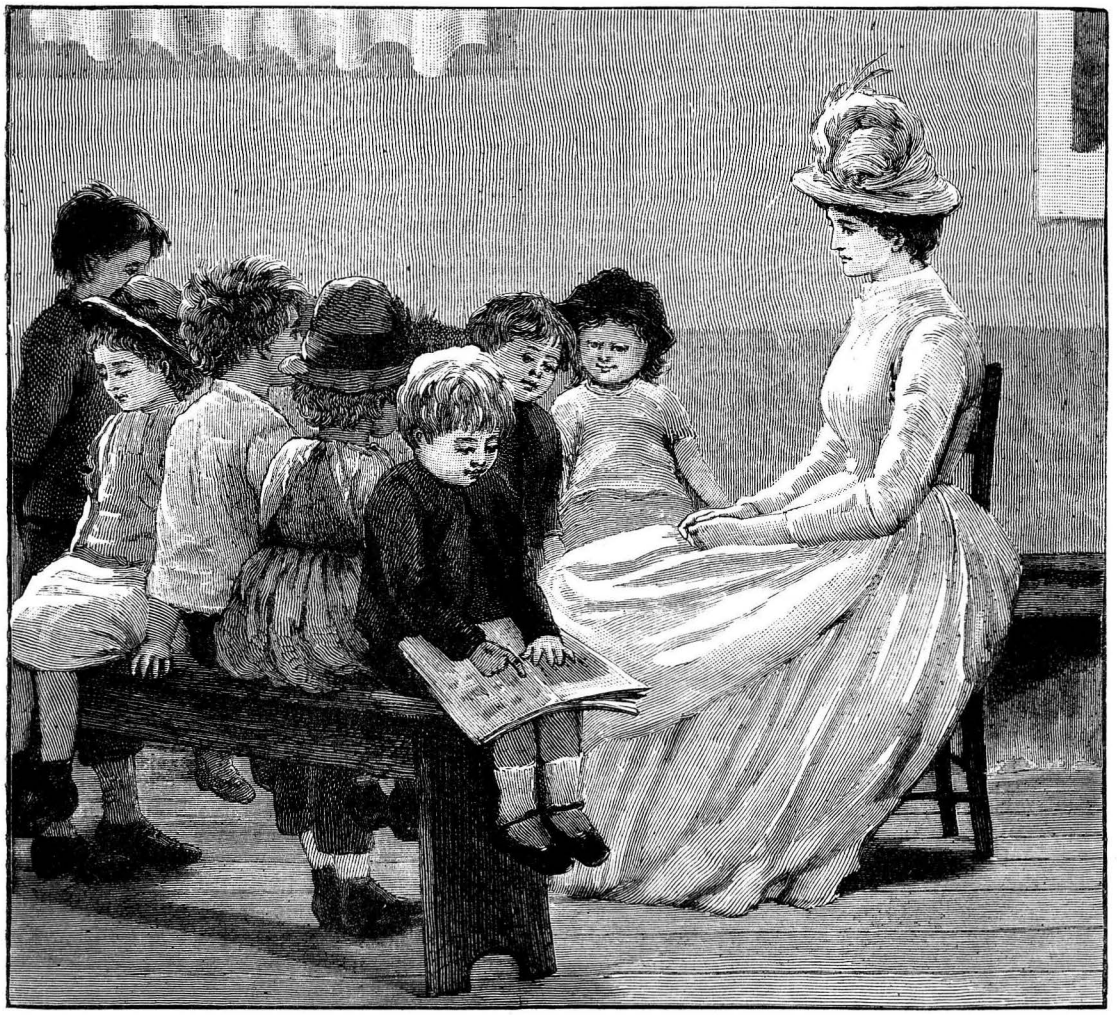
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "GWENDOLINE," ETC.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IX.—JULIA HERSELF.

"FRANCESCA——"

"Yes."

"What time did Harvey say he would arrive?"

"My dear! as if you were not a great deal more likely to know than I am. Now, Mittie,—you are after some mischief with my work-basket."

"Yes; but I want to see if your recollections agree with mine. He was in such a hurry just at last. I don't think I quite heard what he said."

"Harvey generally is in a slow hurry just at last, like most men who always put off everything as long as possible. Oh, he will appear some time this evening, never fear. Unless he changes his mind, and puts off till another day. Not so very unlikely, after all. He has not

seen this ancient uncle of his for a good many years."

"Harvey will not put off. I want to meet him at the station."

"Julia! What nonsense! You and I are going for a drive, to do some shopping."

"I don't care for a drive. I want to meet Harvey."

"And go through an ecstatic meeting in public! All very well if he were a Frenchman or a German. Unfortunately he is English and doesn't appreciate gush. Depend upon it, he will be much better pleased if you leave him aloue, to come in when he chooses. Mittie, come away from that basket."

The ladies occupied a comfortable private sitting-room, on the second-floor of a first-class Paris hotel. The windows, thrown wide open for air, looked down upon a busy, not to say noisy street. It was not one whit too busy or noisy for Francesca Trevor, whose idea of happiness was to live in a whirl. Julia Dalrymple's tastes were not altogether the same.

Little resemblance might be found between the two sisters, in outward appearance. Julia was tall: not slight, but very well-proportioned; and in colouring a decided brunette. Whether she could be called pretty or no, might be, as Harvey had told Hermione, "a matter of opinion," probably depending a good deal upon passing moods. If so, the present mood was hardly favourable. She seemed restless and teased, and the black eyes, by nature soft, had a strained and even hungry look which could not be called beautiful.

Mrs. Trevor was half-a-head shorter than Julia, rounded and plump in make. While really years the older, she was still far too young-looking for the mother of a child of eight. Though strictly not in the least handsome, she nevertheless managed so to make the best of herself as never to be entirely passed by. Of all earthly horrors that of "being passed by" would have seemed to Francesca Trevor one most to be dreaded. So she had cultivated attractive manners, and every item of attire that she wore was always carefully studied with a view to effect. Of course, she had still to wear mourning, but too much soberness was obviated by sparkling jet; and her flaxen hair was greatly befringed under the fly-away apology for a widow's cap which rested on the summit.

Mittie Trevor, standing near a window, calmly searching with small fingers in her mother's work-basket, had inherited an abundance of that same fair hair, rising in flaxen masses over her brow and falling in flaxen masses almost to her waist; while with this she had inherited the same large black eyes, soft and serious, as her aunt Julia. Mittie was certainly an extremely pretty child, and just the child whom a weak mother would be disposed to spoil.

Few would have guessed Mrs. Trevor to be a ruined widow, almost wholly dependent for herself and her little girl upon the kindness of a brother-in-law. Not absolutely dependent, since she possessed some eighty pounds a year of her own: but Mrs. Trevor counted eighty pounds a small allowance for dress.

"You can drop me at the station, on your way to the shops, Francesca."

"I am not going in that direction, thanks."

Julia was silent. Certainly no one would have imagined, on the face of things, that she was the woman of property, and Mrs. Trevor the poor dependent.

Mrs. Trevor looked once more towards the child.

"Mittie!"

"Yes, mother."

"Leave my basket alone."

"Yes, mother. I want a bodkin."

"Well, you have bodkins of your own. I don't want my basket tumbled in that fashion." A pause. "You should have asked leave first."

Mittie searched on, undaunted: and presently extracted the desired article from a tangle of silks and cotton.

"Now just see, you naughty child, the state my things are in. I have a great mind to make you put them straight."

"I am sure I would," murmured Julia, as Mittie went off to the window, and there sat down.

"Mittie! Do you hear. You ought to put my basket tidy." No response from the cloud of flaxen hair, which was now about all that could be seen of Mittie beyond a table. "Well—I suppose I shall have to do it myself."

"I would not," Julia said in an undertone.

Mrs. Trevor paid no attention to the remark, but perhaps it was not without effect, for she presently remarked,—"You have been a very naughty, disobedient girl, Mittie. I have a great mind not to take you for a drive."

Mittie did not stir. She only answered placidly, "If you don't, mother, I shall cry."

Mrs. Trevor seemed to count that threat conclusive, for she allowed the matter to drop: and half-an-hour later, when the two ladies dressed, Mittie too put on a picturesque hat and a pair of dainty kid gloves.

"I can't think why you should object to driving alone with Mittie, and letting me go to the station," Julia broke out at the last moment.

"Because I prefer to have you with me, my dear. Driving alone makes me nervous. Besides, it is quite useless your going. Nobody knows what hour Harvey will really arrive."

Julia submitted, but she proved to be of little use in the conversational line. All through the drive she seemed *distraite*, as if her mind were elsewhere, and when Francesca wanted an opinion on different qualities of black silk, Julia had none to give. Her one desire was to get back early, lest Harvey should arrive and find empty rooms.

Everything comes to an end in time, and so did even Francesca's shopping. Then they were going in the direction of the hotel, Julia leaning well forward, as if she could thus urge the horses to the speed she desired. Her eyes gazed fixedly ahead, and Francesca's observations were unheard.

"You are a particularly lively companion, I must say," the latter remarked, as she alighted.

Julia turned from her to hasten up the wide staircase. Francesca paused to make enquiry,

and before Julia reached the top of the first flight, Francesca's voice followed her: "He has not appeared yet! I told you so."

Nor did he appear. Dinner-time arrived, but no Harvey; and no letter from Harvey. Through the evening Julia watched in vain. She grew heart-sick with disappointment,—such a tiny disappointment Francesca thought it, while Julia hardly knew how to face the prospect of another long night and day without him. She was hurt and grieved too that he had not written. He might surely have sent one line.

Till bed-time came Julia kept up pretty well; but when once alone, tears were allowed full swing. Nobody would be any the wiser; so why not? The old desolate feeling, often hers in years gone by, resumed its sway, and with it was a new pain. Did Harvey really care for her as intensely as she loved him? If he did, could he stay away one hour longer than was absolutely necessary, in this their first month of married life?

Julia knew practically nothing of the help from above which may be had through these fretting cares of earth. Even theoretically she knew very little. Religion for Francesca Trevor meant going to church once every Sunday in a fascinating costume, and occasionally adding her name to some benevolent subscription-list, headed by a marchioness or an earl's daughter. And since Francesca had had the main part of Julia's religious training in her hand for twelve years past, it is not surprising if Julia's religious education was defective.

As a child indeed she had been somewhat better taught, not personally by her parents, who were in India from her infancy until their death, but by a certain lady who had charge of her, till after her ninth birthday. Francesca then, on the death of her parents, one after the other, came home,—she had not been out more than a year,—and the two sisters went to live with an old uncle: Francesca setting herself thenceforth to the deliberate undoing of Julia's early religious training. She was quite resolved to prevent all "particularity of views," as she would have described it, in her young sister. By which Francesca simply meant that it mattered not at all to her what was or was not truth in questions touching a life to come. All she desired was that Julia should think nothing, believe nothing, do nothing, which might one day stand in the way of "a good marriage."

Francesca's efforts, followed out with a perseverance worthy of some better cause, met with proportionate success. There were unhappily no counter influences. The old uncle left everything in Francesca's hands; and when Francesca married—"well" as she said, looking on the matter purely from a money and society point of view—Julia lived with her still.

So by this time Julia really had no "particular views" at all on the subject of religion. She did not know what she thought, or what she ought to think. She only felt that she dreaded to look far forward; that the mere imagination of old age and death was repellent and awful. There was a belief in a God, no doubt, vaguely existent somewhere in Julia's mental consciousness; and she had a dim notion that going to church once, perhaps sometimes even twice, on Sunday, in her most becoming bonnet, was paying Him a sort of "earth-and-water" tribute out of the time and possessions otherwise devoted to self.

When Harvey Dalrymple asked her to marry him, it never even occurred to her to consider whether he were a good man, or what manner of religious principles he held. She only knew that she loved him, that to know of his love for her filled life with happiness, that she wanted nothing and cared for nothing in addition.

Yet in her secret self she did want, did care. For no purely human love can ever absolutely satisfy the heart which is made for higher things; and in the brightest floods of mere earth-sunshine, the question must still arise—What lies beyond?

To that question, old as the human race, Julia had never even attempted to find an answer. She only put it aside, thrust it out of sight. She only lived in the present; a bright present of late, but a cloud had come over the brightness already. She had little expected on her wedding-day, to have to sob herself to sleep, alone, scarcely four weeks later.

CHAPTER X.—SUDDEN PERIL.

"A LETTER for you, aunt Julia."

Mittie danced into the room, holding out an envelope, then danced back, holding it still. Julia started up.

"Mittie! give it to me," she cried.

"It's from uncle Harvey! I know his writing. And it has got the English post-mark."

"Mittie! how dare you? Give it to me this instant!"

Julia made a forward step, and Mittie sprang to the open door, where she stood as if meditating flight.

"Don't get cross, aunt Julia, 'cause, if you're cross, I won't give it you at all," the child said saucily, and she shook her great mane of flaxen hair, looking out from the bush with soft black eyes. "Mother always says people have got to keep good-tempered, whatever anybody does. It isn't ladylike to be cross, you know."

"Francesca! make her give it to me!" gasped Julia, not daring to advance, lest child and letter should vanish.

Mrs. Trevor laughed. "Come, Mittie, don't be a little plague," she said.

"I like being a little plague," asserted Mittie.

"I dare say you do; but just give the letter up now, without any fuss—there's a good child."

"Then aunt Julia isn't to be cross."

"Of course she won't. Do be quick, Mittie."

Mittie hesitated still, and Julia could endure the suspense no longer. She made a rush forward, and caught the child's dress. Mittie struggled furiously, broke loose, and fled to the window. Before Julia could overtake her, she was out in the balcony, hanging over the slight parapet.

"Aunt Julia, if you touch me, I'll drop the letter! I declare I will."

But Julia's grasp was on the hand which held the letter. Mittie fought fiercely, her lissom figure bending more and more outwards.

Suddenly she overbalanced herself. There was a scream, a clutch, a sound of something tearing, —and Mittie was all but precipitated on the pavement below. She had actually gone so far as to hang suspended, with no support but Julia's arms. Even the letter could not be thought of in that moment. Julia held on with all her force, in response to the child's convulsive clinging; but to lift her back over the parapet, unassisted, was not possible; Julia's muscular powers being less than one might have expected from her height and build. Fortunately Francesca was at hand. Mittie's shrill cry drew an answering shriek from her, as she ran forward, and after one moment of terrible suspense, the child was safely landed.

For three seconds no one spoke, only each looked at the deathly white faces of the other two. It had been a frightfully near escape. Julia seemed stunned, hardly able to stand; and Mrs. Trevor was panting.

Mittie broke the silence. "It's gone!" she said. "It's down in the street. And I'm glad! Aunt Julia nearly killed me."

The excitable child flung herself on her mother in a tumult of sobs, and Francesca too was in tears. Julia still said nothing. She did not feel as if she could speak. The peril had been so very imminent; and the results might have been so very terrible. Her throat felt rigid, and black specks were dancing still before her eyes. But the letter—Harvey's letter—that must not be lost! Julia went downstairs slowly, her limbs shaking under her, and was met at the foot of the stairs by a waiter.

"Mademoiselle had dropped something," he said, presenting her with a muddy envelope. "It had been seen to fall from the window." Julia thanked him, and returned to the sitting-room.

"So you have got it," Francesca said coldly, as she entered. The child was clinging to her, and sobbing still. "I think you might have been content to wait half-a-minute; instead of behaving like a wild cat. Poor darling Mittie! It was awful."

Julia sat down, the letter pressed between her hands. "Mittie was wrong," she said.

"I dare say! A little innocent fun! And you were right, of course, as you always are."

No. But——"

Well, you may as well read your precious document, now you have got it," said Francesca. "After all this fuss! Mittie, my sweet, don't cry any more. You will make such a fright of yourself. Come, it's all right now. We'll have a drive to-morrow, and you shall have a franc to spend in chocolate."

This proved consoling, and Mittie's weeping ceased with astonishing speed. She sat up and began to smile, casting curious glances at her aunt Julia, who had not yet opened the letter, but remained with fixed eyes and cheeks white as paper.

"What is the matter with you?" Francesca asked at length, and Mittie echoed the question in another form—"Aunt Julia, are you cross still?"

Julia could not have answered the first question. She did not know what was the matter with her. It was not crossness; but the moment's horror seemed to have stunned all her faculties. Suppose Mittie had gone over, and suppose—suppose—only a little corpse had been brought up from the street below! What would life have been after? and how must Francesca have felt? and what would Harvey have thought—nay, what must he not think now? Of course the child was wrong—wilful, pert, disagreeable; but what of her own ungoverned excitement? Julia grew paler and sadder as she thought. And it was all on account of this letter, of her love for Harvey! She did not feel worthy to open and read it yet, though her heart was craving for news. That sense of unworthiness was a new experience for Julia, at least in this shape and to this extent. If she had had it before, it had been rather as a vague dissatisfaction.

"Do see what Harvey says, and don't sit staring at nothing in that absurd way," Francesca at length said impatiently.

To Julia's surprise, Mittie spoke up in her defence.

"Mother, aunt Julia isn't absurd. I expect she's only sorry."

Mittie quitted her mother and went across to the chair in which Julia sat.

"Are you sorry, aunt Julia?" she asked. "You're not cross with me now? I won't plague you again."

"Kiss me, Mittie," whispered Julia.

A cloud of flaxen hair descended round her in prompt reply; but the very pressure of those little soft arms only brought up more vividly than ever the terrible thought of what might have been the child's condition if—only if—Julia's strength had not sufficed to hold her up. Julia shuddered, as she pressed her lips to the smooth cheek.

"Why, you are quite cold, I do declare; and I'm as hot as fire with kicking you," Mittie asserted, with childish frankness and exaggeration. "Is that why you're so pasty-coloured? If I had a letter I wouldn't keep it shut all this time."

Julia became conscious that she could "keep it shut" no longer, and her fingers broke open the soiled envelope. As she read the sheet within, she drew one or two long breaths of relief, and a glow rose in her cheeks.

"He could not help it," she said.

"Couldn't help what? The delay?" asked Francesca. "Of course not. What man ever could, if he wished to stay away longer?"

"Francesca, you don't understand. He has not stayed for pleasure. He could not get away."

"Of course not," repeated Mrs. Trevor.

"His uncle is dead—suddenly."

"Julia!"

"Yes; early on Monday."

"Strange! What did he die of?"

"He was not well on Sunday. Then on Monday he woke, quite early, and said something about his head; about not wanting to be

disturbed. After that he never spoke again. Some sort of attack like apoplexy, Harvey believes. Poor fellow!"

"Poor old Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Yes—no—I meant Harvey. He has had to go through all this, and I have been thinking——"

Julia did not end the self-reproachful sentence.

"Why did he not write sooner?"

"He says he could not, and he thought a telegram would frighten me."

"He doesn't think you a greater goose than you are, my dear." Then, after a break—"Was this what made you look so happy over your letter? To be sure—Westford will belong to your husband now."

"Francesca!! how can you?"

"Well, if you had seen your own face——"

"I never thought of that or of any such thing. I was only glad to know that he had good reason for staying away—not glad, of course, for what has happened."

"What about Miss Rivers?"

"Harvey does not say much. Only that she bears up well, and that he cannot possibly get away till after the funeral. Nothing can be settled till then."

"And then—*hélas!*—we shall all have to be buried alive. Don't look so dismayed; I only mean a figurative burial. What else can life at Westford be?"

"I don't see ——" Julia began and stopped.

"You very soon will see, my dear. Depend upon it, that is to be our future." Francesca sighed audibly again.

"Mother, shall we live in England?" asked Mittie.

"In a horribly trist country place, Mittie, with nothing but muddy lanes and cows and sheep. I never did think I should come to that, but beggars can't be choosers."

"Harvey always speaks of Westford as such a beautiful place."

"There's an ancestral glamour about it for him, not for me! I detest ancestors almost as much as cows."

"I like lanes better than streets," announced Mittie, as if her opinion were conclusive.

Julia did not care to enter into an argument. For her part she was well content to be anywhere in the world, so long as Harvey was there too. Paris, Westford, Kamskatka, or Zululand, mattered little. A few minutes later she slipped away to her own room, and re-read more than once the hurriedly-written letter—one sentence especially.

"I am much afraid from what I hear that Hermione is left totally unprovided for. I do not think she is aware of this herself; and it is almost inexplicable with a man of such business habits as my uncle; but it appears that he has constantly put off, waiting for my return. I could wish now that I had gone back sooner. Regrets are useless, however. We shall have of course to give Hermione a home, though you need not at present mention this to Francesca, as it will not be known until after the reading of the will. Hermione is a lovely creature, and quite a saint, only perhaps a shade *difficile* in some of her ways. She bears up splendidly, and one cannot but admire her fortitude. I do not know how she and Francesca will suit; still, I have no doubt that we shall shake down together somehow. I must stay here till after the funeral, as it is impossible to leave Hermione alone. You will understand this, my dear Julia, and will, I know, bear the disappointment bravely. After that we shall see what to do."

Julia sat long by the window, thinking. Hermione occupied but a small share of her attention. This sudden death in her husband's family touched her keenly, coming so soon after the shock of little Mittie's narrow escape. She could not yet turn from that recollection, could not shake off the horror of it. A sense of insecurity crept over her, of personal helplessness, of a wide surrounding abyss, into which at any moment she or her husband might drop away from the other. For after all, life is not meant only for self-pleasing; and a butterfly existence cannot satisfy; and human love may fail; and there is a beyond to the present, which may not be always ignored. Julia had a glimpse of the far beyond in that quiet hour, even while the next few days without Harvey seemed to her apprehension hopelessly long to wade through.

THE STORY OF THE MALAGASY BIBLE.

A CAREFULLY revised version of the Scriptures in the Malagasy language has just been printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society; the present therefore seems a suitable time in which to gather up some of the more interesting facts connected with Bible translation and revision in Madagascar. In this paper then we will proceed to sketch in outline for the readers of the SUNDAY AT HOME the Story of the Malagasy Bible.

We must first of all go back in imagination to the middle of the seventeenth century, a time of great activity on the part of European nations, eager to found colonies in newly-discovered lands. Among other enterprises the French attempted to gain a footing at the south-east corner of Madagascar. The principal point occupied by them was Fort Dauphine. In the year 1648 two French missionaries, by name Nacquart and Gondrée, arrived there, and began to instruct the natives in the Roman Catholic faith. This mission was maintained in spite of many discouragements and hardships for nearly twenty years. The missionaries, we are told, "prepared

catechisms, prayers, confessions to the Virgin Mary, and to St. Michael, and John the Baptist, with the command of the church to abstain from flesh on Fridays and Saturdays;" but we do not read that they translated even one of the Gospels.

This French mission, from causes we cannot now stop to consider, came to an end without leaving any permanent trace upon the natives; and the Protestant missionaries who a century and a half later carried the gospel to Madagascar, found it virgin soil. They went to a people without a written language, and without any knowledge of the Christian faith. Both in their literary and in their evangelistic labours they had not to revive a work that was dying out, but to start *de novo*, and seek in their own way to carry out the objects of their mission. To all who study the question, it is perfectly clear that the foundation of the work at present being carried on in Madagascar is not to be sought in the earlier attempts of the French missionaries in the south-east corner of the island, but in the work of the first missionaries of the London Missionary Society in and around Antananarivo, the capital.

Who, then, were these men to whom the Malagasy people owe their written language and their first translation of the Scriptures? They were two Welshmen, and, strange to say, both Davids—David Jones and David Griffiths. The first of these reached Antananarivo in 1820, the second a year later. The late Mr. Cameron describes Mr. Griffiths as a strong, hardy-looking man of middle height, accustomed to work and to overcome difficulties, a man quick in movement and of untiring energy. Mr. Jones, he also tells us, was tall and slightly built, much weakened by early attacks of the Tamatave fever, and easily tired. These two men were the pioneers of Protestant missions in Madagascar.

The main strength of these early missionaries was devoted to educational work, in which they were vigorously supported and encouraged by King Radàma I. and by Mr. Hastie, the British agent. But notwithstanding the many claims made upon them by this and other branches of work, they began very early to make a translation of the Scriptures. In this they were greatly assisted by some of their more promising scholars to whom they had taught the English language, and who in Madagascar are still spoken of as "The Twelve;"[1] twelve young men having been selected by the missionaries for the more advanced positions. We cannot now stop to trace the growth of the translation; suffice it to say, that by March, 1830, ten years after the arrival of Mr. Jones in Antananarivo, a first edition of three thousand copies of the New Testament was completed. Thus within ten years after their arrival in Antananarivo, these pioneers of missionary work had not only mastered the early difficulties of learning the language and reducing it to writing, but had also given to the people this translation as the first fruits of their labours.

Even at this time much progress had been made in the translation of the Old Testament. In the completion and revision of this work valuable assistance was rendered by colleagues who had more recently joined the mission, viz. the Revs. D. Johns and J. J. Freeman.

The story of the completion of the printing of the Old Testament possesses peculiar interest. Soon after the death of King Radàma I., in 1828, the missionaries saw clear indications of the uncertainty of their position. Ominous clouds began to gather, until at length, in 1835, the storm burst in all its fury, and a bitter persecution began which lasted with more or less violence for twenty-six years. The edict of Queen Ranavàlona I. against the Christian religion was published on March 1, 1835. At this time from Ezekiel to Malachi and a portion of Job remained unprinted. Thus, before the whole of the book was in the hands of the people, it was placed under a ban: an indubitable testimony to the power it had begun to exercise in the island. The wish of the missionaries to complete their work was only intensified by this outbreak of persecution. They toiled unremittingly, nothing daunted by the difficulties that beset them. The hostility of the government to Christianity was bitter and determined. The missionaries were almost deserted by their converts. They could procure no workmen to assist them in the printing. Mr. Baker, as the sheets of the translation were put into his hands, composed the whole himself; and Mr. Kitching worked off the sheets at the press. With trembling haste did the missionaries proceed with their task; and by the end of June they had the joy of seeing the first bound copies of the complete Bible.

Most of these Bibles were secretly distributed among the converts; and seventy remaining copies were buried for greater safety in the earth: precious seed over which God watched, and which in due time produced a glorious harvest. The translators were driven away; but the book they had translated remained. Studied in secret and at the risk of life, this first translation served during more than a quarter of a century of persecution to keep alive faith in the newly received religion. The story of the Martyr Church has often been told, and it is one the world will not soon let die. In this thrilling story one fact stands out with great clearness, viz. that as intense hatred of the Bible was shown by the persecuting queen and her counsellors, so was intense love of the Bible one of the most marked characteristics of the persecuted.

Why, some will ask, did a translation so honoured of God need revision? The simple answer to this is that it was a first translation; and those who have studied the question of Bible translation are fully aware that in almost no instance has a first translation stood the test of time. Since 1830 great strides have been made in Biblical scholarship; and at the same time we may, without wishing in any way to slight the grand work of these first missionaries, safely assert that the Malagasy language is better understood now than it was in their days.

When, after the reopening of the mission in

[1] The last of these men, Rainisoa Ratsimandisa, died only a few months since.

1862, and especially after the great expansion of the work consequent upon the burning of the idols in 1869, missionaries began to look forward to the future, they felt that it was incumbent upon them to make some attempt to give to the Christians of Madagascar a more accurate and idiomatic version of the Scriptures. In 1872 a conference of missionaries, representing the five Protestant societies at that time working in Madagascar, was held in Antananarivo; and proposals for a revision were submitted to the British and Foreign Bible Society. This society generously accepted the whole pecuniary responsibility of the undertaking, and a Revision Committee was formed and began its work in the following year.

The writer of this paper was, in accordance with the wish of his co-workers, appointed principal reviser and chairman of the Revision Committee. It was his duty to prepare a preliminary version as a basis for the committee's work, and also to act as editor and give practical effect to all the committee's decisions.

The committee consisted of eight foreigners (English, American, and Norwegian) and three natives. The first meeting was held on Dec. 1, 1873, and the work was completed on April 30, 1887. Many changes took place in the *personnel* of the committee during the progress of the revision, and only two Europeans and one native remained members from its formation till its dissolution. Deducting interruptions, the time actually spent on the revision was about eleven years, of which nine and a half were spent on the first revision, and one and a half on the second and final revision.

During the greater part of the time, the committee met every Wednesday, and held morning and evening sittings of three hours each. Progress was at first but slow, sometimes not more than twelve verses being revised in a day; but the speed gradually improved, and the work averaged from sixty to eighty verses per day. The revision took a longer time than had been anticipated, and made large demands upon the patience of those engaged in it. But it had in it much that was pleasant and attractive, and served as a bond of union among missionaries of different communions. There were on the revision committee Anglicans, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Independents, and Friends; and the union of these in common work gave an easily appreciated answer to the taunt of the Jesuits, who delight to talk of "the five different religions" introduced into Madagascar by Protestants. The natives see clearly that whatever divisions exist among these missionaries, all are at one in their loyalty to God's word, and in their desire that the churches of Madagascar should possess as accurate and carefully considered a translation of it as modern scholarship renders possible.

From first to last native help has been sought on all points of idiom and phraseology. A good Malagasy dictionary exists, one that has recently been greatly enlarged and improved by the Rev. J. Richardson, and a copy of this always lay on our table; but, as a matter of fact, it was but seldom opened, because seated at the bottom of the table was a living dictionary in the persons of our three native helpers. We felt increasingly the value of their help, and the second revision was in the main entrusted to them, working under the superintendence of the principal reviser. The whole Bible was once more read through with a view to the removal of anything harsh in style, and to make it as simple and harmonious as possible. If in future years it should be found that a version acceptable to the people generally has been produced, very much of the credit will be due to the patience and zeal of these native helpers.

Prayer and painstaking, we are told, will accomplish anything. In this revision work neither has been spared. The labour of twelve years has been given to it, and the best critical aids within the reach of the revisers have been constantly used. Much prayer has also been offered to Almighty God for the success and usefulness of the work. Every meeting was opened with prayer, and work thus begun and continued in prayer was suitably closed with a public thanksgiving service. This was held at the suggestion of the native brethren. The place of meeting was the stone memorial church at Ambònin Ampamarìnana—the church built just on the edge of the precipice over which fourteen Christians were hurled in the year 1849, because of their love to God's word and their unwillingness to renounce the Saviour that word had made known to them.

To this meeting the Queen of Madagascar sent His Excellency Rainilaiarivòny, the Prime Minister, with a message of thanks to all who had taken part in the work. He told us in his speech of the deep interest that had been taken in this revision by the late queen, Ranavàlona II., the first Christian Sovereign of Madagascar, and how, taking that special interest in maintaining the purity of the language which is so often noticed in those of noble birth, she had often spoken of the revision to the natives engaged in it, and had occasionally herself suggested to them certain suitable expressions. He also told us that the present Queen, Ranavàlona III., bid him say how thankful she was that a work that would tend so greatly to benefit her kingdom was at length conpleted.

What a lesson of patience and hope is this! From this very spot had Christians at the command of the first Queen Ranavàlona been hurled over the rocks because of their loyalty to God's word; and now, thirty-eight years afterwards, another Queen Ranavàlona takes part, by her representative, in this service of rejoicing and thanksgiving that her people will soon possess an improved translation of the Bible for which their fathers suffered so much. Truly God teaches us to wait patiently for Him.

During the last year the work of printing this new version was proceeded with, and it is now completed. The printing has been done in clear and readable type by Messrs. Richard Clay and Sons. In a few months copies of the new Bible will be in the hands of Malagasy Christians. All friends of Madagascar will re-echo the wish

that this new translation may do much for the building up of the Christian community in that land. There are already more than a quarter of a million of nominal Christians there; and in some 1500 congregations and in nearly as many schools will this book be used. The past history of Madagascar has done much to awaken the sympathy of British Christians; let all then breathe a prayer that the future may be not unworthy of all that is noble and inspiring in the past; and that this new version of the Bible may be a potent factor in bringing about a result so devoutly to be desired.

WILLIAM E. COUSINS.

NON-JURING PRIESTS UNDER "THE TERROR."

"WHAT," a peasant elected as deputy in 1789, was asked, "do you expect to get from the Assembly?"

"The suppression of pigeons, of hares, and of monks—perhaps you think that a queer collection—not in the least—the first eat us up in the grain, the second in the blade, the third in the sheaf!"

These pigeons, hares, monks, represented the seigneurs and clergy, who, between them, owned all France, and were such a burden on the land that the French peasant had become one of the most miserable beings on the face of the earth. The peasant-deputy's expression:—"Eat us up" was quite true. That process had gone on until the fat kine had quite eaten up the lean ones.

The Assembly in which this peasant sat as a deputy was the famous National Assembly of 1789, the centenary of whose work will be celebrated this year throughout France. The story of its growth out of the States-General, which, after being in abeyance one hundred and seventy-five years, was at last called together in order to avert the impending national bankruptcy, forms the first chapter in the Revolution. The misrule and tyranny, of which the Dragonnades and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes were examples, became manifest to the whole nation under Louis XV., and Louis XVI. had not been many years on the throne when it became clear that a revolution in some form or another was inevitable. Our countryman, Arthur Young, of agricultural fame, being in Paris in 1787 heard the word on every lip in society. It is indeed a vulgar error to suppose that the French Revolution was the work of the mob. Its ideas were first accepted by the upper classes, and its first leaders, Lafayette and Mirabeau, were from the noblesse; then it was carried on and through by the middle-class, from whence nearly all its famous characters sprang.

The great body of the curés, that is the priests in charge of parishes, were moreover in sympathy with the ideas which gave birth to the Revolution, and their representatives in the States-General of 1789, were the first to go over to the Third Estate or Commons, enabling the latter to triumph in their determination not to have a States-General founded on the medieval plan of three orders, forming three distinct assemblies, but to have one: a National Assembly, in which all Frenchmen should sit as equals.

That the earth and its fulness existed to supply the need of all its inhabitants and ought not to be so appropriated that a few lay lapped in luxury while the great majority starved, seemed in these singular days a self-evident truth. Accordingly the National Assembly very quickly applied this idea to the possessions of the Church, which had grown so enormous that in some provinces it owned half the land; while in two, it even had three parts. In 1788 it was estimated that the French clergy possessed property in land, money and stocks, amounting to 224,000,000 of livres. Add to this their feudal rights, fees, profits, collections, and it was estimated that they had an annual income of 272,000,000 of livres, which, capitalised, made a sum of eight milliards, or, at the actual value of property at the time, twenty-four thousands of millions of francs.

Of this enormous income, the vast proportion was absorbed by the great ecclesiastics, the clerical aristocracy, regular and secular. The Archbishop of Toulouse alone had 678,000 livres in benefices, besides pensions, etc. In cutting down a wood in one of his abbacies he netted a million sterling. Meanwhile, the parish clergy of France, numbering some fifty or sixty thousand persons, only got one-ninth part of the total income of the church between them, the average income of each curé being from six to seven hundred francs (24*l.* to 28*l.*), a truly miserable pittance. They had to share their tithes with all sorts of people, who had acquired rights in connection with them. And these tithes had to be wrung out of a ruined peasantry, who, in consequence, owed them no good-will. Notwithstanding the misery of the position of the curés, and largely in consequence of it, they were at the mercy of the bishops, who treated them haughtily, and could, if they pleased, shut them up by *lettres de cachet*. No wonder these clerical Sudras supported a revolution, materially they could not lose.

On November 2, 1789, the National Assembly decreed that all ecclesiastical property should be considered at the disposal of the State, and that in future all ecclesiastics should receive salaries according to their functions, none to receive less than twelve hundred francs (48*l.*) and a house and garden. Those in convents were free to stay or go as they chose, but all were to receive a pension in accordance with their former condition.

A MARRIAGE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR. [*Jules Ravel.*

When the property was put into the market, the people seemed to have no scruple of conscience about buying it; to every objection concerning tithes, etc., they thought it enough to pronounce the word *Féodal*. This term implied for them a constitution of things passing away in the Divine order, and giving place to a better. Prelates, and those who hoped to be prelates, did not take this view, and after having vainly tried to induce the Assembly to compromise the simplicity of its decision, those who were deputies withdrew, and a powerful clerical opposition to the Revolution was organised, which in the end came to include the majority of the clergy.

It ought, indeed, to be stated that the National Assembly was so intoxicated with the idea of justice, that they actually ordered the restitution of the property, July 10th 1790, which had been taken from the Protestants expatriated at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. All the Assembly asked in return from the various persons to whom they thus dealt out equal justice, was that they should take the civic oath; that is to say, should promise to support the new order of things. The priests who took this oath, and a goodly number did, were known as "The Constitutional Clergy," and were naturally much disliked by those who went into opposition, and wherever the latter could influence any district in the country, the constitutional clergy had a bad time of it, even to the extent of sometimes being in danger of their lives. But if the constitutional clergy had a bad time of it, those who persecuted them had a worse, for the National Assembly was determined that the whole of the French clergy should take the oath to the Constitution. Now the doing of this was simply impossible to any Roman Catholic priest who had not accepted the ideas of the Revolution, and what it logically led to. For it not only required him to admit that the State could treat the temporalities of the Church as it thought fit, and that the clergy were not a body distinct from the laity, but further, and worst heresy of all, that the State had power to admit other religions to an equality with the Roman Catholic. For the Constitution they were required to accept guaranteed the right for which the Protestants had struggled for two centuries:—Liberty to every man to exercise the Religious Worship to which he is attached. It is not surprising therefore, that the greater part preferred to submit to any hardships rather than take the oath. But it was not until more than a year after the king had taken his oath to the Constitution (July 14th 1790), that it was exacted from priests under penalty of being suspected of revolt (Nov. 29th 1791). Meanwhile, the clergy had sounded the tocsin of civil war.

How is it you hate the revolution so intensely? the Abbé Maury was asked. "For two reasons, first, and chiefly, because it robs me of my benefices, and secondly, because I have for thirty years past found men so bad, regarded individually, and one by one, that I expect no good of them as a public and acting collectively." This cynic—courageous, rough, eloquent and thoroughly worldly—was the leader of the clerical opposition in the Assembly. He was supported by some of the Paris clergy, notably the curé of St. Sulpice, who declaimed from the pulpit that France and religion were lost; by the curé of St. Etienne du Mont, an ascetic who had astonished his parishioners by making his bed for forty days on the pavement of the church, and now urged barefooted processions to Mont Valerian as the best means of recovering respect to religion and the priesthood.

But it was in the privacy of the domestic interior, in the inner conscience of individuals, that the clergy were best able to pursue the work of opposition. Here, especially among women, they found wide-spread indecision, and often much sympathy. For not only did they represent the unseen and the eternal—in which aspect they still had sway over their adversaries, and that, to a large extent, in proportion to the violence of those adversaries—but they were able also to appeal to the human heart as persecuted men, for no oath meant no salary.

On the other hand, the revolution had ardent friends among the clergy. Such were the Abbé Grégoire, almost the only man who comes through these troublous times his head on his shoulders and his reputation for sincerity and disinterestedness tolerably undamaged; the Abbé Fauchet, a most attractive character, enthusiastic, eloquent, ever labouring to prove the essential unity of the principles of Christianity and the revolution, and to reconcile their representatives; the Abbé Sieyes, clever at making constitutions and taking care of himself; and, finally, the Bishop of Autun, the protean Talleyrand. The constitutional clergy had on their side ability and the great tide of popular opinion; the non-jurors the force of tradition and unity with the genius of their church. There was no healing the schism. At the churches of St. Gervais, St. Roch, and St. Sulpice, in Paris, those who usually performed the service fled, even to the last choirboy, so that the newly-appointed priests had to get some of the National Guard to stand round the reading-desks and help chaunt the psalms. The Parisians, as if to show that they quite understood the logical result of their freedom, burnt the Pope in effigy at the Palais-Royal. But the culminating outrage in the eyes of the non-juring priests was the marriage of some of the constitutional clergy.

While all these things agitated the religious world in Paris, the clergy in the south of France were in dismay at the prospect of having to take the place and to suffer the indignities they had inflicted on the Protestants. From the days of the Albigenses, and even earlier than that, the Romish Church had, by fire and sword, the galleys and the gallows, maintained its supremacy in the south of France; and five centuries of such an education had split the people into two religious factions animated against each other with exactly the same blind animosity that we have seen in recent times in Belfast. It was not two churches, so much as two populations, with long traditions of mutual injustice, cruelty and hate. When the Romish party, against whom the balance of enormities was by far the heaviest,

saw that their supremacy was going, they feared the worst, imagining, no doubt, their opponents would take their place and revenge all their oppressions. "The Protestants are cutting the throats of the Catholics," such was the story everywhere believed. And the word flew from one Catholic parish to another: "If the Protestants triumph, we are lost." And this triumph looked probable, when it was announced that the Assembly had elected one of the Protestant pastors of Nîmes, the deputy Rabaut Saint-Étienne, to be its President.

This state of things soon brought the two populations in Nîmes into open conflict, and the Protestants, far better fed, better drilled, better armed, more calm, and, moreover supported by the soldiers, were the victors. In dismay, the Catholics now began to work for civil war, and a great conspiracy was organised having for its object the restoration of the supremacy of the Roman Catholic religion. Supported by commanding officers, prelates, priests, magistrates, and a number of men of position, an opportunity was taken to commence organisation at the meeting in 1790 of the Federated National Guards of the Vivarais. The Protestant and patriotic portion of the troops having retired the remainder were formed into an association to protect Catholic interests and a committee was formed. Among the leaders the most energetic seem to have been two priests: Claude Allier, curé of Chambonne and the abbé de Bastide de la Molette, whose uncle, M. le Bastide, also a leader, was one of the chief officers of the federal or national troops in this part of France. These two fiery clerics appear more like the whippers-in of a pack of hounds than shepherds of the sheep. The abbé, who wore a pig-tail, went about in a grey uniform with a red collar and gilded facings, and a well-padded over-all of a spruce colour; a round hat with a white cross on his head, and round his waist a yellow baudrick, to which his sabre was attached. As to the army these priests and gentlemen collected, they seem to have been most rustic and ignorant people: some are described as arriving in groups at the place they were to attack; worn out with their march, their hands and faces red with the cold, hungry and very discontented, with scarcely an idea as to what brought them there. This blind leading of the blind did not lead to the usual result, for a patriot officer finding out what was intended got himself elected as commandant of the troops, and then explained to the peasant-soldiers in clear and simple terms that the injuries supposed to be suffered by the Catholics at Nîmes and Uzès had ceased, and that all was going well in these towns, upon which the troops separated and went home, and so the insurrection collapsed.

However, the curé of Chambonne, Claude Allier, the cleverest and most energetic of the leaders, went to Coblentz, and told the royal princes, who were there with a great body of emigrant nobles, that the south of France was ripe for insurrection; he particularly mentioned a certain old feudal castle near Mende, where the non-juring bishop had taken refuge, a number of peasants were regularly drilled by an advocate named Charrier; upon which the princes agreed to support the movement, and the agitation began at the camp of Sàles in 1790, recommenced in 1792. The princes appointed one of the noblesse as commander of the insurgent troops, and a civil war took place in the Vivarais, which ended in the complete defeat of the royalists. In 1793 a new effort was made in the Lozère. Here the indefatigable energy of the curé of Chambonne caused a premature explosion, and Charrier, who was in command, seeing that the effort was hopeless, disbanded his troops. A few weeks after he was taken with his young with and secretary in a vault under a stable. Both he and the priest were guillotined.

The war in La Vendée in 1792, and that of the Chouans in Brittany, were similar movements, due largely to the non-juring priests. Thus at the very time that the Revolution had to struggle with foreign invaders, it found their allies in every part of France secretly working for its overthrow. How true this was is shown by the fact that the Prussians in advancing into France ordered the municipal officers in every village to send away the constitutional curés and to reinduct those who refused to take the oath. It was the same with the Austrians in French Flanders; their first care was to re-establish the priests who had not taken the oath.

Among the non-juring priests were many quiet souls with no taste for plotting, whose only desire was to preserve a good conscience. Numbers fled to England, where a small allowance per day was made them, and a large house at Winchester devoted to their use. In our country, the European City of Refuge, these poor priests found a great many kind friends, and seem to have felt very grateful and well disposed to English Protestants.

Those that remained in France were soon the objects of laws which exactly paralleled those made by Louis XIV. against the Protestant pastors immediately after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A law was made, April 29, 1793, requiring them to leave the country in eight days. Their sufferings on the road to the frontier were often terrible, and in some cases, when they were put on board the vessels which were to convey them to America, they were almost starving. At Nantes gangrene broke out among them. Early in October of the same year, it was made death for banished priests to return to France: any one could arrest them, and have them conveyed to prison, from whence they were sent to the hulks or to the scaffold. At Arras and other places much blood was shed.

These dangers were not so universal or persistent, but that many non-juring priests continued to reside in France, or even came to brave all in the exercise of their ministry. They had to hide in out-of-the-way places, and if it was not safe to lodge at lonely farmhouses or chateaux, they took up their abode like the Pastors of the Desert, in grottoes and caverns, in the depths of forests or in desolate places. One describes himself as emaciated and looking quite black with exposure, he had no proper sleep for a year, the bed on which he lay being full of insects. How-

ever, he consoled himself with the thought that it would expiate his past faults. They went about disguised. A man in a rough hat, and a white smock carrying a wallet, would arrive late at night at a farmhouse, it was a non-juring priest; taken to the barn he proceeded to raise an altar, and decorate the place after the style of a Roman Catholic chapel. A few of the most trusty among the faithful appeared, and mass was said. To such a place the people brought their children to be christened, or came to have marriages solemnized. The greatest care was taken to prevent the gendarmes from discovering the retreat; peasants who were in the secret, acting as scouts in the surrounding neighbourhood, making danger signals by whistling, &c. On one occasion a bride whose discretion was doubted, was led by a round-about way through several villages, although the ceremony was really performed within a quarter of a mile of her own house.

The same secresy had to be observed about every rite performed: burials had to take place at night, and occasionally inhumanity was shown to the corpses of the nobility known to have been friendly to the non-juring clergy. It is all very cruel and pitiable, but it ought to be read in connection with the sufferings their predecessors of both these classes, formerly the rulers in France, had made the Protestants endure. The sufferings are so exactly alike, that I could parallel the stories almost word for word—the hiding in the woods, caves, and the going about disguised, the arriving in the evening at lonely farmhouses, the nocturnal services, the concealed performance of the rites of marriage and baptism and of funeral ceremonies—the last recalling the sobriquet of the Huguenots, night-moths. Not only men but classes and churches should note these things—there are surely days of judgment. History is taken up with relating them.

In a sitting of the Assembly, December 3, 1793, Grégoire, the ever-brave believer both in the Church and the Revolution, dared to plead on behalf of the persecuted priests. However, they remained for some years in a miserable condition, from which they did not satisfactorily emerge, until Napoleon made a new Concordat with the Pope. Then they came back in triumph, the constitutional priests suffered in their turn: there was no place for repentance for those who had married, except, like Talleyrand, they had made their fortune out of the revolution.

I do not think that I ever read a sadder story than that of a constitutional priest who had committed the odious crime of wedlock. He lived at Amiens, and after the Restoration, sought to support himself and his wife, both getting old and feeble, by keeping a school. But one pupil after another was withdrawn; public opinion, made by the fashion of the returned clerical régime, as effectually destroyed the poor man as if he had been burnt in the market-place. He tried various means of getting a living, but it was hopeless, and this man, the brother-in-law of the famous author of "Paul and Virginia," Bernardin de St. Pierre, and himself the author of a striking poem entitled "The Last Man,"—this unfortunate man sank from one miserable lodging to a worse, until he and his wife were compelled to live with the very outcast of the city of Amiens. Pursued thus, by the worst possible form of persecution, his mind gave way; he imagined that he was watched and his words overheard. One morning he was missing and his body was found in the river. Almost immediately afterwards an Englishman arrived in Amiens. He had read the poem of "The Last Man," and had come to find out the author. Alas! he was just too late.

RICHARD HEATH.

"THE DAY OF TROUBLE."

"IN all time of our tribulation"—what a large field is covered by the phrase to which so many listen half mechanically Sunday by Sunday with scarcely a passing assent; need, sorrow, sickness, death itself—the thousand ills that are our poor humanity's heritage are all bound up in the words, and it is from these that we pray to be delivered.

The trouble pictured in our Frontispiece is not of very tragic cast, though it touches us with its mute signs of suffering. It is such a sorrow as we may meet with any day, scarcely recognising it; we may encounter it in country solitudes, it may brush us with its poor, common garments in the crowded streets, looking at us out of plain and perhaps stupid faces—it may be our chance companion in travel and never reveal itself to our guesses. Perhaps, for all we know, it may be nearer us still, sitting at our hearths and eating of our bread, hidden securely all the while behind that mask which those who serve us wear in our presence—for the name of this trouble is loneliness.

Life may be swept bare for us in a great many ways; it is by the old familiar way of death that it has been made into a place of deserts here. A solitary outset and a new beginning, that is all. It is quite easy to read the simple story; the dumb patience of the woman's face tells us the whole of it without calling in the aid of the fancy. Over there where the church tower rises against the windy sky, she has left her husband sleeping; the hands that were joined have loosed their clasp of each other, and all of companionship, of shared interests, of encouragement in work and ministry in pain that make the true marriage are at an end, left behind under the snows.

G. L. Seymour. ALF COOKE LEEDS.

THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

Our sympathies are sometimes too imperfectly stirred by a trouble that wears a humble guise such as this, just because it makes no outcry and has no eloquence with which to dress its pain. Its silent resignation deceives us, and we misread the signs of its chastened submission, and think that because the feelings remain unexpressed, it is that they are too fleeting to take any lasting shape.

It is not difficult for any of us to sympathise with that which falls naturally within the limits of our own experience. A broken arm gives a man an intelligent comprehension of the pain and inconvenience of a fracture long after his own bones are reset; and the sorrow that has seated itself in our homes can never wear a strange face to us, let us meet it where we may. But it takes a higher gift than this—a Christ-like grace—to be unwearyingly tender towards obscure and uninteresting suffering, to enter with loving insight into griefs differing wholly from our own.

> And bringing our lives to the level of others,
> Hold the cup we have filled to their uses.

For the tragedies that cut men aloof from their fellows, crowning them kings of sorrow, as it were, are reserved for the few; and so much of the pain and grief of the world is sordid and mean and unlovely, wearing ill-cut clothes, speaking ungrammatically, walking ungracefully, without culture, or even any sentimental wretchedness to redeem it in our eyes.

Such a life the artist has pictured for us—poor, unnoted, lowly, without a history beyond the village street, all its interests flowing in a very narrow channel, yet not so insignificant as to escape the common lot. The eyes gazing unseeingly before them have no vision for the windings of the way the weary feet may have to tread before night brings rest; it is the lonely to-morrow they are seeing, and the many sad unfriended to-morrows that will follow in its train. And for once Nature, which so often hard heartedly mocks our pain, is in harmony, and in the wide, bare country, lying chill and bleak under the cloudy sky we seem to read a double desolation. Yet in the picture there is comfort. The one hand of the wanderer holds the few worldly possessions that have been rescued out of the past, but the other clasps a better treasure, for in the little one snugly tucked and held close in warm sleep there is healing for the wounded heart. No one to whom such a "sweet piece of heaven" has been given—a little child who clings in helpless dependence, on whom to lavish love and care, can be quite desolate.

And there is no form of distress that has not its consoling aspect, if we know how to look for it—just as the poison and the antidote are said to grow side by side. Even if we should have to say—

> They are all gone into a world of light,
> And I alone sit lingering here,

it may be ours to add with the singer—

> Their very memory is fair and bright,
> And my sad heart doth cheer.

This trouble of loneliness may come to us in other ways than by the hand of death. There is the throbbing pain of alienation where we had looked for faithfulness, which embitters so many of the relationships of life,—the loneliness of pride, of disappointed hopes and thwarted purposes. Saddest, perhaps, of all, is the isolation of the spirit in that most anguished hour through which a soul can pass when faith in the old beliefs is shaken, and the dark riddles of life seem to find no answer in God.

What heart of man is there that does not know its own bitterness? In one form or another, at one time or another, we take our share in that burden of distress that has lifted its bewildered voice to heaven since the day when Adam sowed thorns round Paradise. And just as the afflictions that visit just and unjust alike are infinitely varied, so is our mode of bearing them. Adversity, we are told, is the truest test of character, but though it does not make a man frail it very often shows him unsuspected weaknesses in his armour.

"For in our health and clearer days it is easy to talk of putting trust in God. We readily trust Him for life when we are in health, for provisions when we have fair revenues, for deliverance when we are newly escaped; but let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortune, and dwell upon our wrong, let the storm arrive and the keels toss till the cordage crack so that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes: then can you believe when you neither hear nor see nor feel anything but objections?" Ah, then, too surely "when all our fine discourses come to be reduced to practise," faith had need to show a vigorous root.

In this matter of meeting our time of tribulation we have no lack of guidance. To leave for the moment the great fountain head of consolation, the voices of our fellow-sufferers in all ages are lifted up for our warning; for trouble is of no race or country, and it is the one thing which with life and death we must alike share.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," says the cynic.

"This life is all that concerns us," cries the stoic; "practise virtue, and despise equally pleasure and pain: play the man and do not whine or make a moan when you are called on to quit the stage."

"Life is but a campaign, a course of travels, and after fame oblivion. What is it, then, that will stick by a man? why, nothing but philosophy. As for pain, if it is intolerable it will quickly dispatch you: if it stays long it is bearable. Your mind in the meantime preserves its calm by the strength of the opining faculty and suffers nothing. As for your limbs that are hurt by the pain, if they can complain let them do it.

"Let accidents happen to such as are liable to the impression, and those that feel misfortune may complain of it if they will. As for me, let what will come, I can receive no damage by it unless I think it a calamity, and it is

in my power to think it none if I have a mind to it."

And here is the Christian's voice:

"Set thyself therefore like a good and faithful servant of Christ to bear manfully the Cross of thy Lord, who out of love was crucified for thee.

"Prepare thyself to bear many adversities and divers kinds of troubles in this miserable life, for so it will be with thee wheresoever thou art, and so surely thou shalt find it wheresoever thou hide thyself.

"So it must be, nor is there any remedy or means to escape from tribulation or sorrow, but only to endure thyself.

"Drink of the Lord's cup with hearty affection if thou desire to be His friend and to have part with him. As for comforts, leave them to God, let Him do therein as shall best please Him. But do thou set thyself to suffer tribulations and account them the greatest comforts, for the sufferings of this present time, although thou couldst alone suffer them all, cannot worthily deserve the glory which is to come."

One might multiply illustration by the thousand. Of all these our teachers who have graduated in the school of pain, which shall we choose to be our guide?

We cannot at least do amiss to give heed for a moment to one who was both Christian and philosopher, and who thus quaintly gives us his recipe for sweetening the bitters of adversity.

"If I did fall into the hands of thieves, yet they did not steal my land. Or I am fallen into the hands of publicans or sequestrators and they have taken all from me—what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience. They still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, in God Himself. And he that has so many causes of joy and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns."

It surely were not well to take even so cursory and imperfect a glance as this at the great subject of sorrow without reminding ourselves that its uses are meant to be regenerative. Not lightly and for mere wantonness, as in the old days when men held themselves to be the sport of the gods, are we chastened and afflicted, but that we may grow thereby in grace and in fitness for the kingdom of heaven. And truly it is a poor use to which to put our schooling if the days of our discipline leave us no better than they found us; with no deeper gaze into life, with no new earnestness of purpose, no keener vibration for the throb of another's pain, no widened views of God's dealings with us, no quickened sense of His love.

The very word "tribulation" carries this lesson in its heart. It is sometimes very helpful to trace the pedigree of a word and to ask of it its lineage. Dean Trench has done this for us in the word now before us; he takes it to pieces and reconstructs it for us, and weaves a picture about it, so that the two have an indissoluble life, and always present themselves together in the brain. Thus when "tribulation" occurs in the Liturgy or in Scripture, we see before us the circular threshing-floor of a Roman farm, the grain garnered from the field lies in a great golden heap in the centre, and the husbandman, taking from this store, throws it in front of the oxen, who slowly and laboriously drag round the heavy *tribula*, by means of which the corn is separated from the husk. To the Roman farmer's mind *tribula* carried no other image than that of the clumsy wooden board, sharply spiked with iron, which he guided over the grain; but some one of the early Christian writers, catching here a glimpse of a noble simile, rescued the word, and lifted it to a better use, handing it down to us as an image of God's dealing with our souls when he tries and sifts us, that the baser part may drop from us and only the good may be left. In this sense the birthday of the word dates from the Christian era. It is not to be found in the pages of Marcus Aurelius, elevated and helpful as is much of his teaching, because, of that new sect called the Christians—which made itself troublesomely evident during portions of his reign—he knew little or he had never sanctioned their persecution, and for their doctrines, and that lesson ever on their lips—that suffering is a baptism into a new life—he cared nothing at all.

But if for us tribulation takes its new and wider sense, and if, yielding to God's chastisements, we bow to the Divine will, we may find that "even the rod of suffering turns into crowns and sceptres." For us too, as for Christiania when Greatheart led her through the Valley of Humiliation, it may be that the air is pleasant there, and that lilies blow there, and that now, as in former times, "men may meet with angels" there.

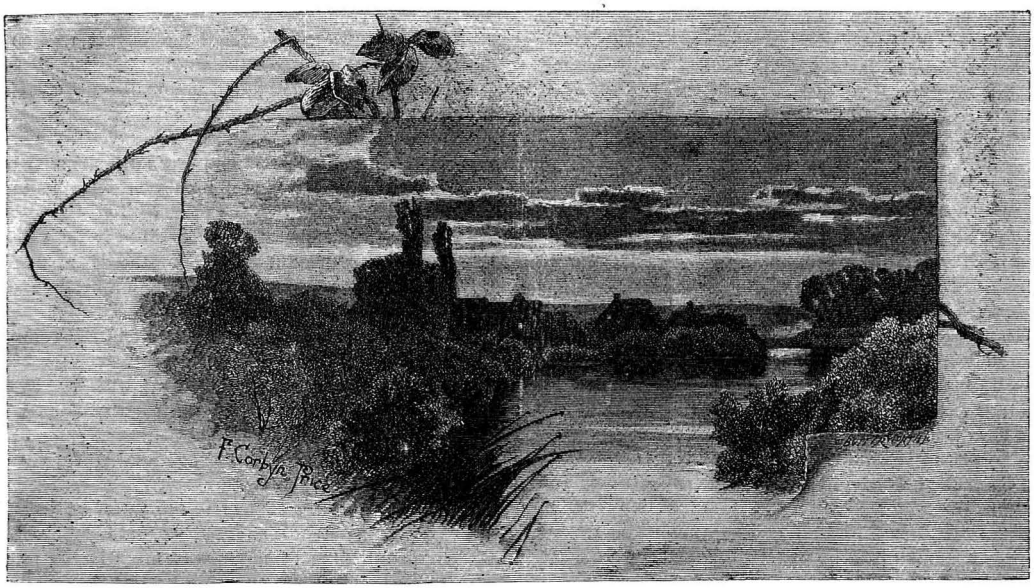
If we consider how limited is our vision of another's needs, how our best pity is, comparatively speaking, but hardness of heart, how poor and inadequate our insight, we may well feel thankful that in our hours of darkness we are not left to the tender mercies of our fellow men. The gentlest human hand may hurt when it is laid on our bruises; there is but one who can bind our wounds so that they shall ache no more.

If our woes, distresses, pains are infinite as the sands of the sea, there is comfort in the thought that the one great Healer and Consoler can rescue us from them all.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

The Royal Law.

BY CHARLOTTE MASON, AUTHOR OF "A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."



CHAPTER V.—THE RIVER MIST

WHEN Paul reached home, he crept very softly into the small low room which he called his own, and knelt on the rug in the front of the fire to warm his chilled hands; his head ached and he felt very cold and tired, but there seemed no heat to warm him, although the blaze crackled and burned half up the chimney and the walls were ruddy with the glow of the coals; still he shivered and his eyes felt dull and heavy. It was only five o'clock, but the outer world looked dark, and he was just thinking how glad he was to be sheltered from the wind, when the door opened and the old housekeeper appeared, with a look of concern on her face and a letter in her hand.

"So you've come in, Master Paul, and most thankful I am to see you, for whatever I should have done, I don't know. The master has been gone two hours ago, and he left this letter to be delivered by the groom—when he came back from doing some errands—at a gentleman's house three miles away, and the stupid fellow has never come back. Master said it was of the greatest consequence, and the gentleman must have it by six o'clock this evening; so I think you had best catch the train and take it yourself; if you hurry at once, you will be in time, and any one in the village will tell you where he lives."

Paul's heart sank, and there was a slight touch of disappointment and fretfulness in his voice as he spoke.

"But how am I to get back?"

"Why! the same way as you go, by the train, I suppose;" but in her eagerness to get him off, she never paused to consider whether any train was due at their small station after dark; or what the little fellow would do, if he found himself left behind and three miles from home.

It was such a rare thing for Paul to be unwilling to do a kind action for any one, that the housekeeper stared at him in astonishment, and said in a hasty voice:

"You had best be off at once, instead of standing there as though your feet were stuck to the ground; here is the money for your ticket;" and she thumped a shilling down on the table.

But still Paul did not move; he heard the moan of the wind in the bare trees, and he crept closer to the fire; he did not always find it easy to give up his own will, and not go his own way, and this afternoon he found it very hard; so difficult not to yield to selfish feelings; and there was a piteous look in the wide-open eyes.

"But it will be pitch dark," he said, "before I get home," and a half-stifled sob escaped him.

"Well! you are a cry-baby," exclaimed the housekeeper, "and a little coward too, to fear going into the dark by yourself, when you have only got to walk half a mile, and all the rest of the way is in the train; but if you won't take it, I suppose I can't make you; one would have thought, you would have been only too glad to do a little errand like this for master, when he has fed and clothed you for two years; but a bit of gratitude is the hardest thing to find in this life;" and she turned quickly round to leave the room. But Paul did not let her reach the door:

"Here, give it to me, Mrs. Grey, I will take it directly; I am sorry I didn't want to go, and I don't mind the dark at all;" and Paul sprang to her side and took the letter quickly from her hand. "I won't fail you; I shall be in time," he shouted; and in a minute the Hall door was shut, and he was out in the cold stormy afternoon, with an aching head, tired feet, and no great coat to protect him from the blast, which grew keener every minute.

"I don't think I am a coward," he said to himself, as the train bore him on through the fast growing darkness; "anyhow I don't want to be; I want always to be brave; mother didn't like me to be afraid of anything, except doing wrong; she said I was to be kind and unselfish to others, and I am real sorry I forgot all about the Royal

Law just now; but I am going as fast as I can, and I didn't really want to love myself best, only I was so tired;" and the poor weary little head sank down upon his hands as he propped them on the window panel.

Paul could not understand how it was that he ached so all over him, because he never felt ill, or suffered pain like cripple Charlie, although he had been so dull and lonely. And then he began to wonder how the crippled Charlie was, and if he were lying just a wee bit nearer the Golden Gate, than when he saw him last; perhaps he had really entered in, and had seen the King in His beauty and the angels in their shining robes. And he sang softly to himself,

"Will any of them at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

The sudden stopping of the train roused Paul from his reverie, and he found he had reached the station where he had to alight, so, after delivering his ticket, he jumped from the carriage and was soon pacing the long lane, with the letter clutched tightly in his hand.

The snow lay much deeper on the untrodden footpath, and the flakes were falling much faster than when he started; he had no difficulty in finding the house, and he felt relieved when the important letter was taken in by the footman and it was out of his keeping.

Then he turned to retrace his steps and the village clock chimed six, so he knew he had been in plenty of time; and he thought, when he reached home, he would be very glad that he had not pleased himself, and had taken this trouble for his uncle. But while he was baffling against the wind, he felt he could not be glad about anything.

"No more trains to-night, sir," was the answer he met with, when he reached the station; "no trains stop at the villages after six o'clock in the winter, unless gentlemen of importance require them to;" and the porter turned and went about his business, leaving a very desolate boy alone upon the platform. Paul was bewildered, and numb with cold, and he did not seem able to think it all out, or to find what was the best to be done, but he knew it was no use standing there, because he was of no importance: he was only a little fellow, and nobody minded much about him, except Aleck and Aunt Agnes, and they were miles away; and the thought of Aleck in his guarded home and Aunt Agnes sitting in the bright warm firelight, brought another sob, as he turned away to find the river-path which would lead him direct to the old hall.

He kept praying short verses and prayers to God as he trudged along; but as his feet trod the long winding way, they felt unsteady, and he was scarcely able to guide them. Once or twice he halloed loud, but there was no sound of a footfall anywhere; the roar of the river, which had been swollen by the heavy rains, was the only noise which broke the silence. Paul strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of any human creature, but not a living being was in sight; the dense snow shut out every object in the landscape, and every minute the night became darker and darker, while fiercer and fiercer waxed the storm. He was so afraid of straying from the path, and he was breathless with the struggle; but all the while one hand was folded on his breast, as though he were guarding his treasure from the sleet and rain.

At last he reached the turn of the river, and he felt he could walk no further; he was so sleepy and cold and stiff—so spent with struggling,—that he laid himself down among the thick reeds and rushes, and it was enough for the poor tired little body to have found a haven from the storm, where he could rest and sleep; but the cold mist from the river folded him in its chill damp mantle; and the thick falling snow melted beneath the shabby patched garments; and the tiny worn book which never left his possession was soaked through and through.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. II.

1. This verse describes a journey very unwillingly undertaken.

2. The unwilling traveller was one of a large company, but he parted from all his companions on arriving at his destination.

3. When he returned the same way it was on a sad errand, and with a large attendance.

4. People of three different nationalities are mentioned in the verse.

5. One of the persons named makes enquiry afterwards for "men of activity." He had very large property in land.

6. Another, who was very handsome, once made use of this expression, "Am I in the place of God?"

7. A business transaction is described in the verse.

8. A military office of some importance is also mentioned.

9. One of the persons named, though a heathen, received "the blessing of the Lord" on his house.

10. Some of the people mentioned had just come from a country named in Jer. viii.; their great ancestor had been promised Divine blessing and God was with him as a child. He had married a wife from the country named in this verse and his sons had towns and castles.

11. Quantities of golden earrings were taken, years after, from the descendants of these people.

12. The country spoken of is compared by Jeremiah to "a very fair heifer." The same prophet also threatens the destruction of its idol-temples with fire. Isaiah prophesies woe to it, but foretells that in the end its people "shall know the Lord."

13. The grandfather of one of the persons named in the verse was forbidden to go into this country.

14. The verse is the first in a chapter, and contains thirty-three words, six being proper names.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IV.

1. A patriarch mentioned in one of our Lord's parables.

2. A word used in the sense of twofold in the history of Joseph and Elisha, which is also used to denote falseness in some parts of Scripture.

3. A name applied to Cain.

4. A captain of the host who was made king. His record is an evil one and he left a son whose reign exceeded his father's in wickedness.

5. The place was the first in-gathering of the Gentiles.

6. An enemy of the Truth only mentioned in the Epistles of John.

7. The number in which Christ sent out His disciples.

8. One of three who ascended a mountain at God's command, while only two returned.

The initials and finals give two of the titles of Christ indicating His intercession for us.

A. E. R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. I.—p. 32.—ADONIJAH.

(1) 2 Sam. iii. 2–4; Joshua xiv. 13; xv. 14; (2) 1 Kings i. 6; (3) ii. 13; (4) i. 24, 25; (5) 2 Sam. xix. 5, 6; 1 Kings i. 7; (6) 1 Kings i. 51, 52; ii. 17; (7) 2 Sam. xvii. 26; xviii. 7; 1 Chron. xxviii. 2, 3; (8) 1 Kings x. 10; (9) i. 42–49; (10) 1 Sam. xix. 18; (11) 1 Kings i. 50; (12) i. 24, 26; (13) 1 Kings ii. 23–25; 1 Chron. xxii. 9; (14) 1 Kings ii. 26, 27; 1 Sam. ii. 26–36.