

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

A STORY OF WAITING.



THE DUTIES HE PERFORMED WERE RENDERED SACRED THROUGH LOVE.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS looking over some old boxes of mine the other day when I came upon a letter from Barbara which must have been written about five weeks after I had gone to London. It has to me now the value of a sacred relic. I wonder what it was which made me keep it, for it has been a habit of mine throughout life to destroy my correspondence. I cannot bear the thought of others reading what was meant for me alone. As I spread the crumpled, somewhat brown sheet before me, and see the queer, girlish handwriting, and as I smell the perfume of otto of roses which still clings to the paper, I can picture Barbara as I have seen her many a time, her fair cheek resting against her hand, her eyes a little pensive, as she wondered what she could say that would best please the recipient of the letter.

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Barbara was not fond of letter-writing, and she used to watch me wistfully as I covered sheet after sheet of paper, my quick pen striving eagerly to keep pace with the thoughts which outran it. But if her letters were less interesting than mine, surely they were of greater value. It was a pleasure to me to put on paper whatever came into my mind, and I wrote for my own gratification. She made a sacrifice of her leisure and her inclinations to give pleasure to others, to let them know she thought of them, or to bestow sympathy where it was needed.

I say this, because I would not have you despise the childish letter I append, or find fault with its lack of literary pretension.

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOLLY,—I have been thinking of you so much to-day, and now that it is evening and Auntie is asleep I must talk to you a

PRICE ONE PENNY.

little. Your letter made me cry, and yet I was glad you chose me to tell all your thoughts to. I think you have borne it very bravely, darling, but I wish I could help you more. I always ask that God will comfort you. I don't agree about your love being 'wasted.' I think perhaps God takes our love for others as if it were a prayer, and answers all that it would ask. And maybe it will be better for Arthur all his life because you care for him. . . . I have seen his *fiancée*. She has been staying at the Vicarage. I like her. She is pretty, though not nearly so pretty as you are. She seems delicate, and has to be careful about catching cold. Auntie says it is dreadful for a man to have a wife that wants taking care of; but it may make Arthur gentler than if he had someone who didn't need protecting. That is what I hope, anyhow, because things don't matter if they make us more unselfish. The kittens are growing and are very much spoilt. Tim comes to dinner, and can beg a little, only his hind legs get shaky if he is kept waiting long. Mr. Donaldson sounds more interesting every time. I am glad he would like to know me. I would like to know him too. Perhaps some day we shall meet." (They never did in this world). "How funny to get the spare-room ready every day like that, and to have beautiful flowers always in it. It seems a nice thing to do though. I am sending you some chrysanthemums for the poor people. I want to tell you that Arthur is going to be married next month. I shall be glad when it is over, because I think you will find it easier then. The wedding-day is the sixteenth, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Arthur would like us all to go, but we shall not come to London for it. I am sure you will be invited, but do not feel it is your duty to go if it will make you unhappy. Dear, it hurts me to tell you all these things, but I think you would rather hear them from me than someone who did not suffer in telling you. Good-night. Take ever so much love from your

"BABBIE."

"Whenever you are lonely or sad, please always write to me. Other people may share your happiness, but it is my privilege to share your sorrows, as indeed I do.

"I love you very much."

This letter I remember came to me by the first post, and was brought up with my tea. The news in it and Barbara's sympathy were more than I could bear. I never was one whose tears lay near the surface, but when anything does make me cry I cannot control them at all. I sobbed miserably all the time I was dressing, and however often I bathed my eyes to remove the traces of grief, some thought always sent the moisture to them again and made my efforts unavailing. I went down to breakfast looking sufficiently wretched, although I assumed a suspiciously cheerful expression. I was almost thankful that Miss Janet was blind and could not know there was any need for the added gentleness which she could not have helped bestowing upon anyone in sorrow. Mr. Donald-

son was less impulsive. He saw—he could not have failed to see—that something was the matter, but he gave no sign. He was even a little off-hand with me, appeared to have his mind occupied with other things than his secretary's affairs, and kept Miss Janet engaged in conversation. So I was left in peace to toy with the breakfast I could not eat, and no remark was made on my small appetite. I think it was this unfailing tact of his, the instinctive knowledge of how to best serve those about him, that made Mr. Donaldson so successful a governor of men.

In spite of the time that I had been under his roof I had not hitherto seen much of him. He worked so hard and was so little at home that there were not many opportunities for conversation on private matters, and yet I was made aware that though he never invited me to talk about myself he was deeply interested in me, and perhaps knew almost as much as if I had told him facts. It may be, too, that he had left me to Miss Janet altogether at first that we might have every opportunity of getting to know each other well, and of learning without any third person acting as mediator, exactly where we should be likely to jar upon one another so as to acquire and maintain the greatest possible harmony in our intercourse. This morning for the first time, he made a claim upon me.

"Janet," he said, "can you spare Miss Molyneux to-day? I should like her company for a few hours."

Miss Donaldson assenting, he turned to me. "Will you come out with me?" he asked, "I have promised to show you my 'slums,' and I think the time has come when I would wish you to help me a little."

So, soon after breakfast we set out. In those days "slumming" was not so general as it is now, and to me whose acquaintance with the poor had been limited to a few country people living in neat cottages, whose poverty was simply an absence of the superfluities of life, what I saw that day was a revelation which had a lasting effect on my mind. When I hear the rich blamed as heartless for not doing more for the very poor, I sometimes wonder if they have seen. Hearing about a thing can only impress those who have imagination, but all can grasp a reality which is presented to them in a material form. And to those who complain about the callousness of the wealthy, I would say, as one who has spent the greater part of life among the poor, don't call their indifference wicked or their ignorance culpable, until you have tried to remove the former by removing the latter. Don't tell them about the evil, but take them to see it. Perhaps then you will find that there are more kind hearts than you imagine even among those for whom the wails of the starving have been drowned in the music and laughter around them, and the hands stretched out for love and help and pity, have been hidden by the thronging crowd that was nearer to sight and touch.

I do not know if Mr. Donaldson purposely took me to the worst of the places where he visited, but I know that what I saw was more pitiful

and more dreadful than anything I had conceived: the furnitureless room where a mother lay on the bare boards with her new-born baby, her husband away in prison, and three children with whooping-cough huddled in a corner, dirty and uncared for, quarrelling over a dry crust of bread; the little draughty attic where a young fellow was dying of consumption, while his feeble mother, whose support he had been and to whom he represented the only joy and hope of a life filled to overflowing with sorrow, tore the very dress from off her with her crippled rheumatic fingers, to make a pillow for his head; the sadder scene of a tiny child, no more than three years old, suffering from an incurable disease, left with only another baby to attend to it, and give it the gin which was all the drunken, dissolute mother provided for nourishment and medicine!

But why sadden you by repeating all this? There are sights like these by hundreds and thousands, and you may have seen them as well as I. Perhaps, like me, you have cried with something akin to despair at the permission of such things: "Surely, there is no God."

So I exclaimed passionately when we came out from the house where the young child lay, with the unchildlike weary face and eyes in which from infancy the light of gladness had been quenched.

Mr. Donaldson looked at me with that tender pitying smile of his.

"Yes, my child," he said gently. "There is a God. And He is here. There is not one of those human creatures, not the poor little one, nor its sinful mother, that He is not near to, that He does not wrap round with a love stronger than you can conceive. They are safe with Him."

"But why does He let them suffer so? We shouldn't, you or I. If I saw a dumb animal in pain, even if it were repulsive to me, I should put it out of its misery. And a baby! I could realise there might be something remedial in suffering for a man. But that little thing! It can only feel, it has no power to reason. I cannot understand it," I cried in anger at my own impotence. "I cannot understand it."

"Nor I," said my companion softly. "But God does. And that is enough."

I was silent. His strong patience checked my fretfulness as sunlight puts out a fire.

"After all," he said, "we only see in part, and so we cannot reason on the subject. I, too, have tried to argue out the matter, until I found it wiser to leave it. But there are many things I might put before you, chiefly that suffering is almost entirely due to sin, and is the natural consequence of breaking laws which are as wise and kind and beautiful as omnipotence can make them. If it seem to us unjust that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, we must bear in mind that God has Himself borne suffering and glorified it, and that hereafter, if not here, the involuntary as well as the voluntary bearing of a cross may be cause for rejoicing because it gives kinship with Him. The massacre of the innocents must have seemed cruel to the unenlightened: yet we think those infants had a

glorious privilege. . . . Still, though God permits evil He hates it more than we do, and He inspires the very indignation which makes all generous hearts burn to alleviate and do away with it."

"But what can one do?" I asked, turning to him with the helplessness of a child.

The answer came at once.

"In the first case—love. In the second case—love. In the third case—love. Feel love, act love, be love. Then you and God will work together, and you will be so near Him that to doubt will be impossible."

"Ah," I cried, the sense of my personal loss returning to me, and, like a cloud, blotting out the thought of others while it enveloped me in darkness, and left me isolated and only conscious of myself, "I don't think love can cure suffering. It seems to me to cause it."

In those days, being yet a child in experience, I had, although it did not seem so to me, but a very narrow and petty view of things, and the glorious transforming power which gives its possessors a foretaste of heaven was scarcely known to me. Of all words belittled in the use, surely none is so much so, as this of love.

Mr. Donaldson took no notice of my passionate outburst, somewhat to my surprise, for I expected him at any rate to contradict me. We went on some little way in silence.

"Well?" I said then, expecting an answer.

"There is a love that gives," he said, "and a love that asks. I speak of the love that 'seeketh not its own,' that 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' That 'never faileth.'"

I glanced at him half afraid, for his face had on it such a light of glory, that I felt I was walking with one of the saints of God—as indeed I was.

"But," I objected, rather for the sake of saying something than because I thought of what I was saying, "men can't love like that."

"Yet it was a man that wrote that."

"But—God was in him."

"God is in all of us."

In my sense of my own unworthiness I took refuge in petulance.

"Oh," I cried, "it is all very well for people who have not suffered to talk so. But it is not natural really. We can conceive the sort of love you speak of, but I don't see how, while we are human, we can feel it. Or one might in the general way you mean, but not where individuals are concerned."

And the tears came into my eyes again, and my voice broke.

"I know," I said. "I am not a baby. And—I have cared for someone——"

"Yes," he said. And he looked at me in a way that left no doubt of his pity.

"You are sorry for me," I cried. "You see that I suffer, I cannot help suffering. I can tell you, because I trust you. I would have died for that man, or, since dying is easy, I would have lived in misery all my life to profit him, and he casts me on one side, for the sake of a stranger, and puts a barrier between us for ever and ever."

And do you mean that I can be content that he doesn't need my love?"

"I mean that you can be content to give it whether he needs it or not, and that he should give you nothing in return."

I flashed round upon him indignantly.

"Never," I said. "I am a woman. These things sound beautiful enough," I went on impatiently, "but the world, and books, and life, prove them impossible. One cannot go against human nature."

"You can conquer what you call human nature by lifting it into the divine nature. I don't know if that is going against it. I think it is making it what it was intended to be. But you will accuse me of preaching to you. Only, my dear, I am an old fellow, and I have seen more of 'the world and life' than you will ever get from novels, and I am sure that I am not telling you of impossibilities. I can't bear to see you who have so much cause for happiness, anything but happy, when I know that by merely stretching out your hand you could take hold of greater joys than you have ever conceived of, and before which the best that earth could offer you would pale."

We had reached a narrow street at some distance from the last we had visited. He paused before a rather tumbledown house, which had once had some pretensions to respectability; it was now let and sub-let, so that whole families inhabited single rooms; and the prevailing impression one received was of decay and dirt.

"I am going in here," said Mr. Donaldson. "But I do not know if I ought to take you. Will you wait outside?"

"I am not afraid to come in," I said.

"Then follow me."

We went up some rotten stairs, which were by no means calculated to inspire confidence, past doors which stood ajar, so that one could obtain a view of uninviting rooms and squalid inhabitants, until we reached the top storey. Mr. Donaldson knocked at a door, a voice said "Come in." We entered.

On a piece of old matting which represented a bed, and which was the only thing which separated him from the floor, lay a man from whom, having glanced at him once, I turned away shuddering, so horrible was he with disease. By his side was a jug of water and some bread, but the rats had been feeding off the latter, and one of them scuttled across the room as we entered. Mr. Donaldson went up to the man and bent over him.

"I have only just heard of you," he said, "or I would have come sooner. Can you see me?"

"No," said the man, in a hoarse tuneless voice, "but I know who you are. I've heard you speak before. You're the thieves' friend. Who told you of me?"

"Bill Seaton."

"Ah, yes. He's been to see me once, but he couldn't stand it. He promised to send someone. Who's with you? I heard two."

"A friend of mine," said Mr. Donaldson, making a sign to me not to speak. (I think he only let me go to teach me a lesson, for I have

heard him speak very strongly against young girls being initiated into the horrors of life unless they have a special mission to help, or special heroism to endure.) "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. I'm about done for."

"Do you suffer, my poor fellow?"

"Suffer?" said the man with a laugh that made me sick with pity. "Ask them below. They've been up at times to enquire if I can't groan quieter."

Mr. Donaldson moved across to me, for I was standing at a little distance with averted face.

"My dear," he said, "I am going to do what I can for this man. Would you rather go?"

I shook my head. I was too proud to give in so easily. He opened the small dusty window to admit air, and drew me towards it.

Then he went back to the man, and taking from his bag certain things that he had brought on purpose, ministered to him, bathed his hands and face, attended to his sores. And all that with a gentleness, a reverence even, as though he recognised in this wretched being a brother, and the duties he performed were rendered sacred through love.

Once or twice the man protested a little, with a sort of rough shame that a gentleman should do this for him, but that did not deter him from the self-imposed task. When it was completed he gave him some jelly, feeding him as if he had been a child. I wanted to offer to help him, but I could not. It is only the love of God which can make one joyfully perform that from which the flesh shrinks, and I did not love God. And yet the faint stirrings of my soul must have begun, I think, up in that vermin-haunted place, where I saw the good old man so humbly, so gladly, and so tenderly obey the commands of Him who bade men be servants one of another, and who set them the example by washing the feet of His disciples. I think I realized, faintly enough, that I too stood in need of cleansing, and that the token of it lay in my fastidious shrinking from the sinful being whom one so far above me was holding by the hand.

Presently Mr. Donaldson began to talk to him in a low voice. I did not catch what he said, only now and then a fragment of the conversation came to me in the refined voice of the gentleman or the hoarse, cracked one of the sick man.

"Only got to believe it! It's too good to believe. I don't seem as if I could lay hold on it."

"But if it's true. Have you ever loved any one?" The man thought a while.

"I don't reckon as I've cared for many folks. There was a gal once I thought all the world on. I sometimes put it down to her that I went wrong at all. I think I might have worked honest if she hadn't clucked me over. She was the littlest thing over you saw, and her eyes was blue—and shining. Bess, her name was."

For the first time there came to me as the slow, thoughtful words died away in a sort of tremulous wavering whisper, a realization of the common humanity between me and the dying thief. It was some time before I heard more.



WANDERING THOUGHTS.

By Davidson Knowles.

"If He was here now, what'd He do?"

"He is here now, He sent me; and He told me what to do for you."

"Really?"

"Really."

"But ain't I wore out His patience? Look here, I don't mind telling you that I haven't stopped at nothing. I've been bad through and through. If you knew all, I believe you'd go."

"No, I wouldn't. And God does know all, and His patience is never worn out. If Bess came to you now, would you forgive her?"

"Why, I might—praps."

"Then can't you believe that He can forgive you—anything—everything?"

"Look here," said the man, "just you lay it afore Him. Tell Him how it stands. I'm ignorant. I don't seem to ha' rightly grasped them things. And I've been a bad un. But I'm being paid out now. There ain't no doubt o' that. If He's at all like you, perhaps He'll understand, and make it right somehow. But as to taking me to 'eving and loving me, and welcoming me in—why, you know, that don't seem likely. I don't know as I'd altogether want it. I'd feel ashamed like. I ain't done nothing to deserve it. Contrariwise, rather."

I crept a step nearer to the bed. My eyes were dim with tears, and a lump was rising in my throat. At the sound of my footstep Mr. Donaldson glanced toward me, then back to the man. But I think when he spoke it was as much to me as to him.

"I am sure we shall all feel like that," he said. "Only that we shall forget ourselves in thinking of Him, and lose sight of our imperfection in the joy of His perfectness. But I have something to tell you. You say if God is like me He'll make it right. He is not like me, and I am hardly at all like Him, only as far as anything that is good in me is God and not me. But see,

even I can forgive. I have a son who has sinned against me as you have sinned against God. For fifteen years he has neglected me, and wounded me, and done all the things that I would not have him do. But I know that it is his loss, that he is forsaking what is right and best for him, and so I pity rather than blame him, and my very pity makes me love him more. I want to save him from himself, you see, and I long for him to come back to me, not only for my sake but for his own. And when he comes—he will come some day—I shall have no word of reproach for him, and I shall be so very glad that there will be no room for anger. And I shall welcome him so that he will have no doubt I love him. And then if he reproaches himself, I shall say, 'Forget the past as I forget it. All is forgiven—all—all; for you are home at last and safe.'

The man sprang up.

"Oh," he said, bursting into sobs, "I wish I could see your face."

But I who could see it, turned away, because I felt I was not fit to look at it.

"That man will be converted to God," Mr. Donaldson said to me, when we found ourselves once more in the street. "He has a heart."

I did not answer him because I could not.

And then he took me home.

"I did not know," I said when we were in the hansom which he insisted on calling (and indeed I was very tired), "I did not know about that. I did not think about your having trouble."

And I put my hand into his.

He gave me one of his wonderful smiles.

"I think we most of us have our private grief, my dear; there are very few exempt. As for mine, I believe it will be taken from me one day. It is only a question of waiting."

"And you have waited fifteen years?"

"That isn't long, my dear. I am prepared to wait, if need be, till eternity."

A Harbest Hymn.

BROTHERS, raise your tuneful voices,
Loud your joyful anthems sing!
Jesus, high in heaven, rejoices

When with praise His temples ring.
Angels in the height adore Him,
Casting down their crowns of gold;
Shall not men fall down before Him,
Worshipping with love untold?

Lo, the summer now is ended,
Leaves are falling from each tree;
Flowers whose colours sweetly blended
Daily droop and cease to be.
Shall we sound a note of sadness?
Doth no blessing still remain?
Sing we rather songs of gladness—
Autumn brings the golden grain!

Earth is rich with sweets of Harvest;
All around is cause for praise;
But the love of God, the Giver,
Blessings higher still displays.
Tell it out to all Creation,
Life is not by bread alone—
Jesus, who hath wrought Salvation,
Better Food in this hath shown.

Praise Him for the snow-clad winter;
Praise Him for the smiles of spring;
For the endless joys of summer
To His feet your tribute bring.
And, when fields are white for reaping,
When the earth is crowned with gold,
Join with angel-hosts unsleeping,
Worshipping with love untold!

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

A CENTENARY MEMORIAL.

A KIND of double centenary of this noble lady's decease and of her most abiding life's work, her college at Cheshunt, has recently been celebrated. All who know the history of the great Evangelical Revival of the last century, will be familiar with the name of the pious countess. It was indeed a time of great religious awakening in England. Whitefield and the brothers Wesley were abroad in the land fulfilling their great commission. Never had such multitudes been brought together to hear the Gospel preached, and the countess entered with all her soul into the mighty movement. She was herself a child of the revival. A young lady of distinguished grace and beauty, a daughter of the ancient house of Shirley, she had in early life become the wife of the Earl of Huntingdon. Save for her high personal qualities, there was little at that time to be regarded as remarkable in her case. Though not without an appreciation of Christian things, she was not by experience a Christian. Her relative, Lady Margaret Hastings, had come under the influence of the great preachers, and one day in the countess's hearing she spoke of the great happiness that had come into her life as the result.

Happiness! Why, that was the very thing which her rank and wealth had failed to give her. She was not satisfied with herself, she was not content with her life. Her sister-in-law had found the coveted blessing under the ministry of the Revivalists; she resolved to seek it by the same means, and having sought, she found; and having found she determined that nothing should be left undone on her part to induce others to seek it too. Her friends had been "converted" through Whitefield, and seeing the wonderful effects of his ministry, she attached herself to it, and laboured to promote it in every possible way, and to carry on the good work with the aid of yet other workers. She made Whitefield her chaplain, that she might, without incurring penalty, as there was some danger in those times, gather congregations within her house, making them to assume the character of domestic services. George Whitefield wrote concerning the project: "Good Lady Huntingdon is come to town, and I am to preach at her ladyship's house twice a week to the great and noble. O that some of them might be effectually called, and taste of the riches of redeeming love!" Unwonted names were found responding to her ladyship's invitations to her drawing-room meetings. The Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bath, Lady Townshend, and many of the aristocracy attended. It is allowed that no small charm of these assemblies was the distinguished presence and gracious manners of the countess herself. But in whatever way these great folk were drawn, under Whitefield's impassioned appeals they were stirred to enthusiasm and moved to tears; and many were truly converted to God.

So great was her influence that drawing-room

gatherings for the preaching of the Gospel came largely into vogue, so that in her ladyship's absence from London these services were continued in the houses of her friends. The Countess Delitz, sister of Lady Chesterfield, opened her mansion in South Audley Street, as also did Lady Fanny Shirley, and Lady Gertrude Hotham, and others.¹

But the countess had larger purposes than could be content with drawing-room services. She looked out on the world around her, and no sort or condition of men escaped her notice. She took over large buildings, and adapted them to purposes of worship and to the preaching of the Word. Spa Fields Chapel, in the parsonage of which she lived during the latter part of her life, and where at length she died, became the headquarters of her ladyship's efforts. It was a large circular building, which will be remembered by many as situated in Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and had been used as a place of public amusement. Sion Chapel, Whitechapel, which she acquired only in the last year of her life, had been a circus. These places, and others, she secured and utilized, and they became centres of power for good all round. In Bristol, at Bath, Tunbridge Wells and Brighton, Margate and Malvern, Worcester and Cheltenham, among other places, she opened places of worship. She travelled through England, especially the south and west, promoting the preaching of the Gospel; for wherever she went she took with her a retinue of preachers. Gloucestershire, Cornwall, and especially the principality of Wales, were her most chosen country resorts, and there also she took her preachers. The effect was marvellous. As Dr. Reynolds, now the able president of her college at Cheshunt, lately said of her: "Fascinating in person, of ancient family, esteemed and honoured at court, she might have retained the highest social position. But her eyes had been opened to the Invisible and Eternal glories, and to the claims of the Lord Jesus on her absolute fealty, and to the sorrows and perils of her fellow-creatures, whether they were found among the negro slaves of the Southern States of America"—for whose good she also laboured—"or the white slaves of fashion and pleasure; whether she sought them among the colliers and miners of the West of England, or at the assembly halls of Brighton, Tunbridge Wells or Bath," or, as might be added, in the more democratic region of Whitechapel.

As a specimen of the countess's efforts, and of its effects, may be instanced the case of Tunbridge

¹ In a little volume, published by the Religious Tract Society, "Whitefield Anecdotes," many historical incidents are recorded, including the early events of the Countess of Huntingdon's life. The Earl of Huntingdon was a great patron of music, and at his concerts the countess became acquainted with Handel, and also with Garrick, and other notables. Her interviews with George III. are there described. There is a tract in the "Excellent Women" series, which gives ample details of her religious life and work.

Wells, where, in the parsonage of the countess's church, this paper is being written.

Frequently visiting this favourite spot, where the aristocracy of her time largely resorted, she saw that here was an opening for the establishment of a house of prayer and preaching. She had a house here, long called Huntingdon House, and near it she procured an eligible site, and gave orders for the erection of a commodious chapel. It was constructed largely of wood, after the manner of many of the houses of that time, provided for the accommodation of the overflowing visitors. It was used till within the past twenty-five years, and the writer distinctly remembers the place, with its white painted pews and pulpit, and heavy crimson cloth hangings. The opening of this building created no little interest. For some weeks previous the countess engaged herself in sending invitations not only in the neighbourhood but to a distance. Many were the responses to her call, and numbers flocked into Tunbridge Wells on the interesting occasion. At an early hour in the morning a company assembled before her ladyship's residence, for a service of morning prayer and praise. The countess was awakened by the singing, and expressed great delight. As soon as the chapel was opened the building was thronged, and crowds surrounded the doors and windows, Whitefield was the preacher, and it was one of his grandest displays of sacred oratory. But the sermon was not preached in the chapel, the assembled multitudes being too vast; the preacher stood on a mound in the green court fronting the chapel. Something more than tradition still marks the circumstance; a square stone bears the following inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT
STOOD AND PREACHED
THAT EMINENT SERVANT
OF GOD
GEORGE WHITEFIELD
AT THE OPENING OF THE ORIGINAL CHAPEL
(BUILT BY SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON)
JULY 23, 1769.

No doubt Lady Huntingdon possessed great power of organization, and this it was that enabled her to arrange for the securing and opening of buildings for the preaching of the Word. Whitefield had a very high opinion of her wise judgment and practical ability. He himself generally turned to her for advice in all his movements, his diffidence leading him to shrink from exercising anything like authority in regard to them. Possessed himself of no power of organization, he was by no means insensible to the advantages of systematic unity, and it was he who formed the design of identifying the countess with his societies by appointing her the head of them. Whitefield's decisive opinion was justified by the wisdom with which she managed the affairs of a great number of chapels, and regulated an itineracy spreading over the greater part of England and Wales.

Her college arose out of the necessities of her position. She needed preachers for her increasing chapels, and could not find them ready to hand. So she resolved to found an institution for the training of them. Trevecca in Wales was the place first lighted on for the purpose. She took an old mansion and adapted it to the purposes of a college. It was opened by a sermon from Whitefield on the words "In all places where I record My name I will come unto you, and I will bless you." The hold the college speedily took is evidenced by an account that is recorded of its first anniversary. Attended by a company of her ministers and distinguished laymen and ladies of rank, the countess arrived at Trevecca. So catholic was yet the whole revival movement, that both the Calvinistic and Arminian met there in harmony, and gave an example of Christian charity never to be forgotten by men of differing sentiments. Nearly a week before the celebration many of the most distinguished evangelists had arrived and vast congregations assembled at a sort of preliminary series of gatherings. These were held in the court-yard, sermons were preached, and exhortations delivered, and prayers devoutly uttered. Early in the morning of the anniversary the sacrament was administered. Wesley and Shirley were the administrators. A large company of clergymen first partook of it, then the students, and afterwards the countess and a train of "elect ladies," mostly of high rank, followed by the body of the people. Fletcher preached in the court-yard at twelve o'clock, and then came a second sermon, in Welsh. After this all the clergymen dined with Lady Huntingdon, while bread and meat were distributed from ample baskets to the multitude in the court-yard. In the afternoon Wesley preached, and Fletcher followed with a second sermon. The evening was devoted to a "love-feast." It was an occasion of extraordinary interest. Howell Harris, with a band of Welsh converts, took part in the exercises in their own language; and narratives of Christian experience, prayers, and hymns, occupied the hours. Wesley, always on the wing, left the next day; but Fletcher, Shirley, and other clergymen tarried several days in brotherly devotion, preaching from a platform in the court-yard to the crowds who still lingered. To proceed with the course of the college, its first President was the saintly Fletcher of Madeley. The first student was a poor working lad, but a veritable preacher. Some of the Trevecca students became men of renown. John Eyre, a clergyman of the Church of England, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and the first editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, was among the earliest of the Trevecca race. Mathew Wilks, of quaint memory and of marvellous power in dealing with the souls of men, was another, and so also was John Clayton, senior, the father of all the Claytons, and the celebrated minister of the Old Weigh House, long before Thomas Binney succeeded him. For twenty-three years, that is up to the time of her death, the countess maintained the college at her own cost, with the assistance of friends as in her other

work. Her income being a jointure, it became necessary, if the college were to continue, that specific means should be raised with a view to it. The year after the countess's death it was removed for convenience to the neighbourhood of London, and it is the centenary of its removal that has lately been celebrated. Another old mansion was secured for its home, situated at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, at a distance of thirteen miles from London. The centenary was marked by the erection of a more important building, the foundation stone of which was laid by Earl Russell. Large accessions have been made to it, and both the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion and the Congregational churches draw its ministers largely from this source. The missionary enterprise was also anticipated by her ladyship, for she provided that her college should train ministers for the preaching of the Gospel "at home and abroad." It is of interest to see how this prophetic outlook has been verified; especially in later days, by the sending out of a large number of missionaries who have gone from Cheshunt to almost every part of the great mission-field. India, and China, Madagascar and the Islands of the Southern Seas, Africa, and Australia, have drawn upon the college for a supply of preachers and pastors. The names of Muirhead of China, and Hall of India, of Philip and Moffat (the younger of these honoured names) and those of Chalmers of New Guinea, and Wills of Madagascar and Gilmour of Mongolia, will serve to show how widespread has been the influence of this missionary college in our own land and throughout the world.

The "Huntingdon Connexion" into which her churches were formed has of late been decreasing. This arises largely from its having done its work. It promoted the Evangelical movement in the Establishment, and by that very fact rendered the existence of a society by the side of it, if it were not a part of it, the less necessary. The number of buildings on the Trust is but some thirty-two, and of these, only some half-dozen gather congregations of much strength. Possibly, had it developed with the times, it had better served them, as the college by means of such development has grown and strengthened. Anyhow, the record abides, nor can we doubt that if she were now living, her shrewd sense would lead her to adopt methods which without weakening the effect of the old Gospel, or the preaching of it, would exhibit a power abreast of the age.

It is evident that the enterprise of the noble countess largely centred in herself, and was held together by her personal influence. As her span of life was running out, though her zeal never flagged, she sought the continued co-operation of her people, and addressed to them an affecting circular letter. "I am now," she wrote, "in the 84th year of my age, and much bodily pain fills the greatest part of my declining and evil days; but you remain as ever, near and dear to my heart, and will, till my last breath ceases to make me an inhabitant of the earth. I have also with many an aching heart, felt the vast importance to the comfort of you all, how the most

faithfully to preserve the pure and blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ among you when I am gone." When she died, her good work was carried on by her devisees, and particularly by Lady Ann Erskine, daughter of Lord Buchan, one of her old and most capable female coadjutors. Almost her last words were, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." Her remains were interred in the family vault at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. By the subscriptions of members of her connexion there was erected in the church a few years since a handsome memorial window. At the time of her decease, her congregations numbered more than a hundred thousand persons. A medal was struck as a memento of her decease. One of these was found some years since in a field near Bodmin. On one side is a likeness inscribed "Selina, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon;" and on the reverse side "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and at the foot, "Died 17th June, 1791, aged 84." It is estimated that in the course of her life she expended as much as 100,000*l.* for religious purposes.

Well has it been said that "Lady Huntingdon was a wonderful woman in an age fertile with illustrious characters. For wit and wisdom she shone out brightly, but for her piety and for devotion to the welfare of the souls of men, she excelled all the women of her time."

J. B. F.

An Evening Hymn.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening."—*Luke xxiv. 29.*

SINKS the sun in solemn splendour,
Gather fast the shades of night,
For the sombre hue of evening
Day has changed her golden light.
Wearied with the work Thou gavest,
Feebly done, yet done for Thee;
Lo! I kneel for benediction,
Bless me, Saviour—even me.

Gone the day beyond recalling,
Gone its hours—its minutes fled,
Gone the deeds that can't be cancelled,
Words that cannot be unsaid.
Lowly bending at Thy footstool
This my vesper prayer shall be:—
For all sins a full forgiveness
Grant me, Saviour—even me.

Though the sun in solemn splendour
Sinks before the shades of night,
Thou art still the ever-wakeful,
Sleeping not in gloom or light.
Keep me now from sins of darkness,
Make my thoughts—my dreams of Thee;
In Thine arms in safety sleeping,
Keep me, Saviour—even me.

When the sombre hue of evening
Gathers o'er life's closing day,
May the heavenly guards Thou sendest
Hover near me while I pray.
Then, at last, when angel-voices
Call my spirit back to Thee,
To the day that knows no evening
Take me, Saviour—even me.



AN EVENING SONG.

[By C. J. Hanks.]

MODERN DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D.

ST. PAUL AND ROMAN ORGANISATION.

WE have already shown that the nineteenth of the Acts furnishes many points of contact with the manifold results of modern discoveries, and we finished our last paper with a simple reference to a verse which to the ordinary reader seems to imply very little, though, when read in the light of archæology and research, it sheds a very clear light upon the marvellous historic accuracy of the Acts of the Apostles. And here we must remark, that this accuracy is not confined to its notices about Ephesus. It is equally found in this book when dealing with every spot where St. Paul travelled. The sceptical theory about the Acts of the Apostles is, that it was written in the first half of the second century. The writer of the Acts might have known Ephesus about the year 120, when it did not differ in any respect from what it was in 50 A.D., seventy years before. A man who knew Ephesus in 120 might conceivably have written the nineteenth of Acts, because it was practically the same at that date in organisation, life, officials, and worship, as in the Apostolic age, just as a man who knew London thoroughly in 1820 might have written a perfectly correct account of London in 1750, between which years no important change took place in its municipal state. But then, when we follow up the history, and investigate the records left to us about St. Paul in other places, we shall find the same marvellous accuracy in all the narratives, the details of which are true to the time, to the circumstances, to the whole asserted environment of the Apostles. The minute accuracy of the writer is such as would have been impossible for any one unless he were relating his own personal reference, or at least what he had heard from a first hand authority. Let me take as an illustration of these ideas, the passage to which I made merely a brief reference at the close of my last paper. It is the 30th and 31st verses of the 19th chapter, where we read: "And when Paul was minded to enter in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain also of the chief officers of Asia, being his friends, sent unto him and besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre." These words tell us of the chief officers of Asia as being friends of St. Paul, or to call them by the title given them in the original Greek, the Asiarchs of Ephesus, who showed themselves kindly disposed towards the threatened apostle. This title Asiarch designated an important official, and recalls the Roman methods of organisation and government adopted in the province of Asia, of which we would suspect but little from the words of the Authorised Version which designates these officials as "certain of the chiefs of Asia,"¹ and

expression which would, for the ordinary reader, merely mean that certain rich and important residents in Asia had been impressed by the Apostolic preaching, and sent him a message not to risk his life in the tumult which raged in the theatre. Modern discoveries, specially among ancient inscriptions, have revealed to us the organisation of Ephesus, and of the province of Asia generally, of which these Asiarchs were the officers, indicating thereby the range, the scope, the far-reaching influence of St. Paul's preaching. When even Asiarchs had become disciples of the new preacher, it was no wonder that Demetrius should take alarm and warn his fellow-craftsmen. "Ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people;" for the Asiarchs were bound up more than anyone else with the prevalent systems of idolatry.

Let us then enquire what were the Asiarchs? We have abundant evidence as to their existence when we dip into the literature of the Roman Empire. We shall indeed in vain search the classical authors usually read for mention of Asiarchs. Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and the Greek poets will tell us nothing of them. The earliest Greek writer who mentions Asiarchs is Strabo, a contemporary of St. Paul, and the next is the author of the Acts of the Apostles. The next is the man who wrote an account of the martyrdom of Polycarp, which Bishop Lightfoot has published among the works of that distinguished martyr. The principal authority, however, upon this office is Aristides to whom we have already referred. He was a celebrated Pagan philosopher and writer of the second century. He lived in the province of Asia, and gives us in his works—which the ordinary classical scholar, no matter how well read, never opens—very copious details about the duties and privileges of the Asiarchs as St. Paul must have known them. Then we turn to the great discoveries which have rewarded the efforts of modern research and travel. The inscriptions which have been recovered in cities like Ephesus, Pergamum, and Smyrna, place before our eyes the life of the first and second centuries, just as a file of the "Times" will place the life of the nineteenth century before the eyes of posterity a thousand years hence. These inscriptions are authentic contemporaneous records which cannot be gainsayed nor explained

notice that even Archbishop Ussher, with his encyclopædic knowledge of antiquity, does not once mention them in the learned treatise on the Province of Asia and the city of Ephesus in his collected works (vol. vii.), though he had read the orations of Aristides, to whom, as I show below, we are indebted for much of our information about them.

¹ I am sure the translators of the Authorised Version knew nothing about the officials called Asiarchs, when I

away. And they tell us of the Asiarchs, and declare the character of their office in the days when certain of these Asiarchs showed their friendship towards the apostle, and their appreciation of his teaching, by warning him of his imminent danger.

But what were the functions of the Asiarchs? The Romans, when they conquered Asia Minor a century or so before St. Paul's day, found all the Greek cities of its Western division united in local leagues or diots. The Romans had a great genius for colonisation and for rule. They did not destroy therefore the local institutions which they found in existence in Asia Minor, but they took them, utilised them for their own purposes, establishing thereby a system of local government all through that vast district which they subsequently extended throughout the whole empire. We might describe these local diots in present day language, as counterparts of the modern device of County Councils. The Romans gave these assemblies power to make representations to the central government, but as they wished to amuse them with the semblance, rather than entrust them with the reality of power, they chiefly associated their functions with religion. They entrusted them therefore, with the care of the established religion of that day, the worship of the Emperor and of Rome; they made the president of each local diet the high priest of the temple devoted to that worship, giving him the title of Asiarch, and thus rendering him a very great local personage. The Romans managed the matter very cleverly, so as to produce the maximum of contentment at the minimum of expense to the imperial treasury. The Asiarch was made the greatest dignitary in the province of Asia, ranking next to the proconsul or immediate representative of the Emperor, just as the Archbishop of Canterbury ranks next after the Queen. But then he got no salary, and had to provide at his own expense all the cost of the sacrifices, and of the games annually celebrated in honour of the Emperor's godhead. This of course limited the dignity to rich men, of whom, however, there was always a very copious supply in that opulent district. We behold, indeed, in the case of these Asiatics the same phenomenon which we still see emerging under republican governments, and which has often been noted among our American cousins, an extraordinary love for titles, and as there were no hereditary titles under the Roman government, the Asiatic Greeks soon created one out of the institution of the Asiarchs. The modern character of this weakness, the identity of human nature in the first and in the nineteenth century receives a curious illustration from the words of an ancient orator, Dion Chrysostom, who was contemporary with St. Paul, addressed to the Greek inhabitants of the province of Asia, rallying them on this weakness, where we are informed that in their childish fondness for empty decorations, the Greeks would condone any insult or injury for the sake of titles, adding, "If they only call you or write you down chiefs, from that day forward they can with impunity treat you with the greatest indignity. These things," he continues "are despised by all

sensible men, and excite ridicule in the Romans more especially."

But then some person might here raise a difficulty. The Roman system, as you describe it, had only one Asiarch who ranked next to the proconsul of Asia. Is it not then clear that the writer of the Acts made a mistake when he spoke of Asiarchs in the plural, as if there were a large number of them? Is it not, too, quite unlikely that the Asiarch who had charge of the games and official sacrifices to the deity of the Emperor, which were probably being celebrated when this riot took place, would have made himself an accomplice or shown any sympathy with one who was endeavouring to overthrow that very worship which gave him his rank and dignity? The difficulty is a very natural one, and at the same time simply shows in the clearest manner the minute accuracy of St. Luke.

And now for the explanation, which is very easy. We have already noted that these Ephesian and Asiatic Greeks were exceedingly fond of titles. This led to the increase of Asiarchs. Augustus Caesar, seventy years before St. Paul's day, had erected at Pergamum, one temple in honour of Rome, and had appointed one Asiarch throughout the whole province.¹ The fashion of these temples soon spread until six at least of the principal cities of the province had established temples dedicated to the Emperor, viz., Smyrna, Ephesus, Pergamum, Sardes, Philadelphia and Cyzicus. Each of these temples had its own Asiarch who was probably elected every year, and was certainly elected every five years. Then the next step was that every man once elected Asiarch retained the title for life, just as if every Lord Mayor of London retained the title for life after his term of office was fulfilled, and then the next step was that his wife was called Asiarchess, as we find expressly noted on several of the ancient inscriptions. In this way these Greeks established a kind of life peerage which gratified their inborn love of dignities and gave them rank and precedence among their citizens. There may have been half-a-dozen persons, or even a dozen in Ephesus, enjoying the title of Asiarch on the day when the riot was raised against St. Paul, while many other Asiarchs from neighbouring towns may have been also present if the riot took place on a day when Ephesus was celebrating the worship of the Emperor. The inscriptions discovered at Ephesus and other Asiatic towns illustrate these points. Let us note a few of them. Mr. Wood, in the appendix to his great work on Ephesus, gives us several inscriptions referring to the existence of Ephesian Asiarchs. On page 68, we have a notice of "Tiberius Julius Rheginus, for the second time Asiarch of the temples in Ephesus," plainly showing that Ephesus enjoyed Asiarchs of its own over and above the Asiarch belonging to the whole province, while again he found other inscriptions dealing with Publius Vedius Antoninus, Asiarch and Recorder of Ephesus, and Aristobulus, another Asiarch who

¹ The name of the earliest Asiarch with which we are acquainted belongs to the reign of Tiberius. See the dissertation on the subject in Le Bas and Waddington's "Voyage Archéologique," vol. iii. p. 244.

occupied the same position, proving that a man after he had discharged the religious duties of his office, had celebrated the games and offered the sacrifices, might then be elected to the office of recorder or town clerk, retaining all the while the title of Asiarch.

I have now bestowed a long dissertation upon this office of Asiarch because it casts a vivid light upon two points: (1) the minute accuracy of the Acts; (2) the vast extent of St. Paul's influence and missionary success in Ephesus. The testimony of the Acts is express on this point. In the early part of the chapter, verses 9 and 10, we read that Paul "reasoned daily in the school of Tyrannus. And this continued for the space of two years, so that all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord, both Jews and Greeks." Again we read in verse 17, concerning the seven sons of Sceva the Jew and their punishment: "This became known to all, both Jews and Greeks, that dwelt at Ephesus; and fear fell upon them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." And then we proceed somewhat farther down the chapter, where we find that the sacred writer was thoroughly justified in stating that "all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord," because even the Asiarchs who had filled the highest offices of the state religion, were actually enjoying its most exalted titles and were exclusively chosen out of the very richest class of the community, took such an interest in the apostle, and had been so attracted by his teaching that they were called his friends, and proved themselves worthy of the title by warning him of his danger. If the Archbishop of Canterbury became a Jew, or a Roman Catholic, or a Theosophist, we should at once recognise such a conversion as a proof of the activity and influence of the professors of these beliefs. The friendship of the chief officials of Roman state religion at Ephesus is an equal proof of the influence and activity of St. Paul at Ephesus, and shows that the highest and richest of Roman and Greek officials had been influenced by his doctrine and teaching.

I have devoted a great deal of attention to the 19th of the Acts and St. Paul's visit to Ephesus, because Ephesus has been more thoroughly and systematically explored than the other cities of Asia, with the exception—if exception it be—of Pergamum, which the German government has taken under its own special care. I did intend to have written something concerning the exploration of Cyprus, Rome, Philippi, and other districts and towns mentioned in the story of the Apostolic wandering. But Ephesus has been a subject which has grown under my hands as I have written, and in concluding I can barely mention a few leading points which may be of interest to the student of Holy Scripture whereon modern research has thrown important light. St. Paul and St. Barnabas, when they left Antioch upon their first missionary tour and sailed from its port of Seleucia, directed their course to Cyprus; and naturally so. They wished to work out from the Jews unto the Gentiles,

using the proselytes, who were in large part uncircumcised, as a bridge from the one to the other. The apostles therefore first sought Cyprus, where the population was probably Jewish to the extent of one-half or one-third at least. Augustus Cæsar gave the copper mines of Ephesus to Herod the Great, and he worked them through Jewish officials, who brought with them an immense colony of Jewish retainers, who became so numerous that in the second century they burst into rebellion and almost extirpated the whole Gentile population. Cyprus has been thoroughly investigated since the English occupation of the island, especially by General Cesnola, and every fresh investigation has only served to confirm the accuracy of the story told in the Acts. One point hitherto by many esteemed a difficulty in the Acts of the Apostles has received fresh illustration and confirmed the minute accuracy of the sacred writer. Acts xiii. 6 and 7 tells us that the apostles found at Paphos "a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-Jesus; which was with the *proconsul*, Sergius Paulus, a man of understanding." Now the difficulty consists in this. The provinces of the Roman Empire were divided, in the year 27 B.C., into two classes, Imperial and Senatorial. The Imperial provinces were ruled by *proprætors*, the Senatorial by *proconsuls*. Strabo, St. Paul's contemporary, explains the distinction, but not very clearly, in the last chapter of the seventeenth book of his celebrated Geography, and enumerating the various countries belonging to the Roman Empire, seems to place Cyprus among the provinces which were governed by *proprætors*. Strabo wrote about eighteen or twenty years before St. Paul was in Cyprus; but when we turn to the 13th of Acts we find the contrary expressly asserted. Cyprus is there described as governed by a *proconsul*, and thus is classed as a Senatorial province. Nothing, apparently, could be a plainer mistake, and so it was regarded by the older critics.¹ A larger knowledge of history, however, explained the inconsistency. Dion Cassius gives the same account as Strabo of the division of the provinces in the time of Augustus, but then tells us what Strabo forgets, that in the year 22 B.C., during the same reign of Augustus, a new arrangement was made by the Emperor. He gave up Cyprus and Gallia Narbonensis to the Senate, receiving in return the province of Dalmatia, so that from the year 22 B.C. Cyprus was governed as St. Luke describes, by *proconsuls* appointed by the Senate. The whole difficulty arose from a very simple cause, the extreme conciseness of Strabo's narrative, while had St. Luke's assailants only taken the trouble to consult Dion Cassius, who narrates the history in a consecutive order, the apparent inaccuracy would have been seen to be the completest and most exact truth. This interesting illustration of the accuracy of the most incidental

¹ Cardinal Baronius, a learned scholar about A.D. 1600, and Grotius, a great Protestant theologian, both considered St. Luke as mistaken, devising various weak excuses for him. Bishop Lightfoot well remarks upon them: "Their error illustrates the danger of a little learning, not the less dangerous when it is in the hands of really learned men."

allusions of St. Luke has received important confirmation from the progress of historical and archaeological observations carried on in the island of Cyprus. Let me here quote the very words of Dr. Lightfoot treating of this point in an article contributed to the "Contemporary Review," in May, 1878. "Of the continuance of Cyprus under the jurisdiction of the Senate about the time to which St. Luke's narrative refers, we have ample evidence. Contemporary records bear testimony to the existence of proconsuls in Cyprus, not only before and after, but during the reign of Claudius. The inscriptions mention by name two proconsuls who governed the province in this emperor's time, A.D. 51 and 52, while a third and perhaps a fourth, are recorded on the coins. At a later date, indeed, under Hadrian, that is about 120 A.D., we come across a *proprætor* of Cyprus. The change would probably be on account of the disturbed state of the province consequent on the insurrection of the Jews to which we have just now referred. But at the close of the same century (A.D. 198), under Severus, it is again governed by a proconsul; and this was its normal condition." General Cesnola's investigations were not devoid of results bearing on this very point, for he discovered an inscription of the very highest importance naming the very proconsul, Sergius Paulus, whom St. Luke mentions, and expressly designating him proconsul, as the sacred writor does, and not *proprætor*. The inscription is a mutilated one, and the meaning of a great portion of it is doubtful. But for our purpose it is sufficient, as after the Roman style still perpetuated in the date of the crucifixion in the Apostles' Creed, "suffered under Pontius Pilate," this inscription fixes the year of the transaction to which it relates as that of Paulus the proconsul. What a striking example of accuracy this is! If the Acts of the Apostles were written as some have held about the year 120, what would have been more natural for a forger than to describe the ruler of Cyprus in A.D. 45 as *proprætor*, since *proprætors* were, in 120, the actual rulers? But no; the author was a contemporary of the events, knowing doubtless Cyprus right well, and probably often visiting it, or at any rate receiving his information from those who had visited it, and therefore he rightly and accurately speaks of Sergius Paulus, the proconsul of Cyprus.

Or let us take again the record of St. Paul's second great missionary journey when he passed over into Macedonia and for the first time preached the Gospel on European shores. What pitfalls, traps and snares and gins a forger had then to face when striving to record his travels on that occasion. St. Paul again and again came in contact with the mob, and through them with the local magistracies. Here was an endless source of error and mistakes if the writer were not a contemporary and companion of the Apostles who wrote down the facts as he knew them. The accuracy of St. Luke has been amply demonstrated by modern investigators in this direction also. See how clearly and carefully he distinguishes amid the vast variety of local jurisdictions and magistracies which prevailed throughout the Roman Empire. In chap. xvi. 12 he thus de-

scribes Philippi, where St. Paul endured one of the three Roman scourgings to which he refers in 2 Cor. xi. 25: "From thence we made a straight course to Philippi which is a city of Macedonia, the first of the district, a Roman colony." And then in the 20th verse he calls the magistrates of Philippi by their rightful popular title, *Prætors*. Philippi was, as he mentions, a Roman colony. Every Roman colony was a Rome in miniature. As Rome, therefore, was governed by two consuls who were attended by lictors, so each colony was ruled by two magistrates technically called *Duumviri*, which the Greeks represented by the word for *prætors*. But why, it may be said, did not St. Luke give them their legal title, *Duumviri*? Why did he call them *Prætors*? For the very simple and natural reason that the chief magistrates of colonies did not at all relish, at least in Greek colonies, the title of *Duumviri*, for which they substituted *prætors*, as we learn from Cicero, who, writing a century earlier, tells us in one of his letters of the laughable vanity of the magistrates of Capua who, true to their Greek nature and Greek taste for titles, rejected the title of *Duumviri* and substituted for it that of *Prætors*. But the minute accuracy of St. Luke in such matters cannot be fully understood till we contrast his account of Thessalonica, in the next chapter with that given of Philippi in the sixteenth. The Revised Version even fails to represent this contrast. St. Luke, describing St. Paul's visit to Thessalonica and the uproar caused by the Jews, says of the mob: "They dragged Jason and certain brethren before the rulers of the city." But the word for rulers at Thessalonica is quite different from that used for the magistrates at Philippi. Thessalonica was, in fact, a free city, acknowledging indeed the supremacy of Rome, but retaining its ancient method of government, its ancient magistrates and customs, a privilege which was bestowed upon it a good many years before for the prudent part it had taken in the war between Augustus and Antony on one side and Brutus and Cassius on the other.

St. Luke, therefore, calls the rulers at Thessalonica "*Politarchs*," while the magistrates at Philippi are styled "*Prætors*." Modern investigation has completely confirmed this distinction, as an inscription has been found on a triumphal arch which still spans the main street of Thessalonica at its western entrance, and which was erected by Augustus and Antony after their great victory. This arch was there when St. Paul visited Thessalonica, and it has upon it to this day a Greek inscription commemorating seven persons, doubtless the local magistrates, during the very year when it was erected, and it expressly designates them "*Politarchs*," the title which St. Luke gives the rulers of Thessalonica, and which is mentioned in no other literary authority.

Let us now terminate this series of papers by recalling the ground over which we have passed. We undertook to show the light and support which modern discoveries have lent to the historic

truth of the Christian religion in its broadest aspect. This fact limited and narrowed the scope of our investigations.

There might be the most interesting and instructive coincidences between different passages of Holy Scripture, or the most valuable illustrations of early Christian life and doctrine might be gained from a study of Christian writers like Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, or Eusebius, but we have had nothing to do with them in this series, unless they have been lately discovered. We therefore began with the very latest discovery, the *Apology of Aristides*, which is now only twelve months known to the general public. We then considered the testimony which the writings of the great Church father, Hippolytus, bore to the faith, because his most important work, the *Refutation of all Heresies*, was only made known to the world some forty years ago; while his *Commentary on Daniel* has been printed only within the last five years; and then we have surveyed the ample confirmation of the Acts of the Apostles which the investigations in Ephesus and Cyprus, carried on in our own day, have bestowed upon the church of Christ. These have all amply demonstrated the historical truth of Christianity. In no one instance has even the slightest detail of investigation come into conflict with the great broad fundamental facts and doctrines of Christianity as stated in the Apostles' Creed or with the history contained in the Acts of the Apostles and in the earliest writers of the Primitive Church.

These investigations and discoveries may indeed have, in a few cases, come into conflict with some pet prejudices, some local theories, some private idols of our own peculiar den; but they have all served to place the great doctrines of grace, the fundamentals of Christianity upon a firmer footing; they make us long with eager confidence for a yet more careful investigation of the lands where the sacred narratives were written and the events of sacred history transacted, because, armed by our past experiences, we anticipate therefrom a further strengthening of the conviction, which we share with the Apostle Peter, that we have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we believed in the life, the death, the resurrection, the power and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Things New and Old.

WYCLIFFE'S "LANTERN OF LIGHT."—A singular incident occurred in connection with one of the earliest printed copies of this treatise, first written and circulated in 1400. Wycliffe's works were all thus sent abroad, his pupils and young friends at Oxford, being the copyists and dispersers of his tracts. The Rev. George Stokes, one of the early editors of the Religious Tract Society's publications, to whose zeal and learning much of the prosperity of the

Society was due, wished to find the first printed edition, from a conviction that various errors had crept into later editions. He made inquiries, and searched many libraries and catalogues, but all in vain. He had occasion one day to visit the British Museum library, then in old Montagu House, and he had the proof-sheets of Wycliffe's work in his pocket. On leaving the Museum, he crossed Holborn, and in passing down a court leading into Lincoln's-inn-fields, he noticed an old tea-chest full of books, marked "Sixpence each." By curiosity he turned them over; and, to his joyful surprise, one of the first he looked at was the old black-letter Wycliffe he had so long been in search of. He was gratified by finding that his suspicions were well-founded as to the inaccuracies of the more recent editions. Was it pure chance that gave him this find? or was it a providential reward to his industry and good intent?

LES OMBRAGES.—The beautiful house and estate of the late Madame André Walther, "Les Ombres," near Versailles, which was so celebrated during the Siege of Paris, as a scene of beneficence, and a sanctuary held sacred by the Germans, on account of the character of the venerable proprietor, is still to be used for purposes of Christian charity. Here, in the month of June, is held a gathering of Protestant ladies engaged in benevolent work. It is more like our Mildmay Park Annual Conference than any other institution of our own country. The family of Madame André Walther gladly support the charities associated with her memory. The names of some of the chief readers of reports, and the speakers, at the last meeting, recall associations of good augury for French Protestantism. Madame de Witt, daughter of M. Guizot; Sarah Monod, daughter of the great preacher Adolph Monod; Madame Fisch, wife of the President of the Reformed church; and other familiar names appear. All kinds of institutions for the advancement and help of women and girls, had their advocates; and the assembling of so large a number of ladies of the Reformed churches of France to promote objects of practically a charitable and evangelistic kind, is an event of much interest.

ELIZABETH FRY'S "DAILY TEXTS."—As the name and work of Mrs. Fry have been lately recalled by the publication of a brief biographical Memoir, by the Religious Tract Society, the readers may be interested in the following anecdote. Mrs. Fry had great faith in the power of the simple Word of God, applied by the Holy Spirit. It is mentioned in the recently published Memoir, that she gave to many distinguished persons on the Continent, including the royal families at Berlin and at Paris, copies of this little book. A copy given by Mrs. Fry to one of her own grandsons was lost by him at the Lynn Mart. He was long sorry to have lost his grandmother's valued present, but the reason for the loss afterwards was made apparent. A neighbouring minister was sent for to see the wife of a man at the outskirts of his parish, a man of notoriously bad character, and his wife formerly as bad as himself. "But," said the doctor who took the message to the clergyman, "you will find them very different from what they were. In fact, in the woman's case, you may say the lion has become a lamb." The daughter of the woman had found the lost book, and taken it home. And there had been wrought gradually a complete change in the once wild, blasphemous house. The mother was now laid by in her last illness, and when the minister came she took from under her pillow the well-used copy of "Daily Texts," and said she had been delivered from sin and from fear by "that dear little book." She died soon after, filled with joy and peace, for she had found the Saviour.

HER OWN WAY.

CHAPTER I.



raised a pair of puzzled blue eyes from a story-book, and her sister Lizzie, who was ten last birthday, and therefore wiser, immediately replied :

"It means—it means—how stupid you are, Totty! It means—being like grown-up people."

Totty's face still kept its puzzled look; so brother Tom came to the rescue, adding, with a wave of his hand to a tall girl bending over a drawing-board, "For example, Myra is an independent young lady."

"Oh! I see," cried Totty. "It means having your own way."

At this there was a general laugh, in which Myra herself joined, as though she had received a compliment.

"Nothing like a good illustration to make your meaning clear," said Tom, while Lizzie remarked somewhat pettishly, not quite relishing thus dividing the honour of the explanation, "Even Myra won't get her way this afternoon though."

"Then it ought to be chalked up," said Tom. "For she generally does, by hook or by crook. I'd give something to know the secret. How much, Myra?"

"What nonsense you talk, Tom!" said Myra, contemptuously. "It's easy enough as a rule to get what you want, I suppose, if you have common-sense, and take the trouble to use it; but that's just what namby-pamby people with no will of their own ever think of doing."

Here a stout comfortable-looking woman, folding clean clothes at the nursery table, struck in.

"Oh! my dearie, I don't like to hear you talk like that. And when you've lived longer in the world, Miss Myra, you'll find it's not always wise to take your own way, however pleasant and safe it seems. It's a common thing to take it, I know, but it don't follow that it's common-sense."

"Well done, Nurse!" cried Tom. "I always say you are cut out for an orator. But wait a minute!"—as Nurse Hilton took up her basket of linen—"you have not clinched your argument yet, you know. Can you do it, Nurse?"

Nurse smiled. It had long been her habit to cap her homely precepts with an appropriate text; "clinching" her arguments, as Tom said, with the authority which we all hold sacred.

"Why, master Tom, there are so many verses in the Bible against the folly of being wise in our own eyes, and trusting to ourselves instead of to them who are better able to judge for us, that the trouble is to know which to choose

at a minute's notice. Perhaps one of the easiest to remember is, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding.'"

Nurse picked up her basket again, and left the room; and in the short silence which followed, Myra sharpened her pencils with a slightly heightened colour. Tom's thoughts meanwhile, went back to the previous conversation. "What's the hitch, this afternoon?" said he.

"Oh! Myra wants to go skating with the Farrants," began Lizzie eagerly, "and auntie says decidedly she cannot, she must go to Firdale for Dick's medicine, and other things."

"What a pity!" said good-natured Tom, who could not bear to see his favourite sister disappointed. "I suppose it would be too late for me to bring back the things when I leave class?"

"So auntie says," replied Myra, in a hard constrained voice.

"But isn't there any other way?" persisted Tom.

"Very likely, but it is no great matter," said Myra, as she industriously shaded a cottage window.

"Oh, Myra! not after all you said to auntie when she told you you could not go," began Lizzie.

"I really do wish, Lizzie, you would mind your own business, and leave me to mind mine," said Myra. "The mountains you make out of mole-hills are perfectly ridiculous. Now don't worry me any more, either of you. I want to finish my drawing, and my motto is 'One thing at a time.'"

After this Lizzie subsided, and sank her budding dignity as a "big girl," in a friendly alliance with Totty, on the hearthrug. And Tom got out his books, and looked over his papers for the class he attended in Firdale. But he was mightily impressed, as Myra meant him to be, by her cool way of taking things, and consequently all the more ready to feel flattered when just before their early dinner she summoned him to a conference.

The fact was Myra had made up her mind not to lose the coveted pleasure of the skating party; indeed she had argued herself into the idea that it would be perfect folly to miss a chance that came so seldom, and that it was really quite selfish of Aunt Anna to put any obstacle in the way. Selfishness was certainly about the last thing of which most people would accuse the gentle little woman who cared for her brother's motherless children so faithfully and so well; but Myra was in an angry and rebellious mood, and then she was apt to be unreasonable. Yes, and auntie was "faddy," as well as selfish, for though she never seemed altogether to approve of the society of the young Farrants for her nieces, Myra was sure they were capital company; such go-a-head girls, with plenty of fun, and no nonsense about them. Then, as to the other objection, that there was no one to go for Dick's medicine, surely for once in a way their little maid, Mary, might be spared. But no! just because it happened to be Saturday, Mary must be polishing her pots and pans, while nurse finished ironing in the intervals of minding the children, and auntie made invalid Dick her special care. Again it might have puzzled an outsider to see where "auntie's" selfishness came in; for decidedly in these arrangements our discontented young lady had the easiest post, and pleasantest task assigned her. To go over to Firdale—a ten minutes' journey by rail—and execute a few commissions which would leave time to visit a young friend living in the town, if she felt so disposed. Myra

would have considered this a pleasant way of spending the afternoon, if the skating party had not taken possession of her thoughts, appearing all the more delightful because forbidden.

However, difficulties only made Myra more determined to overcome them, and she soon had a plan which she proceeded to confide to Tom, as it would require a little of his help to carry out.

Tom, whose one ambition was to go to Cambridge, had been for some years a pupil in Firdale Grammar School, and was trying very hard to win a scholarship. To make more sure of it, he gave up Saturday afternoons to an extra class held in the house of one of the masters. He was in the habit of going to this class by a train which gave him rather more time than he needed to get to the master's house; but the next train ran it too close for him to be always sure of arriving in comfortable time.

"Now," said Myra, in the conference just alluded to, "all I want you to do, Tom, is to be smart and spry. Of course as auntie will not know I mean to go on to Dorley Ponds, she won't let me come away with you before dinner is over, but when I get to Firdale by the quarter to two train, you must be at the station to give me the bottle of medicine, and the yarn from Mosely's shop in High Street, and the book from the Library. Then if you put your best foot foremost, as Nurse says, you will get to your class in pretty good time after all, won't you?"

"No fear!" said Tom, catching in his turn, the spirit of adventure. "And if your train is late I can take a short cut, and slide down Care Hill for once. But, I say, Myra," he added soberly, "do you think it's worth while, after all, sneaking an afternoon like this?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'sneaking,'" retorted Myra, "but I certainly think it worth while, and a very simple matter, to go over to Dorley Ponds for an hour or two."

"Aunt Anna always trusts us so!" said Tom, his boyish face growing rather red under the scornful fire of his elder sister's eyes.

"Now look here, Tom! I am nearly three years older than you, and you ought to think it a compliment that I take you into my confidence. If you're afraid, just say so, and no doubt I can manage without your assistance."

"Afraid! you know better," replied Tom, moodily.

"Well, perhaps I do," said Myra, with a laugh, "or I should not trust you as I do. There, don't be stupid any more; why, the worst that can happen is a mild lecture from auntie if she hears I went skating instead of shopping, and as I shall have had the fun, I can stand the lecture. Perhaps you imagine the ice is going to give way, and I shall be drowned like the naughty little boys and girls in the story-books. You foolish Tom! it's only in the story-books that such things happen."

"Oh, the ice is right enough. Frank Green says it's nearly a foot thick. That does not trouble me."

"I should think not—nor anything else. Come along; Mary's taking in dinner, and it's rather late; you won't have time for pudding to-day. Whatever you do, don't miss your usual train, and mind you are at the station to hand those things to me when I come on by the next."

"You'll find it rather awkward carrying that medicine-bottle about all the afternoon."

"I don't intend to carry it about. I shall leave it with the waiting-room woman at Dorley Station, and call for it as I come back by the ten-past-four train."

Tom laughed. "Trust you to map it all out," said he, and, as usual, forgot his scruples in admiration of his sister's ingenuity.

Myra, it will be observed, had no scruples to forget. She had used her influence to weaken her brother's sense of

right; she was about deliberately to deceive the aunt who stood in the place of her dead mother, and yet if anyone had ventured to couple the words dishonour and deceit with her name, Myra's face would have flushed angrily, and her lips would have hurled back indignant denial. There is no self-deception more complete than that which springs from wilfulness, and an overweening confidence in our own strength. It clothes us as with a garment; it wraps us in delusion; and just as in foggy weather you sometimes see the figures of the passers-by loom strangely large, we, gazing on ourselves through mists of pride and stubbornness, fancy we behold giants where truth shows only pigmies.

The afternoon was sunny and exhilarating. Myra felt glad to think she meant to make the most of it. She tripped along, her skates slung lightly on her arm; she had smuggled them under her jacket on leaving the house. The ring of her steps on the hard road, the sparkling rime upon the trees, the curious stillness in the air which comes with frost, were all delights.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXXI.

At what places were the following words spoken?

"If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?"

"Now let your hands be strengthened, and be ye valiant: for your master Saul is dead."

"We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"What doest thou here, Elijah?"

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

"Make us a king to judge us like all the nations."

"I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake."

Find out the name of village, mountain, town;
All are well known, and some have wide renown:
In one a patriarch dwelt; in one a seer;
To mountain-caves a prophet fled in fear;
Three cities persecute Apostles preaching,
While one is full of joy at Philip's teaching;
That village, too, is mentioned, where, 'tis said,
Jesus was "known to them in breaking bread."

Set down the names; initials tell us then
What Jesus is to wandering, sinful men.

L. T.

KEY TO THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

ST. PAUL.—VIII. p. 672.

(1) Acts xxiii. 23, 32; (2) xxiv. 1, 5, 6; (3) vv. 14-16; (4) compare v. 2, 3, with v. 10; (5) v. 23; (6) v. 17; (7) Rom. xv. 25, 26; 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 3; 2 Cor. ix. 2; (8) Acts xxiv. 25; (9) vv. 25, 27; (10) xxv. 2, 3; (11) vv. 10, 11; (12) vv. 18-20; (13) xxvi. 2, 3; (14) John xvi. 2; Acts xxvi. 9; (15) xxii. 32; xxvi. 23, 24; (16) vv. 28, 29; (17) v. 32.