

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

## A STORY OF WAITING.



SHE CAME RUNNING DOWN THE PATH WITH A LETTER IN HER HAND.

### CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS I ought to apologize for bringing myself and my own troubles before the reader. My only excuse for doing so is, that (indirectly) it was through the disappointment of my life that I became acquainted with

No. 2003.—SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

the most beautiful character it has been my happiness to meet, and in my desire to tell something about him, who by his example guided me into the way of peace, I must speak of myself.

And yet what I have to say is very little. It is a familiar tale enough. Many a woman could tell a similar tale in so few words that the story would be hardly worth recounting were it not

PRICE ONE PENNY.

that all the subsequent history of my inward life turned upon just that.

I am no longer very young, but it hurts me still to think of that evening, and the nights and days that followed it; perhaps because I pity the little lonely girl who through the mists of time and change looks out of her sorrowful eyes at me, not as my former self, but as a stranger.

The rooms were crowded, for the squire was celebrating his silver wedding, and not only the people round about, but friends from London and from distant parts of England had come to share in his rejoicing. I had never seen so many beautiful dresses or such a profusion of jewelry, and the flowers and warmth and light affected me curiously, for Babbie and I had lived so quietly that what to other girls were matters of course had for us the charm of novelty. And Arthur Gordon was there, having come home from his holiday as he had promised, and that made everything complete and perfect. He smiled at me across the long room, the same appropriating smile with which I had grown so happily familiar; it always seemed when he looked at me like that, as if he would say: "There is no need to speak to you, dear; we understand each other without that." And we did, or at any rate I understood him. We had been close friends for the last four years, ever since I was sixteen. He was the vicar's son, and was going to be a great author one day, so we all thought, and because I loved books, and there were so few congenial people in our quiet village, we had naturally drifted towards each other. I had no thoughts apart from him, and though we were not formally engaged, everybody, the vicar included, took it as a matter of course that our ways could never really diverge. To me the future meant life with Arthur, as the present meant life for him.

I smiled back at him frankly and joyfully. I was so glad that he was home again. At my glance he suddenly reddened and turned away his eyes. I don't know why that blush made my heart beat so quickly. A woman sees what she wants to see, and interprets as her wishes dictate. I said to myself: "He has learnt to love me differently since he has been away," and I suddenly squeezed Babbie's little hand. "Oh, how lovely everything is!" I said in a rapturous whisper.

She looked up at me, her clear grey eyes bright with responsive happiness. She was glad because I was. She lived too near to God, was too selfless, to have my "moods," or to be carried away by external things, but her large sympathy made her understand and participate in the feelings of others.

The evening wore on, and I talked to one and another gaily and contentedly enough. I may say now—it seems so long ago—that I was beautiful; not so regularly beautiful as Babbie, but much more strikingly so. People grew to love her face, but they used to stare at me as I passed, and comment audibly on my brilliant complexion and the great long-lashed, gray eyes, which changed with every emotion. It was my beauty which attracted people to my personality;

it was Babbie's personality which made them recognise her beauty.

Even in those days I was not very vain of my appearance. As Babbie said: "God had made us like that, and we couldn't help being glad; but it would be a poor way of showing gratitude to spoil the souls which He had given us as well," and I think she recognised her loveliness as a distinct talent, and tried to live up to it. So admiration, apart from love, did not have any effect on us, and before long I wearied of compliments and of the strangers who were constantly being introduced. I wanted Arthur to fetch me and take me away into the conservatory, and tell me what he had been doing and thinking in the long month during which, according to the doctor's orders, he had never even written a letter.

Presently Babbie came up to me. She looked at me a little curiously, quickly, questioningly, as it were, and then gave a sigh of relief.

"Mary," she said, "I should like to go home."

"Oh, not yet," I answered, "unless you are tired, dear. I should not care to leave until I have spoken to Arthur."

"I think it would be better for us to go," Babbie persisted gently.

It was so unlike her to be in the least selfish that I wondered. But I said, "Very well, I will come in a quarter of an hour. Will that do?"

"That will do," she replied grudgingly, and moved away.

At that minute Tom Thuriton, the squire's married son, came up to me.

"Miss Molyneux," he said, "I have not been able to get near you, and I haven't had the chance of talking to you for six months."

"Is it so long as that?" I said indifferently. Tom was the least interesting of the squire's sons, and I did not know him very well.

"You still live here, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "it is quiet, but we like it."

"I should be bored to death. But then I have no love for nature, I confess. I prefer Piccadilly to the most beautiful lane in all Devonshire. And so," quite suddenly and irrelevantly, "Arthur Gordon is going to be married."

Strange, that often the most harmless of our acquaintance should become invested with a terror not their own, should attain the awful dignity of being the executioner of our hopes, and become henceforward the symbol of cruelty to our imaginations. I can think of no one less prone to injure any living creature than that burly, tender-hearted, commonplace gentleman; yet there he stood, like some blind instrument of fate, and dealt a blow which killed a woman's happiness.

But he did not know. No one knew. Around us was still the lively, chattering crowd—the band was playing a gavotte—all was light and gaiety. Nothing was changed, except just myself. But since we regard things from our own consciousness, everything was changed.

I wonder if a more skilful physiognomist would have seen what he had done, or whether my control over myself was as complete as it seemed.

"I did not know it," said a voice—surely not my voice.

"Dear me, yes! He told me about it himself. She was at the same hotel in Switzerland, and they met daily. There is nothing like propinquity, you know. I tell you who she is, a daughter of Druson, the q.c. You've heard of him, I expect."

"Oh, yes!" I answered. "Well, I hope he will be happy."

"Marriage is a lottery," he remarked, taking refuge in a platitude, and turned the conversation into other channels. I let him talk, and if I was not a good listener, I was a sufficiently silent one to please him. I was longing—longing to break away. My dear, watchful little Babbie came to my rescue. She stood at my side once more.

"Are you ready now?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes," I answered, "I am ready now."

She laid her hand ever so softly on my arm as we turned away.

"Don't," I said in a choked voice, "don't be nice to me yet, Babbie. I can't stand it." I gulped down the great hard lump that rose in my throat. "Let us walk past him. I am going to be brave. I will do my duty."

We strolled through the rooms together. Presently I saw him. He was standing, as it happened, alone. I suppose he was, under the circumstances, not much interested in any one there, and perhaps his conscience reproached him a little as far as I was concerned, and kept him from me. But as we passed him he held out his hand. He could not help it. I laid mine in it, and answered his "Good night."

"And," I added, "I hear I must congratulate you. I hope you will have every happiness."

"Thank you," he said, with genuine feeling, and he kept hold of my hand for a minute. But I drew it away.

"Come, Babbie," I said, and we hurried down the stairs, I turning—how could I?—to make a laughing remark to some one as I passed.

During the long drive home neither of us spoke. I lay back with my hands clasped, and my eyes staring into vacancy, too utterly dreary to even feel very much. Only I remember experiencing a passing impatience when I heard two or three suppressed sobs from Babbie.

Oh, God was wise in not giving you troubles of your own, little Barbara. You suffered for others. He was wise in taking you early to Himself. There was no need for you to wear through the long fight as I have done, learning slowly through loss and pain . . . In my memory of you there is a tender, sanctifying grace as of moonlight that falls even on ruins and beautifies them—and we who look praise, not the moonlight, but the ruins.

All the long night I lay in tearless misery, hard, rebellious, crushed. I turned my face away from God, and for the first time since my childhood did not give myself into His keeping at the close of the day. Why had this thing been allowed? We were meant for each other. We should have been happy and useful

together. My life, at any rate, was ruined, and, for all I knew, his—for if I was the one perfect partner for him, any other union must be imperfect. And he loved me, was in love with me. There was no doubt about it. Everybody who knew us well recognised the fact, and I searched the past for proofs of it. They were convincing, then why had he acted thus? To this question I could find no answer.

Yet the reason was simple. Since I have known more of the world I have learnt that there are many such cases, for men are not like women. Arthur was used to me, and perhaps for that reason, had never analysed his feelings with regard to me. When in daily and almost hourly intercourse with a stranger who had for him the charm of novelty, with romantic surroundings and all that was likely to kindle and develop sentiment, he had grown to think she was essential to him, had proposed and been accepted, and in a way he loved her. But "there are many ways of loving."

I did not blame him; not even in the first heat of anger against the facts as they stood. It was God I blamed. Why did He let things go so wrong? If He controlled our actions, why didn't He prevent this? It would not have happened if even we had been affianced, for Arthur was not dishonourable; only perhaps not quite spiritual enough to discern the union that did exist between our souls, and which would have made it impossible for me to even think of marriage with any other man.

I felt as though his death would have been a smaller trouble to me than this separation in life. For I should then have believed that he was mine still, by the divine right of love which is deathless, and that some day, when I was worthy, I should have him again.

But this consolation was not for me. To a stranger had been given that which I had expected, nay, had all along regarded as my own, and so, in bitter disappointment, I turned away from my Father and went wearily into the darkness to weep. I would not listen to His voice calling me back. "I don't want anything else," said my heart like a sulky child. "Leave me alone. I do not believe you love me, because you have given to another the only thing I cared to have. You led me to expect it; and now I shall not trust you any more."

I went down to breakfast with a hard set face. On my plate was a little bunch of roses. I knew who had put them there; and I knew too why Babbie's lips were so tremulous, and why every now and then her eyes filled with tears. My aunt, with whom we lived (for we were orphans), was eager for an account of our doings. It was I who told her all she craved to hear; who was there, and what everybody wore, and how many people wanted to take us to supper. It was I, too, who informed her unfalteringly about Arthur's engagement, and listened to her comments and surmises with a passionless interest that surprised even myself.

All day I busied myself with work. I visited my poor people, I had a singing lesson, I studied German till my head ached, and so put thought

from me. When the evening came, and the twilight and the terrible yearning which was new to me stole subtly into my being, I crushed it back valiantly. I went into the drawing-room and played. I chose all my wildest, most passionate pieces, and I put into them such power as I had never done before. The others came in to listen, and my aunt expressed an opinion that she believed I had real genius for music. (Ah, sometimes I wonder if some genius is not after all the child of a great despair.) And at last it was once more night, and I was alone in my little room.

Then I took from a drawer an old carved box I possessed, and pulled out all the letters I had ever had from Arthur. I did not read them. I had not courage for that, but I hurled them into the grate, and then striking a match set them on fire. But they would not burn quickly enough to please me, and so I put my hands in among the feeble flames, and snatching the bulky envelopes, tore the contents across and across, and flinging them from me in little heaps, applied to them match after match.

I was thus occupied when the turning of the door handle made me look round, and I saw Babbie. She came swiftly across the room and knelt by my side.

"Have you come to help me?" I asked harshly.

She did not speak, but stood watching me till there was nothing in the grate but charred fragments and grey ashes, then she caught me in her arms.

"Oh Molly," she cried, "how can you be so brave?"

"Bah!" I said; "I am not brave. I am reckless. What does it matter? What does anything matter? Everything is luck and chance, and sentiment is unnecessary. I am never going to care for anyone again, except perhaps you."

She took my hand, blackened by its recent work, and smoothed it with her own. She had too much tact to contradict me or preach to me.

"It's absurd," I went on, "to imagine our lives are ordered for us. I don't see how I can ever have believed it. For four years I have developed in one direction and for one aim, and then everything is thwarted. Why? Because Arthur is allowed to come in contact with some designing girl who has probably no brains, and won't understand him or help him in his life-work at all. And as for me, who might have been so useful and happy, I must go crippled all my days. Why should this happen to me? Most girls, that girl probably, could love any man and be contented with him; but there is only one in ten thousand would do for me, and Arthur was that one."

"I was not meant for unhappiness." I went on presently, encouraged by Babbie's sympathetic silence. "Some people are meek and submissive, and they can get along; but I am not like that. I am no good unless I am happy. When you are full of your own sorrow you can't serve other people or sympathise with them half so much as you can then. . . . Still, it's no good talking. I've got to live, and I shall do it, I suppose; but

I hope it won't be for long. I wish there were consumption in the family," I concluded.

"Oh Molly," said Babbie, reproachfully.

"I don't see anything to be shocked at," I began defiantly. "I mean it. I wish I could die. I shall never be able to live all the long, lonely years."

"I shall be with you to help you, darling."

Oh Babbie—how little you thought you would break that promise!—And yet—who knows? Perhaps you have kept it after all. May be you have been with me, are with me now.

"I know I could never take his place," she went on humbly. "I am not clever, and not very interesting, perhaps. But I can love you, dear, and be proud of you, and sympathise with you. I do that now, indeed I do."

The gentle voice broke, and a tear splashed down upon my hand.

"I shall never marry," she went on presently, "and I hope no one will love me. I couldn't bear to make any one suffer. Sometimes I have wished a little to be of use to some one who is lonely or sad, and to give him the love that is in me, but I shall not feel that now that I have you. You see," she added, half-apologetically, "you have been so strong that you haven't wanted me before."

"Oh Babbie," I sobbed, "how can you be so—so—beautiful? I wish I was like you. Oh, be good to me, dear, always, always, and bear with me when I am cross. And don't let me get sour and hard. Don't let me, Babbie. Oh, I think my heart will break."

And I hid my face in her lap, and let the pent-up grief have way. . . .

All that summer night my little sister watched by me, and when, exhausted, I fell asleep, it was only to wake and find her kneeling by my side, with the morning sunlight making a glory of her hair.

But those who have suffered as I did—perhaps only those—will understand that not even the tenderest sympathy could cure the pain, however much it might alleviate it. When you have a very strong and self-centred nature, and do desperately (I have no other word to express what I mean) whatsoever you undertake, whether it be working, or playing, or loving, or grieving, no one can save you from yourself. And, hardest of all, I had, in the world's eyes, no right to grieve; rather, maidenly modesty forbade my showing what I suffered, since it would be asked of me how I came by this wound which would not heal. So that I had to be always holding it with my fingers, however much it pained me, for if it gaped wide and the blood flowed, all the gossips in the place would have something to say; and I knew not which would be harder to endure, their wonder or their pity. As it was many looked at me enquiringly, anxious, not unkindly so, to discover if I did mind at all, and the pride in me rose up and drew a veil over my face and eyes, and said: "they shall not see you." Worst of all I had to meet Arthur and treat him as a friend, be not too cold lest he should suspect me, not too kind because the remembrance of that other woman forbade me; and though he avoided

me rather than sought me out, yet he too did not wish to appear different, and therefore was constrained in my society. If I had been a coquette, more worldly-wise, less innocent, perhaps I should have tried to win him back. That I could have done so I have no doubt. Only, thank God, that never entered into my thoughts for an instant. I could not have been Babbie's sister, and harboured such a notion; it would have seemed to us a sort of murder to ruin the happiness of any other girl in order to gain our own.

But all these causes combined, the trouble, and the hiding of the trouble, and the constant strain of endurance and dissimulation, began to tell upon my health. In addition to this, my former pursuits, inseparable as they were from association with Arthur and all that happy past which it was my desire to forget, had become distasteful to me. And yet I longed for action of some sort. Inanition has always been impossible for me. For a little while I did not speak of the craving which had come upon me to be up and away. I was held by the thought of Babbie. I did not want her to feel her tenderness and care were not all-sufficient, or to seem to reject the best she had to offer. But love understands without the need of words. She realised even before I had done it myself that change was imperative for me; and she came to my assistance.

One afternoon when I was sitting listlessly in the garden, working at some little garments for a local bazaar, she came running down the path with a letter in her hand, her cheeks flushed and her eyes dancing with pleasure.

"News!" she said briefly.

"Well?" I enquired, with as much enthusiasm as I could muster.

"Put down your work. Come for a walk. And I will explain."

I obeyed her. She put her arm through mine and we sauntered into the orchard.

"I thought," said Babbie slowly, looking up at me sideways, "that you and I might make more use of our lives than just to live quietly here. Perhaps it's even a little selfish, especially as one of us is quite enough to make company for Auntie. And so, it seemed to me, that the other one, the cleverer, might go out into the world and do something."

She paused, evidently a little anxious to see how I should take what she was saying. I vouchsafed no remark, so she went on more quickly: "I wrote to Mr. Marsham" (our guardian), "and he has found the very thing. There is a gentleman in London, most interesting he says, with a blind sister; they live in Blandford Square, wherever that may be, and work among the poor. He wants a secretary, and she a companion, and they would like someone bright and intelligent, and they don't mind paying a good salary. And, of course," she concluded breathlessly, "though you don't need the money you can give it away to those who do. And so I don't see why you shouldn't go."

"Oh, Babbie." I clasped my hands, with a great sigh of relief at the mere thought of escape.

"Haven't I been business-like, and quiet?" She cried delightedly. "And you like it? You are glad?"

"Very glad."

"I am only sorry about one thing," said Babbie thoughtfully.

"What is that?"

"That the blind sister won't be able to see you." I pinched her cheek for the compliment.

"And you are not sorry about anything else?" I asked, selfishly anxious to go, and yet doubting a little, for we had never been separated, and Babbie would be left alone.

"I want you to be happy." She answered evasively.

"I shall never be that."

"You may—I pray that you may. Anyhow it will be easier there."

"Yes, it will be easier."

"And you will learn things and make use of your talents, and be useful to so many people."

No thought of herself, only of others, now as always.

I am not demonstrative as a rule, but I clasped my little sister in my arms and kissed her almost passionately.

"I shall never be as useful as you are," I said.

"Babbie, how can I thank you? What made you think of it."

"I suppose God put it in my mind," she said quietly. "He wants you to be happy too."

## THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ST. PAUL.

### THE SURRENDER TO CHRIST'S WILL AND KEEPING.

"He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 Tim. i. 12.

**A**GAIN is St. Paul reverting to that supreme moment of his life, his conversion on the way to Damascus. He who had regarded himself as in that great crisis apprehended by Christ, and led in the triumphal procession by his conquering Lord, or as branded with the tokens of the Redeemer's ownership, or fascinated by a heavenly vision to which he dared not re-

fuse obedience, in these words considers himself as a pledge surrendered to the absolute will and safe keeping of Jesus Christ, as a deposit committed to the sure protection of those pierced hands which for his salvation had been nailed to the cross of shame.

St. Paul had executed a deed of entrustment, had made a great surrender, had committed to

other hands and Another's care that which to him was of surpassing worth. For the moment this is to him the key that unlocks his history, the supreme fact of his life, the most conspicuous aspect of his conversion—"I committed unto Him." He had made a final and absolute surrender of all into the control and keeping of Another. The action had made a stupendous change in his character, hopes, and relation to other men. It was then he crossed the Rubicon of his life, and cast the irrevocable and decisive die. When he had so done, many could have told. The priests; who had lost the enthusiastic executor of their authority, or, it may be, the very spur of their half-tolerant indifference. The infant churches; who glorified God in one who "preached the faith which once he destroyed."<sup>1</sup> The martyrs whether in heaven or upon the earth; who had experienced his efforts, by cajolery, craft, taunt or violence, to make them blaspheme the Holy Name, or had seen him, without a touch of pity or shame, give the vote against them.<sup>2</sup> But of all men, St. Paul could never grow forgetful of that time, never defined by day, or month, or year, or any reckoning of man's devising; a day inscribed in the book of God rather than on the calendar of men; a day whose year is still uncertain because its chronology was trivial compared with the experience to which it gave birth, and the universal consequences which have flowed from it. It was that day when Christ appeared to the apostle "born out of due time," when first St. Paul exercised the faith he never renounced, and made the great entrustment he never regretted or reversed, when he committed all that he had and was to Christ.

What had he thus "committed to Him"? It can hardly be questioned that brilliant prospects belonged to Saul of Tarsus as the enthusiastic student of the Rabbinic schools. Scholars therein of his own day and of following decades have won immortal fame, and it is highly probable that this Cilician Jew with his wider culture, touched by Greek influences, who yet in early manhood accepted so completely the yoke of the Jewish schools, would have been worthy a place with the most famous. But this St. Paul surrendered to become the missionary of a small sect, too insignificant for contemporary writers to notice, and at that very time the victim of persecution. Again when that restless enthusiasm had spent itself, he might have become a grave teacher learned in the law, a "plastered cistern" from which no drop of traditional lore could escape, the revered head of a throng of disciples. But that ease and honour he forfeited to become a wandering apostle, with his own hand supplying his necessities, to be regarded as "the filth of the world and the off-scouring of all things."<sup>3</sup> Upon this venture of a new faith he placed life itself; he exposed it to innumerable perils, he passed it in poverty, wore it out in toil, suffered it to become virtually worthless by long imprisonment, and poured it out in a martyr's death. How different to the life of which he might have dreamt, prolonged and revered,

closing amid tears and plaudits; the champion of, not the apostate from, the ancestral faith. To no man could such a surrender have been a light matter. It was more than casting out the mere ballast to lighten the overweighted ship; this was the throwing overboard of the most precious cargo borne on life's voyage. To renounce such prospects, to sacrifice ease and veneration, to put existence itself on a risk, and in very deed to subject it to the hard wear and tear of poverty, toil and contempt, was to make a surrender of no mean importance, to commit to another a trust of no trivial worth.

Yet even more than this had he committed to the Prophet of Nazareth. As an orthodox pupil of the Rabbis, Saul of Tarsus could not have doubted that the merits of Abraham gave him an unimpeachable right of entrance into the Paradise of God. But he had ceased to trust those merits, or to depend upon his fleshly descent from the patriarch; he was resting upon the merits of Christ, boasted spiritual not carnal sonship to Abraham. Now in that choice, interests which were eternal in their duration, and infinite in their importance, seemed to be involved. It meant more than turning his back upon the past, and facing the toils, perils, and sorrows which lay before him. His soul, his spiritual future, Paradise and Gehenna, seemed involved in this choice. Were the merits of the Crucified better than those of the "Friend of God?" Had he shut the door of Paradise or gained a sure and better entrance? Had he sinned against truth in forsaking Judaism, or had he grasped the Truth in accepting Christ? Or if Christianity were true, were his personal connections safe and saving? Was the "blasphemer, the persecutor, the injurious person" to have access into the eternal kingdom? Was he, "the chief of sinners," who had renounced Judaism, with its victims and annual Atonement, some day to find that for him there was no sacrifice, no cleansing blood, no atoning victim? In one word, were the eternal interests involved in his choice of Christianity perfectly secure?

For a season of testing would come; a day of strict inquisition; "that day," time's supreme moment. At one period that day appeared near; he seemed to catch its very dawn. How then would his interests fare? Fame, ease, existence, were in comparison mere trifles. But the eternal interests, acceptance or rejection, the pardon or the condemnation of the "chief of sinners," these were matters of profound concern to him. How would these fare in that final crash of a spent world? Were those interests safe which he "had committed unto Him?"

But now the impatient hope of earlier years had gone; the Advent was a far-off event, and vast intervals of time seemed to stretch out between him and "that day." Empires would "perish, ruined and abhorred," and others rise heirs of their might and crimes; civilisation would make great strides, new worlds would be discovered, and the world's face changed. How through those vast intervals of time, how in that great day of doom which should consummate the

<sup>1</sup> Gal. i. 23, 24.<sup>2</sup> Acts xxvi. 10.<sup>3</sup> 1 Cor. iv. 13.

whole, would the interests he had committed to Christ prosper? St. Paul has no dread; he answers the question he suggests. "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

St. Paul did not regret that act of committal, and had no need to do so. The prospects he had sacrificed he had regained according to the promise "a hundred-fold now in this time with persecutions." The honour he lost has come back in immortal fame; he who might for a few years have been the Jewish Rabbi, has for the centuries become the Apostle of the Gentiles. The very life which he risked, and lost, and yet saved in martyrdom would probably in view of his patriotic and enthusiastic temperament have been sacrificed not many years later in the destruction of Jerusalem, his death that of a fanatic not of a martyr. But most of all his eternal interests were secure, the deposit was safeguarded. The Son of God

had "loved him, given Himself up for him." He had made the persecutor a sharer of His toils and pains that he might share the joy of His final victory. St. Paul felt the ground beneath his foot was solid rock; his anchor was "both sure and steadfast;" that which he had committed was held by One who was "Faithful and True" and Almighty. The great deposit, his ungrudged all, was laid up with Christ; and when the crack of doom shall sound he needs not, against that day Christ will guard the trust committed to Him. Blessed are they who, like St. Paul, look not back when they have put hand to the plough, grudge not what they have consecrated, doubt neither the might nor the fidelity of Him for whom they devoted all, but who pass the stress of life and look to the dawning of that day with this confidence in the heart and upon the lip, "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

## CAIRO.

BY MRS. BREWER, AUTHOR OF THE "HOSPITAL SKETCHES."

### II.

OF course we went to the Pyramids, gazed at the Sphynx, and saw the other wonders familiar to every tourist in Egypt. We passed one or two mud villages on our way; these are curious and like nothing we know of, the roofs are covered first with the dried tops of the sugar cane, and secondly by manure; so you may imagine what chance those who live in them would have in time of pestilence; there are slits in the mud walls for light. One visit which pleased us very much was Heliopolis, the very ancient city of On, where Joseph and Potiphar dwelt, and of which only a few fragments of ruins are to be seen. The obelisk is marvellous and covered with hieroglyphics which can be seen and read only on the north side, for on the others, exposed to the sun, the wild bees have built their comb, filling in every figure and sign.

From here we drove to the Ostrich Farm in the desert, over a shaky bridge with a deep hole in the middle. We saw about eight hundred birds; the young ones are pretty lively things, white and speckled, the older birds are very fierce and have long red necks with wings and bodies richly covered with black white and grey feathers. The male birds sit on the eggs which the females lie carelessly about on the sand.

None can be said to have seen Cairo who have not made themselves intimately acquainted with the bazaars and the life led in them. They are human beehives lying behind the chief thoroughfare, the Mousky. They consist of an immense number of narrow streets, courts or alleys, running out of each other, with here and there exquisitely carved Moorish arches and balconies, and the lower floors of the houses, these even with the streets, are oblong dens in which the

people live and work and sell; there are no windows; all have open fronts. Every tiny space within is made use of for the goods, and on the counter, or raised platform, the merchant squats, smoking often a naghileh, and behind him sit his work people engaged in gold or silver embroidery, or in the various works for which Cairo is noted. The purchaser is accommodated with a chair in the street, and if he or she happen to find favour with the merchant, some tiny cups of black coffee are brought on an engraved brass tray, and placed on a mother-o'-pearl table, and while it is being drunk the merchant sits cross-legged on his low counter. The carpet and curtain bazaars are really large courtyards open to the heavens, with carved balconies, round which the stores are kept. The bazaars are most fascinating places, and tempt visitors to spend much time there, as well as a good deal of money.

Our first visit to the Citadel was to see the mosque, the finest of all in Cairo. We had to put on big brown shoes over our own. The court of the mosque has a lovely marble floor and fountain where the worshippers wash their feet. The walls of the mosque are alabaster, and when the sun shines in through the door or windows they look semi-transparent. The floor is covered with costly carpets, of which the mosque has a great store, for rich people desirous of standing well with Allah give presents or leave legacies of carpets to the mosque. There were hundreds of lamps hanging from the roof, which is richly gilt and coloured, but the windows are of simple coloured glass, or at most have Arabic letters on them, no figures of men, angels, or animals being permitted.

There were several worshippers within, and

some poor men lying asleep, for homeless vagrants are allowed to sleep in the mosques at night. Lucky people to have such luxurious casual wards, and with no oakum to pick in return for the accommodation; and still further if they want breakfast they have only to present themselves before the Sheik in order to obtain it!

This wonderful attention to the poor and the idle alike puzzled us visitors from the Western World. We learned that there were numerous establishments in Egypt, called *Risgah* and *Ouagfs* maintained by the pious disposal of gifts

or endowments; and inspectors to look after and receive the revenues and distribute them according to the design of the endowment.

On our return from the mosque we were in time to see the entrance of the new Khedive from the terrace of Shepherd's Hotel. He looked but a boy, and his manner of entering was very Eastern. There was a crowd of Arabs dancing, singing and shouting in front of him, and all who took part in the procession were to us most interesting. First came a carriage full of veiled women, preceded by black runners, or *syce*, in red,

white, and gold raiment, carrying long staves; then old men in flowing white robes on white donkeys, then Arabs on camels, a group of English soldiers in red and gold, a company of Egyptian soldiers in blue and silver and so on in ever varying and indescribable pictures; it was more like a variegated, moving, flower garden.

The Howling Dervishes form one of the features of Cairo life which most visitors try to get a glimpse of, but this scene and the performances have been too often described to detain the reader here with details.

To those who have lost friends in Cairo it may comfort them to know that the resting-place of those who were dear to them is a peaceful well-cared-for spot in Old Cairo, full of palms, poinsettias, and pink roses. The warm sun shines on it by day, and the bright and brilliant stars keep watch over it by night. The late Rector of St. George's Hanover Square, among

others, lies there. The English and the French have their "God's Acre" side by side.

Well, so far we have spoken only of what every visitor to Cairo can see, but we longed to know how the occupation of the English had affected the moral, physical, and social condition of the people at present living on its soil. We are much indebted to Dean Butcher, who pointed out to us those in authority and best able to direct us. We may say here that we feel proud of the work done both in Cairo and Alexandria by the English-speaking people, who are the very life of every improvement in the condition of the people of the country.

First let us see how the native sick are tended



BOYS WEAVING.

by will. The first of these, founded by the sovereigns, is among other things set apart for the support of mosques, public schools and hospitals.

Funds from the second are employed to support persons engaged in reading lectures on the Koran, repeating public prayers over tombs on Fridays, and to maintain schools, to distribute alms both in money, food and clothing, to the poor, particularly the blind. These revenues consist "principally of villages and sands given by the rulers of Egypt or individuals, and of certain duties upon articles of consumption."

Those responsible for collecting and distributing these funds are accountants specially charged with keeping in a public register all the *Risgahs*

and cared for in Cairo: how the native women and girls are being trained to help in this great work, and who it is that has inaugurated this blessed work of healing.

square, with a mosque in the centre, where the men worship. It was formerly a barrack, or a prison, and it seems that until it was taken over by Dr. Milton and the English sisters a few years



BRASS BAZAAR, CAIRO.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN HOSPITAL OF KASR-EL-AINE  
FOR NATIVES IN CAIRO.

This is a novel and most interesting hospital, differing in almost every particular from those we have been accustomed to in Europe.

It is a great rambling place, built round a

ago, it was a hospital only in name. The neglect, dirt, and cruelty within its walls were beyond description.

As we waited for some one to guide us over, we observed touches of Oriental colouring and characteristics, such as red and yellow striped curtains before the doorways (there were no

doors); ghostly-looking people with dark skins, in long white robes gliding about; brown men, in gold and red turbans, and sashes and white gowns; an open staircase, with brilliant blue sky by way of roof; and to remind us of home, a little black-and-white cat sunning itself; and, that which is always music, children's voices in the distance.

At length one of the English sisters who are in charge of this immense hospital came towards us in order to take us through it. She was clad in white dress and apron, and a white handkerchief over the head, and, being winter, a little dark blue cape over the shoulders, lined and piped with red, and the feet encased in dainty shoes. A prettier picture in that eastern land one cannot imagine.

The work is carried on with very much the same routine as an English hospital, under the supervision of six English sisters, who divide the work. One is matron, another is night superintendent—a very trying-post in this warm climate—a third at the head of the male surgical division; a fourth at the head of the medical section; another takes charge of the "Hareem," or division set apart for the women, who are kept quite separate, according to Egyptian custom, no men being allowed to pass through this quarter unless charged with important duties.

The floors are all of stone, which of course is admirable in summer; but as Arabs feel the slightest cold very acutely, stoves are placed in the passages. Petroleum lamps are used throughout the hospital when needed, with but two exceptions mentioned later on; but in reality very few lights are needed, as the Arabs get up at sunrise and go to bed at sundown, and no actual work is done after. Of course the night superintendent takes a light with her on her rounds.

The sisters' quarters used to be in the main building, merely shut off from the rest of the hospital by a curtain; but now a good house has been built for them facing the road, and almost touching the hospital.

The matron caters for all six, for which each pays a certain sum down.

The porters and boabs, or doorkeepers, are natives, and are chosen more on account of their age than their efficiency. The Hareem wards are large and airy, and at the end there is a small but complete dressing-room, which is both useful and necessary.

The head and directing spirit of the whole hospital is Dr. Milton, an extremely clever man, and it was his idea to have this room attached to the wards, as some surgical cases can only be properly dressed on a table, and here was one of polished wood. The patient is laid first on a stretcher, which is then placed on a trolley, and so without pain the sick person is brought from the bed to be dressed here, and in the same manner taken back.

There are no mattresses to the beds, as insect life is a great difficulty here. From the first war has been waged against it, now they use wire netting, and pink and white quilts, which are all changed once in twenty days and disinfected.

## THE CHILDREN'S TESTIMONY.

A TOUCHING story comes from Scotland. "Last November," says Mr. Johnson in *The Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society, "a boy, five years old, heard our agent, Mr. Wareham, preach in Austruther. He continually spoke about the sermon afterwards, saying: 'I must be a missionary when I grow up.' But his wish was not to be realised. In December he died of influenza, but just before the end, he said: 'I can't be a missionary now, but Mr. Warcham said a teacher could be kept for 10*l.* Mother, I want a teacher to preach to the heathen about Jesus, for me. I have 11*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* in the bank. You must send Mr. Wareham 10*l.* of it, and the rest spend for Bibles.' The 10*l.* has reached me, and is being applied to the support of a teacher in Cuddapah."

This incident recalls another one related by Mr. Holmes White, at the anniversary of the Religious Tract Society: "About twenty years ago I knew a lad who was in my class at a certain Sunday school—a puny lad, who stammered so badly that, though he was seventeen years old, he always had to be passed over whenever a verse or a chapter had to be read. A tradesman in the neighbourhood kindly gave him a place in his shop, and gave him some small wage, which he gave to his grandmother, with whom he lived. Every morning she gave him something to buy his breakfast with. Twelve months afterwards the boy fell sick and lay on a dying bed, and, while he was there, his grandmother, poking about his room, found a heap of tracts. She said, 'Where did you get these tracts?' He replied, 'I bought them.' 'How could you buy them?' 'I bought them out of the savings I made from my breakfast money.' 'And why did you do it?' 'Because,' he said, 'owing to my stammering I cannot speak for God, and I thought that by giving these tracts away I might do something for my Saviour.' A few days after that the lad died, and shortly after I heard that his self-sacrifice and the life that he had led had made such an impression on his grandmother that she too gave her heart to God."

PROFITLESS QUESTIONS.—A whole evening will be spent by brethren in discussing a question just about as valuable as the famous inquiry of the schoolmen, as to how many angels would be able to stand on the point of a single needle. After discussing it with some little temper, perhaps, and having prayed over it a good deal, too—though I wonder how they dare do so—the whole of it ends in a bag of wind or a bottle of smoke, and nothing else. Had that same time been spent in the visitation of the sick, and reclaiming the Arabs of our streets, the lifting up of the ruffianism and the blackguardism of London into something like decency, morality, and Christianity, it might have been much better. But there is very much rubbish, and I am very much afraid we all of us contribute to that rubbish heap a little. We have all some favourite notion, some conceit, some invention of our own, some addition to the Word, some subtraction from it, some impossible theory, some dogma or doctrine rather of our own inventing than of Bible teaching, and so there is very much rubbish, so that we cannot build the wall. Does not one feel inclined, full often, to say, "Oh, how I wish I could get at it—really get at it—get to doing something for God, and Christ, and the souls of men." Just let the dust cart come and clear the way. These very excellent works upon futurity, and profound books upon nothing—yet, let them go, beautifully written as they are, and let us plunge into the middle of affairs, and say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Spurgeon's Sermons.*

# SOME OF THE OLD WELSH PREACHERS.

BY D. DUFFORD HOOKE.

RHYS PRICHARD—WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WITH the Reformation, Welshmen seem to have lost the spirit of sacred song. The first who did much to recover it was RHYS PRICHARD, the vicar of Llandovery. At that time both the Welsh clergy and their congregations were in a terrible condition. Writing forty years after the martyrdom of Penry, "Vicar Prichard," as he was called, says it was difficult to decide whether the clergyman, the farmer, the labourer, the artisan, the bailiff, the judge, or the nobleman were the most daring in impiety. The picture which he drew of Wales in the early part of the sixteenth century, was of the saddest kind. He declared that not one in a hundred of his fellow-countrymen could read the Bible; that no copies of the Scriptures were to be found in the mansions of the rich, leave alone the cottages of the poor, and that religion was totally disregarded. Prichard's own career seems to bear proof of this. He owed his conversion to his goat. A frequenter of public houses, he was followed by his goat with all the fidelity of a faithful dog. One day in a drunken frolic with his companions, he compelled the goat to drink with him. The effect may be imagined. The drunken goat soon excited Prichard's sympathies by his sad condition, and subsequently convinced him of his sin, for never again would he follow his master into a public house. It led the young clergyman to think, to repent and to be saved. It is thought that during the reign of James I. he was probably the only evangelical preacher in the diocese of St. David's. Not only was he vicar of Llandovery, but chaplain to the earl of Essex, rector of Llanedi, prebendary of the collegiate church of Brecon, and subsequently chancellor of St. David's. He thus had unusual opportunities for preaching the gospel; multitudes flocked to hear him, so that not even the spacious cathedral of St. David's—in some respects the most beautiful in Great Britain—was large enough to contain the crowds which gathered and thus he often preached in the open air.

The need of some spiritual songs in which the people could give vent to their religious feelings came home to him. Edmund Prys—who is regarded as the link between Welsh hymnology and the Reformation period—had not then published his metrical version of the Psalms, in order, to quote his own words, "that the Welsh people might be enabled to praise God from their hearts." So Prichard turned the substance of his sermons into verse for the benefit of his parishioners, but they soon became the common property of the Welsh people, and thus constituted the first Welsh hymn-book. At first only

written copies were circulated; but in 1646, two years after his death, many of them were gathered into a volume, to which was given the title of "Y Seren Fore, neu Ganwyll y Cymry" ("The Morning Star; or, the Welshman's Candle.") Its publication marked the dawn of a new era in the religious life of Wales. "It is scarcely credible," says Canon Williams, "with what avidity and pleasure the work was received, read, and repeated, and, it may be said, sung by the people."

The Rev. Williams Evans, Vicar of Llanhaden, published, in 1815, a translation into English verse, under the title of "The Morning Star, or the divine poems of Mr. Rhys Prichard, formerly Vicar of Llandovery." Some extracts will probably interest those English readers to whom "The Welshman's Candle" has hitherto been an unknown book, giving as they do an insight into the condition of the Principality less than three centuries ago. Take the introductory "Epistle to the Reader," which follows the dedication of the book to the Earl of Essex.

The glory of the Lord!—my country's gain—  
The suit of friends—the poor's affecting strain—  
Caused me to print this little work of mine,  
For my compatriots of the Cambrian line.

Because they take in sermons no delight,  
But idle songs with eagerness recite,  
I, for their good, have thus employed my time,  
And put the doctrines, that ensue, in rhyme.

For as I saw fam'd Sal'sb'ry<sup>1</sup> labour'd stile  
Neglected by the unlearned of our isle,  
I therefore took a metro short and plain,  
Easy to read and easy to retain.

And this my book, "The Welshman's Candle" nam'd,  
Because, therein I've most sincerely aim'd  
Each ignorant and darkling mind to light,  
And taught him how to serve his God aright.

To give the unletter'd an assisting hand,  
Who, at the best, but little understand.  
These poems I composed with pleasing care,  
The rest, I ween, have better pastors far!

God grant the Welsh sufficient light to know  
And serve Him while they sojourn here below—  
God grant this "Candle," as it was design'd,  
May give unerring light e'en to the blind!

<sup>1</sup> A reference to William Salesbury, "the father of Welsh religious literature," who, in 1567 published translations of the Book of Common Prayer, and of the New Testament.

Here is a "Morning Hymn," penned nearly a century before Ken wrote—

"Awake my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stango of duty run."

O God, my safeguard and defence,  
My fort, in every exigence,  
Receive my thanks—Thou who did'st keep  
Me safe last night, whilst I did sleep!

A watch, around my head, each night  
Thou placest, when I'm conquered quite  
By sleep, and o'er me spreadst Thy wing,  
When I've forgot each earthly thing.

Thou givest me sweet ease and rest,  
And ev'ry night with them I'm blest,  
Whereby this feeble frame, O Lord!  
Is daily to its strength restor'd.

My gracious God does never close  
Or wink His eyes when I repose,  
But while I sleep within His arms,  
Secure He keeps me from all harms.

Oh, what a favour this!—that Thou  
The King of kings, should'st stoop so low  
As dust and ashes to regard,  
And unto man to be a guard!

The tithe can ne'er be paid by me  
Of all the thanks I owe to Thee,  
Good God, the truth I freely own—  
Was it but for this gift alone.

All glory, pow'r thanksgiving too,  
All praise, respect, and honour due,  
Let us unto the Godhead pay  
For His protection night and day.

In the fourth verse "wink" is evidently used in what is now an obsolete sense, namely to sleep. Chaucer thus uses it: "although I wake or wink."

Though an attached Conformist, Vicar Prichard was anxious for his fellow-countrymen to go anywhere to hear the Gospel if they found it not in their parish churches. So he bids them—

Quit thou the parish, town, and ground,  
Quit father, mother, friends, and kin,  
Quit house and home—if the sweet sound  
Of God's Word can't be heard within.

'Tis better in some cave to hide,  
And sometimes hear the Gospel there,  
Than in the richest vale reside,  
Where none can e'er the Gospel here.

The reference to the cave is evidently to bands of his fellow-countrymen who thus met for worship. Williams, of Pantycelyn, was the son of a deacon of a famous Carmarthenshire church which had to meet for a time in a cave because of the persecution to which its members were subjected.

Rhys Prichard died in December 1664, and is supposed by Anthony Wood to have been

buried in Llandinagad, the parish in which Llandovery is situated. Yet no one knows of his grave, for when in 1682, the learned Dr. Bull, Bishop of St. David's wished to be buried by his side, his resting-place could not be found. His poems are his monument. To this day they are said to be, "a source of unspeakable comfort to young and old, rich and poor, in every house, and on every hearth, wherever exists a Welshman's spirit, or wherever beats a Welshman's heart."

Among the poet-preachers of Wales, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, of Pantycelyn stands pre-eminent. His days were spent amid scenes dear to Rhys Prichard, and which were illuminated by his presence. The road along which he passed to school was often trodden by the Vicar of Llandovery, and sights which inspired one, could not but have been suggestive to the muse of the other.

What Isaac Watts and John Wesley did for English hymnology, Williams did for Wales. An edition of his works which was published in 1758 contained upwards of eight hundred hymns, to which some sixty others have since been added. As "Glanffwrdd," the late Vicar-Choral of St. Asaph and a recognised authority on Welsh hymnology, admits, it is a matter of history that his sacred songs and hymns did more than any thing else to arouse the people, and create a taste for reading in all parts of Wales. They were a great factor in the spiritual education of the Welsh people. Many who could not read them, soon learnt them, and thus they lingered in the hearts and memories of thousands. As the author of the "Sweet Singers of Wales" truly remarks, the hymns of Williams "have both stirred and soothed a whole nation for more than a hundred years; they have helped to fashion a nation's character, and to deepen a nation's piety. They have been sung by the shepherd on the moor and on the mountain, in the midst of romantic solitudes; or by the smith to the accompaniment of his ringing anvil; or by the miner in the weird halls of buried forest underneath the ground. . . . The mother hums one of his tender musings above the cradle of her child, surrounding its soft-winged slumbers with the praises of Him whose 'very name is music.' The funeral procession takes up one of his strains of sorrow touched with hope, and sings it when accompanying the dead to the lonely home, sings it musingly, measuredly moaningly." Few sights are more impressive than a Welsh funeral, with its long line of mourners singing one of these plaintive songs.

William Williams owed his conversion to Howell Harris, the Welsh Reformer, whom some have called "the Luther of Wales," and others "the Elijah of the Principality." The story of his conversion is briefly this, Harris who at Oxford had come under that influence which lingered even though the Wesleys had left, determined on his return to the Principality to give himself to evangelistic work. One of his contemporaries says, he "began to go out in Breconshire to exhort his neighbours concerning the interests of their souls. He soon grew in

gifts and knowledge, and went to other counties. Vast numbers of young people and others in Wales were then quite irreligious. . . . When Mr. Harris began to traverse the country, he thundered most awfully against cursers, swearers, drunkards, fighters, liars, Sabbath-breakers, etc., and, as it were, scattered sparks of the fire of hell among them. He would exhort in dwelling-houses, fields, and wherever he could get people together to hear him; as Mr. Walter Craddock, Mr. Vavasor Powell, and others had done in Wales a hundred years before. But this was quite a new thing in our days, and its novelty attracted large multitudes to hear."

The news of this earnest preacher reached William Williams, who was then studying at Hay with a view to entering the medical profession. Harris was to preach, in virtue of the freehold of his father's grave, from the tombstone, in the church, and at Talgarth after the usual Sunday morning service. There is no record of the sermon, but it made a deep impression on Williams, who, in after years wrote.—"It was a morning which I shall always remember, for it was then that I heard the voice from heaven; I was apprehended as if by a warrant from on high." So his career in life was changed. He ceased to be a medical student, and became a minister, being ordained in 1740 by the then Bishop of St. David's. Three years later he was deprived of his licence, for no less than nineteen charges had been brought against him. It was alleged that he sometimes preached in unconsecrated spots, and that his whole career was marked by irregular zeal. So he joined the band of Methodist preachers, became the poet-preacher of Wales, and wrote the songs which, for more than a hundred years, have comforted the living and cheered the dying.

To English readers Williams is best known as the author of the hymn beginning with, "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah." This was first translated in 1773, and published as a leaflet with the following heading—"A favourite Hymn sung by Lady Huntingdon's Young Collegians.<sup>1</sup> Printed by the desire of many Christian friends. Lord, give it Thy blessing." The English translation has always been felt by Welshmen to be very inadequate. The form in which it is at present used is said to be due to the amendments of Keble. The following new translation, kindly supplied by the Rev. Henry Oliver, will be read

with interest, and possibly may find its way into general use—

Pilgrim through this barren desert,  
Seeking home and fatherland,  
Guide me, Lord, through every danger,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
Power Almighty,  
Can alone sustain my soul.

Let the fiery pillar's brightness,  
Through the desert lead my way,  
And the cloud with shadow soften,  
Rocky steep and glare of day.  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow,  
Spreading verdure as they travel,  
And refreshing gifts bestow;  
Pure enjoyment,  
Love's o'erflow in streams of grace.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Meet death's terrors face to face  
(Thou Thyself has felt its sharpness),  
O sustain me by Thy Grace.  
Songs of Victory,  
Let me sing in death's cold stream.

Long and wide is Thy dominion,  
In Thy love I put my trust;  
Death and hell, and Satan's power  
Thou has levelled with the dust,  
Calvary's triumph,  
Be for e'er my strength and song.

Another hymn by Williams is almost as well known to English readers, though, of the two, more remarkable, namely his *Missionary Hymn*. Remarkable because it was written in 1759, before any Missionary Society had been formed. On its surface it amply shows that a "general feature of Welsh hymns is their picturesqueness. Almost every verse is a transcript from nature—spiritualised and illuminated." The hymn, which, by the way, has been strangely omitted from one or two recently published Hymnals, gives its own history. Williams, who was staying near the Prescelly Hills, rose one morning, before the sun. As the day broke, he saw the mountain ranges dark and gloomy. But as he turned to the east, there was the day dawning with the promise of noontide glory. The following new translation, supplied by Mr. Oliver, will help the reader, even more than the old version, to realise these surroundings—

Through the gloom that shrouds the mountains,  
Calmly look, my soul and gaze;  
All Thy troubles are but birth-pangs,  
Of the promised day of grace.  
Blessed Jub'lee,  
Let my eyes behold Thy dawn!

Let the barbarous tribes of India,  
Let the dusky negro see,  
And in wonder hail the conquest,  
Once obtained on Calvary.  
Shout the Victory  
To the world's remotest bounds!

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Huntingdon founded a College in 1768 at Trevecca. It was removed in 1792 to Cheshunt. The opening sermon was preached by George Whitfield, and among the tutors was Rev. John Williams, a son of the poet. His students included William Roby of Manchester. Augustus Toplady, author of the "Rock of Ages," has left an interesting record of the proceedings at the ninth anniversary, when he was one of the preachers. He says "the congregation was so large that the chapel would not have contained a fourth part of the people, who were supposed to amount to three thousand." Evidently most of them came on horseback, for "no fewer than one thousand three hundred horses were turned into one large field adjoining the college, besides what were stationed in the neighbouring villages. A scaffold was erected at one end of the college court, on which a book-stand was placed, and then six or seven of us preached, successively, to one of the most attentive and lively congregations I ever beheld."

O'er the wide domains of darkness  
 Roll the mighty flood of light;  
 And from Eastern coast to Western,  
 Let the morning chase the night;  
 And Redemption  
 In its matchless love prevail.

Dawn at length, thou blessed morning,  
 On the realms of ancient night;  
 Let the golden trumpet's echoes  
 Put the banner'd foes to flight  
 O'er the borders  
 Of the Great Ismael's land.

Speed Thy course with lightning splendour,  
 Let Thy victories never cease,  
 Ever wider be Thy limits,  
 And thy glory still increase;  
 Thy dominion  
 Shall extend from sea to sea.

Lord Selborne, in his lecture on "Hymnody," alludes to Williams as being the author of "some of our sweetest hymns." In his Book of Praise he quotes, in addition to "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," two hymns beginning with "Beneath thy Cross I lay me down," and "Jesus lead me by Thy power." In a hymn-book, published in 1788, for use in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapels, and which remained in use until thirty, or thirty-five years ago, there were several others. Notably "Jesus is all my hope," "Jesus, whose Almighty sceptre," and "Lord, let my spirit dwell."

Until recently, Wales, though a land of hymns, was not a land of hymn books. My first visit to the Principality was about twenty-six years ago. I had occasion to spend a Sunday at Ruthin, in the Vale of Clwyd, where Mr. J. D. Jones, to whom Wales is so much indebted for its service of praise, then resided. I was greatly struck by the fact that though I saw almost the whole of a congregation without hymn books, yet I heard

congregational singing of the heartiest character. The fact was the people knew the hymns by heart, and, save the preacher, the choir, and those who occupied the "big pew," few thought of securing a hymn-book. In this sense the poet-preachers of Wales did more for their country than Watts and Wesley did for England, because, committed to memory, the verses had a greater influence on the hearts and thus on the lives of the people, than was possible if only sung from the printed page. True, this limited the selection of hymns to a comparatively small number, but far better to know a few good hymns so well that they become a part of our spiritual life, than have a mere smattering of many. Written more than a century ago, the hymns of Williams of Pantycelyn, exercise a powerful influence on the religious life of Wales to-day. Now that each denomination has its own Welsh hymn-book, it will be found that in every case more hymns are quoted from the works of Williams than from those of any other author.

The poet, who was born in the year 1717, at Cefucoed, near Llandovery, died on 11th January 1791. Eleven days before he passed away he wrote to Mr. Charles at Bala:—"I have but little hope that I shall be able to go out much more, if at all again, for I am even seventy-three years old. But think what a disappointment it must be to one who used to travel 3000 miles yearly, during 50 years, and is now not able to move any more than about 40 feet in a day—that is from the fire to the bed! But thus my Lord would deal with me, and it is good."

Williams was buried in Llanfair-ar-y-Bryn churchyard, in the Vale of Towy, where an inscription tells how

He awaits the coming of the Morning  
 Star which shall usher in the glories  
 Of the first Resurrection.

## ENDING IN SMOKE.



He was not christened Chuffy, but he always went by that name. He lived with his grandmother in one of the small houses by the canal; and until he struck up a friendship with Mick Brown, was as happy as the days were long. Why not?

His time of life—eleven years old last birthday—is one generally associated with lightness of heart; he had enough to eat; plenty of fresh air; his garments, if not exactly the latest cut, were clean and serviceable; and his granny, a most estimable old lady who took in

washing, thought a great deal of her boy, and looked after him like a mother.

Chuffy in return loved her sincerely, and respected her too; for granny, remembering Solomon's maxim about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, kept a cane for the purpose of discipline, and was stout-hearted enough to use it effectively when occasion required. But this was not often. Generally speaking, Chuffy, as she proudly remarked, was good as gold, and getting so handy at carrying the clothes to and fro that she didn't know what she would do without him.

It was only at odd times—the dinner hour or on half holidays—that he carried home the clothes; his professional duties were not allowed to interfere with his schooling, for Chuffy was a "scholar," to quote granny again, and prosecuted his studies with much ardour at the village school where he hoped to gain a prize at midsummer, not only for sums, which he had a wonderful head for, but also for punctuality. The vicar's wife had promised an illustrated "Pilgrim's Progress" to every boy who should be neither late nor absent during the whole term; and, so far,

Chuffy had faithfully fulfilled these conditions, with some help from granny, whose occasional "hurry up, my lad," when he lingered too long over his second helping of pudding, or forgot time over his new rabbit-hutch, really ought to have entitled her to half the prize.

For Chuffy was thoughtless. Well-meaning enough; you could not look on his frank, sunburnt face and doubt that; but thoughtless certainly; and apt to think too highly of any one with a little bit of bounce.

That is why Mick's friendship did him no good. Mick had a great deal of bounce; and Chuffy, without stopping to test the worth of his pretensions, believed in him at once, and felt quite proud to be the chosen companion of such a hero.

He had to keep quiet on the subject at home though, for granny could not be brought to see it at all in the same light. To her this new friend was simply an idle young scapegrace, who if he did not mend his ways would come to

"Sorry I haven't one to offer you!" said he, grandly, between the puffs.

Chuffy was not sorry at all, but he didn't say so. It would never do to own he had never smoked, when Mick, who, in spite of his thirteen years, was smaller than he, could manage it quite easily. I forgot to say that for a hero Mick was very puny, being pale-faced and stunted in growth; perhaps the tobacco had something to do with it. Chuffy could not stay long, he had still some distance to go; but he put down his basket for a chat of five minutes or so. He refused, rather shamefacedly, the generous offer of a few puffs from the cigar; and was relieved when Mick replied in his patronising manner, "Well, you're right; you can't get the flavour that way." Foolish Chuffy felt elated to find he had unconsciously said the right thing. On the spur of the moment, and anxious not to lose ground, he warmly received Mick's promise to give him a cigar on



HE, TOO, STRUCK A MATCH AND LIGHTED UP.

no good. Other people shared granny's opinion; people who might fairly be supposed to know more than the little boy, who persisted in thinking they were all unaccountably mistaken. Yes, this was it, Chuffy felt sure; they were mistaken. Why, some of the very things they most blamed in Mick, really made him, according to Chuffy, more worthy of admiration.

So he continued to enjoy Mick's society whenever and wherever he could get it. The when often occurred during the journeys with the clothes; the where was generally some quiet out-of-the-way corner in which he would suddenly come upon Mick, kicking his heels together with the lordly air of one whose time is at his own disposal; or perhaps engaged in the useful occupation of whittling a stick. Once he had actually a cigar in his mouth—none of your brown sugar imitations, artfully tipped with gold leaf for the lighted end; Chuffy himself had bought these before now, and smoked, or rather sucked them with much relish; but a real cigar from which, on his friend's approach, he puffed out such a cloud of smoke that Chuffy's blue eyes, opened wide in admiring awe, blinked again.

the first opportunity. "I know it aint easy for you to get 'em," remarked that young gentleman, considerably. "And it's hard lines on a sensible chap who knows what's good." Here Mick indulged in a quiet wink, which Chuffy did not see, as he was getting the basket on his head, preparatory to moving off.

"You won't come on a bit?"

"Catch me at it!" returned Mick, politely. "I'm not tied to an old woman's apron-strings, and it's broiling enough in the shade, let alone pounding along in the sun." He stretched himself lazily on the grass as he spoke, and tilted his ragged cap over his eyes. Chuffy, tall and strong and comfortably clothed, actually looked at this idle, untidy whippersnapper with something like envy; he seemed so free and independent—so manly! Chuffy had yet to learn that true manliness is very far removed from boasting talk, and slang, and the apeing of other people's manners and habits.

He trudged on discontentedly. Really this bright June morning was too hot for work. It wanted but a week to Midsummer. He had been counting the days with consider-

able glee just before that meeting with Mick; wondering what his "Pilgrim's Progress"—he already looked upon it as his, he was hardly likely to lose it in a week—would be like; thinking how granny would enjoy hearing him read it aloud, while she did her clear-starching or her ironing. Now he began to question whether Mick might not consider this a tame way of spending time. Perhaps it was rather beneath a young fellow who, if he did not exactly smoke, had at all events been offered a cigar. And why shouldn't he smoke? Chuffy pulled a rush from the way-side, and placing it between his lips, gravely went through much expressive pantomime. He wondered whether the real thing was difficult; he felt it would be wiser to let it alone. Well, Mick might forget all about his promise; but if he didn't—at this point Chuffy threw away his rush and his scruples, and hastened home.

And the very next day there was Mick awaiting him under the convenient shadow of a blank wall. Mick—triumphantly displaying two rolls of strong smelling tobacco; one for himself, one for his friend. Chuffy flushed up guiltily as the gift reached his hand. He set down his empty basket—he was on the way back to dinner—and muttered something about being too near home; but Mick laughed fear to scorn. And then to see how coolly he struck a match, and puffed away like an old smoker! Why, that disreputable father of his, who spent most of his time and money in the public house, could not do it better! Chuffy's ambition was fired immediately by the sight of Mick with his hands thrust in his pockets, his elbows stuck out, and his shabby jacket thrown magnificently back. He felt sure in his heart of hearts that the cigar would prove intolerably nasty; the smoke from Mick's already gave him a tickling cough; but native pluck came to his aid—was he not British born—and he too struck a match and lighted up.

It was nice—oh! very nice. "Draws well, don't it?" said Mick. Even as Chuffy had before grown red with excitement, so he now turned pale—with pleasure of course. Soon several new and bewildering sensations began to occupy him, or he might have seen little Stephen Porter peeping round the corner. There was a mischievous grin on Steevy's face as he made full speed for the cottage at the end of the row.

"Please, Mrs. Robins, your boy's a smoking along with Mick Brown round by the waste ground."

It was such a shock that granny scorched the frill of old Mrs. Lynn's best night cap, which she happened to be goffer. "Smoking! the young rascal!" Then not stopping to put on her bonnet, nor even to turn down her sleeves, she just laid hold of her trusty switch and sallied forth, swooping down on the culprit almost as quickly as nimble Steevy could have done. But the uplifted cane fell harmlessly enough; granny had not the heart to strike such a woebegone object. Chuffy was very pale; he looked as if he were going to be sick; he also appeared to find some difficulty in standing; and on his grandmother's appearance, no other seat being near, subsided suddenly into the empty clothes-basket; from which haven of refuge he feebly informed her that he didn't feel very well.

"Humph! so it seems!" said granny, looking about for help in this dilemma. Mick had prudently made himself scarce; but Steevy's big brother, passing by to his work, good-naturedly lent a hand; and between them poor Chuffy was carried ignominiously home.

How kind granny was! How she bathed his forehead; and soothed the throes which made his life a burden for the next half hour. Even in the midst of his discomfort he could not help remorsefully recalling the unworthy thoughts of yesterday and to-day. Tied to an old woman's apron string indeed! It was lucky for him he had got her to look

after him; and to whom did he owe his respectable bringing up, and comfortable home, if not to her? Something of this he dimly felt as well as his swimming head would let him. Then came another recollection. "Oh! granny, it must be ever so late—I've lost the prize!" "Not a doubt of it!" said granny. "There's no more school for you to-day; and as for the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that you were going to read so fine to me," her eye fell on the unlucky night cap, and she could not resist adding, "that's all ended in smoke, my boy."

"They've come!" put in the irrepressible Steevy, who had volunteered to sit by Chuffy, while granny went to make peace with the owner of the night-cap. "The prizes have come; I saw 'em being unpacked in the school-house. Ain't they lovely, all green and gold!"

Chuffy groaned; it was the last straw.

In the evening the schoolmaster looked in, quite concerned at the failure of one of his best pupils. He and Chuffy had a long talk, sitting in the porch; how delicious was the scent of the roses after that tobacco!

"I shall never smoke again, even when I am a man," announced Chuffy with conviction.

"Well, lad, no doubt you'll be better off if you have the courage to stick to that resolution," said the schoolmaster.

"Courage!" repeated Chuffy, "why, the courage is wanted to begin, it seems to me."

The schoolmaster smiled, and shook his head. "Not the courage I mean. That was the mistake you made to-day, Chuffy. You see you were very anxious to appear knowing and manly; and terribly afraid of Mick's opinion—of Mick's opinion," repeated the schoolmaster contemptuously, while Chuffy felt himself growing a bright scarlet up to the very roots of his hair, "and therefore you ventured to act on the sly as you dared not act at home. I don't see much bravery in that, do you?"

"No!" said Chuffy, humbly.

"Cheer up, lad!" said his friend. "There is a nobler courage which, please God, shall make a man of you yet. It is the courage to do nothing which you would be ashamed your friends should know. Ask that good grandmother of yours whether her favourite Solomon does not say 'The folly of fools is deceit.'"

Then the schoolmaster said good night; and Chuffy sat a little longer in the porch, and presently went to bed, seeing his adventure in its true light, and wondering how he could have been so stupid.

To day he is the proud possessor of a beautiful "Pilgrim's Progress," but he had to wait another half year before he got it; and he seldom turns its pages without remembering how his first attempt to gain the punctuality prize ended in smoke.

SYDNEY GREY.

#### ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE SCENE.

NO. 1.—p. 621.

The meeting of Elisha and Hazael, 2 Kings viii. 9-11; 2 Kings xii. 17, 18; Amos i. 4; 2 Kings iii. 11; xiii. 20, 21. 1 Kings xx. 16; 1 Sam. i. 14, 15; 2 Kings viii. 15; 2 Kings xiii. 20-24.

#### ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIX.—p. 621.—SIMON PETER.—Matt. xxvi. 70-74.

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|------|------------|----|---|---|----------------------------|
| 1. S | eri        | P. | . | . | Matt. x. 10.               |
| 2. I | sraelit    | E. | . | . | John i. 47.                |
| 3. M | ount Arara | T. | . | . | Gen. viii. 4.              |
| 4. O | bedicene   | E. | . | . | 1 Sam. xv. 22; Acts v. 29. |
| 5. N | icauo      | R. | . | . | Acts vi. 5.                |