's Centenary, this year, appear to be proceeding with much success and enthusiasm. The Special Centennial Fund has already reached to over 83,000*l.* and seems likely to attain the proposed amount of 100,000*l.*, when the great public Centenary Meetings take place in London at the commencement of October. The Centenary gatherings at Nottingham, Leicester and Kettering, were very successful, while in July the great Crystal Palace Festival, intended more particularly for Sunday-schools in the Metropolis, took place. Kettering, as is well known, was the birthplace of the Baptist Missionary Society, but Carey's "great sermon" was delivered at Nottingham, and he was also a minister at Leicester. "George Street Chapel, Nottingham," says a writer in the *Baptist Magazine*, "is regarded as the lineal descendant of the chapel in which Carey delivered his epoch-making sermon, though it is not the same building. Harvey Lane Chapel, Leicester, is the same, and yet not the same, as it has been more than once enlarged. Neither is Fuller Chapel at Kettering that in which the magnanimous secretary, the massive theologian, and the sympathetic pastor exercised his ministry. But in all cases we trod on holy ground. . . . It was easier than it ordinarily is to imagine the scenes amid which the Mission originated." A verbatim account of the proceedings in the Midlands will probably be issued in a volume, together with a report of the London proceedings next October, and form a companion book to the "Centenary Memorial Volume" recently published. A large number of churches have readily complied with the request to make special centenary collections on Sunday, October 2, which is the actual Centenary date when the Society was formed.

IN reference to a paragraph in last SUNDAY AT HOME about the canonization of Cardinal Manning, the absurdity of the statements from the *Catholic Times* was so obvious that the Editor did not conceive it possible for any Protestant reader to misconceive the purpose of their being quoted.