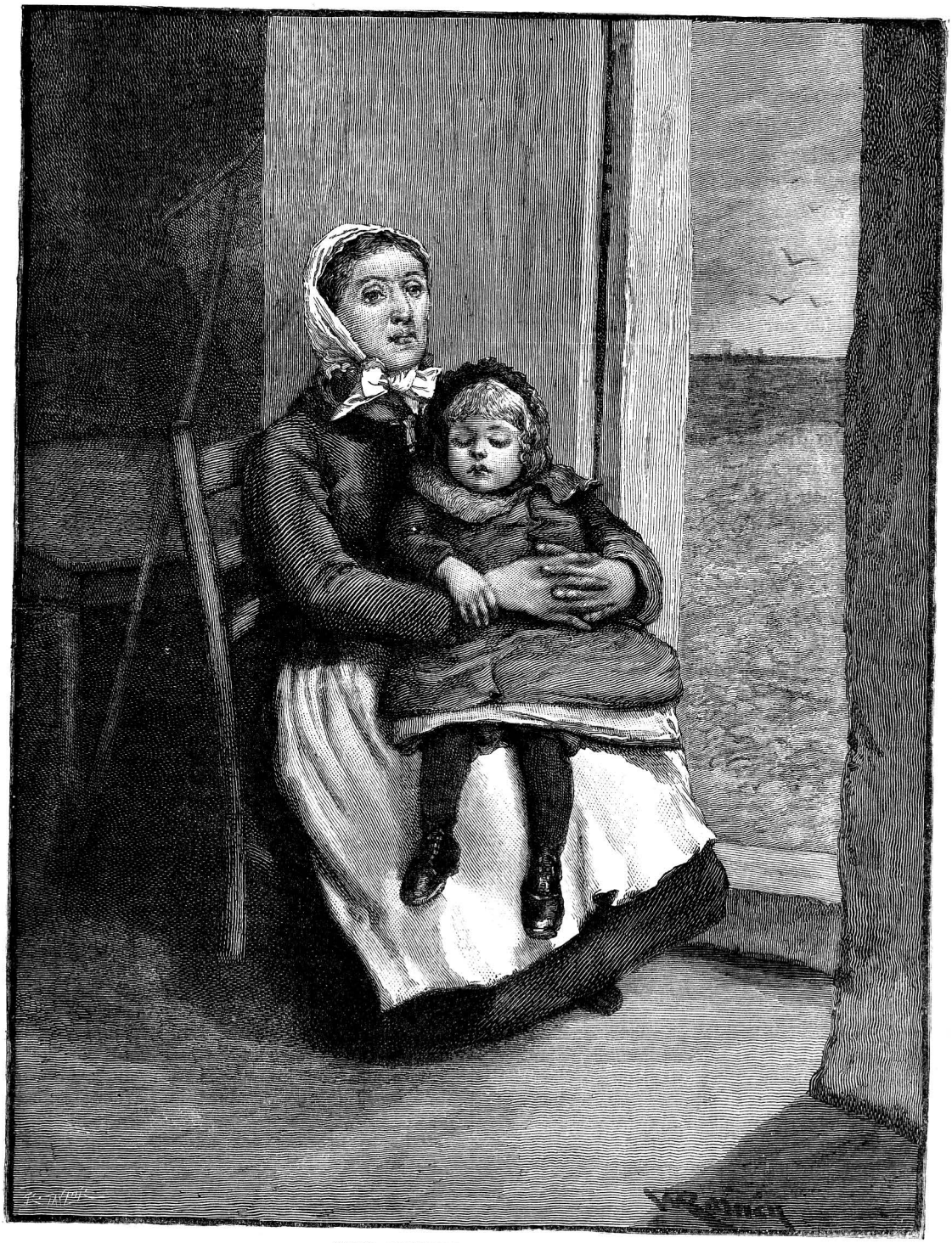
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

"The watcher in her harder part
Of helpless waiting."

No. 1813.—JANUARY 26, 1889.

Afterwards.

GOD'S ways are equal, storm and calm,
Long nights of peril and of rest,
The hurtling dart, the healing balm
Are all apportioned as is best.
In judgment oft misunderstood,
In ways mysterious and obscure,
He brings from evil lasting good
And makes the final gladness sure;
By many a fiery test of strength
He bids our faith and hope increase,
And gives the chastened soul at length
His afterward of peace.

When the dread forces of the gale
His sterner purposes perform,
And human skill can nought avail
Against the fury of the storm;
The toiler, well-nigh losing heart,
Low bending to his baffled oar,
The watcher in her harder part
Of helpless waiting at the door,—
Are still beneath His tender care,
And He can make the tempest cease,
And give them, for the anguish there,
An afterward of peace.

The very waves that now appal
As in their wrath they plunge and roar,
Some other day shall lightly fall
In sunlit ripples on the shore;
The cloudy chariots of the skies
That threaten death o'er sea and land
Are filled with many a sweet surprise
Of goodness, from His lavish hand;
Beneath their soft and gentle rain
The buds shall open and increase,
And field and wood shall know again
His afterward of peace.

Look up, sad heart, no trial can last
Beyond the limits God hath set,
When its appointed work is past
Thou shalt in joy the stroke forget,
Where grief's sharp ploughshare hath swept through
Thy fairest flowers of life shall spring,
For God shall clothe thy world anew,
And all its wastes shall laugh and sing;
Hope thou in Him, His plan for thee
Must end in triumph and release;
Fear not, and thou shalt surely see
His afterward of peace!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER VII.—JUNE SUNSHINE.

"MR. DALRYMPLE did not look quite himself to-day," remarked Mr. Fitzalan, as he sat down with Marjory to the cold early dinner, usual on Sunday at the Rectory.

"I don't wonder," rejoined Marjory.

Mr. Fitzalan asked "Why?" not following her train of thought.

"Harvey!" was the comprehensive answer.

"Harvey! You mean the fact of his marriage. Yes, that might worry Mr. Dalrymple in some measure. Hardly to the extent of affecting his health."

"I don't know. There must be the feeling that he can never trust Harvey again?"

"Trust him—how?" Mr. Fitzalan was fond of delving to the roots of things and words.

"Father, you know what I mean." Marjory's tone was a degree petulant, and a dent appeared on her brow.

"There are degrees and varieties of trust. You suppose that Harvey will be henceforward materially lowered in Mr. Dalrymple's opinion. I am not so sure."

"He must be lowered; he cannot be anything else."

"That depends upon the stand which he has taken hitherto—in Mr. Dalrymple's opinion, I mean. He is not lowered in mine."

"Father!" The expression of the emotions in Marjory could at this moment no farther go.

"I don't say that I approve of his action. I merely say that my opinion of him is not altered. He has always been a very pleasant fellow, willing and even anxious to please everybody, after himself. So much as that I have trusted him, and so much I may trust him still. He does not wish to distress anybody, and so far as is convenient he will make up for any distress which he may have given. It is not all men who would run away from a bride of three weeks, to soothe the feelings of a great-uncle."

"Why did he not bring her with him?"

"Rather a startling step, under the circumstances. Suppose he had telegraphed, 'Expect my wife and myself by such-and-such a train!'"

"But if he had written earlier—if he had written at first."

"Yes, there it is. I don't defend the action, Marjie. I only say that it is nothing new, that it is the same Harvey whom we have known. He does not object to doing what is right; but he will do what is wrong, rather than be inconvenienced. And he is ready to do any amount of kindness, after a lazy fashion, only self must be considered first."

"I don't think his hurrying home from Paris was lazy."

So Marjory had actually begun to defend her quondam hero. Mr. Fitzalan laughed to himself in a noiseless style.

"Laziness has a variety of developments," he said, and the subject was dropped.

Not, however, for very long. Dinner over, Marjory had one of her necessary short rests on the couch, for she was far from strong. She lay perfectly still, after her usual wont, with shut eyes, and long thin fingers lightly crossed, not knowing, and for the moment not much caring, what other people were after. Very soon she would have to rise and bestir herself for afternoon Sunday school. The short intervening space had to be utilised to the utmost.

Mr. Fitzalan's voice in the passage broke in upon her stillness.

"Hermione! How do you do? You are early to-day, and alone."

"Yes; I came to make excuses for my grandfather," Hermione's silver voice answered. "He seems to feel the heat so much, I have persuaded him to stay in for once, and Harvey is there too, so it really is best. Can you possibly manage without grandfather?"

"Certainly. If no one else can take his class, I will do it myself. Come and see Marjory. You need not start for a few minutes."

"No. I thought you would rather know in good time."

Hermione entered, fresh, fair and smiling, not in the least heated with her hot walk. Somehow she always looked the same. Marjory did not rise, for Hermione was never treated as a guest here. The younger girl bent in her graceful manner for a kiss, and then sat down near the couch.

"It is a lovely day," she said.

"Too hot for Marjory," Mr. Fitzalan observed. "Mr. Dalrymple was not quite himself this morning, I think—was he?"

"No. It is the worry about Harvey."

Marjory's eyes opened more widely, for a glance at her father.

"So Marjie has been saying," he remarked. "But Mr. Dalrymple has not been entirely as he should for some weeks."

Hermione wore an incredulous air. "He is very well and strong generally," she said. "Nothing was wrong with him, until Harvey came."

"You have not noticed any difference? Well, I would keep him quiet." said Mr. Fitzalan gravely. "Don't let him exert himself. He is not so young as he was. And tell him from me not to think of church this evening. Perhaps I may look in afterwards, to see how he is."

Hermione was not so fond of receiving as of giving directions. Mr. Fitzalan often aroused in her a small spirit of opposition. She could not have told why, even if she was aware of the fact. Perhaps it was because he did not exactly rank as one of her devotees. Hermione was so accustomed to be "looked up to," as Marjory expressed it, that she could hardly understand being looked upon in any other mode; and though Mr. Fitzalan was most kind and fatherly, he did not bow to her opinion, nor did he cease treating her somewhat as if she were still a child. Hermione loved him as a dear old friend; but sometimes without doubt he did provoke her a little.

She would not pursue the subject of Mr. Dalrymple's health, but said with her pretty girlish dignity, "Harvey has behaved very wrongly. I do not wonder that dear grandfather is unhappy."

"Has he told you any particulars about the lady of his choice?" asked Mr. Fitzalan, rather anxious to ward off an exciting duet of condemnation between the two girls. Marjory looked worn enough already. He knew that a very little more would incapacitate her for the afternoon's work.

"Not much. I have not cared to ask," Hermione answered. "He does not deserve that we should show interest. Her name is Julia—Julia Pilchard it was—and she is two years older than I am."

"Ah, a mere chicken," murmured the disrespectful Rector.

Hermione would not notice the interruption. She held herself a little straighter, and proceeded: "Two years older than I am, and Harvey does not seem to know whether she is pretty. That means of course that she is plain. She has only one sister, a widow with one little child. They lost all their money lately. Harvey says I shall like the sister; but I do not know; I do not much care. All this is beside the mark. Harvey has forfeited all right to our sympathy. My grandfather is most kind and forgiving—far more than Harvey deserves. But for me it is different. I have to show what I think for grandfather's sake, not for my own."

"Take care, Hermione. Self is very subtle."

Mr. Fitzalan hardly spoke the words; he

breathed them, rather. Hermione's delicate tinting deepened a little.

"You do not understand me," she said in a voice as low as his, with a touch of reproach.

"It may be so. But is it certain that you and I perfectly understand Harvey?"

"I understand the circumstances of the case. There can be no mistake, and no excuse."

Mr. Fitzalan made one little negative movement of his head, the expressive grey eyes saying much that he did not put into words. He at least knew more of those circumstances than Hermione could know; and while not at all disposed, as he had said, to defend Harvey's manner of proceeding, he could make allowance for the difficulties of Harvey's position: he could believe that this sharp cutting of the Gordian knot had been done from motives not altogether thoughtless or unkind, though in his estimation mistaken. His view of the affair was perhaps even more indulgent than Harvey's own view, just because he was better acquainted with the strength of Mr. Dalrymple's desire, and the persistency of Mr. Dalrymple's will.

But he was aware that to argue the question with Hermione would be fruitless, and he turned from her towards the couch:

"Marjie, are you fit for school this afternoon?"

"Yes, father. Is it time to go?"

"Nearly. Time for you to get your hat, I am afraid. Would you not rather stay at home?"

"O no. I can't be spared."

She went at once for hat, parasol and books, struggling against a degree of lassitude, which even her father did not suspect, or he would have insisted instead of only suggesting. There were no lounging airs or gestures of fatigue, such as many people adopt in not very strong health; and she would not allow herself to lag behind the other two in their ten minutes' walk to the school-room. Rather oddly it had been built at the farther end of the village, not near the church.

Clouds were gone, and the June sun blazed in through the school-room windows, not much softened by yellow blinds. Children and teachers were alike languid that day, with the exception of Hermione, who sat upright in her white dress, cool and collected and sweet, speaking with ready words and earnest persuasive looks. She certainly was a very successful Sunday-school teacher. The worst children in the school were by common consent handed over to her, and Hermione could do what she chose with any of them.

Marjory, a few yards off, just struggled through her lesson and no more; the last half hour being one long haze of exhaustion. Once a rush of sounds filled the air, and the row of little sleepy faces receded into a far distance; but Marjory talked on resolutely, not in the least knowing what she said, and somehow things came back to their normal condition. She said nothing to anybody about herself; only hoped she had not spoken utter nonsense, dismissed her children, collected books, and did various small things which always fell to her share. Then she crept home uncomplainingly through the hot sun, wondering at each step how many more would be possible, and on reaching the Rectory dropped down upon her couch. She had done her utmost for that day.

Hermione had farther to walk; but her light step never faltered. She found her grandfather seemingly better, strolling in the garden with Harvey, and enjoying a long chat. Hermione did not give Mr. Fitzalan's message. Somehow she was rather averse to doing so, she could hardly have told why, and she decided that there really was no need.

After all, "grandfather was the best judge."

CHAPTER VIII.—FOR THE FUTURE.

THE evening service was over, and so was the cold evening meal which followed. Mr. Dalrymple had been by no means sorry for the help of Harvey's strong arm on the way home. His head felt "heavy" again, he said, and once or twice he seemed not quite able to walk straight. "It was only the heat," Hermione decided; "such extreme heat for June." And, as she told herself, he was less knocked up than Marjory.

But physical weakness was with Marjory the ordinary condition of affairs; a part of herself; a thing to be regretted, yet not to cause alarm. Sudden feebleness, coming upon a strong and healthy man, is altogether another matter; and young as Hermione was she might have known that difference.

She did for a moment feel uneasy when Harvey remarked, "You ought not to have gone to church this evening;" and her grandfather answered, "No; I almost wish I had not." Would it not have been better if she had given the message? But Mr. Dalrymple might not have followed the advice: and a good night would restore him. On the whole, however, Hermione hoped for the non-appearance of Mr. Fitzalan.

They were out upon the terrace now, enjoying the still twilight. Mr. Dalrymple was in a comfortable easy-chair, which Harvey had insisted on dragging out of the library. He did not mind trouble of that description, being too thorough a gentleman not to undertake small courtesies. As Mr. Fitzalan had remarked, laziness takes different forms: and certainly Mr. Dalrymple had found his great-nephew most kind and attentive all day, ready to anticipate every wish.

None of the three showed at first much inclination to talk. After a while, Harvey broke in upon the silence, remarking, "Delicious scent of roses."

Mr. Dalrymple offered no response, and Hermione started another subject: "What interesting sermons we have had to-day!"

Another irresponsive pause.

"Did you not think so?" she asked, looking at Harvey.

Was the question malicious? Harvey was too honest to answer in the affirmative. He said only, "Were they?"

"This morning's, particularly. Yes, I thought so. Did not you?"

"I am not a very good judge," Harvey replied carelessly.

"Were you talking about this morning's sermon?" Mr. Dalrymple asked, rousing himself. "What was the text? I cannot recall."

"I must refer you to Hermione," said Harvey, at whom the question was directed.

"Hermione is sure to know," the old man uttered lovingly.

"Yes, grandfather;" and in silvery tones she repeated: "'Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?' With part of a verse just before, 'Yield yourselves unto God.'"

"Yes, my dear."

"Mr. Fitzalan spoke about the nature of the service, as bondservice. Don't you remember, grandfather? That if we yield ourselves to God, we are bound to obey Him in everything; and if not yielded to Him, then we must be yielded to evil, bondservants to the Prince of Evil. I thought all that was very striking; the way he put it. And about the mastery of self too, the being slaves to self, or freed from self." Hermione hesitated an instant, recalling his utterance at the Rectory, which she had not so well approved: then she went on—"He spoke about the choice being left to us, though God has of course absolute right to our service—but still we are told—'Choose you this day whom ye will serve,' and then, 'Yield yourselves unto God.' Yes, it was very beautiful. And all about what is meant by yielding—real yielding—having no care for our own will, but only caring to please God."

Harvey counted an after abstract of the day's sermons highly unnecessary. He was not interested in the said sermons; and to sit through them without listening seemed to him a sufficient tax upon his patience. Moreover, he was no more disposed to take Mr. Fitzalan's teaching second-hand from Hermione than Hermione was to submit with meekness to Mr. Fitzalan's dictum, except as uttered from the pulpit. So he stirred restlessly, causing the wicker-work of his chair to utter long creaks, as a vent to his dissatisfaction.

"Would you not like another chair?" asked Hermione, disturbed by the squeaks.

"Thanks,—no. This is very comfortable."

Mr. Dalrymple spoke next in quiet tones. "Yes, it is a blessed service," he said. "But the yielding of ourselves is not a matter of one moment's resolving or doing, as some would have us believe. It is a long sore battle."

"Only there has to be first the yielding of our will, grandfather. We have to give ourselves to Christ; and then, once yielded to Him, will He not keep His own?" She had an air of quiet certainty, and her face was bright in the twilight.

"My child, yes, He is faithful. But He will send tests. He will allow us to learn our weakness. That is part of the whole,—part of the battle. Yours is only beginning. Mine is nearing the end. 'I have fought a fight,'—not 'a good fight' like St. Paul's, only a long fight with many failures. And Christ has been with me throughout. The 'crown of glory' is laid up—ready—safe in His keeping."

Harvey could listen now without any inclination to fidget. There was a humble reality in the old man's confidence which touched him, and even aroused in him a vague wish to possess the same—unlike Hermione's confidence. It vexed him that she should break in upon the dreamy soliloquy—

"But, dear grandfather, you don't really think that one never can have yielded up one's will and one's all to God, until after very long fighting? Why should there be delay? Why not yield one's all at once?"

He smiled at her tenderly.

"The sapling doesn't grow into a great oak in one hour, Hermione. Yes; yield yourself now—self, will, and all, keeping nothing back. But you will find more and more to yield as you go on—hidden depths of self, unsuspected forms of wilfulness; and much that you have thought yielded, you will find not yielded. That has been one of my latest lessons. It may be one of your latest. Still, with it comes the thought of peace——"

"What thought?" Hermione asked, as he broke off.

"Christ!"

"Yes?" she questioned.

"Christ—only Christ! His love and faithfulness. I do not know what else I had in my mind."

"Would you say that we are never to have a will or a wish of our own?" Harvey asked unexpectedly.

Hermione began, "No, never——" but he turned from her, with two words which plainly directed the question to Mr. Dalrymple—"Would you?"

"Yes, my dear boy, any amount, only never apart from God's will. Give over everything to Him, and He will give back to you tenfold what you have yielded up."

Harvey seemed to be thinking. Hermione, a little offended, remained silent. Mr. Dalrymple presently moved, as if to stand upright.

"I almost think I will go in, if you will both excuse me," he said. "I am over-tired to-night. We will discuss everything to-morrow."

"Are you going to bed, grandfather?"

Hermione had never known such an event before as retirement before his usual time.

He put an arm round her waist, kissing the fair brow, and holding out a hand to Harvey.

"Yes; it is fatigue, I suppose. I shall be all right to-morrow, after a good night. I do not feel that I can stay up any longer."

Harvey offered his arm, and they went, all three, through the conservatory into the lighted drawing-room.

"Thanks, my dear boy. It is a great comfort to have you here. You must come again very soon, and stay long, you and your Julia. I begin to feel that I am an old man, and it is a comfort to know that my Hermione has a kind brother—a brother and sister too—who will care for her."

"Yes, indeed," the young man said heartily.

"Yes, you would do it,—would do all—will do all when the need arises. I have complete trust in your kind feelings. You will be a true brother to my darling—always!"

"Always!" repeated Harvey.

The word was very simple, but it had the force of a solemn promise in his estimation, he could hardly have said why.

Hermione stood somewhat apart, not moved by this as Harvey would have expected, but rather seeming not quite to approve of it. When Mr. Dalrymple turned for another "good-night" of peculiar tenderness, her response was even a little cold. Whether Mr. Dalrymple noticed the fact it was impossible to tell. He went quietly from the room.

Half a minute of silence followed. Hermione remained motionless, the lamplight falling upon her dropped eyes. Harvey wished she would be so good as to sit down, that he might do the same, but she did not. The silence was broken by her voice.

"My grandfather is not well."

"I am afraid not."

"He was perfectly himself until you came. It is the worry."

"Are you sure he has not been failing at all? One does not always notice at first; but he has a worn look—hardly the result of one day's worry."

Mr. Fitzalan's words recurred to Hermione, but she put them aside, and answered in resolute tones, "Quite sure. I have never seen him like this before."

"In that case, I think you would be wise to have advice for him without delay. Yes; to-night—why not?"

"What is the use? It is only that he is unhappy."

"I don't wish to contradict a lady, of course; but he seems to me to be thoroughly unwell."

"Only because of that," she persisted.

"If you are absolutely certain to be in the right, discussing the matter will do little good," Harvey could not help saying. "But I have seen something of illness."

"He is worried, not ill. It is enough to upset him. If only you had written openly from the first! I do not wonder that he feels it so much."

Harvey ignored this.

"Then you will not even ask if he would like to see Mr. Pennant?"

"Now? No; it is half-past nine. I shall see how he is in the morning, of course. Will you read prayers to-night, as he cannot?"

She did not speak curtly. Voice and manner were always soft and gentle; yet Harvey knew that every intonation meant displeasure.

"I have no objection, if it is a matter of reading only."

"Yes; we always have a short Psalm on Sunday, and I will show you the prayer that grandfather would use."

Hermione seated herself with a book, and little more passed between the two, until the bell sounded, and they went to the library. It was the first time within Hermione's recollections that she had ever been there, for this purpose, without her grandfather. His absence gave her a desolate feeling. She wished she had kissed him more tenderly, had asked more anxiously after his condition. Mr. Dalrymple was an old man, and not given to unimportant ailments. What if anything at all serious were impending? Might it not even now be best to send for Mr. Pennant, and ask him to look in for five minutes, just to see that nothing was really wrong? Mr. Pennant was so kind, he would not object, even should the errand prove to have been unnecessary. But, on the other hand, it was getting late, and most likely there was no need, and Mr. Dalrymple would dislike a fuss; and, besides—besides—why should Harvey manage things? He had behaved so ill—had forfeited all right to interfere. No, she would wait till the morning, and then certainly Mr. Pennant should be summoned, if Mr. Dalrymple were not better.

Hermione wore a reverent manner; but she heard not one word of the Psalm which Harvey read, or of the prayer which followed.

After that the household went to bed.

A soft rapping at Harvey's door roused him next morning from comfortable slumbers.

"All right," he answered drowsily, under the supposition that boots and hot water would be deposited outside. But the rapping went on, and in another moment he was wide awake.

A glance at his watch showed him that it was only half-past six, a full hour and more before he was usually called. He had a trick of locking his door at night, the fruit of foreign travel; therefore to say "come in" was useless. He sprang up, flung on his dressing-gown, and turned the key.

Slade entered, subdued in manner and suppressed in voice, according to his wont. It was not Slade's way to get into a flurry. But the line across his forehead had grown into a deep rut, his hands trembled, and he shut the door behind him, as if fearing to be overheard.

"Anything wrong?" asked Harvey.

"Yes, sir—I am not sure," Slade answered under his breath. "I am sorry to disturb you so early, sir, but would it trouble you very much to come and take a look at my master? Mrs. Milton and me don't know what to make of him, sir; and it doesn't seem right to frighten Miss Rivers without there's good reason."

"No, certainly; don't say a word to her. I'll come in three minutes. He is not ill, I hope?"

Slade went into a brief explanation. At six o'clock punctually, Mr. Dalrymple expected to be called, and this office was always undertaken by Slade himself—more from love to his master than because it appertained to his post. Personal attendance upon Mr. Dalrymple was Slade's delight.

As a rule the old man was found to be already wide awake by six o'clock, and it was rarely indeed that, as on the previous day, he fell asleep again. But this morning Slade had rapped and rapped in vain. No voice answered, so at length he went in. He found Mr. Dalrymple

in a heavy slumber. Slade spoke, and Mr. Dalrymple murmured indistinctly something about —"My head!—don't disturb me—" dozing off again immediately. Slade did not think very much of it at the first moment, and left the room; but presently a sense of uneasiness crept over him, and he sought the housekeeper, who took alarm at once.

"And we went back, sir, but we couldn't get any answer, not either of us," Slade continued. "And Mrs. Milton pulled up a blind, and let in the light—and then we saw, sir!" Slade's voice shook, and his face grew paler. "And Mrs. Milton said I'd best call you directly; for we don't like his look."

"Wait outside for me—three minutes," Harvey answered.

Scarcely more than the three minutes passed before he appeared, already dressed. The two went down the passage silently, entering Mr. Dalrymple's room.

Milton stood beside the bed, watching, and she turned upon Harvey a pair of distressed appealing eyes. Harvey gave her a glance, but at first he said nothing, only stooped to examine the face, to lay his fingers on the wrist. Slade waited near the door, trembling still with agitation, almost sobbing.

But that changed responseless face!—no wonder they had not "liked his look."

"Send for Mr. Pennant," Harvey said.

"Yes, sir. Sir, you think——" faltered Slade.

"Send at once—not a moment's delay!"

Yet as Slade vanished, he bent again to look narrowly under the half-closed eyelids, and almost unconsciously a mutter passed his lips—

"No use! Poor Hermione!"

Mrs. Milton burst into tears.

"OLD MORTALITY" IN DAUPHINY.

DESUBAS.

THE green wilderness of the Mezene with its isolated farms, lone houses and scanty population, does not look now as if it had ever been the theatre of disturbance of any kind since the epoch when its table land of granite was rent and burdened by the heavy volcanic lava which now gives diversity to the scenery. There is a wide current of old lava from the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, twenty-six miles long, encountering hills and hillocks in its course, crowning the eminences with castellated rock-masses, so that we have the spectacle of granite valleys, surmounted and surrounded by basaltic mounds. But there have been in these lonely landscapes commotions of another kind. During the rule of the edict of Nantes there were 8000 Protestants among the inhabitants. By its revocation they were fearfully reduced in numbers; the forcible measures of persecution and the long struggles for conscience and home kept the old province, of the Vivarais in a state of constant trouble owing to the royal armies marching in pursuit of the luckless evangelists who dared to assert, however peacefully, the spiritual and civil rights of man.

I was much interested lately both in these physical and political commotions, the scene of which appears to have been rarely noticed by tourists.

A young leader of the people, about one hundred and fifty years ago, furnishes in the few incidents of his biography, simple adventures which should give interest to any country where such heroism and piety have been displayed. The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Mezene, lying between the city of Le Puy and the Rhone.

It is long since that in England persons have derived their names from their birthplace. Such a usage was not unknown in France at the beginning of the last century. In the year 1720 Matthew Majal, the son of a small farmer, was born at Ubas, near Vernoux, and was given the name of Desubas, from his birthplace. His parents were compulsory Catholics, after the cruel fashion of the tyrannical law of the period, which regarded all who avoided punishment for being Protestant by submitting to the civil power, as "new converts," and dealt with them as relapsed heretics if they displayed by any overt act sympathy with evangelical truth. Hence they bore the appellation of "New Catholics."

In spite of the persecutions, imprisonment, and martyrdoms around him, Desubas while only a youth of fourteen years of age resolved to become a student of divinity and a preacher amongst the harassed and hunted Protestants. He was advised by an old pious teacher, to go to the fair at Le Puy and buy Cornelius Nepos in French, and a New Testament in Latin, and enjoined to look to Christ as the end of all his studies. This advice he followed.

Having equipped himself by prayerful study of the Scriptures, and having been recognised by the Synod as a preacher, he threw himself with heroic determination into the proscribed work of evangelisation in Dauphiny, and became the helper of Jacques Roger, the Apostle of Dauphiny. After two years of this dangerous service he obtained leave from a Synod to go to Lausanne to complete his studies.

He was received by a friendly family and attended lessons given gratuitously by professors in an upper room in the cathedral.

He remained two years at Lausanne studying the word of God. His associates were a band of young French scholars, many of whom became renowned as Protestant ministers and confessors. He returned to Dauphiny in 1743 fully equipped

and eager for spiritual work, and became a pastor in the Vivarais.

While Protestantism was at peace, congregations grew, and Desubas enjoyed the liberty of preaching in public. The poor adherents of Protestantism began to lift up their heads and talk of the good time coming. Desubas was possessed of abilities and endowments which soon placed him in the foremost rank. His activity was unbounded, and he became a kind of bishop of the province. He overworked himself in his youthful zeal, went for a few days to Vals to recruit, and then with great delight spent the remainder of his short holiday in the family home at Ubas, on the occasion of his sister's marriage.

But the calm was of short duration. A false charge against the Protestants, of circulating a libel against the Catholics, was made the occasion for the resumption of severities. The year 1745 was characterised by the renewal in full force of the persecutions. The chiefs were the first to feel it. Louis Ranc and Jacques Roger were the victims of the newly-awakened Romanist zeal.

Next the commander of the king's forces with a detachment of soldiers apprehended nine prisoners, including Desubas. The last named was arraigned at Tournon on the charge of having held religious meetings in the Vivarais.

The accused freely gave particulars of his services, but refused to state who had given him shelter from time to time. Such information would have consigned his hospitable friends to the galleys for life. The capture was considered of sufficient importance to be communicated to the Duc de Richelieu and the court.

The prisoners were removed under military escort to Nismes; the commander of the escort petitioned for alleviations of the meagre fare allotted to Desubas on the ground of his weakness and illness. At Nismes the populace sympathised with the prisoners, and a band of young men spoke of rescue, for the young preacher, one of themselves, had much endeared himself to them.

A further military force was obtained; in spite of the entreaties and efforts of the elders, the young men persisted in their attempt. Desubas then harangued them with energy, saying, "Oh, that you, my friends, could all hear me speak. I should blame you for your blind love for me, and I should enjoin you to desist. If God has appointed me to this end, I implore you, by the love you bear me, to let me die in peace, that I may not be the occasion of the calamities which would be sure to follow any revolt." These words spoken sweetly and firmly calmed the excitement of the young Protestants, who unwillingly slowly and silently dispersed.

His colleagues, and his friends in other countries, endeavoured to obtain a favourable decision from the court at Paris.

The effects of the young preacher consisted only of a few religious books,—a reference Bible, a New Testament, a Psalter, sketches of sermons, a register of baptisms solemnized by him in the desert (as the wilderness of the Vivarais and the Cevennes were called) and Bishop Burnet's defence of religion against infidelity and unbelief.

The prisoners were delivered to the gaoler, and tried by the court. Desubas was speedily condemned to be hung, his associates were sentenced to the galleys; and the district of St. Agrése in which he had been arrested was heavily fined for the expense of the prosecution, and for a reward for the informer. After his condemnation Desubas wrote some very touching letters to his friends. The assembly of the State of Languedoc, then sitting, asked that no pains should be spared to induce a change of religion in one "so young, so polished, and of such sweet manners."

The Bishop of Montpellier tried in vain to move the courage of the young confessor who, however, firmly stood his ground, and wrote a fine letter to his parents full of tenderness, faith and simplicity.

On the 1st day of February, 1746, another effort was made to induce him to recant. It is recorded that at the passing of the sentence he alone appeared unmoved, the judge and even the prosecutor wept.

He was executed on a scaffold raised on the esplanade at Montpellier, just in front of the castle. The noise of fourteen drums prevented the hearing of his last words, but he was bright and serene to the last.

The poets of the country vied with each other in composing lines and hymns in his memory, and these are still said and sung in southern Protestant France.

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

S. R. P.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

IN the Paris Salon last year there was a painting bearing this suggestive title, by a pupil of the marine painter Renouf, M. Maillard, depicting a scene such as our poet Falconer describes. With so extensive a coast line, enough is seen in France of the perils of the ocean; but, in ancient times the maritime populations regarded the spoils of the ocean as their legitimate prey, and helped to make wrecks rather than to aid the wrecked. As the people grasped the idea of a true brotherhood among men, these evil practices came to an end. Since the end of the first quarter of this century, France has run in generous rivalry with England in maintaining a life-boat service. In each port there are now not only the necessary appliances to save life, but master-salvors trained by the *Société du Sauvetage des Naufrages* to teach their use, so that at the signal of a ship in danger there may be some who know how to save the crew, and, if the vessel be already a wreck, "to aid the helpless few who still survive."

Paris Salon of 1888.]

THE LAST RESOURCE.

[*E. Maillard.*

THE GOOD REGENT MORAY.

THE story of Mary Queen of Scotland seems to possess perennial interest, if we judge by the constant succession of books about her life and her reign. There has lately been published the second volume of an important historical work, "The Scotland of Mary Stuart," by John Shelton, Advocate (Blackwood: Edinburgh), dealing with twelve crowded years of stirring history. We have the marriage of the young queen with Darnley; the tragedy of the Kirk o' Field, when the young king was blown up with gunpowder at night when asleep; the murder of David Rizzio in Holyrood palace at the feet of his mistress; and the marriage with Bothwell, who was believed to be the murderer of Darnley. The queen was alternately in power or in prison; the chief nobles of Scotland were banded in factions, changing sides or breaking faith as their interest prompted. The pages of the book are filled with stories of feuds and fighting, proscriptions and flights, trials, executions, and atrocious assassinations. As to Queen Mary, her marriage with Bothwell proved fatal to her character, her happiness, and her power. She was treated brutally by the husband to whose guilty passion she had sacrificed her honour and good name. The time of retribution came swiftly. In less than four weeks from the day of her marriage, Bothwell was a fugitive beyond seas, and Mary, defeated by the insurgent barons, was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle.

It is not our purpose here to say more about these exciting and troubled times, but to speak of the bright and too brief days of peace and progress which Scotland enjoyed under the Regency of the good Earl of Moray. He was proclaimed Regent on the 22nd of August, 1567, amidst the general rejoicings of the people. No sooner had he accepted the responsible and important office, than, in the words of the English ambassador, "he went stoutly to work, resolving rather to imitate those who had led the people of Israel than any captains of that age." He was personally a truly pious Christian man, and he gladly co-operated with Knox and Craig and the Protestant leaders in seeking the welfare of the nation. In that time much was done for providing for the preaching of the gospel, and establishing parish schools and other educational agencies, which laid the foundation of Scotland's high character in after ages.

The spirit of this Christian magistrate appears in the following extract from a letter addressed to the General Assembly of the Kirk, in July, 1559: "Seeing we cannot be present at this Assembly, as our intention was, we thought it convenient briefly to give you in writing signification of our meaning, of the which we pray you to take good consideration, and accordingly give your judgment. Ye are not ignorant what was the state of the Church of God within this realm, before we accepted the burden of government, and what it hath been since. Now, the first thing whereof we were careful was that the true religion might be established, and the ministers properly provided for. Ye know, at the Parliament, we are most willing that the Church should have been put in full possession of its proper patrimony. Whereunto, although we were earnestly bent, yet the estates delayed, and would not agree thereunto. And since that time unto this hour, we trust that ye will affirm that we have left nothing undone that could advance the Reformed Religion, and put the professors thereof in security. This now moveth us to write unto you in this form."

Then he enters on some details of administration, thus ending, "We have thought good to give you this advertisement, and so remitting these all to your care and diligence, we commend you to the protection of the Eternal God. Your assured friend, James, Regent."

The reader may perceive in this letter the exalted sense in which a ruler may be the "minister of God for good," without constituting or controlling the Church, or meddling with its internal and spiritual affairs. We see also how much the political and moral well-being of a country depends on the character of its rulers. Under the short administration of the Regent Moray, abuses were removed, wrongs redressed, justice secured, peace and order so perfectly restored, that according to an old chronicler, "in those parts of the kingdom formerly most troublesome, a man was as safe on the road, or at an inn as in his own house."

It could not be expected that the rule of peace, and the influence of religion should be universally welcomed, after such a long period of lawlessness and disorder. It is the lot of great men to be envied by the base, and of good men to be hated by the bad. The great and good Regent had his enemies among both. Among them were some of the Hamilton family, who thought that the highest office in the realm should be held by the chief of their ducal house. A conspiracy was formed to destroy the Regent, and upset the existing government. The man chosen, or volunteering, for assassinating Moray was Hamilton, of Bothwell Haugh, a soldier of broken fortune and bad character. What measures were taken to effect this purpose are known to all readers of the history of that time. On the 23rd of January, as Moray slowly rode through the town of Linlithgow, he was shot by Hamilton, firing from a window. Carried to his lodgings it soon became evident that the wound was mortal. Those who stood by, bewailing him, said that "this came of his lenity in sparing so many" his enemies, and among the rest his murderer. The Regent replied, "Your importunity shall not make me repent my clemency." He died in the course of that evening.

"His death," says one of the greatest of his

contemporaries, the celebrated historian, George Buchanan, "was lamented by all good men, who loved him as the common father of his country. Even his enemies confessed his merit after his death. They admired his valour in war, his ready disposition in peace, his activity in business. The Divine favour seemed to shine on all his actions; he was merciful to offenders, and equitable in all his decisions. When the field did not call for his presence, he was busied in the administration of justice, by which means the poor were not oppressed, and the terms of law-suits were shortened. His house was like a temple; after meals he caused a chapter of the Bible to be read, and asked the opinions of learned men when present, not out of vain curiosity, but from a desire to learn, and to reduce to practice what it contained."

This was not a singular testimony. The historian of the Scottish Church and nation, Spottiswood, speaks in terms as eulogistic, and closes his account with these words, "He was a man truly good, and worthy to be ranked among the best rulers that this kingdom has enjoyed, and therefore to this day is honoured with the title of 'THE GOOD REGENT.'"

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"J. H. B." writes: "I should be glad of an explanation of Genesis iii. 22–24: 'And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever: therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden the Cherubim, and the flame of a sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

THIS narrative of the expulsion from Paradise has many separate points inviting enquiry; we hardly know which of them are specially in the mind of our correspondent.

"The man is become as *one of Us:" i.e.* He has now become acquainted with good and evil—but in his case by experience. God knows good and evil, for He is omniscient: man now knows it, for he has sinned. The tempter had said, "Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil:" his crafty promise is now fulfilled, but to Adam's ruin. The phrase "one of us" has been interpreted by some as if spoken to the angels, representing the higher order of created spiritual beings. We take it however as in harmony with what we may call the Divine soliloquy in ch. i. 26: "Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness." Christian expositors of all ages have recognised here a reference to the *plurality* of the Divine essence. Man was created like God in one respect—"in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. iv. 24)—now he is like God in another and a different way.

"Lest he put forth his hand," etc., *i.e.* "Lest he claim by the outward and visible sign the immortality forfeited by disobedience. The tree of life has often been termed "a sacrament"—an outward and visible sign of God's gift of life to man. Access to this outward sign is now forbidden; he has lost the reality, and therefore the symbol is no longer for him. Some expositors hold that the fruit of the tree of life had a direct power on man's bodily frame, of restoring the waste and renewing the energy of the system, so that while Adam and Eve continued to eat of that tree they could not die. This earthly immortality, could they have attained it, would have been only a misery to them as sinners. In mercy and judgment, therefore, they are forbidden access to the life-sustaining fruit. This interpretation seems to trench upon matters on which we can have no certain knowledge, and cannot therefore be regarded as established. It is however, not an impossible one, and seems to accord with the literal meaning of the passage.

The Cherubim in the "east" or front of the garden were the symbols of the Divine presence; and if we may apply to this early history the figurative teaching of the Law, they represented the Divine mercy also. The "flame of the sword" was a sign of exclusion from the tree of life, and from earthly immortality; but the manifestation of Jehovah conveyed a further revelation, and a hope of favour restored. In the front of the forfeited tree of life was already a sanctuary not made with hands, in which sinners might seek access to God, and at the very gate of Paradise lost, the "cherubim of glory shadowed the mercy seat."

A correspondent ("E. G.") has favoured us with a full and able discussion of the two anointings of our Lord's feet, as recorded in Luke vii. and Matt. xxvi. (Mark xiv. John xii.) respectively. That the two accounts do not, as many modern critics have maintained, relate to the same occurrence, is satisfactorily shown. The places were different: in Luke a town near Capernaum, in the other Evangelists the village of Bethany near Jerusalem; the times were different: in Luke the midst of our Lord's Galilean ministry, in the others a few days before the Crucifixion; while the circumstances of the two narratives bear only a superficial resemblance. Simon was a common name; and there is no real ground whatever for regarding the "Simon" of Luke as the same with "Simon the leper" of Matthew and Mark. John does not give the host's name. The interest of the question lies chiefly in the supposed

identity of Mary of Bethany with "the woman who was a sinner." This has often been affirmed; without, as it appears to us, the slightest support from place, time, circumstance or character. St. Luke does not say that the woman's name was Mary. No doubt this name is generally given to her; and our correspondent, like many others, takes it entirely for granted that she was identical with Mary Magdalene. This belief also is without Scripture authority; although the translators of our English Bible (1611) have headed Luke vii. with the words, Jesus "*showeth by occasion of Mary Magdalene how He is a Friend to sinners.*" It would not be precisely accurate to say that the popular opinion was *occasioned* by this unauthoritative superscription. The tradition is much older than 1611: indicated, amongst other things, by the appointment of this passage in the Western Church, as the Gospel for St. Mary Magdalene's day. But it appears to be baseless. Mary of Magdalene is introduced in the next chapter, Luke viii. 2, as one "out of whom seven demons had gone out;" but there is no hint that she had been mentioned before; and the possession by the demons, whatever may have been the peculiar unhappiness of the lot so described, certainly does not prove her to have been the "sinner" of the preceding story. In fact the probabilities are all the other way. "Never, perhaps," writes Dean Plumptre, "has a figment so utterly baseless obtained so wide an acceptance as that which we connect with the name of the penitent Magdalene." It is in fact no more than a mediæval legend,[1] in diffusing which the arts of sculpture and painting, as well as sacred poetry and imaginative literature, have borne a great part; but which the most sober-minded and independent critics agree to reject.

[1] Pope Gregory I., "the Great" appears to be the earliest authority for the legend. Previous writers speak hesitatingly on the subject. See Dean Plumptre's article in Smith's *Dict. Bible.*

The Royal Law.

CHAPTER IV.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NEW PLAYFELLOWS.

EVERY holly bush in the big old-fashioned garden was gleaming with scarlet berries. The winter sun shone out in the blue sky, and the waters of the broad deep river rippled beneath its beams, while soft feathery flakes of snow lay white upon the ground.

Merry shouts of happy little people rang through the clear frosty air; as Aleck, Paul and Doris danced beneath the shadows of the dark old cedars, and played hide and seek among the winding footpaths, which were every now and then hidden from view by the branches of the evergreen shrubs.

Paul thought it was almost the happiest time of his life, he was full of health and in joyous spirit; Aleck and Doris never neglected him now, and the old clump of trees was quite forsaken.

Aleck still loved his own pleasure and his own way and will, but there was more yielding and less selfishness than in the old days; and he and Paul were the staunchest

friends. It was a relief to both the boys to find that Alfred and Gerald were not coming to the Laurels to spoil their holidays. Little Doris was treated like a queen; they were never rough in their play when she was with them, and her presence seemed almost indispensable to their happiness.

It was New Year's Day; many good wishes had been flying through the air, and the boys had been laden with gifts. Paul never remembered such a time, and it seemed almost impossible for his short arms to carry home all his treasures. Mrs. Vincent had given him a beautiful paint-box, with a loving kiss; Aleck's present was a long-coveted box of tools; but Paul fairly leaped for joy, and his face beamed, when Doris bounded into the room and laid a curly bundle in his arms.

"It is my puppy," she cried in a delighted voice; "and daddy said I might keep him for you; look at his bright eyes and swishing tail, he is such a dear doggie;" and she kissed his hairy head to say good-bye and to resign him to his new master.

Yes! it had been a wonderful day; and Paul felt so happy to think he had shared in all the fun and gladness of Aleck's home.

Paul never complained of the treatment he received from his uncle, though the neglected look of the little lad, still brought an expression of pity to Mrs. Vincent's face. The truth was Mr. Geoffrey did not mean to be unkind to the boy; but since his wife's death, many years before, he had lived a solitary life, and he felt Paul an unnecessary burden; he was giving him a liberal education, and he intended taking him into his counting-house when he left school and to establish him in the business. Paul yearned for more than this.

His home-coming at Christmas had been more dreary than ever; and Mr. Geoffrey seemed so stern that Paul scarcely dared to move in his presence. On the first Saturday, after his return from school, he had rushed into the room with all a boy's delight to show his uncle his first prize; but the greeting he met with quickly tamed his eager spirit When his uncle merely surveyed the book in his cold cynical way, the hot colour rushed to Paul's cheeks and his eyes filled with tears; he had won the approbation of the masters, but an approving smile or kindly tap on the head from Mr. Geoffrey would have been more valued by him than all the praise at school.

"It doesn't matter," he said to himself in a sad little way, as he tucked the book under his arm and turned to leave the room; and thoughts filled his mind as he went slowly upstairs, of how pleased mother would have been, if he could have shown it to her. "Oh! mother," he said softly, "I have tried, but it is hard, you don't know how hard, now you have left me. Nobody thinks much about me in this house and I can't do anything to please uncle." And the little fellow restrained his feelings by a strong effort and choked down his sobs. Then a whisper from the small Testament cheered him; it was only two words—"Thou knowest,"—but he was glad to remember that God knew he had tried his best to win the prize, and if he had failed in pleasing his uncle, he had pleased Him, and that was best of all.

The thought had often risen in his mind that he was a burden to Mr. Geoffrey, and it returned again with fresh strength; and two little red spots burned in his cheeks for all the rest of the day.

But Christmas had come and gone; and on this New Year's Day, Paul's love for Mrs. Vincent was driving away the desolate feelings which always beset him as soon as he returned to the Hall.

He felt the January air very cold and frosty as he trudged quickly home after the simple festivities of the evening, and he could scarcely help shivering as the wind swept through his threadbare clothes. When he came within view of the old Hall, the thought of the loneliness within its walls fell on his spirit like a chill, and a strange foreboding seized him when he entered the long, low breakfast-room and found his uncle seated there; it was an unusual thing for him to return in the middle of the week, and at the sight of him the bright colour from Paul's cheeks vanished, and the happy smile died away.

"Are you here, uncle?" he exclaimed in a surprised voice, going slowly up to him. "I didn't expect to see you to-day, but I wish you a happy new year;" he held out his hand doubtfully and his voice faltered.

"You didn't expect, when did you ever expect anything?" Mr. Geoffrey replied in a harsh voice, and he pushed the boy's hand away with almost an unkind touch. "However, I have something to say which you don't expect. I have returned on purpose to tell you some news, so listen to me at once."

He spoke in such a quick, sharp tone that Paul was startled, and looked up in his face with a feeling of alarm.

"What is it, uncle?"

"I am going to be married, Paul, and when I bring my wife home you will have to go to school and stop there."

Mr. Geoffrey's conscience pricked him very unpleasantly as he spoke, and he felt slightly ashamed of himself; but the vision of the haughty Lady Isabel rose in his mind and he dared not alter his decision.

"Am I never to come home again?" Paul asked fearfully. He felt he was to be banished for ever.

"Not for two years. In about ten days' time I am going to take you to the continent, perhaps to Germany; after that I must consider what I shall do with you."

Then he turned his face away from the boy who stood like a little marble figure which made no moan and shed no tears, though there was an agony of appeal in the upturned eyes.

A few misgivings entered the stern man's mind at the thought of leaving the lad in a strange country alone, but he did not try to soften his words; his worldly success had become a snare to him, and ambition was the mainspring of his life.

But there was One near to pity and comfort, and Paul knew that even his small griefs were not beneath the notice of Jesus, and that he was never overlooked or forgotten by Him. His trustful love for the Saviour never wavered, and the broken, childish prayers that night were very earnest as he laid each burden at the foot of the cross. He had been looking forward so joyfully to the holiday games, and he had been so happy all the day. Moreover, he felt he could not live for two years without a sight of Aleck's mother, and as he thought of her, he hid his face in the pillows and sobbed himself to sleep.

There was a dismal-looking sky the following day, but in spite of the wintry storm which howled through the trees, and the mantle of snow which covered the ground, Paul found his way to Aleck's home.

Mrs. Vincent knew at once, from the expression on the boy's face, that something had happened since he parted from them the afternoon before, and she drew him to her very tenderly. Paul meant to be very brave and tell his tale with dry eyes, but the moment Aleck caught sight of him and cried, "Hallo, Paul! what's up now?" he burst into a bitter fit of crying, threw himself down on the floor, and hid his face on the motherly lap.

Aleck was very angry, when he heard Paul sob out that he was "to be sent away for two years;" so angry—as his

quick feet paced the floor—that Mrs. Vincent's voice fell unheeded on his ears. "Mr. Geoffrey is an old bear, mother," he cried, "and he thinks of nothing but his money. It is abominable. Paul shan't be sent away; cheer up, Paul," he said, placing his arm round his neck; "if he doesn't want you there, we want you here, and you shall come and live with us; won't that be ever so nice, Paul?"

A dim little smile flitted over Paul's face.

"I am afraid he won't let me, Aleck; because you see if I lived here, he would have to see me sometimes, and I don't think he likes that, because he always sends me out of his way."

"See you, indeed! he shouldn't have a sight of you." And Aleck's fierce temper sent all the hot blood into his cheeks; "I am sure we shouldn't want him walking over here, and we would rather he stayed at home."

"Hush! Aleck, my dear," said his mother, "I don't like you to give way to such angry feelings."

"Well! but, mother, it is horrid conduct! I couldn't have believed that even he could have acted so selfishly, it seems to matter little enough to him what becomes of Paul." He felt very irritated and he wanted his mother to share his displeasure, but she checked the words which rose to her lips; and said gently, "It does seem unkind, Aleck, but it is not for you to judge him;" and then she bent and kissed Paul's cheek, to show him that he had her sympathy and love.

"Never mind, Aleck," Paul said, "uncle does not mean to be unkind; he only feels it was a bother for father and mother to leave me down here; and I don't seem to belong to any one now."

Mrs. Vincent's eyes were dim with tears as she listened to the boy's words.

"It's only ten days," he said, looking pitifully up into the loving face bending over him.

Words at first failed her, because she knew Mr. Geoffrey was his guardian; but it was not long before she was talking to him in her winning way, and the boy's face cleared and his eyes brightened when he found she understood what a trial it was to him.

"I suppose I shall feel this ache all the time I am there," he said, "because I shall want you so badly; but I won't cry any more, Aunt Agnes, so don't bother about me. I dare say it won't be so very bad after all, and I shouldn't have minded when I was so lonely, but it is all the difference now. I say, Aleck, shall we go out and skate?"

Even in his misery Paul did not wish to disappoint Aleck, and he had promised the day before to go skating with him. Mrs. Vincent felt that the fresh air and exercise would do him good and help him to forget, for the time, the trouble before him.

The two boys were soon equipped for their walk; they did not mind the wintry wind, and there were feeble glimmers of sunshine breaking through the clouds.

"Take your great coat, Aleck," said his mother, just as they were starting.

"Oh! no, mother!" he cried from the hall; "I can't be bothered with it, don't tell me again I am to take it," and he rushed out into the garden with his skates in his hand, beyond the reach of her voice.

"Don't fret about Aleck, Aunt Agnes, I will see that he has a great coat and doesn't get cold," said Paul.

"Thank you, dear boy. Be sure and don't run into danger, I should be very grieved if any ill happened to either of you."

"Would you?" he said wistfully, "then you love me, Aunt Agnes?"

"Yes, darling, you have grown very dear to me," and Mrs. Vincent was thankful all her life that she had given him this assurance. But while they talked, a selfish anxiety to start was creeping over Aleck.

"If you don't come, Paul, I shall go without you," he shouted in an impatient voice; and Paul tore himself away, seized his skates and his own shabby great coat, and ran after Aleck who was in such a hurry to be gone.

The lake was a large piece of water in a gentleman's grounds two miles away, and when the boys reached the banks they came upon a very gay scene. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls were skimming over the smooth ice, and it only took a minute for Aleck and Paul to put on their skates and tighten the straps, before they were also sliding among the rest of the skaters. They were as much at home on the ice as on dry land, and the exercise brought a bright colour to their healthy cheeks. In his enjoyment Aleck lost count of time, but Paul remembered that Mrs. Vincent had said they were to be home by four without fail, so when the afternoon wore away, he went to Aleck and reminded him of their promise.

"Oh, bother the time!" he said, "I am only just beginning to enjoy myself," and he tried to skate away from Paul.

"But, please, Aleck, remember what your mother said, we have two miles to walk, and she will feel uneasy."

"Then you go and tell her I am not drowned," he cried; but in a minute he skated back again. "All right, Paul, I'm ready," and he unstrapped his skates and slung them across his shoulder. "Oh, but I say, how freezing it feels," and Aleck shivered as he encountered the cold blast. "I didn't expect such a stormy walk home."

"Here, take my coat, Aleck, I don't want it." And Paul passed it to him, as though he were indifferent to the elements, while all the time Aleck was clothed in the warmest cloth, and Paul's own suit was worn and old. Aleck, never thinking whether the coat was his own or not, was only too pleased to wrap himself in it and be sheltered from the cold.

He found some difficulty in keeping up with Paul's rapid steps, but the latter never knew that his legs were carrying him along so quickly, because he was starved in every limb.

They parted at the cross-roads, just half-a-mile from the Hall, and Aleck had almost reached his home before he realised that he was still wearing Paul's coat, and that he had never asked him if he needed it, or if he were cold.

"What a selfish beggar I am," he said to himself, as he entered the house; "and mother wanted me to take my own."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.

1. This was sent by David to Joab; was spread out before the Lord in prayer by Hezekiah; was sent out in great numbers by Ahasuerus, first to condemn a nation and then to reverse that command.

2. One of two brothers who drove the oxen when the Ark of God was being brought back by David.

3. An expression of gladness and rejoicing. It is mentioned on Saul's return from battle; in the service of the Temple; and at the worshipping of Nebuchadnezzar's image.

4. A king of Moab who sent for a soothsayer offering great promises of reward.

The initials and finals form two of the titles of Christ: one being the type of His sacrifice for sin in the Jewish dispensation; and the other that of His life-giving power.

A. E. B.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE New Year opens on a time of controversy. It would seem as if the fervour of religious revival had for the moment given place to doubt and anxiety. There are serious questions as to success or "failure;" there are discussions as to the rival claims of new and older methods of evangelisation; and there are far graver difficulties of finance threatening societies that have long been prominent in the mission field. At the same time there is no apparent cessation in religious activities; there are still the indications of genuine life, both in the sphere of thought, and in practical dealing with the deeper needs of men. There can indeed be no doubt that as regards funds, whatever other causes may affect them, one reason of deficiency in some quarters is the multiplication of claims, and the vastly wider channels by which the goodwill of men flows forth. As to controversy, it may mean progress, if conducted in a right spirit; and no true friend of Christianity will shrink from any fair criticism of the methods by which it can be best upheld or preached.

CRITICS who are so ready to speak of missionary failure, need to be reminded that a large proportion of the work on the mission field is of necessity and intention simply preparatory. It is not so much a question as to whether the fields are ripe for the harvest, as whether the ground is being prepared, and the right seed being sown. Take any hundred years of European history, and note the conditions of true progress. God has appointed a time of growth as certainly as the time of ingathering, and the premature demand for calculable results may sometimes be but proof of the childish feebleness of our faith in the ways of His procedure. Thus, a writer in the *London Missionary Chronicle* fitly calls attention to the extensive work done by the missionary societies in elementary and secondary education in India. In connection with the London Society alone, the number of scholars in mission schools has grown at a remarkable rate. In 1872, 9,600 boys and 2,800 girls were under instruction by its missionaries. In 1882 this number had increased to 14,600 and 4,400 respectively. At the close of 1887 they had still further grown to 17,700 and 6,600. "It is said that very few are converted to Christianity in connection with these schools. It will not, surely, be contended by the advocates of denominational schools in England, who are at present pressing so strongly for a consideration of their claims, that the work of such schools results in many conversions to Christianity. They know very well, however, the great value of the schools for the purpose of instilling into the minds of the young the principles of Church polity and ideas of Christian truth which they regard as of vital importance in their after life. Can it be for a moment supposed that mission schools in India are less valuable? As a matter of fact, it is continually being proved that the most sympathetic and receptive hearers of the Gospel throughout the great mission districts visited are the young men who have a knowledge of Christianity gained as pupils in the mission schools." Similarly, there is a silent influence at work among the women. The rapidity with which the desire for female education is growing among the respectable and even the high-caste circles in India, is very noticeable. "In connection with our own missions this advance has, during the last twenty years, been most gratifying. Our Indian female missionaries and their native assistants have at present admission to, and regular work in, about 3,000 native heathen homes. When it is remembered that the conditions of family life in India involve the gathering together under a common roof of the wives and the children of the sons of the house, it will be seen that entrance to an Indian home implies access, as a rule, to a much larger number of persons than would be reached by similar means in this country. At stated intervals, usually once a week, Christian women are now visiting in these homes and regularly reading portions of Scripture, and instructing the women—young and old—in the great elementary truths of the Gospel of Christ. Such work as this cannot possibly be tabulated by any marked results of conversions."

THE Mohammedans of Lahore have had for many years an association for the promotion of Islam. It seems to have been on too aristocratic a basis, and to have failed to enlist the support and sympathy of the community. Very recently a new association has been formed, which sets forth as its great object the defence of Islam. At its inaugural meeting, Sir Syed Ahmad, who by general consent stands at the head of the Mohammedan community, a great friend of the English, and at the same time a stout defender of his own faith, gave a vigorous address, in which he said it was indispensable for them to repel the "intolerable attacks" of the missionaries, if their holy faith was to be upheld. In Calcutta a new monthly magazine has been started, with the avowed purpose of "demolishing Christianity and setting up a national religion in its stead." Its editor, a well-known literary man, says: "The rapid spread of the mischievous teaching of the Bible in this country is a serious calamity. Many hundreds of Christian missionaries . . . are coming out here, and pursuing the work of proselytism with good success." In Madras there is a Hindu Tract Society. In one of its publications that Society says: "How many hundreds of thousands have these padres turned to Christianity, and keep on turning! How many hundreds of thousands of dear children have they swallowed up! Oh, over how many more have they cast their nets! Is there no learned pundit to be secured for money who will crush these Christians?" Incidents of this kind imply that Christian missions are actually felt to be an aggressive and advancing force.

FROM the Congo the Rev. W. H. Bentley sends home some interesting letters. Describing a visit to San Salvador, after an absence of seven years, he states that the town has grown bigger, great numbers of trading people from the further interior constantly coming and going—"I need not tell you," he continues, "what a joy it was to greet some of our good friends and staunch supporters from the very first, now brethren in Christ Jesus. . . . When I came away a few days ago there was a church of eighteen members, nine men and nine women. Many may think that Christians so recently gathered from among the heathen must be of a very low type. Ignorant they are and must be on many points. . . . But they have an understanding of the main essential points, and the miracle of the new birth has been wrought in them." And the evidence which Mr. Bentley adduces of moral change is very clear. Further, he says:—"The church has from the first been taught to contribute for Christian work. Every Sunday they put their beads, knives, and cloth into the box which stands near the door of the chapel. In this way they are able to support an evangelist, who visits the neighbouring towns three days in the week; the other three days he does carpentering work on the station for his bare food. They collect more than enough for this, and at present have actually funds in hand. The real need is men to do the work. The little church is so young that it is not surprising that there are not many to hand who can undertake regularly evangelistic work. Other of the members go out on Sundays and at other times to visit the towns around, but only one at present is answerable to the church for so many days per week." This is an infant African church, and yet missions are "a failure!"

THE revised version of the Malagasy Bible has now been completed and printed. As one result of the presence of the French in Madagascar, an import duty of ten per cent. is imposed on the Scriptures entering the island ports. Complaints are also made of tedious delays in getting supplies of the Scriptures. Meanwhile, the dearth of copies had become very trying to the missionaries. The Scriptures are the only books, with the exception of school books, which the Malagasy buy in any quantities.

FROM Amoy we hear of a Chinese lady doctor engaged in missionary work. The Rev. J. Sadler writes:—"All who are interested in the salvation of Chinese women will like to know something of the history of Dr. King, a young and

talented Chinese lady trained in America. She is a protégée of Dr. M'Cartee, a venerable missionary, well-known both to Chinese and foreign governments. Dr. King came with Dr. and Mrs. M'Cartee to Amoy last year. Since then she has worked at the language, and established her hospital on the latest and most approved ideas. The Chinese are said to approve of the extensive cleanliness required, the payment of a small fee on entry, &c. It is early days, but there is said to be a good deal of satisfaction. A woman doctor for women, and that woman a Chinese for the Chinese—this is an inspiration. . . . Dr. King is the first Chinese woman educated abroad, and she gained the first degree in her medical college."

THE Salvation Army has despatched another fifty "officers" to recruit abroad—twenty to India, and thirty to Holland, Sweden, Germany, and Canada. At the farewell meeting in Exeter Hall, those for India were attired in the native dress. All of them are Canadians. They have been selected out of three hundred volunteers, and have been sent to General Booth with 1,200*l.* to pay all their expenses till their arrival in India. The party consists chiefly of young men and women, but it includes an elderly married couple, who have given up their farm and left their grown-up children in the Dominion in order to give themselves for the remainder of their life to the work in India. Great enthusiasm, we are told, was excited in Canada by the mission of three native Cingalese and Hindoos to plead for their country. The Canadians have also offered their second officer in command with a contingent of soldiers to open up Japan to the army, undertaking to pay all expenses. Captain Mahktaherer, the native Indian woman, delivered an address in English. "She was shocked at hearing that some clergymen and ministers went to horse-races and theatres. Why did not they get converted themselves before trying to convert others? And why did not young men give up betting and cricket and football and go and try to win for Jesus her own dark country?"

THIS enthusiasm will need wisdom for direction. Canon Taylor's criticisms on the Church Missionary Society having been reprinted, and privately circulated in the interests of the Salvation Army, the methods of the latter have been subjected in turn to inquiry. The *Record* objects, for example, on the lower ground of the risks to health and life among its agents in India, and gives some startling statistics. The persecutions to which the Army has been subjected in Neuchâtel and Geneva have been the brutal outbreaks of a mob which does shame to Switzerland.

THE Paris Municipal Council has resolved to remove the cross from the dome of the Pantheon. The spirit which has brought them to this decision appeared in the speech of M. Pétrot, who contended that this symbol of the faith was an offence to multitudes both of the living, whose gaze it met daily, and of the dead, who rest beneath the dome. The Council voted the removal by a considerable majority. An objection on the ground of the cost of the undertaking was met by a suggestion that it would be sufficient to saw off the two arms of the cross, and leave the upright as it is! This did not satisfy the majority, who voted fourteen thousand francs (560*l.*) for the necessary charges.

THE services rendered by the "Italian Military Church," to evangelical religion in Italy, should be known to all the churches. Last year the chief exercising grounds of the army were at Viterbo, Bracciano, Imola, Pesaro, Castel Bolognese, and Rimini. These were all visited by Signor Capellini, who before leaving Rome forwarded six large cases of Bibles and Testaments, one to each of these places, so that when he arrived on the field his supplies were ready. He had many most touching meetings with soldiers who had come under the influence of Christian teaching in Rome. Again and again he met with evidence that they had learned to stand fast, and to recommend their faith to others by conduct as well as word. Officers as well as men welcomed his coming. Others, strangers to him, sought to enter into conversation with him, some with sympathy, others controversially. To all he spoke simply of his message, and many of them accepted Bibles from him. The work is carried on in Rome during the winter.

EVANGELICAL Preaching has been made the subject of a conference, which was held the first day at Union Chapel, Islington, with the Rev. Dr. Allon as chairman, and the second day at the City Temple, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Green. At a preliminary evening meeting, Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., took the chair, and in speaking of sermons advocated brevity, and the simple exposition of the Bible. The Rev. T. Vincent Tymms spoke on the Evangelical Idea; the Rev. Newman Hall on preaching as an art and a vocation; and the Rev. Dr. Parker on Agnosticism. At the first open meeting Dr. Reynolds read a paper on "Evangelical Religion Contrasted with its Rivals Ancient and Modern;" and Dr. Stoughton followed with one on "What Evangelical Preaching has done in Great Britain," which was supplemented by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins with another on "What Evangelical Preaching has done in Heathen Countries." At the second meeting, Dr. Green in his opening address urged that a thorough and intelligent study of the Scriptures was the most effective antidote to the spirit of scepticism. The Rev. Dr. Clifford read a paper on "Mistakes regarding Evangolical Preaching." The Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson also read a paper on "Evangelical Doctrine Divorced from its Moral and Spiritual Purpose a Mischievous Misrepresentation of the Cross of Christ." Professor W. T. Davison, M.A., of Richmond College, had for his subject "The Breadth and Inclusiveness of Evangelical Doctrine." He refuted the imputation of "narrow" which was so often applied to the Evangelical doctrine. By breadth he said he did not mean indefiniteness of teaching. Preachers were mainly concerned with character and life. And there lay the vindication of the breadth and comprehensiveness of Evangelical preaching. Any preaching which was as broad as the whole compass of human character and comprehensive as the whole range of human life would not be very narrow.

THE value of the work done by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen is recognised on all hands, yet it is found difficult to maintain the ordinary income on a level with the regular requirements. The missionary energy which has been so ready to equip new ships does not supply a sufficiently steady revenue. It is pointed out that so many contributors have preferred to give "towards a new mission ship," and so few to the general funds, that the Mission is brought face to face with a most serious disproportion between available income and the necessary expenditure involved in effectually maintaining the society's vessels. "The *Queen Victoria* specially furnished with ten hospital cots, and quarters for a resident surgeon, is nearly ready for sea; her sister smack, the *Albert* (generously given at a cost of 3,500*l.* by an anonymous donor), is on the stocks. Yet so low are the general receipts, that even the pioneer hospital ship cannot be despatched on her beneficent errand unless additional funds be speedily forthcoming, while, for the same reason, it may prove needful to delay the completion of the *Albert*." How helpful the ships are, even in the lower range of secular service, may be inferred from the fact that no fewer than 6,575 smacksmen, ninety-six of whom were in-patients, have received treatment during last year on board the dispensary mission smacks, while three surgeons were almost constantly afloat.

THE St. Giles's Christian Mission, at its annual supper was once more enabled to present a cheering report. Mr. G. Hatton, in introducing it, referred to a recent charge of Baron Huddleston, in which he attributed the improvement in criminals which had taken place; first, to the firm administration of justice, and, secondly, to those excellent institutions which were formed for the purpose of looking after the interests of prisoners after their release from prison. During the last year this one society provided 12,520 of the 18,000 prisoners discharged from the metropolitan prisons, Wandsworth, Millbank, Holloway, and Pentonville, with breakfasts, of whom 5,400 had been induced to take the temperance pledge. As many as 7,548 men and boys had been assisted. Of these, 118 had been sent to sea, 159 had been sent to the colonies, the mission paying their passage and providing them with an outfit; 297 had been sent home to their friends; and 6,974 had been relieved with gifts of money, clothes, boots, stock, etc., and by being provided with employment. Statistics are in reality a very insufficient measure of the good which has been achieved. It is now proposed to provide a series of teas, at which women of the lowest and most abandoned class may be brought into contact with Christian friends.