

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

SEA-DREAMS.



WHAT IF THE HORIZON OF THE EARTH SET A LIMIT TO OUR ASPIRATIONS?

OUR village is less than thirty miles from London. On a clear dark night you can see the million fires of the monster city reflected on the horizon—a dull fierce glow that seems to challenge the calm stars. Not farther are we—more near indeed as the crow flies—from the sea. Those who have a fine nostril for scents tell you that in certain directions of the wind you can taste and smell the tonic quality of the brine; sea-gulls have been known in times of great stress and famine to seek our hospitality, sailor

sons have come back to us from foreign parts with treasures of coral and sea-weed and strange iridescent shells, and still stranger tales of adventure which sound like the inventions of a Baron Munchausen to such sober, stay-at-home folk as we are. For, incomprehensible as it may sound, there are old women, and men too, in our village who have never either visited London or gone to the sea, and, more wonderful still, in these restless inquisitive days, have never so much as set their eyes on a train. "No wonder,"

say our travelled friends, who love to poke fun at us, "since you are nine miles from civilisation—nine miles from everything, save a postago stamp!"

We bear the reproach with meekness, even with equanimity. To us those nine miles which divide us from the butcher and baker and candlestick maker, from everything, as our friends truly say, but one outgoing and incoming mail (a day late, by the way) are barriers and bulwarks shutting in much that we prize, shutting out a great deal that we should regret to admit. For in our little corner of green England old customs, old superstitions, habits of thought, so quickly dying out elsewhere before the march of progress still linger, survivals of a past that had its good points; here character and individuality have room for growth; we are not all cut out on one pattern, nor forced to clothe ourselves in the common wares of the slop-shop, nor to set our thoughts to the popular tune; we may even be a little eccentric without anybody thinking the worse of us.

Among the faces seen no more, for death finds us out even here, I recall that of old John Wilkins who, close upon a century ago, entered as gardener's lad upon a service which lasted through nearly three generations. How quaint were the stories and with what a shrewd twinkle of the eye he spoke of those long-gone days when the Squire, his master, and the stately Dame, the Squire's neighbour, carried on the traditions of a friendship that had had its beginnings further back than either of them could count. In especial, John's eyelids would wrinkle with satisfaction when he described how he had extinguished and utterly laid low an upstart "Lunnon lad" whom my lady had once incautiously employed, and who in his young zeal thought he had discovered in the Squire an unauthorized trespasser on his mistress's domain.

"There was never no fences in those days; old Squire and my lady were that convivial they would walk in each other's grounds and never a word. My lad, says I, to he, Squire he walk here through tradition. He don't walk here out of no felonious intent; he walk here out of hereditary 'abit, and the sooner you lays that up in your mind the better for you."

John was a travelled man for those days, and had seen the sea and the wild, bleak coast, and the spreading salt marshes where innumerable sea-birds bred undisturbed. But John—his language was always so delightfully condescending—"hadn't no great opinion of the sea," as being but an "onchancy" and unstable substitute for the stable earth in which it was his business to delve, and preferred the wind-rippled green cornland spread out under the wide spaces of sky. But his disappointment in the ocean (which, by the way, Charles Lamb not only shared but justified) was a standing ground of difference with his neighbour, Margaret Atkins. It had lasted them as a kind of mental recreation since they were lad and lass, and it did not fail them till Margaret died.

She was a very tall, very thin old woman, and she had an odd trick of drooping her chin and

holding her head on one side as if she would fain nature had been less liberal in the matter of inches, and her manner, though she had moments of great firmness, was correspondingly weak. She did not say much, but she gave you the impression that there was not much to say.

There had once, we were told, been a half-defined purpose of matrimony between the pair, but their deliberations and hesitations had lasted so long that death left them no time to make up their tardy minds. And no doubt the love that had been so lukewarm was better content with an honest if undemonstrative friendship.

Margaret's career seemed singularly eventless even in our uneventful world; when once you had learned that she had been born and bred in the village, and never gone more than a mile or two from it, that she had had a sister who spent her early youth in an "Oriental position" (to quote honest John once more) and who died of a disease which Margaret described as "gallopy disumption," you seem to have mastered her history; but by-and-by, almost by accident, one discovered that a vein of romance underlay this matter-of-fact exterior. The longing of Margaret's life had been to see the sea. Easily accomplished, surely, since it breaks upon our shores but thirty miles off, but it never was. Those thirty miles to her untravelled habit were more than three hundred to you and me, or perhaps, like her dream of matrimony, she kept it as a purpose to give colour to life, a hope not to be too lightly realised. Yet though she had never looked upon its waters she could not forgive John for trying to tarnish the picture fancy had created. She had learned, when no longer young, to read in a laborious fashion, spelling out the hard words letter by letter, an accomplishment by no means shared by all her contemporaries, and only acquired by her after long pondering and deliberation. For Margaret had rather narrow views upon the question of mental culture; she held that no one in her own order was justified in becoming a "scholar," unless he spent his learning on the study of the Bible. She had no acquaintance with any other book, and she displayed a reluctance she did not seek to hide when, her sight beginning to fail, we offered to read passages from other works which we thought might interest or amuse her. She even seemed offended to think that we did not credit her with knowing her place and station in life; miscellaneous book-learning being in her eyes an exclusive privilege of the well-born, and she would deplore with a kind of feeble rigidity the presumptuous height to which Wilkin (it is our way in our village to drop the final s) had aspired in his pursuit of knowledge.

But the little she knew Margaret knew well. She could almost repeat the Bible by heart, and though she solved the difficulties of pronunciation in a manner all her own, the sacred words lost no dignity on her lips. It was from this inspired source she drew her ideas of the sea, and there was not a reference to it from Exodus to Acts she could not instantly quote. It was difficult to know how far she realised the

images it presented, for ours is a waterless region, and for miles we can show nothing more imposing than a duck-pond or a moat, but I can believe that her conception fell nothing short in grandeur of the original.

She specially delighted in those rhythmic passages in Job or the Psalms or Isaiah, where you seem to hear the thunder of the mighty waters, wave shouting to wave in a wild majesty of glee. The thousand isles, the vast continents it washes; leviathan cleaving his shining path through the hoary deep, and that mysterious dragon of the sea whose doom is sealed—out of elements such as these she wove her dream, and who could have the heart to shatter it?

John's contempt hurt her, not because it shook her faith, but because it seemed such perilous presumption to belittle the work of God's hand and the images He had inspired, but John was constitutionally incapable of sympathy in a matter such as this. He had no faculty for seeing anything but what his bodily eyes set forth before him, and the sea as he had seen it was but a sullen and leaden coloured expanse of useless salt water, before which he remained uninspired, if indeed, he did not regard it hostilely as an encroacher upon and an enemy of the earth.

It was not till she was growing old that an opportunity was given us to help Margaret to realise her dream. No persuasion of ours would have induced her to enter a train; for that new-fangled mode of locomotion she had nothing but severe disapproval, but since we had now our own carriage, was the enterprise impossible? Maps were consulted, routes conned; a midday halting-place decided on before we broke the matter to her, but then only did our difficulties begin. They seemed indeed insurmountable. The territory we conquered one day we lost the next; sometimes she disbelieved the sincerity of our purpose, another day she shrank before the presumption of the undertaking; never even in the remote past, when she and Wilkins "walked out" together, and there was that underlying matrimonial project in their minds, had any event so shaken and moved her. No sooner was one doubt or scruple slain than another started up in its place; surely a very Hydra this we had set out to slay! It was John who came to the rescue and finally turned the scale in our favour. His cynic certainty that she would be disenchanted, as he had been, stung her to the quick. To prove him for ever in the wrong she would brave the perils of the journey, of a night in a strange bed. My coadjutor in this little affair came home triumphant from a late visit to her cottage.

"Yes, she has yielded," he said, "so you may make all your preparations for the morning."

The details of the costume to be worn on this great occasion—she was a woman still, though no longer a young one—had all been discussed and settled long since, and there was little to do; but this pause after the battle with her hesitations gave room for the thought—were we, after all, doing her a kindness in helping her to embody

this beautiful sea-dream? Might she not ask more of us than we could give? If she should expect to see leviathan, or that great fish that swallowed the disobedient prophet—even if she should ask for a tempest when there was only a great calm? But though I do not think she would have been disappointed, for she had the idealising faculty John lacked, we were never, after all, to put the matter to the test.

Next morning, when we went to fetch her, she sat in her usual place at the window bonnetless, cloakless, her neat cap a little less carefully adjusted on her grey head than usual, her Bible unopened on her lap. The feeble spring of energy had died away in the night watches. She had no explanation to give as she looked up with lips that trembled, except that she could not go. She looked very old and worn and so agitated after her sleepless night that we did not press her any more.

"Maybe," she said in a timid whisper, laying her hand on the book, as we turned to leave her, "maybe Wilkins' right, and it's not what it was when this was wrote."

It was the first time in her life she had admitted the bare possibility of such an explanation, and it showed how much she had been disturbed; there could no longer be any doubt that it was kinder to leave fancy to weave its own spells.

But the excitement of these days had left its mark; she had lived too fast for her strength, and month by month she faded. She was not in the least unhappy or complaining; indeed, I think she was more at rest since she had made that great renunciation than she had been for years; and she still had her dream. Before winter she had taken to bed, the last stage for such as she upon her final journey.

We were with her often, and John, who was old now, too, did such tasks as he could for her, keeping the patch of grass in front of her window smooth for her. She did not care for flowers, but the greenness of the grass pleased her; it was what she had been used to, and she clung to the old and the accustomed.

Her Bible was still her chief study; but she turned now with new eagerness to those passages in the Revelation of St. John which describe the sea of heaven. Hitherto it had been for the ocean which girdles earth and performs its pure offices of ablution she had yearned, but she was done with that now, and with all mutable things; the world and the fashion thereof was passing away—the eternal drawing near.

She had had such timid difficulties as might occur to an untutored mind about the crystal sea which is spread before the throne, but if they had ever really troubled her, they troubled her no more. She was content to rest; so near to the last great mystery which shall explain all mysteries that from dreamlight to daylight seemed but a step.

Once we heard her saying—"a new heaven and a new earth, and no more sea," then, after a pause, "and the sea gave up the dead which were in it."

"Yes," he said, who sat by her bed, "for the sea here is for many but another word for sorrow. But yonder it will be a sea of life. Do

you remember, Margaret, to whom it is given to stand in praise before the throne?"

She smiled a fine, tender smile.

"They which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life; you and her," pointing to the sitter by the window, "and Wilkin—" she hesitated a moment, and then her face cleared into serenity, "and, by the grace of God, Margaret Atkins too."

It was for Wilkins she had the last word. We thought she was sleeping, but she must have heard his step as he carried a pail of water from the well.

"John," she said—I don't think she had ever called him that before, and for a minute he did not answer. Then he set down his load and came in heavily, his old face set and grim. Her voice was strangely clear, but she groped with her hand, and we knew then that she did not see him.

"The sea of glass before the great white throne," she said, "I'll see it the first of us two, but you'll come, you'll be sure to come?" Her long thin face was so strangely bright, I scarcely knew it; she was smiling as if something pleased her very much, she groped again with her fingers and I closed mine about them.

"Tell him—he'll not be disappointed then."

Poor old John, he missed her sorely, though he said little, he who had so many big words. We took him with us one summer to Margate, but he was so visibly unhappy and out of his element that we sent him back to the green flats, where he survived Margaret nearly twelve years. Latterly his fancies went out a little towards astronomy, for he was still "the most learnedest man next to parson," and had a reputation to keep up. It was a very superficial (I had almost said in his own words superfluous) smattering he acquired, and my own acquaint-

ance with the science went but little beyond his. But I remember this time because it drew from him the first mention of Margaret since she died.

We were discussing an article that had appeared in one of the magazines upon the physical structure of the planet Mars. He suddenly said—

"Do you believe in them seas and oceans in the stars?"

I told him that the probabilities were on the side of that theory.

"And the sky chokeful of them. Well"—he gave a long drawn sigh, "surely Margaret Atkins is satisfied now!"

But she was satisfied when she awoke.

I have sometimes thought there was a strain of pathos in poor Margaret's little story, but as I write of it here by the waves she never saw, it seems to me as if there were nothing to regret in it or else that I have told it amiss. For though she was just an illiterate old woman, limited, ignorant, poor, her vision of the unattainable remained with her to cheer rather than discourage; it was poetry, art, music to her, if it were illusion, at least she had not the grief of seeing it perish. And after all it is only the pain of disenchanted souls that we need pity, the bitterness of him who has dreamed a dream that debases, hinders, degrades. For in the matter of our ideals, at least, every man punishes or rewards himself. If the horizon of earth set a limit to our aspirations, *ne plus ultra* will meet us on every side.

O then to aim well and to aim high! Only by cherishing hopes that reach beyond the finite dare we take courage to rise after each disappointment, and girding ourselves up, go cheerfully forward to meet the promise.

A STORY OF WAITING.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS kept waiting for a few minutes in the drawing-room at Blandford Square. Looking round me with the curiosity of one who wishes to gain from surroundings some notions of the people connected with them, I experienced at once a sensation of pleasure and comfort. A well-furnished room, like a well-dressed person, impresses one favourably, without inviting analysis: neither is it so much that one is conscious of harmony as that one is unconscious of discord. Yet even while my artistic sense was being gratified by the charming whole, suddenly a jarring note was struck and immediately my attention was arrested by that to the exclusion of all else. Over the mantelpiece, in a most prominent position, was a large photograph in an ebony frame, depicting a group of about twenty men. But such men! There was scarcely

a face among the lot which was not remarkable by an absence of beauty in form or expression, or, I may say, by the presence of veritable and unredeemed ugliness. Scowling brows were there, cunning eyes, coarse, even repulsive features; humanity in its lowest type and least attractive form was represented in the picture which, interesting as it might be in itself, and from a certain point of view, seemed strangely out of place in the charming, dainty apartment—side by side moreover, as if to invite comparison, with a delicate etching of one of Rossetti's incomparable heads, and a severely beautiful study by a modern French artist.

I stood before it lost in wonderment, and, if I may use such a paradox, attracted by very repulsion, till I was roused by a voice at my side.

"Ah, you are looking at my brother's family, I see."

I turned round blushing, yet even in my confusion, struck by the strange words, and repeating them. "Your brother's family?"

"They do not make a pretty picture, I admit," went on the lady laughing, "but he is so fond of them all, he would have them there."

I glanced at the speaker in some surprise and concluded that this must be Miss Donaldson, the lady to whom I was to be companion. I saw a being very different in appearance from what I had imagined her, and suggesting anything but helplessness. She was short and rather stout, not pretty, but with the most radiant eyes I have ever seen in any human being. These eyes were the feature in the face, large, blue, long-lashed, and pure as those of a little child. The very last idea with which one would associate them was that of blindness. As if interpreting my unspoken thought she said:

"I cannot see you, my dear. Will you give me your hand."

She took it in a firm clasp and held it for a little while as she spoke.

"I expect you are wondering how I knew what you were doing when I came in. It is simple. You see I know the room so well and I could tell exactly where you were standing, and then I guessed of course just what would be likely to take your attention."

"But how could you tell what the picture was like?" I enquired involuntarily.

She laughed again. The laugh was as bright and childlike as the eyes.

"Why, I know all those men by description so thoroughly, that if I could see them I should be able to identify each by name. I couldn't mistake Crook at any rate, the one in the right hand corner with the broken nose. He is doing his five years now, poor thing. But we have hopes of Crook. When he reforms, he won't reform by halves. But here I am chattering and keeping you standing. We must have some tea, and then I will take you to your room."

She moved to one side and with an unerring hand sought the bell and rang it. Then she drew forward a seat for me. There was a quickness and certainty about her actions that was surprising.

"And those men?" I enquired.

"Thieves, most of them, past or present," said Miss Donaldson. "David is especially partial to thieves," she added so naively that I could not help laughing.

"Ah, I amuse you," she said, as if it had never occurred to her there was anything unusual in her statement.

"It seems a curious taste," I remarked.

Miss Donaldson did not answer for a second. And the happy eyes grew suddenly serious. Then she said rather abruptly:

"Yes, I suppose so. But I am so used to him you know," adding with another quick change of expression. "There is no one like him. He is the best and dearest creature in the world. . . . But you will find that out for yourself."

When she had conducted me to the bedroom

set apart for me and left me to change my dress, I had fully made up my mind that whatever else I might dread in the days to come I need have no fear of boredom. It was evident that both brother and sister were what the world calls eccentric, and to one born and bred among conventions and living amidst the most ordinary characters, this was in itself refreshing. For though years and trouble and widened sympathies have made me more tolerant of the dull and commonplace, I still retain a preference, less bigoted but no less determined than heretofore, for those who are called "different from the rest of the world."

I think that if I had come to people who did not interest me the loneliness would have been insupportable, for to be thrown back on one's own resources when anxious to escape from oneself is a thing not to be borne. I had fled from Babbie and the dear people who loved me, and the consolations they had to offer me, not because I wished to avoid them, but because they were all inseparable from me. I wanted, to use a colloquialism, "to be taken out of myself," and the only thing that could be capable of doing that would be genuine interest in others.

Miss Donaldson was awaiting me in the drawing-room. She enlightened me at my request, more fully than she had done in our correspondence, as to what my duties would be. The chief it appeared, would be to read to her. She was a great reader, liked to keep herself abreast of the times, and occasionally did a little reviewing. She had educated a young girl to meet her needs, even teaching her French and German, being herself proficient in both languages, but when the pupil had become thoroughly useful she had married. It was my place to fill the gap. I was also, when required, to do a little correspondence for Mr. Donaldson, and to become, as Miss Donaldson expressed it, their "adjunct."

Suddenly, in the midst of our conversation, and before I had even caught any sound of footsteps she sprang up, her face illuminated with joy.

"There's David," she exclaimed, and moved towards the door. No young wife could have been more unfeignedly delighted at the return of her husband than this elderly woman at the advent of the brother from whom she had parted but a few hours back. Her love for him, as I learned subsequently, was quite remarkable in its intensity; and, indeed, she confessed to me when we became more intimate, that before her blindness she had had opportunities of marriage, but she had rejected them because she could not live apart from him. "And, indeed, my dear," she remarked, "I could not make any change that was not for the worse."

The object of all this enthusiasm stood before me. I saw a man, not much above the middle height, clean-shaven, and with a face which although it was not handsome, was yet without the distinction of real ugliness; no one more unremarkable could I have imagined. That was my first, superficial impression; but it was only momentary, for scarcely had I time to

formulate in thought the disappointment I felt, at this utter ordinariness, when that disappointment was swept away and the cause of it removed.

Perhaps you will smile at what may seem the exaggerated sentimentality of a girl, but I am in sober earnest, when I say that, as my eyes met his I lost sight of the mere case of the man, because I saw his soul. The eyes, small and deep set though they were, mirrored such absolute beauty of inward being, that the whole man grew beautiful. No one has ever produced on me instantaneously such a feeling of implicit faith. There was a tender, questioning, seeking look in Mr. Donaldson's eyes, that seemed to draw one's being out towards his, that rebuked one's unworthiness, yet healed with its pity the wound its own purity inflicted. The power which the God-Man exercised, God's Spirit in man can exercise now, in a degree proportionate to His indwelling; how else, can we account for the fact that it is ever the highest nature which touches the lowest?

This man was nearly three times my age, and a stranger to me, yet I was sure at once that there was nothing I could say which he would not understand, nay, that he understood me as I stood there, and knew even before he had released the hand which he held in his close, friendly grasp, that I had loved and suffered, and was very desolate, and had not found God.

And it seemed to me that there was a recognition of this, a hidden meaning in the commonplace words he said:

"I am very glad you have come to us."

"I am glad too," I answered.

Indeed his very presence seemed to make me stronger; perhaps for the physical reason that there was something magnetic, vital about his personality which I have heard others say stimulated them, even as it then and invariably stimulated me.

"We shall work you very hard, Miss Molyneux," he said, when we were seated at dinner.

"I am prepared to work," I answered, "I want to. I have led a very lazy life hitherto."

"So you have plenty of power stored up. That is right. But you mustn't let us impose on your good-will, for I have a terrible knack of believing everyone as strong as I am myself, and as to my sister there, she is a regular tyrant."

"She doesn't look very tyrannical." I could not help saying, for Miss Donaldson was simply beaming with kindness.

"Oh, you don't know her yet. She'll make you take elocution lessons before she will let you read to her, and she'll send you to all available picture-galleries, so that you can come home and describe the pictures to her, won't you, Janet? And if there is anything beautiful to be seen anywhere in this town of London, nothing will satisfy her, but that you lend her your eyes for the occasion."

"It's very good training for you," said Miss Janet as apologetically as if the programme had not been a charming one, and the whole thing an excuse for making me enjoy myself, "I do like to be told about what goes on, and you'll be so

desirous of explaining accurately, that you'll find it will improve your conversational powers."

And so it did. I learnt through the desire of conveying an exact impression to another, to depict more graphically than I should otherwise have done what I had seen myself.

"And what will you do that will try my strength so very much?" I asked turning to Mr. Donaldson.

He smiled.

"Perhaps I shan't make any claims on you. Certainly I shall not unless you desire it."

"I am sure I shall desire it."

He regarded me enquiringly yet with infinite kindness.

"You are very young and very beautiful," he said; then, gently, "and I don't think you could do more fitting work than to bring youth and joy, and light and brightness into the lives of others. I should like you to go with me sometimes to those who are in the darkness, and perhaps there are some unhappy sisters of yours, poor and ignorant, to whom it would be a revelation to see what God meant a woman to be."

There was such a reverential tenderness in his tone that my eyes filled with tears.

"Oh," I said, "you only see my face. You do not know me. I wish you could see my sister, Barbara," I added impulsively. "She is much nearer the ideal woman than ever I shall be."

"What is she like?" enquired Miss Janet at once, using the eager formula with which I became before long so well acquainted.

And so I made my first attempt at word-painting, and if I succeeded in conveying a true impression of Barbara, it was due less to my skill, though that was strengthened by love, than to the fact that my audience consisted of two people especially capable of realising, and appreciating through the force of sympathy, how pure and loveable and sweet a girl my little sister was.

"I should like to know her," said Miss Janet, when I paused.

And Mr. Donaldson made a remark which pleased me.

"She must be very dear to God," he said.

Somehow Barbara gave that thought to one, like the child of whom Mrs. Browning wrote—

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"

Aye, and always, in good sooth,

We may all be sure He doth.

Yet he was the first who had expressed it, and that without seeing her.

"Well," he said rising, "I must be off, Janet, if Miss Molyneux will excuse me."

"So soon, David?"

"Yes, but I will be back as early as I can. I must spend an hour with Macnorrie; he'll be having one of his fits of melancholy if he is left alone; and then I shall look in at the club. I daresay I shall see you both again, but don't keep your "eyes" up too late. I expect she is tired after her journey."

Mr. Donaldson was a philanthropist in the truest sense of the word. Some so-called philanthropists make charity a stopping-stone to their

own advancement, but he out of pure love offered his time, his money, his interests, himself, to God and his fellow-men.

In Lisson Grove, in Chapel Street, in the dreary purlieus of the Edgware Road he passed his days and sometimes his nights. There are unsuspected haunts of vice and poverty in this neighbourhood, worse, I have been told, than in any other part of London, not excepting the East End, and here Mr. Donaldson was a familiar figure. He penetrated into parts even where the police would hardly have ventured, and he had a way of getting hold of people who would have fought shy of a clergyman, regarding with suspicion the very garb of the "parson."

He made friends with everybody, and all sorts of curious and disreputable characters used to call at Blandford Square, asking for the "old man," or the "old guv'nor," as he was called without the slightest intention of disrespect. I have seen little dirty children playing in the streets, to which they had wandered from their homes in the slums, suddenly stop, and run after him crying in shy delight: "Hullo, old guv'nor;" and he would turn round and greet them in return, smiling upon them with the genuine pleasure of one who meets a valued friend.

But they were his friends, every one of them, waifs and strays, boys, girls, men and women, old and young, whosoever in short had need of him, only he had predilections in a certain direction. As Miss Donaldson had said; he was "especially partial to thieves."

It was a strange partiality, founded perhaps on the attraction of opposites, for a more guileless creature than himself it would be impossible to imagine. Yet he was versed in the thieves' slang, he was acquainted with their methods, and I have known him, in reading an account of a theft, say, laying down the paper: "I can recognise Tom Bing's hand in this," or, "I'm much mistaken if Jim Crinders hasn't been mixed up in this affair." And he could have given the detectives many a hint if they had come to him. But he was less anxious to deliver men up to justice than to turn them from their evil ways. He never lost sight of a man he had become interested in: would visit him in prison, try and help him to honest work when he came out, and, if he relapsed, neither lost heart nor patience. "It's all a question of waiting," he would say. He had a club for men, established and maintained entirely by his own exertions. There were only two rules, that every member should wash his face and hands before presenting himself, and that he should abstain from swearing one day in seven. "That's for a beginning," the founder would explain in telling any one of it. "By-and-by they will recognise the possibility of doing without expletives altogether," and he would point out with pride the two-day men, and one even who only allowed himself the luxury of oaths on Saturday afternoons "just as a let off." This club was his especial pride, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to take a dozen picked members, or, when possible, a larger contingent, to spend the day in the country and give them a good meal in the open air. It was on one of

these occasions that a friend of his had accompanied them and taken the photograph of which I have made mention. Once I heard a funny story in connection with this friend, who is a very eminent man and a member of Parliament. He was standing at the corner of Bond Street waiting to cross the road, when two doubtful-looking characters came up and one sheepishly touched his hat. His companion said: "Do you know that toff?" "Do I know him?" Mr. Donaldson's friend heard him answer, "Rather! He comes to my club."

Ladies were not admitted to the club, so that I never had any opportunity of seeing it, except on one special occasion, when the members gave a social evening to which I was invited; but they were a little subdued by our presence so that I did not see them to the best advantage as far as studying them went. The only incident impressed on my mind is that a lady, who happened to be wearing some handsome rings, said to Mr. Donaldson:

"It was foolish of me not to take off these," pointing to her diamonds. "They must be a temptation to some of these men."

"Madam," he said gravely, "they remember that you are their guest."

During my first evening Miss Janet told me many stories about her brother and his work. I have forgotten most of them now, but I have not forgotten the restful feeling with which I parted from her at bedtime, conscious that there was someone strong and brave and gentle in the world, who, if he could not take from me the heavy cross which pressed upon me, would yet, perhaps, show me how I might carry it in such a manner that it would not crush me and deaden my energies by the pain it caused, but leave me power to work, and freedom to lend a hand to some weary, stumbling creature, who was climbing up the stony way with a weight of sin drawing him backwards. For I think sometimes God leads certain of His children away from happiness and the desire to play, for this very reason, that they may stretch out their cross to some sinful, sorrowful soul and draw him nearer heaven. And, when in gratitude he praises this cross which helped him, the bearers may point to that greater Cross of which theirs is but a symbol, and to One of whose love and suffering and pity theirs is but a feeble reflection, even as their shining is but a ray caught from the Light which lights the world.

"Will you know your room?" asked Miss Janet as she bade me good-night.

She was going to sit up for her brother who was delayed longer than he had expected.

"Oh, yes," I answered, with an assurance I was far from feeling.

"You will find the gas alight," she said. "And if you want anything you have only to ring."

I went upstairs rather thoughtfully and not noticing particularly how many flights I passed, until I came to a door which I imagined was that of my room. It was ajar, so I pushed it open and went in. Although it was scarcely autumn, yet a fire was burning brightly and cheerfully, and the gas, as Miss Janet had said,

was lighted. The light fell on the whitest and freshest of bed-clothes, it shone on the rich mahogany furniture, and made the silver-mounted brushes and cut-glass bottles on the toilet-table sparkle and glisten. On a little table by the bed was a large bowl of hot-house flowers.

I saw then I had made a mistake, for though my room was pretty and dainty enough, it had no pretensions to luxury. As I was leaving the apartment, which I could not help reflecting was in contrast to what I had seen of the rest of the house (for though everything was artistic it was almost remarkably simple and by no means conveyed an impression of grandeur), I encountered

one of the servants who was coming down the stairs.

"I have gone into the wrong room," I said, guiltily.

"Yes, miss, that is the spare room," she responded, leading the way upstairs to my own.

"Is someone coming to stay here?" I asked, with unbecoming curiosity.

"No, miss."

I wondered at the elaborate preparations, but resisted the desire to ask the question which rose to my lips. Perhaps, I thought, it was my new friends' peculiarity to keep a room always ready for possible guests.

NEUCHÂTEL.



LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL.

TO the traveller in Switzerland who has some leisure time before him, there can be no more agreeable entrance into that charming country for a stay in it than by the high table-land of Pontarlier through the Val de Travers, with its dark pine forests, to that most delightful canton Neuchâtel. It is no wonder that the King of Prussia bitterly lamented the loss, in the revolutionary year 1848, of his sovereignty over that brilliant little appanage of the royalty of Brandenburg. But the fire of independence could

not be quenched, and Neuchâtel, unresisted, for Prussia would not strike a blow against her beloved rebel, became a member of the Swiss confederation.

Issuing from the Val de Travers, the lofty Alps of Fribourg and Berne are seen towering on the horizon at a distance of ninety miles, hiding the Valaisan and the Grisons Alps from view, though Mont Blanc itself, the sovereign of the giant Alps, is not, and cannot be hid.

The distant view of those majestic domes and towering *aiguilles* offers a quiet anticipation of a more tumultuous rapture to come, for him who loves rightly to read the great book of Nature as the handiwork of Him who made all these things for His glory. In the meantime we may revel in peace amongst the lower altitudes of the Jura, darkly clothed down to the very feet in the solemn silence of their fragrant pine forests, whose lofty and crowded columns ascend heavenward like the clustered pillars of some vast cathedral. Indeed, viewing these sombre woods in the early hours of morning, our favourite time for forest walks, when the subdued and slanting rays of the rising sun could pierce them only with difficulty, they glowed with a soft and variegated light resembling that which pours into the vast spaces of some solemn

temple, through its lofty foliated windows gemmed with all the glowing hues of precious stones.

The Val de Travers strikes one on a first visit with a pleasurable amazement. It is a green and fertile valley, ten miles in length, watered by the sweet Areuse, and almost crowded with trim compact towns and villages clustered together at every mile, where in cottages and in *fabriques* are manufactured the separate parts of the so-called Geneva watches, together with the delicate machinery used in their construction. The blue Areuse flows slowly through this lovely peaceful valley, but soon hurries with headlong rushing speed down the awful gorges—until lately almost inaccessible, but now rendered easily practicable and quite safe by the industry of the enterprising M. Suchard, the chocolate manufacturer, who has caused a good path about three miles in length to be constructed along the face of perpendicular limestone cliffs; and down impossible slopes by easy steps and over picturesque wooden bridges, as far as Noiraigues, the first village of this valley.

But the grand feature of the Val de Travers is the vast and in many places almost perpendicular white limestone rocks which shut the valley in between walls in many places over 1000 feet high, here densely clothed, there sparsely sprinkled with the noble fir-trees and pines which are indigenous to these mountains and need no aid from human hand to plant their serried masses. Along the whole of one side of the valley, the vast rampart, broken and precipitous as it is, has presented no insurmountable obstacle to the intrepid Swiss engineers, who have carried the railway from Pontarlier to Neuchâtel fearlessly, at from 500 to 1000 feet above the green valley, piercing their way with nine tunnels in the space of as many miles. It is a strange feeling when hanging as it were in mid air on the iron way, to know that almost vertically 400 feet above you climbs another railway to Chaux de Fonds, that town of 24,000 souls which the Neuchâtelais fondly call the largest village in Switzerland.

The famous Creux du Vent (or Van) culminates the pleasing terrors of the Val de Travers. It is a vast hollow, three miles in circuit, in a summit 5000 feet high, enclosed on all sides but one with a magnificent barrier of smooth vertical rocks 500 to 900 feet high, almost even and unbroken save by the contorted stratification of the limestone rocks of which it is composed. The floor, as it may be called, of this grand amphitheatre is densely wooded, with cool grassy spaces interspersed, where many rare flowers are to be found, the fine Alpine anemone, the exquisite gentians enamelling the soft grass as if with constellations of starry gems of heavenly azure,

and with purple cups of deeper hue (*Gentiana acaulis* and *G. verna*) and more treasures besides than I have space to name. It is a great help to the enjoyment of natural scenery to possess some knowledge of Botany; the pleasure of finding plants quite new to us greatly enhancing the delights of travel. In these woods are magnificent specimens of the sessile-fruited oak—very different from our common British oak—straight and tall as pines, and the timber of the finest quality. This oak is not so well known as it deserves to be. In the hollow of the Creux du Vent, the heated traveller to his great delight



PIERRE LE DOT.

meets with a bright clear fountain of the coldest water, always maintaining a temperature of 36° and known as "La Fontaine froide." The industry and courage of ages have succeeded in constructing a safe path winding in a spiral, down the perpendicular sides of the terrible looking crags which shut in this magnificent hollow. From the hollow, whence this path is invisible, it seems impossible to descend into it from above; but the joyous cries of many children filling the vast enclosure, and descending in perfect safety past us as we sat in the shade, proved to us that the feat was by no means a difficult one.

To one who, like the writer, resorts to Switzerland in search of the health afforded by rest and pure air, the effect upon mind and body of the

reviving atmosphere of these grand fir-clad mountains is truly marvellous. The fragrant odours, the calm and cool of the solemn shades, the rarified air at the elevation of from 4000 to 6000 feet above the sea-level communicate an elasticity to the weary limbs, and a joyful activity to the jaded mind which none can appreciate but those who have passed from a laborious life with its inseparable trials and troubles into the sweet repose of this dear and beautiful land of rest and peace.

But it is not enough to see Switzerland. Tourists of average intellect and possessed of some spirit of enquiry who are satisfied when they have stood, Murray or Bædeker in hand, before a certain number of lakes, mountains, and waterfalls, know but little yet of Switzerland. The Swiss are at least as well worth knowing as the romantic country they inhabit. An intelligent observer cannot but be surprised and gratified with that calm intrepidity that once bore them forward to martial triumphs, but now takes a noble pride in the cultivation of the higher arts of peace, in their rapid yet steady progress in science, art, and literature, in the wealth of knowledge and enterprise of this small Helvetic nation, consisting of a population numbering scarcely half that of the metropolis of England. Local self-government is practised to an extent which we ourselves until lately, were vainly attempting by "piecemeal legislation" to attain. Not only has each Canton its Conseil d'Etat elected by universal suffrage; but every village has its local authorities, its prefect, its conseil, its police, whose authority is respected and well supported. The Swiss had compulsory and state-paid education before we began to think such phenomena possible, and without any needless trouble where no religious differences exist; at the same time that the rights of conscience are duly and faithfully respected—the *pasteurs* giving, as a part of their stated duty, the necessary religious instruction.

Compulsion is resorted to in other important matters, such as fire-insurance, which is not optional in Switzerland; a guard is also placed against the consequences of fire by periodical examinations of buildings lest they should contain needless elements of danger. Every village has its completely equipped fire-brigade, admirably appointed and kept in practice. Again every village, at any rate in the Swiss Romande (that is to say Vaud, Neuchâtel, and Geneva), has an abundant supply of public fountains, two or three in every street, running in full stream night and day perpetually, for the comfort and cleanliness of man and beast.

But it is not conveyed by pipes into the houses, nor as a rule, do the Swiss seem to be practically grateful for the precious gift of such abundance of the purest water. It is to be hoped that that will come in time with other improvements, and that then those toy jugs and basins at which a Briton accustomed to his cold morning plunge stares with scorn and derision, will be relegated to the category of things left behind and forgotten.

The Romande cantons of Switzerland are

divided religiously into three communities; not doctrinally, but certainly socially separated; the national, the free, and the independent churches—and, as in Scotland, there is, as might be expected, more life, enterprise, and religious activity in the free than in the two strictly bound ones. Amidst much that is most delightful, that is so intellectual, and according to their ideas, so serious and earnest in the Swiss Protestant Churches, it is very unsatisfactory to see how little, at least as compared with ourselves, is generally thought of religious services and religious observances. One service at 9 or 9.30 on Sunday mornings satisfies the spiritual wants of the majority of the population; then the rest of the day is devoted to pleasure, the church being shut up, doors and windows and all, until Sunday comes round again. It must be admitted however, that the Free Churches generally supply an evening service besides, while all the young people from twelve to sixteen are required to attend usually at one o'clock for religious instruction preparatory to the *première communion*.¹ More, yet, the Holy Scriptures are scarcely ever opened in the Church service except for the formal reading and hearing "*avec respect et attention*" of the ten commandments with their summary, and the text of the sermon.

In the National Church, to read the Bible aloud is forbidden, that is to say, a *pasteur* who should persistently add the reading of the Bible as a part of the Church service would be reprimanded and perhaps suspended.² In the other churches they might do so if they would, but it is not customary; nor could I obtain from distinguished *pasteurs* and persons of acknowledged piety any expressions of regret at so singular or rather so flagrant an omission. The fact seems to be that the whole service centres so conspicuously round the sermon, as its principal feature, that going to church is popularly called "*aller au sermon*." A few formal printed prayers read without variation every Sunday of the year, one "*Cantique*" sung in the slowest possible time in two or three instalments of a couple of verses each, and the sermon, a laboured and rhetorical performance, constitute the whole service, which occupies not more than an hour.

Remembering, that to a considerable number of professing Christians the public reading of the Bible is their only opportunity of hearing the Word

¹ The writer on one occasion had the opportunity of admiring the natural good breeding and respect for instruction of the Swiss youth. He had promised to give one of these addresses on a Sunday, and on observing to them that he was an English pastor, not entirely conversant with their language, it gave him much pleasure to notice the increased attention with which they settled themselves down to listen to an address on Mr. Moody's "Wordless Book" which is often found so useful. It reminded me of a passage I read once in a Blue Book on English Public Schools, where it was related how a professor of chemistry coming down to Eton and finding he had left behind some essentials for experiments, regretfully explained his dilemma to his young hearers, who instead of making an exhibition of vexation and disappointment, settled themselves into positions of closer and more marked attention, because they were gentlemen, and knew instinctively that "*noblesse oblige*" not to give needless pain.

² I would not have made this statement if I had not received it from Professor Godet.

of God, remembering also how many of the poor and aged, or persons with defective sight would be glad of this weekly opportunity of hearing a direct address in the very words of the Holy Spirit, it seems wonderful that a Protestant Church should be capable of such neglect of the revealed Word. It seems odd too that after the sermon the prescribed prayer should begin with thanksgiving for just having heard the *Word of God!* Old Farel, the Swiss Reformer, standing pedestalled in stone high up the hill of Neuchâtel, brandishing with both hands a great Bible over his head, seems at this day as if he would rebuke the degenerate church for their defection from the Book their fathers dared fire and sword to place open in the hands of all Christian men and women.

There is great refinement and polish in Neuchâtel society. Intellectual culture is pursued in numerous educational institutions for every class and by numberless learned societies. It is wonderful that out of so small a population an unusual proportion of men of genius, talent, and unbounded courage and industry have been produced. The painters, authors, naturalists, antiquarians, classical and mathematical scholars, of very high distinction all born or resident at Neuchâtel, would form a long and illustrious list. There are no bolder engineers than the Swiss. In this canton railways climb mountains to a height of 3000 feet, and tunnel them with fearless pertinacity at closely recurring intervals. Meteorological instruments of great complexity are set up in public places indicating that a high state of scientific knowledge is not unfamiliar to the general population.

The postal arrangements are in some respects more liberal than our own. Their inland post-

cards are as large as our foreign ones. There is a half-penny postage on letters for a radius of six miles; the parcel post was in operation long before we had it, and telegraphic messages are sent at a cheaper rate than in England, while there is a telegraph-office in every village; and the distances on the roads are indicated with an accuracy of which we seem in England never to have discovered the necessity.

A great charm to the traveller even slightly acquainted with Botany is the extremely rich and varied flora of the Jurassic region. In a few weeks the writer had found and named seventy plants not found in England, and many others rare with us, while such prizes as the lovely and delicate maiden-hair, now only to be collected in certain almost inaccessible spots in southern England, *Cypripedium calceolus*, or ladies-slipper, and the gorgeous gentians will richly reward the collector's pleasant toil.

North of the Alps the maiden-hair fern grows in Switzerland in only one spot, close by the Lake of Neuchâtel in a dripping cave or grotto. The writer declines to state thus publicly the exact locality, lest English fern-hunters should strip the place, as the sea-spleenwort has been entirely exterminated out of Cumberland, not many miles from his own home. But he will be happy to inform true botanists on application by letter.

A singular circumstance, to be explained only by the glacial theory, is the occurrence of huge boulders of grey granite and even of gneiss, on the sides of the Vaudois and Neuchâtelais Jura and quite down to the Lake, some of vast size, such as that known as Pierre le Bot just above Neuchâtel, silent historical monuments of the mighty power exercised by the glacial action in remote ages.

F. A. MALLESON.



WILLIAM PENN.

THE SCENES OF HIS EARLY WEDDED LIFE, AND HIS BURYING-PLACE.

WITH the exception of George Fox, there is no man whose memory is cherished by the Society of Friends with so much honour as William Penn. Born in 1644, the year of Marston Moor, the first great fight of the Civil War, he died in 1718, his life having covered one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of his country and of the world. He was only a youth during the best days of the Commonwealth, when Cromwell as Lord Protector made England feared and honoured among the nations. He witnessed the Restoration; and when times of persecution came, he turned to the lands beyond the Atlantic, where many had already sought the civil and religious liberty which could no longer be enjoyed in their own country. There he founded the colony of Pennsylvania, which has since become the "key-stone state" of the Great Republic of America; with its capital,

Philadelphia, rivalling the glory of the New England states and cities.

The story of his career in America, and also of his relations with Charles II., and with James II., the last of the Stuart kings who showed favour to Penn, chiefly in order to disguise his patronage of Popery; and the survival of the good man to witness the beginning of brighter days under William III., all this belongs to the history of England and the biography of William Penn. We confine our attention now to his connection with the quiet scenes of his early wedded years, and the places where he passed the evening of his eventful life.

The body of Penn lies in the peaceful, rural burial-ground attached to the meeting-house at Jordans, near Uxbridge. The grave next to his is that of his wife Gulielma Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, a colonel in Cromwell's

army. Near the loved "Guli," as she was usually called, are some of their children. His early friends Isaac and Mary Pennington, rest close beside him, who were laid there many years before. A few feet distant lies his worthy son, Springett Penn; and the tutor of his children, the accomplished and faithful friend of Milton, Thomas Ellwood. These graves render Jordans sacred ground. It is one of the classic sights to all lovers of liberty and of literature, whilst specially dear to the Friends. Thither, in early June, an annual pilgrimage is made by the members of the Society, from London and the home counties, and, indeed, from all parts of the kingdom. They have a solemn service for worship in the ancient meeting-house which overlooks the graves.

The veneration for the memory of William Penn is not confined to English Friends. Great numbers of Americans constantly visit what to many of them is a memorable place. To a Pennsylvanian Friend, Jordans is almost the most sacred spot in the old country. Some years ago a formal offer was made by the State of Pennsylvania, to purchase and to remove the remains of Penn, to be placed in a mausoleum to be erected in Philadelphia. The proposal was as seriously made as that for the removal of Shakespeare's house at Stratford to the New World. The trustees of Jordans meeting-house were patriotic enough to resist the proposal, and the "Quaker's shrine" remains in the old country, though the Society is greatly more numerous and flourishing in Penn's country across the seas.

The Rev. W. H. Summers,¹ Congregational minister at Beaconsfield, informs us that "in 1888, Mr. A. C. Harrison, of Philadelphia, son of the late G. I. Harrison, who represented the State in the negotiations for the proposed removal of the leaden coffin with Penn's remains, furnished him with funds for the putting up of direction posts on the neighbouring roads." This accounts for the many conspicuous sign-posts in that part of the country. Jordans, though so famous a place of pilgrimage, is happily remote from the crowded routes of ordinary tourists and holiday-makers. It is a somewhat difficult place to reach, except by driving in a carriage. The nearest railway stations are Woburn Green on the Great Western, and Chalfont Road and Chorley Wood on the Metropolitan line as recently extended; and the distance from any of these stations is about four and a half miles. Stoke Park, where the last male heir of William Penn died in 1869, is about six miles from Jordans.

But, however difficult of access, the scenes associated with the memory of the great and good Friends in the neighbourhood of

Jordans are worthy of a Christian's pilgrimage visit; and that not hurriedly. Penn's life was one of many vicissitudes, and also of long and sore troubles. He enjoyed, indeed, short periods of royal favour, and of popular honour, but in the larger portion of his time he was vexed by cruel persecution; he endured losses and poverty, and what was harder for his generous spirit to bear even than imprisonment, he suffered from the treachery and ingratitude of those whom he had most benefited. Yet it was when a prisoner in the Tower that he wrote his "No Cross, no Crown," one of the classics of Quakerism down to our own day. After many trials he was enabled to pass the last few years of his life in peaceful seclusion, though feeble and helpless, at Ruscombe near Twyford. When the end came he was carried to the old burying-place at Jordans, and laid to rest in the presence of a vast assemblage, in the assured hope of a glorious resurrection to the life eternal, through the grace and merits of his Saviour.

Lord Macaulay, whose early prejudices against Quakerism are well known, and whose celebrated attack on the political character of William Penn arose out of confusing him with another Penn, a west country lawyer—an error which he had not the magnanimity to confess when brought to his attention—yet is forced, as a historian, to record his opinion of his true greatness. "Rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing him. England is proud of his name. The respectable society of which he was a member honours him as an apostle." The story of his life must be sought in the pages of W. E. Forster, and Hepworth Dixon, and other biographers. Our present notice is confined to the quiet episodes of his history, when the son of the great Admiral of the Commonwealth and of the Restoration left the dazzling scenes of worldly ambition; and after seeing enough of life at Oxford, and in foreign travel (once travelling on the continent with George Fox and Robert Barclay) settled down in the quiet tranquillity of a rural region, amidst scenes famous as the retreats of good and great men. He held converse with Russell and Algernon Sidney, from whom he imbibed the advanced views of civil liberty and of political justice, which he afterwards carried out as ruler and legislator in the New World. Converted through the preaching of a humble Quaker, Thomas Loe, in Ireland, he now became matured in grace and piety among the God-fearing Friends, the Penningtons and Springetts and Ellwoods. It was at this time that he was united to the beautiful and wealthy Gulielma Springett, whose mother had married, a second time, Isaac Pennington. They settled at Rickmausworth, a few miles from Chalfont. Mr. Summers tells us that he has lately identified a picturesque old farmhouse at Chorley Wood as the scene of his marriage to his first wife, Guli. She died in 1693, at Hoddesdon, just after her husband had been released from arrest, under suspicion of his retaining attachment to the exiled Stuarts. She was buried at Jordans, and laid beside her parents and five of her children.

The meeting-house at Jordans was built near

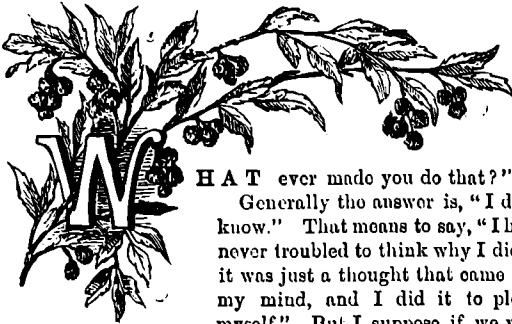
¹ A Lecture on William Penn in South Bucks and Hertfordshire, by W. H. Summers, Beaconsfield (Rose and Sons, Hertford), contains many interesting descriptions of the scenes associated with Penn's history, and the friends whom he knew in that neighbourhood. Mr. Summers says that Fleetwood, Cromwell's Lord Deputy in Ireland, came after the Restoration to reside on his own estate, the Vaches, near Chalfont, and that Cromwell's widow lived there; also that John Knox preached often in Amersham parish church; with many other historical incidents.

the close of the reign of James II., owing largely to William Penn's influence at court. The first meeting for worship was on August 9th, 1688, two months before the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay. The burying-ground had been purchased about seventeen years before, from a yeoman farmer, William Russell, in whose house the Friends of the Chalfont district used to meet.

In 1696 Penn married again, and with his second wife, a Friend from Bristol, Hannah Callowhill, he revisited Pennsylvania, and spent a few happy years on the banks of the Delaware, near his beloved Philadelphia. In 1701 he returned to England, to help his co-religionists in defending their rights and liberties. Times of personal trouble also afflicted the now aged man. His confidential agent defrauded him, and the claims made upon him reduced him to poverty. He was thrust into prison, and being seized with paralysis,

his disappearance from public life ensued. It was then that he returned to the haunts of his early happy life. There is no doubt that he was wronged in the affairs which brought his last afflictions.

He had property in the New World, however, which was his own inalienably. After the American Revolution the Penn family sold to the State of Pennsylvania the whole of their proprietary rights for £130,000, and with this the Hon. Thomas Penn bought Stoke Park, near Slough, a place memorable in connection with the poet Gray, whose library and manuscripts were preserved there. Stoke Park remained in the possession of the Penn family till the death of the last of the Penns in 1869. Then the treasures were mostly scattered. The famous painting, by Benjamin West, of Penn's treaty with the Indians, now adorns the Town Hall of Philadelphia.



H A T ever made you do that?"

Generally the answer is, "I don't know." That means to say, "I have never troubled to think why I did it, it was just a thought that came into my mind, and I did it to please myself." But I suppose if we were

to think about it a little we should generally find that whatever we do, there is something or other which has led us to do it. The magistrate wants to know what led that wretched little mile of a boy to try and steal a loaf from the baker's basket. The boy never thought about "being led," but he saw the basket standing there, and saw the baker running to stop his horse, so there was a very good opportunity to sneak up to the basket and seize the first thing he could. It may have been hunger that led him to do it; or it may have been that he had always been taught to be a thief, and when the chance came he was sure to be led by the spirit of stealing to take things.

What made you push Bertie Jones into the water, the other day, at the swimming baths? Why, the fact is, you saw him standing so nicely on the edge trying to get up his courage to jump in. You saw that just a little touch would send him in so beautifully, and in a moment you were led by the spirit of mischief to skip out and give him such a nice little push that in he went "all arms and legs," as the boys said.

Sometimes it is an angry spirit that leads us to say bitter things we are very sorry for afterwards. Sometimes a selfish spirit leads us to be most unkind and disagreeable to the very friends whom we love the most; or a lying spirit leads us to be deceitful, underhand, and mean, instead of honest, straightforward, and truthful. You see there are so many different spirits to "lead" us to do various things, and a very great deal depends upon which of them we choose to be led by.

Talks to the Boys.

"COMMISSIONAIRES."

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 14.

I remember once landing from the steamer at Bordeaux, with my portmanteau, quite a stranger, knowing nothing about that part of France at all. In a few minutes I was surrounded by "Commissionaires," men in uniform, who came from the principal hotels in the city, each one trying to persuade me to go with him to his hotel—"Richelieu, monsieur!" cried one; "De France, De France!" shouted another; "Chapon-fin!" "Quatre sœurs!" "Lanta!" Such a pushing and chattering, such a clutching at my portmanteau, until I chose which one I would be led by, and he carried me off to the house he came from. I suppose anyone standing on the quay who knew these men and the names on their hats of their various hotels, could have said in a minute where either one of them would lead you to, and whether it would be comfortable, or in a good position, or expensive, and perhaps could guess whether you were rich or poor, according to which you chose.

"Do see that gentleman following the man with 'Hôtel de Commerce' on his hat? I should think he is a commercial traveller coming to visit the principal houses of business. Most of the commercial travellers go to the hotel he is going to."

"That old gentleman and his daughter are excursionists, I expect, for they are going to the 'Hôtel de Londres,' and that's one of the houses where they speak English, and most of the visitors are English."

"But who is that young man following the footman in livery, and what hotel does he go to?"

"Oh, none, none. That is the Mayor's footman, and they are making their way to the carriage that waits for them, don't you see? The young man must be one of the Mayor's sons just come home from the English University, you can tell he belongs to the Mayor because of the footman and the carriage."

We can very easily tell by what spirit some boys are led, and we know very well where that spirit will lead them.

When I see a spirit of selfishness has got hold of a boy, I know that he has a very hard and stony road in front of him; that he will have to run his very hardest, as Alice did in my sister's story-book, and never get any further; that he will be something like a man on a treadmill, always trying to get on to the step above him, and finding when he has got there he is no better off than he was before; that he will make himself more and more miserable the more he struggles to be happy; and that at last that spirit will lead him to a place where there is no love left at all.

When I see a boy led by a spirit of lying, or a spirit of disobedience, I know that boy is on the downward road, and I know where he is being led to, though perhaps he has not thought of it himself, or has thought he is only going a little way. But there are some boys about whom I feel very differently indeed. How could we tell the Mayor's son when he came off the steamer? By the footman whom he picked out among the crowd, and put himself in charge of. How can we tell any of God's boys, God's sons? By their being led, not by spirits of disobedience, lying, selfishness, anger, but by the Spirit of God.

One day a boy was sitting on the top of a cliff all alone

watching the tide come up. He didn't look particularly happy, he was whacking the grass with a little cane he had in his hand, as if his thoughts were not quite calm and quiet. At last he seemed to have settled the question, for he put down the cane and got out of his pocket a pretty little cigarette-holder, a book of cigarette papers, and some tobacco. He wrapped them all in an old exercise from his breast-pocket, and, standing up, he aimed the whole packet as far out into the sea as he could. Then he picked up his cane and went off home.

What ever made him do it?

You mean, What spirit led him? Ah, no one knew anything about it then! No one saw. He told no one just then. I think he was led by the Spirit of God to do what he did. Do you want to know whether you are a child of God? When you kneel down to-night, and think of every little thing you've done to-day, and the little words you've said, ask yourself "What led me to do that? What led me to speak so?" See whether the answer always is, "The Holy Spirit of God;" for as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

SYDNEY MULLEDGE.

True Little Hearts.

A DINGY court, so close and drear
That, tho' the day was fair,
And sunshine gleaming o'er the earth,
No ray could enter there.

Untenanted methought it seemed,
As on, with quickened tread,
I hastened, through the murky air,
To where my mission led.

Just then, from out a shattered door,
A ragged urchin peered;
His hand clutched tight a piece of bread,
He eyed me as I neared.

But soon his gaze diverted roved;
Before me, on the right,
A pale and wasted little child
All tottering came in sight.

The other boy excited grew:
"I'll bet," he cried, "'tis him!
They said as how he looked nigh starved;
I'll bet 'tis *Baby Jim*!"

"And who is *Baby Jim*?" I asked.
"Don't know," the prompt reply;
"They found him lying in the street,
And said he soon would die."

One wistful glance his treasure scanned,
Then throwing back his head:
"I'll feed that *Baby Jim*, I will;
I'll give him all my bread."

"And you, my boy?" A saddened look
And stifled sigh. Said he:
"I'm hungry, too, but *Baby Jim*
Is hungrier than me."

Then, with a beaming, kindly face,
Across the court he dashed;
His nimble, unclothed feet the while
The mud around him splashed.

I followed close and saw him bend
Towards the famished child.
The latter eyed the piece of bread,
With eager gaze and wild.

"'Tis all for thee!" A moment more,
And *Baby Jim* held fast
The precious morsel, which he soon
Devoured to the last.

Then creeping closer to the friend
He had so newly found,
A loving smile upon his lips,
His arms around him wound.

Begrimed and ragged both they were;
But gratitude and love
Those childish hearts, now knit in one,
In deepest depths did move.

A moment lingering on the spot,
I prayed "the bread of Heaven,
Life's fullness," to those little ones
In plenty might be given.

My prayer was heard. Now years have passed;
A friendship thus begun
Sheds blessed influence o'er their lives;
Their hearts to Heaven are won.

Now older grown, industrious, true,
'They never want for bread.
Oft *Baby Jim* recalls to me
The day when he was fed.

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

Monthly Religious Record.

Village Mission Work in India. It may surprise some good folk to learn that "India is a land of villages." Perhaps the English people at home have hardly realized this. They think of Calcutta with near upon a million, and Bombay with 822,000, inhabitants. They hear of 29 Indian cities with over 100,000 people and 75 with over 50,000 and nearly 200 with over 20,000; they are told of this city and of that with their picturesque and crowded streets and do not realise that "the populous India" is "village India." For every man who lives in a town twenty live in villages. A quarterly paper of the Free Church of Scotland calls attention to these things, and giving us this information urges a plea for Village Mission Work in that vast empire. "The strength of India," it maintains, "lies in these villages . . . They are the one old thing . . . which has not changed." They have kept the inner religious and social life of the country unaltered for near two thousand years. The villages differ in different parts, the Tamil village differs from Bengali and both again vary from the Deccan. The majority nestle in clumps of trees far from the high roads and can be reached only by paths over which wheeled, spring-vehicles can scarcely travel. At the Deccan village cows stray about and children swarm. Here you see a potter sitting on the ground and moulding the plastic clay as it whirls on the wheel; here again you notice two or three looms, either in the main street or in a lane behind the houses, the frames hung between acacia trees. In the village street are the blacksmiths hammering lustily—while the cultivator of the soil—who represents the largest number of this village community—works the bellows of the blacksmith, and his implement is made or mended under his supervision. He also has supplied both charcoal and iron. The village is governed by a headman called a *patel* and assisted by a clerk—usually a Brahmin. In the evening when work ceases and the kine are driven in, the people congregate together to talk or sing. Then is the missionary's opportunity. Should the catechists' wives have accompanied their husbands they have opportunities of speaking to the women and girls. "India," the writer goes on to say, "must be won for Christ by natives of India," while "European superintendence and earnest trained native agency . . . is really the solution of cheap missions." He pleads for 4000*l.* per annum more to be expended on the evangelistic and village branch of their mission.

Wesleyan Centenary at Sierra Leone. The spring of this year witnessed the centenary of Wesleyan Methodism at Sierra Leone. Some Nova Scotians introduced it in March, 1792; and the day of their landing being 28th of March in that year, the present representatives of the Connexion in the colony thought that the Centennial Celebration should occur as near to that date as possible. Preparatory sermons were delivered on Sunday, 27th March, in all the Wesleyan churches of the settlement, and the Rev. W. R. C. Cockill, the general superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in the Sierra Leone and Gambia districts, is said to have delivered a remarkable discourse in Wesley Church, tracing God's providence over the Methodists during the past hundred years in Sierra Leone, and recounting some special features in their religious and social life. Preparatory services were continued on the following Sunday. During the next week various meetings were held, members of different Protestant denominations joining in the celebrations. On the Wednesday, the preacher was the Rev. D. W. Thorpe, a senior native minister of thirty-four years' connection with the denomination. After preaching for three-quarters of an hour, he recited three verses of the hymn—"See how great a flame aspires" and asked the congregation to rise and sing the hymn. Having done so, Mr. Thorpe continued his discourse for some half-hour longer. The Sierra Leone Methodists propose to raise a Centennial Fund of 4000*l.*, and over 1000*l.* was promised before the meetings closed.

Cost of Missions. From an elaborate statement issued by the London Missionary Society, it appears that the collection of funds and administration cost, in the year

ending March last, a fraction under nine per cent. for that Society, that is to say, out of every pound, 17*s.* 4*d.* are expended in the direct service of Missions, one farthing for the preparation of Missionaries, and ninepence halfpenny for retired missionaries, widows, etc., while the collection of funds and administration is put down at 1*s.* 9*d.* So that the total mission expenditure out of every pound is 18*s.* 2*d.* Two shillings and eightpence out of every pound is expended in China; one and eightpence in North India; three and tenpence farthing in South India, this being the largest sum expended in any field; three and a penny halfpenny in Madagascar; tenpence halfpenny in South Africa; eightpence halfpenny in Central Africa; twopence in the West Indies; one and tenpence farthing in Polynesia; elevenpence farthing on ships, and one shilling and sixpence halfpenny on female missions. The cost of collection and administration varies somewhat from year to year. Thus in the preceding twelve months the expenditure was one shilling and sevenpence three farthings, and in 1888 and 1889, one and tenpence farthing, and one and tenpence respectively. It may be taken therefore that during the last five years the cost has averaged a little under nine per cent.

Twenty Years A MOST interesting celebration was held in Paris in the early weeks of this year, to commemorate at once the twentieth year of Mr. McAll's work, and his own seventieth birthday, which had occurred recently. There was a great gathering, not only of pastors and members of the French Protestant churches, but also representatives of English and American denominations and churches sympathizing with the work. There are now at least 140 stations, in Paris and the provinces, where the preaching of the Gospel is regularly carried on, above forty of these stations being in Paris itself and the *Banlieue* or environs. In every place the agents of the missions are gladly welcomed, and no serious opposition to the evangelistic movement is made; nor would it now be permitted by the French working-classes. Touching references were made at the anniversary meeting to the distinguished men who had helped the Mission—men like Pastor Bersier, M. de Pressensé, and M. Rosseeuw, St. Hilaire, of the Institut. Nor was the memory of Mr. G. T. Dodds without honour that day. There are above 8000 children taught in the Sunday-schools at various stations. The little hymn-book in use at the meetings has gone through twenty-two editions, with a circulation of 160,000, so that there is every prospect of the good work extending throughout France. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. McAll of a beautiful work of art, a fine clock with a statuette of Luther, the result of a penny subscription from the numerous friends of the Mission. The statue of Luther as a student, begging for bread while singing in the streets, *Panem propter Deum*, is after Beer, an Austrian sculptor. Of the English Auxiliary to the McAll Mission, Mr. John F. W. Deacon, 20 Birch Lane, is the Chairman, and Mr. Frank A. Bayan, 54 Lombard Street, is the Treasurer.

Methodist Re-union. SIGNS are not wanting that the Methodist bodies are approaching nearer together. The Annual Assembly of the Methodist Free Churches has this summer been held in Wesley Chapel, City Road, London, and Dr. Stephenson, who was then President of the Wesleyan Conference, in a cordial speech, said the meeting of the Assembly in that place would tend to draw hearts together and prepare for co-operation. In the next century, he anticipated that the divisions in Methodism would be healed. To commemorate the gathering in the historic building, Mr. G. S. Knight, of London, is intending to present a memorial window through the Connexional Committee. The Wesleyan Conference meeting at Bradford also sent a telegram expressing pleasure that the United Methodist Free Church was holding its annual Assembly in Wesley Chapel, which Dr. Stephenson had said in his speech, he considered should be the home of Universal Methodism.

Among the Jews. THE London City Mission is calling attention to its efforts among the Jews in the metropolis. "The vast importance," it says, "of giving attention to the work of winning them to Christ, is pressing itself upon our attention with increasing urgency." Among the reasons given are the large number who yearly come hither from the Continent as refugees, many of whom settle in London; also because the kind treatment they receive from the benevolent leads them to regard Christianity more favourably than before, and gives opportunity for preaching to them. The Society has eight missionaries at work among them, seven visiting in the thickly-populated parts of the East End and one in Soho and the surrounding district. It is in the East End, however—Spitalfields, Whitechapel, St. George's in the East, &c.—that they most do congregate, and here the work, it is said, "affords much encouragement, not merely from the many individual cases of interest which come to the notice of the missionaries, but also, and perhaps chiefly, from the hundreds of Jewish children who are brought under the sound of the gospel, and who learn Christian hymns." As is well known, a feature of the Society's work is the setting apart of various missionaries for labour among special classes or persons engaged in certain industries, and this is an instance of such arrangement. It indicates the great number of Jews there are in London, and it may be interesting to add that the missionary in Soho was the son of a Rabbi.

Growth of Methodism in America. VERY remarkable is the constant increase of the Methodists in America. It appears to be the chief church in that great country. Perhaps the union of Methodism and Episcopalianism, as seen in the Methodist Episcopal Church there, appeals more strongly and proves more satisfactory to the masses of the people than any other form of church government. At all events, for the past five years the Methodist Episcopal Church has had an average of new members at the rate of 3000 per week; and, if the present rate be continued, it hopes to increase its membership at the average of a thousand daily during the present twelvemonth. Indeed, the Methodists by themselves more than hold their own as compared with the Roman Catholics, notwithstanding immigration. A couple of years ago the Methodists gained 288,000 accessions, chiefly by conversions, whereas, in the same time, the whole Roman Catholic Church in the United States added by immigration and other means only 268,000 communicants. Yet there is a theory afloat that New England is likely to become papal!

The International Missionary Union. THE ninth annual meeting of this organisation—which is a kind of missionaries' club of all Protestant societies and countries—has been held at Clifton Springs, New York. Clifton Springs appears to be a sanatorium belonging to Dr. Henry Foster, and in its grounds a tabernacle has been erected. He has given a standing invitation to the union to hold its meetings here, and offers the members free board and lodging at his hotel. The attendance this year was larger than ever, 103 members putting in an appearance and representing some ten different societies, Reformed Dutch, Lutheran, Evangelical Church of Italy among them; and coming from various countries, including India, China, Borneo, Syria, Siam, Mexico, Persia, Argentina and Guatemala among others. The union discussed the proposed Parliament of Religions at the Chicago Exhibition next year, and was not in favour of the proposition. At a farewell meeting parting greetings were given to forty members who will return to their fields of labour before the next yearly meeting, in June 1893.

Lady Missionaries. THE number of ladies who are going forth as missionaries appears to be increasing. Recently a remarkable and significant occurrence was witnessed at the committee room of the Church Missionary Society in Salisbury Square, when twenty ladies, who had been accepted as missionaries were introduced to the Committee. This is the largest number ever welcomed by the Committee in one party. The first society in the field for women's foreign mission work was the Female Education Society, founded in 1835, the full and proper title of which is the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. The late Earl of Shaftesbury was greatly interested in the organisation, and was wont to preside over its Annual Meetings, which were held at

118 Westbourne Terrace, the residence of Mr. Alexander Haldane. Miss Wakefield, afterwards Mrs. Chapman, was sent out to induce young outcast girls to enter schools, the idea of missionaries being at that time that it was quite impossible to go into the Zenanas. But before long, Miss Wakefield wrote to say she had obtained entrance to a Zenana, and from that time forward the Society has not lost its hold on Zenana work. The Society entered Egypt in 1836, China in the next year, South Africa in 1838, West Africa in 1843, Palestine in four years more, European Turkey in 1859, Japan in 1878 and Persia ten years ago. The title is something of a misnomer, because the object of the Society is evangelistic, the education of Oriental women and girls being promoted as a means to that end. In the third of the General Regulations it is said, "the end chiefly kept in view shall be to bring the pupils to an acquaintance with Scripture truth and to a belief in Christ as their Saviour; all other useful knowledge which circumstances render desirable, being at the same time imparted." The Society now has 39 missionaries, with eight assistant missionaries and 76 native helpers, distributed over various stations in the East and engaged in Zenanas, orphanages, schools, &c. It has now 74 schools and 64 assisted schools, in which more than 10,000 girls are under instruction; 416 Zenanas were visited regularly last year in which were 2500 pupils. Medical missionaries too, are engaged, about 30,000 attendances being registered last year; native Bible women are trained and the missionaries' wives of other Societies assisted. This summer the Committee has been seeking ten ladies, at least, as workers, but a somewhat high standard of qualification is required. In order to test their Scriptural knowledge and teaching and visiting experience, certain Church of England clergymen in London have given facilities for this object, and this time of probation really becomes often a time of training.

Rob Roy. THE late Mr. John Macgregor was an eminently exemplary man on several sides. His energy as a Christian philanthropist was untiring. An open-air preacher himself, he founded the Open-Air Mission, as well as the Pure Literature Society, while as far back as 1851, he established the earliest shoeblack brigade. By profession he was a barrister, and as such he began to practice open-air preaching in the Metropolis, and prevailed on other young "legal luminaries" to follow him. He was also a hearty sympathiser with the seventh—the "Good"—Earl Shaftesbury in Ragged-school, and similar work. His great care for the young was seen in other matters, which he took in hand, for he was a member of the first London School Board, and was identified with the work of the Ragged School Union, of which he was Vice-President, and of the National Refuges. He was also on the committee of the Bible Society, and a very cordial friend of the Protestant Alliance. Perhaps the activity which made him such an eminent canoeist made him also such a friend of the young. His fame as a canoeist, and as a writer of his canoe adventures is well known, and the profit from his works was all given to philanthropic purposes. His adventures began early, for he was but five weeks old when he was taken off the *Kent*, an East Indiaman, which was burning in mid-ocean, in March 1825. His father was General, Sir Duncan Macgregor, and engaged on Indian service at the time.

Mr. Moody on English Working Men. THE "Keswick Convention" held during the last week of July seems, in the number of attendants, as well as in the devout interest excited, to have surpassed any of its predecessors. A marked feature, as heretofore, was the time devoted to "Bible Readings," of deeply spiritual, if sometimes rather mystical, character. Successive characteristic and powerful addresses, during two days of the Convention, were delivered by the Rev. D. L. Moody. In one of them he said—"I wish this tent could be packed up and taken to the great manufacturing towns of England, and used for the great purpose of gathering under it the working men of England, and preaching to them the Gospel. You English people are slow to observe what strangers see quickly. The working men, ninety per cent. of them, are utterly alienated from the regular services of the sanctuary, and are careless and hostile to Christianity as thus set forth. They have now the franchise, and unless you teach them Christian principles, there is a bad time before England."