THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XIII.—DEGREES OF GOODNESS.

A MOMENT OF EXPECTATION.

"THERE'S something stopping at the hotel! Mittie—look!" cried Julia, who was at the farther end of the room, while Mittie sat close to the open window.

The child skipped out upon the balcony, and cried in shrill tones, "It's uncle Harvey!"

"Now, Julia, pray don't rush madly out-of-doors, and——"

Francesca's exhortation came to an abrupt conclusion, for Julia was gone.

"She wouldn't hear you, mother," commented Mittie, standing in the open window, while a slight breeze lifted her clouds of flaxen hair and swept them round her face. "Aunt Julia always does scamper when uncle Harvey comes. I think she's too big to scamper, ever so much. But I

like him, too—don't you? I like him better than aunt Julia, 'cause he doesn't get cross."

"Mittie, there's a spot of grease on your sleeve," said Mrs. Trevor, not anxious to discuss the respective merits of her sister and brother-in-law.

"So there is," assented Mittie. "And here's another. Don't you like uncle Harvey, mother? He's got such a nicey sort of way of doing things, and he always looks kind. He doesn't never frown, you know—does he?"

"Doesn't ever, you mean. Uncle Harvey will frown if you talk bad grammar."

"No, he won't. He hasn't got that kind of pucker on his forehead like what aunt Julia has got when she's cross. His forehead is as smooth as yours, mother."

"Well, Mittie! How do you do, Francesca?" Harvey's voice said, as he came in, Julia clinging to his arm with an upturned face of brilliant happiness, undeniably handsome at that moment. Mittie flung herself on him with a little shriek of delight, but bounded off at his kiss, exclaiming—

"Don't scrub! I hate moustaches!" and Francesca extended a hand graciously, without troubling herself to rise.

"So you have had a dismal time of it, on the whole," she said.

"Not worse than I!" murmured Julia.

"Foolish child!" he said softly.

"Only two days short of a fortnight. It has seemed endless."

"I could not come sooner. It was not my choice," said Harvey. "There was no getting away from Westford till late on Saturday, and a day in London on business proved imperative. As I told you, I was not sure even of to-day."

He threw himself into the corner of a couch, and Julia sat on a low chair close by, watching him with eager eyes and clasped hands. She could not understand his look. Was he bored, or vexed, or worried? Mittie, too, was gazing in evident perplexity, for upon Harvey's smooth brow lay too upright ruts not wont to be there.

Julia took refuge in the wifely question:

"Are you very tired?"

"No,—yes; I believe I am. It has been a trying time altogether. Well, Mittie, what mischief have you been after?"

He held out an arm, and she came near, with the proviso, "Then I won't be scrubbed?"

"No; all right. How will you like a pretty young cousin, Hermione, to live with?"

"She isn't my cousin," said Mittie. "What's those ugly puckers for?" and her small fingers tried to do away with the dents.

Harvey laughed, and the "puckers" disappeared. "If Hermione is not your cousin, you must adopt her."

"Is it settled that she lives with you?" asked Francesca.

"I believe so. We all take it for granted."

"Is she really pretty?"

"Uncommonly."

"And—good?" Julia said, in a hesitating tone.

"Desperately."

"I shall be afraid of her. I don't like people of that sort. Must she live with us, Harvey? Has she nowhere to go?"

"No."

"But if she has plenty of money?" put in Francesca.

"She has not." A curious metallic sound came into Harvey's voice, and the "puckers" were again apparent. Mittie endeavoured once more to smooth them out, and he turned from her as if teased.

"Mittie, do be quiet," said Julia.

"I'm quiet. I don't want uncle Harvey to be ugly," Mittie said in an injured tone.

"Oh, of course—the estate was entailed," Francesca observed. "Still, one fancies the old gentleman would have taken care of her future, if he were so devoted to her as you have thought."

"He has not."

"And she is dependent on you?"

"At present—in a measure."

"How does she like that?"

"She does not seem to know it yet."

"You did not tell her?"

"That was not exactly my business."

"I should think the kindest plan would have been to speak out."

"Her friends can do so. Of course she is aware of the entail."

"Uncle Harvey is frowning most awfully," murmured Mittie.

"I should never have expected Mr. Dalrymple to leave her unprovided for. It is not as if you had been quite the most attentive and devoted of heirs," Francesca said, with a little laugh.

"Your experience of life has not taught you one thing, seemingly."

"What thing?"

"That people are always doing exactly what nobody would have expected of them."

"Well, yes—sometimes; but still, in this case ——"

"In this case, you wouldn't have expected it! Just so. That only points my doctrine. A 'well-drawn character' in a novel always does what one expects of him, but individuals in real life are not so obliging."

Julia's large black eyes were examining her husband's face.

"Have you been very much bothered? You don't look like yourself;"—and her hand stole to his coat-sleeve caressingly.

"Oh, by-the-bye, are we really to be buried alive in the country?" enquired Mrs. Trevor.

"I shall have to take Julia there in a month or six weeks. You must please yourself about accompanying us."

A touch of irritation showed in the manner. Francesca's colour rose. She gave him a good look, and stood up, saying coldly, "That was not precisely in your best style—when you know my circumstances. Come, Mittie, it is about time to dress for *table d'hôte*."

Harvey evidently felt the rebuke. He went to open the door for her, and said as she swept past, "I beg your pardon; I spoke carelessly."

"So I supposed!"—and she was gone, Mittie following in her rear. Harvey came back to his seat, and there was a motion of his fingers through his hair.

"Poor Francesca, I shall have to make my peace with her," he said.

"Oh, no need! I have no patience with Francesca. She takes everything as a right, and shows airs, when she ought to be only grateful. Just now too when you are so worried! Harvey, have things gone wrong? I can't make you out; you are not like yourself."

"I shall be all right now I am with you again."

The words were a great delight to Julia. She had the anxious clinging temperament, which craves for much outward show of affection, and cannot trust without such evidence. Her cheek came down on his hand, and she said, "Then I don't mind anything—even Hermione."

"You and Hermione will get on well enough."

"Only if she is so very good—desperately, you said."

"I used the word in jest, of course. You don't particularly wish her to be very bad, I suppose."

"No, no—but in that way—you know what I mean. One can't help being afraid of people who talk a great deal very religiously; don't you think so? Though, perhaps"—Julia hesitated—"I am not religious, but sometimes I think I ought to be, and I wish I could be different. If I were like you, it would not matter. You are always so true, so exactly what you ought to be in everything; it seems as if you always did right as a matter of course, not because it is right, but because you can't help it. I can't even imagine your doing anything really wrong. You have your little faults, I suppose, but I cannot see them. I never see any one else quite like you. But I—oh, I am so different."

"You are talking great nonsense, Julia."

"No, I am not; things are just as I say. You are always good and I am not, and I wish I were. It frightens me sometimes. I had such a dreadful shock one day, since you left. Francesca promised that she would not tell you, but I should not be happy unless you knew everything about me. Harvey, I nearly killed Mittie."

Harvey looked not a little startled.

"Yes, it is true. It was an accident, of course—I mean it would have been—but it was temper too." Julia told him in smothered tones of the arrival of his letter, of the struggle in the balcony, and of Mittie's narrow escape. "It seemed so awful," she said, "to think how I should have felt, if it had happened. And it might, if Francesca had not been so near. I never have much strength in my arms, and the fright seemed to paralyse them, so that I felt Mittie sliding away, and I could not keep her. I can't tell you what a horrible moment that was. It comes back to me now, and turns me cold."

"No wonder. But after all, Mittie was a troublesome little puss to behave so."

"Yes, only that was no real excuse for me. Then, when I opened the letter, I found the news about poor old Mr. Dalrymple. And I suppose it was the two things coming so close together—I could not shake them off. I felt for days after as if there was nothing to rest upon, and no safety in looking forward. Do you know what it is to have such feelings? Perhaps the feelings will go, now I have you again."

"I hope so. You have certainly been in a morbid state, my dear," her husband said.

"So Francesca told me—not that she knew anything of what I am saying now. And you don't think I ought to become more religious?"

"You are enough so for me."

"But if I ought ——"

"You must settle that point for yourself. Only, don't adopt Hermione as your model."

"Why? Don't you like her?"

"She is charming, as a girl. I do not admire her particular style of goodness."

"No? But you will help me, Harvey."

The black eyes raised to his were full of soft pleading. Harvey laughed slightly, perhaps to hide a sense of embarrassment.

"I am not a very religious person myself, Julia. No use to come to me, I am afraid. Come, I really shall suspect you of a small craze on the subject. Is it time that you should dress?"

"Yes, I am forgetting; no, it will do in ten minutes—I never take long."

"Better not be late. I have my bag to unpack."

"I'll unpack it for you. Do let me. Is the key upstairs? Oh, thanks, I'll be very careful with everything."

Harvey had remained a bachelor long enough to prefer unpacking for himself: but a stronger sensation at that moment was a desire to cut short the talk,—so he fell in with her proposal.

"I'll put everything out ready, so as to save you trouble," she said, hastening away.

For ten minutes Harvey was alone; and during that short interval he came to a weighty decision, reversing a former intention. He would not speak to Julia about the letter from Mr. Dalrymple to Mr. Selwyn, or about the "ample provision" which had to be made for Hermione Rivers. At least—not yet. Harvey's determinations were apt to be somewhat vague. He did not resolve never to speak, but only not to speak "at present." After all, Julia was a mere girl, unversed in business. The matter rested with himself. There was space enough ahead for action—why do things in a hurry?

Perhaps Julia's loving belief in her husband's "goodness," had to do with this decision. If she knew all, she might not feel so convinced of his excellence. He had no wish, naturally, to lower himself in her eyes.

No, he would keep the matter quiet for a while, till he should "see his way."

Somehow, Marjory's face came up, pale and reproachful; and her voice seemed to mingle sadly with the busy sounds of the gay street below.

> "But now 'tis little joy
> To know I'm farther off from heaven
> Than when I was a boy."

"Stuff! nonsense!" exclaimed Harvey, almost aloud. "I declare I am as bad as Julia—positively morbid! As if that had anything to do with the question. One would think Marjory had bewitched me! I have to consider my duty to the estate. If my poor old uncle's idea had been carried out, the property must have

been completely wrecked,—hampered for years at all events. Hermione shall have what is right; but I must have time for consideration. By-and-by I shall know better what really lies at my command."

CHAPTER XIV.—EXPECTED.

SEVERAL weeks had glided by, when, one day towards the middle of August, Harvey Dalrymple and his party were expected at the Hall.

He had not even yet plainly told Hermione that the widow and her child would be permanent members of his household. There was "time enough," and Harvey always deferred the unpleasant till to-morrow. So Hermione only knew that another bedroom had to be prepared.

"A strange time to come—before Harvey and Julia are even settled in," she said, sighing. "Things are bad enough without that."

Hermione had slept at the Rectory hitherto, but this night she would occupy her old quarters. The plunge had to be made, and the sooner was the wiser.

These past weeks had gone peacefully, and to Hermione not unhappily. The sorrow had been a gentle sorrow, and she was surrounded by kindness. She was so young, and so lovely in her deep mourning, that few could look upon her unmoved. Wherever she went she met glances and words of pity or sympathy, alike from rich and poor. Mr. Fitzalan had never been more fatherly; Marjory was nothing less than her abject slave; and Harry, returning home for his long vacation, forgot utterly his own past strictures, to place himself at her feet. Why not? He was no longer bound, in loyalty to Mr. Dalrymple's desire, to hold aloof. Hermione could never belong to Harvey.

There could be no doubt that Hermione was soothed and comforted, that she liked this kind of thing. To find herself a centre of thought and care, of love and adulation, did not beget a conceited mood or manner, but had a gently lulling effect. She accepted all the petting, the care, the admiration, with a soft humility of demeanour which deceived almost everybody, herself certainly included. "So simple and unconscious!" was the general verdict. Perhaps nobody in the place saw deeper except Mr. Fitzalan; for, if Harry could have seen, Harry would not see. He put on tinted glasses and gave himself blindly up to the infatuation of her sweet presence. And Mr. Fitzalan said nothing. He knew that no words of his could make Hermione see herself as she was; and he knew that Hermione's time of trial was yet to come.

She kept well in health; able to sleep, eat and walk as usual. She had taken to looking gently pensive and depressed, but this was only correct. Perhaps, if it did not sound cruel, one might even suggest that she looked so because it was correct—because she found that it was expected of her. And the pensive sweetness was very becoming. But Harry, poor fellow, was past seeing that now: and Hermione herself was unaware that she looked aught which she did not genuinely feel.

There was cause enough, undoubtedly, for a saddened face. Nobody would have been surprised at any amount of sorrow on her part. If she had been utterly crushed, it would have been considered only reasonable. But then she was not crushed. She was as much interested as ever in people and things, and in surrounding life, and as willing to be "appreciated" by everybody with whom she came in contact. People in overwhelming grief do not care much about appreciation, at least, for the time.

There had been no talk as to business. Hermione asked no questions, and the subject had been carefully avoided by the Fitzalans. Mr. Fitzalan supposed that she had learnt from Harvey the true state of affairs; and, while inclined to wonder at her silence, he respected it.

But, in truth, Hermione knew little as to the state of affairs. She was vaguely aware that the estate had been entailed upon Harvey, and that he possessed a right to live at the Hall. It never so much as occurred to her that she had a right to live there no longer, except with his permission. She was very young—only nineteen years old, and accustomed to have whatever she liked for the asking. All her life had been spent at Westford, except an occasional month at the seaside, and one long bout of six months on the continent with her grandfather; which six months transformed her from a complete child to a complete young woman. She went away spoilt, passionate, impulsive, yet pretty and most lovable. She came back lovely, composed, self-restrained, confident and charming.

As for money matters, Mrs. Milton, the housekeeper, managed all household expenses, with merely a nominal reference to Hermione. Up to seventeen years old, Hermione had been in the hands of a governess—and a troublesome handful that poor governess found her. Since seventeen she had been her own mistress, and had been permitted to buy whatever she pleased, Mr. Dalrymple paying her bills and keeping her purse filled. She was about as well acquainted with the practical value of money as most children of eight or ten. When Harvey was at Westford Hall, he would occupy the same position that Mr. Dalrymple had occupied; and if there were bills to pay, no doubt Harvey would pay them. Hermione could dismiss the question thus easily. She was a clever girl, well-read, and with opinions on abstract subjects at least as decided as opinions are wont to be at the age of nineteen; but in regard to money matters she was quietly and complacently ignorant.

Mr. Fitzalan remarked one day that it was "kind" of Harvey to give her a home. Hermione opened surprised eyes. "Why?" she asked; and Mr. Fitzalan spoke of something else. Though he did not know of the letter to Mr. Selwyn, he knew enough of Mr. Dalrymple's intentions to count Harvey morally though not legally bound to provide for Hermione; he knew enough, therefore, to keep him from discussing things with Hermione.

Morally, but not legally! So it was the old question again of right and wrong—of what a man would like to do *versus* what a man ought to

do! But money is very blinding to the moral eyesight where legal freedom exists. Mr. Fitzalan wondered often how Harvey would view his own position.

Marjory had afternoon tea at the Hall with Hermione, the day on which the travellers were expected. Hermione did not seem nervous or timid as Marjory would have been in her place, as, indeed, Marjory was now. She only looked pensive. Milton had arranged abundance of flowers in the drawing-room, and Hermione altered the arrangement here and there, with some critical remarks. Then she went for a walk on the terrace with Marjory.

"I suppose we shall hear the bells ringing soon?" she said.

"If only that need not have been!" sighed Marjory. "Harry has gone for a long walk to get out of the way. He said he could not stand it."

"Poor Harry!" Hermione observed, in her elder-sisterly tone. "He was always so fond of dear grandfather."

"Do you think Harvey will keep up things as he did?" faltered Marjory.

"I hope so, indeed. I shall use all my influence, Marjory, and if Harvey did not, I should think it right to speak to him plainly."

Hermione, the girl of nineteen, might speak, but would Harvey, the man past thirty, listen? Marjory, with all her devotion to Hermione, was conscious of something a little out of joint here, something not precisely as it should be. For, after all, everybody is not called upon to set everybody to rights. There are limits to our duties.

To suggest that Hermione was labouring under a mistake lay beyond the reach of Marjory's capabilities. She said only: "You like Harvey, really, do you not?—in himself, I mean."

Hermione wore a look of serious thought. "Yes," she said, "I like him certainly—as my cousin. That does not always mean much, does it? A cousin may be a great deal to one, or nothing at all. Besides, we are only second cousins. He wishes to be a brother to me, and I have no objection, so far as it is possible, though he did not behave as he should to my dear grandfather. The past cannot be undone, and he was willing to pass it over. I believe it is wisest to drop the thought of the past, and to begin afresh. If Julia will let me, I shall be a sister to her. Only I cannot help wishing this Mrs. Trevor had kept away just now. Hark, the bells——!"

Marjory was in tears. Hermione slipped a hand through her arm.

"Dear Marjory, I know you feel so much for me," she said.

Marjory could not have told whether she felt most keenly for Hermione or for herself, at that moment. She was one to suffer keenly from every "new departure" in life.

"I must go. They will be here."

"Not yet. Cannot you stay to receive them?"

"Father thought it best not. I have no right; and it might seem like intrusion."

"Intrusion! If *I* ask you to stay?"

Yes, even if Hermione asked it, for Hermione was no longer mistress there. But Marjory could not suggest this. She did not know what to say. Her own instinct was strongly opposed to the step, yet she could not bear to leave Hermione alone at such a trying moment. They took one more turn together, and when at the farther end of the terrace, a sound of wheels stopping at the front door was heard.

"They have come!" exclaimed Marjory.

Hermione paused gracefully. "Impossible," she said. "It is some caller. Slade will say that I am engaged."

"But everybody knows—nobody would come to-day. Had I not better go home?"

Hermione hesitated, sure that her own conjecture would prove to be in the right. The train was one proverbially behind time, and Hermione had not looked for the travellers to arrive until a full quarter of an hour later. Besides, the bells had only just begun to ring.

For once, however, the late train was early: and the bell-ringers, as well as Hermione, were taken by surprise.

HENRY RICHARD, M.P.

AMONG thoso who last year fell as "heroes in the fight" must be named Henry Richard. During his lifetime the views he advocated were often the subject of fierce controversy, yet it is believed he died without leaving a single enemy, and he was laid in his "quiet resting place" near that of his friend and pastor, Alexander Raleigh, amid striking manifestations of affectionate regard.

It was in 1830 that Henry Richard, only eighteen years of age, left Tregaron—a picturesque little town of Cardiganshire—for London. In it he lived for fifty-eight years, taking no small part in its public life, yet Wales was always the land he most loved, never once did he forget it. Writing in December, 1883, he said:—"Though I have lived in London for fifty-three years, I have retained my attachment to, and my interest in, my native land; have kept up my acquaintance with its language and literature, and through them, with its social, political, and religious condition." How great a difference in the views which Englishmen entertain of the Principality now, to that which they held fifty-five years ago, and how great a difference in the Principality itself. Writing of the "now," and the "then," Mr. Richard reminds us that railways did not exist. Travelling was difficult and

comparatively rare; while the difference of language was a formidable impediment to free social intercourse. Hence there arose misconception, prejudice, and, to some extent, mutual repulsion. So Wales was misunderstood and misrepresented. If Mr. Richard did nothing more, he laid his fellow countrymen under lasting obligation by the way in which he laboured to remove this prejudice, and so promote good-will betweeen the Saxon and Celtic races.

His father, the Rev. Ebenezer Richard, was one of the most useful preachers of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Connexion. In conjunction with "Charles of Bala," the originator of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he was instrumental in establishing Sunday schools throughout the Principality, and thus in founding an institution which has done more to evangelise Wales than any other that can be mentioned. For years it afforded the only means of education. Thousands of Welshmen owe, under God, everything to their Sunday school.

His father was doubtless his first teacher. Later he was sent to the Grammar School at Llangeitho, and subsequently apprenticed to a draper in Carmarthen. His mind, we are told, was not with his work: he felt himself called to higher duties, and as soon as an opportunity came he left Wales for London. Writing in after years, he said: "I came to London with no definite plan, only a vague, but settled, purpose of winning my way, if possible, into some institution which would give me the desire of my heart. It was a wild, but not very wise, adventure. I knew no one; I had brought no letters of introduction, for in those days London was very far off from Wales, and the relation between the two very rare and scanty."

On reaching the metropolis, he seems to have made his way to the Welsn chapel-house in Jewin Street. There he met David Thomas, afterwards of Bristol—"very tall and very thin, with high shoulders, and an abundance of light brown hair in a rather dishevelled condition." Mr. Thomas had also come to London, from Wales, for the same purpose. The two young men struck up an ardent friendship, which so grew with the years, that when, in 1875, David Thomas passed away, Henry Richard said: "I feel as if a part of myself had died." Both of them remained in membership at the Welsh chapel, while studying together at Highbury College. Now and again they vexed the righteous soul of the late Dr. Halley, then the President, "the frowning terror of whose brow" often loomed menacingly before them, as they strove to reach the college before the gates were locked. The Welsh service sometimes included two sermons and the *Seiat* always followed; it was, therefore, with great difficulty that they avoided breaking the college rules. In after years the two friends humorously recalled their pedestrian feats. David Thomas' long legs and Henry Richard's shorter steps, often reminded the latter of how "like panting Time he toiled after him in vain."

Yours very truly
Henry Richard

[*From a Photograph by Elliot and Fry.*

On those old college days we must not linger; the only surviving fellow-student is the Rev. John Stoughton. But some who worshipped with him at Jewin Street Chapel remain, and but recently the oldest Welshman in London told the writer of his keen remembrance both of David Thomas and Henry Richard. They started a young men's discussion class in connection with the chapel, and of its kind it became the most popular in London. It did not, however, survive the loss which it sustained when the two friends, on the completion of their college life, settled in the ministry. To some of our readers it may be interesting to know that Mr. Richard attended the meeting, held in 1831, when the Congregational Union of England and Wales was formed. When in 1881 the jubilee of that Union was celebrated, Mr. Richard told of the "upper room" in which it was born, and of the anxiety of its promoters to secure a good attendance, leading them to invite the presence of the theological students.

At the completion of his college career he accepted a call to be pastor of Marlborough Chapel, in the Old Kent Road, London. A brief

notice of his ordination, on 11th November, 1835, will be found in the *Evangelical Magazine* for the following month. No less than forty ministers were present, and the services are described as "truly delightful and solemn." All who took part on that occasion have long ago passed away, and yet to some readers it will be pleasant to recall the names of George Rose, of Bermondsey, John Burnett, John Hunt, of Brixton, Dr. Henderson, Thomas James, William Chapman, Nun Morgan Harry, and Thomas Binney. The last named is said "to have preached to the people in a manner calculated to make a deep and indelible impression on the heart." His text, most appropriately, was "Encourage him."

Soon after, Mr. Richard lost his father, and it was a great loss, for he was a man "of whom the world was not worthy." Speaking of him a few years ago, Mr. Richard gave some extracts from his diary for the year 1826, during which he preached 389 sermons, attended 79 baptismal services, 10 association meetings, 17 "monthly" or district meetings, 17 Sunday school meetings, and travelled 3,108 miles. Yet, at the same time he was secretary of the General Association of the Calvinistic Methodist Connexion, secretary of the monthly meetings, and contributed occasionally to the periodicals of the time. His ministerial income was not 40*l.* a year. When he died his Connexion put a headstone to his grave, and on it inscribed their appreciation of his worth. The following unique inscription was indited by the Rev. Henry Rees, at the house of whose daughter Mr. Henry Richard died; it now sees the light for the first time in an English garb, never having been before published—

THE REV. EBENEZER RICHARD,

who died March 9th, 1837, age 56.
This stone
was raised by his family and his friends,
not to recount the virtues of the dead, nor to publish their sorrow for him,—for "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy" (Prov. xiv. 10)—but as a sign of their acknowledgment of the grace of God in the faithful servant, whose praise is in all the churches.

He was largely endowed
with the choice gifts which adorn
the Man, the Christian, and the Minister of the Gospel.

He had a strong constitution and a dignified appearance: and all the adornments of the outer man were an exact portrayal of the princely excellences of the inner man.

His prudence and strength of mind;
The firmness and correctness of his judgment;

the vivacity of his fancy, the chasteness of his feelings, along with the profound unction of his spirit, perfected him to the work of the ministry and gained for him a good degree in God's church.

His talents were many, but his theme one—
"Jesus Christ and Him crucified!"
To exalt Him
He faithfully consecrated all the powerful resources of his mind through life.

The affections of his numerous hearers
Leapt to hear him declare Him,
And his doctrine dropped on them as the dew.
He was wise and diligent like Paul to plant,
Gentle and dewy like Apollos to water.
To the sleepy and careless conscience he was the "Son of Thunder;" to the afflicted spirit a "Son of Consolation."

Among
the youth of the Sunday School
and the elders of the churches, in the great association
he dealt as a "King among his host."

His instructions were received as law,
and were respected as the wisdom of the oracle.

"Unto him they gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at his counsel. After his words they spake not again; and his speech dropped upon them."

He arose instead of the fathers
To complete their work,
And to set in order the things which were wanting
in the churches they had planted.
And after he had finished his work
He fell asleep with them in the Lord, and he was gathered unto his people.

Mr. Henry Richard's pastorate extended over fifteen years. During that time he rendered great service both to the cause of religion and education, not merely in London, but in the Principality. With the Rev. John Blackburn he visited South Wales, to gather information as to the needs of the churches in that district, and as the result he was enabled to do something by which Christian workers were brought into nearer relation, and closer sympathy. It was on that occasion that he visited Merthyr Tydvil for the first time. A Welsh *Cymanfa* was being held, and large crowds had gathered on what Lewis Morris calls, "the preaching field." As Mr. Richard was regarded as an Englishman, he was asked to preach in that language, but he soon realised that Seisneg was not wanted, and so he suddenly broke out into the vernacular. The effect was very marked, and it is said some began to wonder if there had not been a second "bestowal of tongues."

In 1835 Mr. Richard succeeded the Rev. Nun Morgan Harry as secretary of the Peace Society, and for years he laboured, in and out of season, to promote "peace on earth, and goodwill among men." It is not our province to enter on a discussion of the work which such an office brought, but even those who differ from Mr. Richard's opinions, will be among the first to recognise that through long years, amid heart-breaking discouragements, he sought to promote true international concord. As was said at his funeral "the audacity of his faith" was wonderful, and the influence of his teaching and labours was simply world-wide.

In Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, he found a congenial co-worker. With him he arranged the first great International Peace Congress, which was held at Brussels, and which in subsequent years was followed by still more successful gatherings of a similar character in Paris, Frankfort, London, Manchester and Edinburgh. At the close of the Crimean War, he and

others visited Paris, where they so impressed Lord Clarendon with their views that when the protocols of the Congress were published it was found that the plenipotentiaries had unanimously recognised the principle of arbitration as part of the International Law of Europe. The late Earl Derby and Mr. Gladstone both spoke of this as a great triumph. But probably Mr. Richard himself regarded the resolution which, in 1873, he induced the British House of Commons to pass, in favour of peace principles as his "crowning victory." When in September of that year he visited the chief capitals of Europe, he was everywhere received with enthusiasm, and leading statesmen cordially responded to his advocacy of a general and permanent system of arbitration. At Rome he attended a sitting of the Italian Parliament at which, by unanimous vote, this principle was endorsed, and his own services in the cause of peace recognized.

By-and-by he entered Parliament. He entered it as a Christian, and in his advocacy of movements in which he took a deep interest he sought to be regulated by the spirit of Christ. His entry into political life "was like throwing a stone into one of the mountain lakes that had slept in stillness for ages; it stirred the waters and the swelling undulations spread, in wider and wider circles over the whole face of Wales from Cardiff to Holyhead." Soon Mr. Richard began to be recognised not merely as the member for Merthyr, but, in a broader and wider sense, "member for Wales." Men of both political parties sought, and acted upon, his counsel. His letters, which appeared in the *Morning Star* from February to May, 1866, on the "Condition of the Principality" were the direct cause of his entry on political life, and leading statesmen have not hesitated to acknowledge their indebtedness to those "Letters." The writer remembers hearing Mr. Gladstone say, in 1873, that through them his views relative to Welsh language and antiquity had been changed. When a few years ago a departmental committee was appointed to inquire into the educational needs of Wales, Mr. Richard was appointed a member. His experience was very curious, and shows how men who in some respects widely differ, are often led to agree when thrown much into each other's company. Being the only Nonconformist on the committee he felt "in a very considerable state of anxiety;" but, he says, "I very soon saw that I was in the hands of men who were perfect gentlemen and Christians." The report they presented has since been adopted by successive governments as furnishing the lines along which legislation has met, and will yet meet, Welsh needs in the matter of education.

Amid all the controversies of his time Mr. Richard's religious faith remained undimmed. He built upon the Rock and that Rock was Christ. The God of his father, the God of his old home was his God and guide to the very end. The closing anxiety of his life was for the spiritual power of Wales that it might not grow dim. He knew that the true strength of his fellow-countrymen was in the closeness of their connection with Christ, and in seeking, as he sought, to establish and sustain English churches in Wales, he was urged by the fear lest through the inroad of the English language Wales should be lost for Christ.

Beautiful was the testimony borne to his fidelity to duty in the closing months of his life. As a member of the Royal Commission on Education, he had often to climb the steps at Whitehall. He never did so without carrying his life in his hands. Though he knew that he might not live to reach the room in which the Commission sat, yet, from a sense of duty, he did not hesitate or falter. Such heroism recalls her words, who wrote—

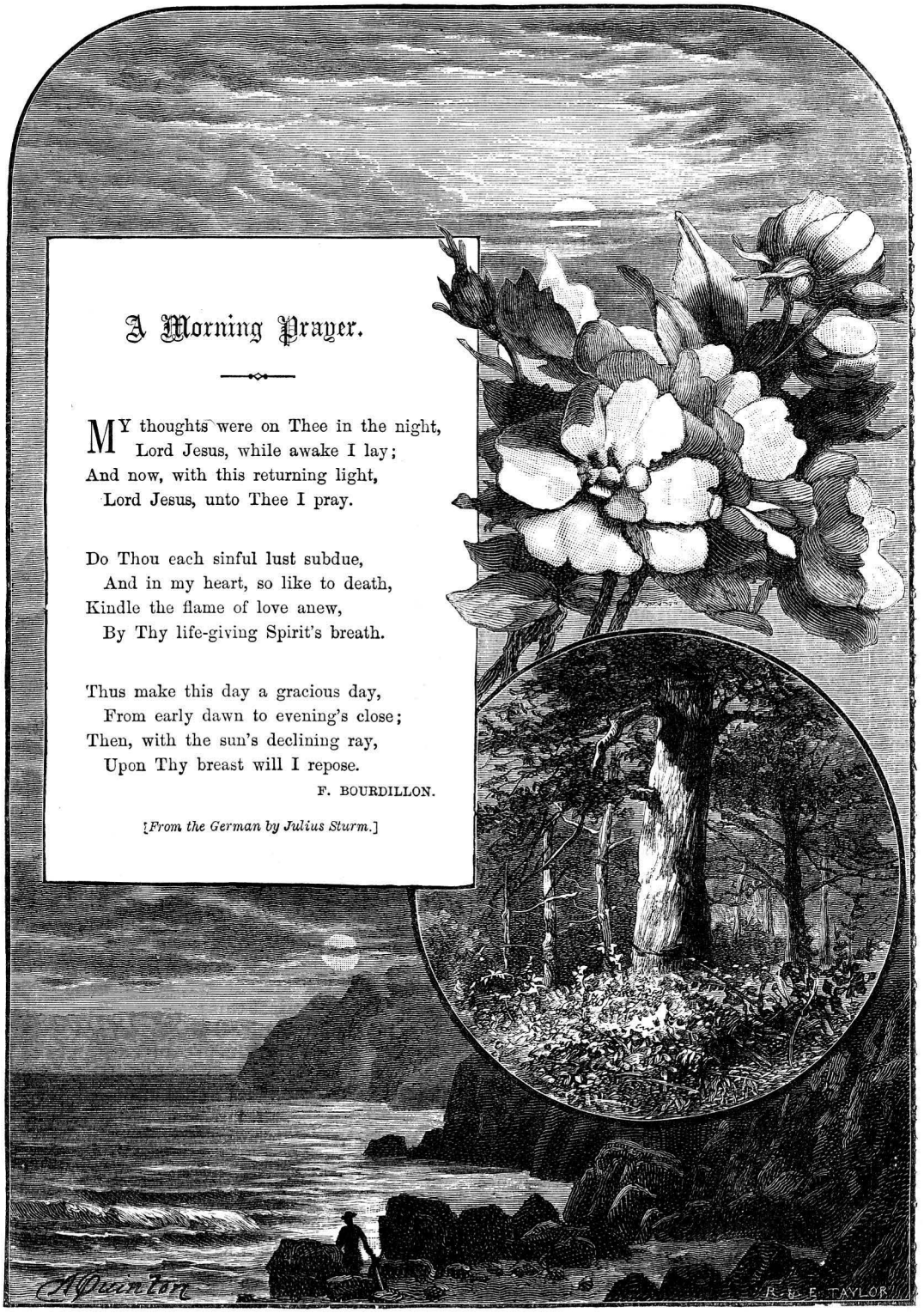
> If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
> That the next sun
> Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
> For any one,
> All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
> What should I do?
>
> I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
> But just go on,
> Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
> Aught that is gone;
> But use, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
> For one more day.

To some the end seemed to come unexpectedly. Henry Richard died near the midnight hour on Monday, 20 August, 1888, while the guest of Mr. Richard Davies, at beautiful Treborth, on the Menai Straits. "There, within sound of the waters and within sight of the mountains he loved so well," he passed home to God. Wales mourned his loss as one man, for as the people of Tregaron in resolution expressed it, "Tregaron had lost its child, but Wales its man."

He was laid to rest in Abney Park Cemetery. Friends gathered from all parts to show their sorrow for the dead, and their sympathy with the living. Beautiful in its appropriateness was the simple service held in the chapel and at the grave. Weird-like were the strains of the old Welsh hymn ("Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau") which the writer has so often heard sung along the valleys of Wales by mournful processions wending their way to quiet churchyards. The Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, in his "Welsh Hymn-writers and their Hymns" contributed to the SUNDAY AT HOME, gives the following translation of that verse, and with it this notice may well end. In days to come when the history of Wales is written the name of Henry Richard will be found among Gwalia's noblest sons.

> There shall be thousand wonders,
> At break of day, to see
> The children of the tempests
> From tribulation free;
> All in their shining garments,
> Possessing perfect state,
> Upon their Saviour's likeness
> They leave the prison gate.

D. BURFORD HOOKE.



A Morning Prayer.

MY thoughts were on Thee in the night,
Lord Jesus, while awake I lay;
And now, with this returning light,
Lord Jesus, unto Thee I pray.

Do Thou each sinful lust subdue,
And in my heart, so like to death,
Kindle the flame of love anew,
By Thy life-giving Spirit's breath.

Thus make this day a gracious day,
From early dawn to evening's close;
Then, with the sun's declining ray,
Upon Thy breast will I repose.

F. BOURDILLON.

[*From the German by Julius Sturm.*]

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BY THE LATE REV. R. DEMAUS, M.A., AUTHOR OF "HUGH LATIMER: A BIOGRAPHY," ETC.

"While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ?"
—*Matt.* xxii. 41, 42.

THIS had come to be the question of the day among all classes of the Jewish nation. Notwithstanding our Lord's meekness and modesty: though He had none of those accidents of wealth or rank which commonly attract attention to a public teacher; though He avoided publicity, though He took no pains to have His doctrines and His miracles published abroad, but on many occasions forbade His followers to speak of them; yet His words, His actions, His character, were so extraordinary as to compel the whole Jewish population to ask themselves: What they thought of Christ?

The Scribes, the priests, the Pharisees, the common people even—in the country villages, as well as in the great cities, all earnestly discussed the claims and the authority of this singular preacher. Who or what could this new teacher be, the son of a carpenter in Nazareth, humble and houseless, poor and uneducated, the associate of the humble and the outcast, who courted no man's favour, and who feared no man's censure, yet to whom every one felt compelled to listen; who seemed to wield all the power of God; who always without hesitation claimed all the prerogatives of God; who solemnly forgave sins, who expounded and extended and modified God's law as none but the Maker of it could presume to do; at whose word the winds ceased, and the sea was calmed, and the lame walked, and the blind saw, and the dead awoke again to life; at whose word, greater wonders even than these—the publican gave up his money and his avarice, and the fisherman abandoned his nets, and the harlot forsook her pollution and rose to a new life of purity and devotion? That He was not like one of the teachers of the day all men felt; He was not the least like the Scribes with their narrow theological traditions, or the Pharisees with their petty religion of ceremonious details, or the Sadducees with their affectation of liberality, and their flimsy speculation on angels and the resurrection.

There was something in the tone and manner of His teaching unlike any other teacher of the time. Never man spoke like this Man; it was no philosopher advancing a new speculation; no divine suggesting a new interpretation. There was never any doubt or hesitation in His words; He never condescended to defend or apologise for even His most startling opinions. There was a wonderful far-reaching wisdom in His words, an inexhaustible depth and truth in all His teaching. Above all, He spoke with authority, and His hearers felt and acknowledged His authority, the priests and Pharisees trembled at His rebuke, the very lawyers were awed into silence before Him.

It was the common opinion, therefore, that the spirit of the old prophets, that spirit which had been extinct since the completion of the second temple, animated the new teacher. The voice of God was again speaking to men. Perhaps it was one of the old prophets come back from the dead; so many thought. Perhaps it was Jeremiah restored to life to lament again over the sin of an apostate nation. Or, perhaps, many thought, it was Elias, the greatest of the prophets, sent down from heaven in their hour of need, to denounce their disobedience, and to prepare the way for the coming Messiah, and the near approach of the great and terrible day of the Lord.

Perhaps it was John the Baptist, the austere and uncompromising enemy of all vice and hypocrisy, risen from the bloody grave to which the axe of Herod had sent him, to cry once more, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Or was this even the Messiah Himself, that great hope of their nation, so gloriously, yet so ambiguously, promised to the fathers in the Old Testament—the Son of David who was also David's Lord, the Prince who was to be despised and rejected, the Conqueror who was to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, the Just One who was to die with the wicked, and to be reckoned with the transgressors?

Such, I say, was the great question of the day discussed with eager anxiety among all classes of the Jewish population; discussed not as we might debate a matter of trifling speculative curiosity, but as an infinitely serious question which was pregnant with the most momentous consequences. It was a question which it was impossible to put aside; it must be answered, either one way or the other. For this teacher, humble and poor as He seemed, spoke with authority, demanded obedience, claimed to Himself all the power and prerogatives of God; and no Jew could remain a calm onlooker and hearer, and decline to decide either for or against this teacher's claims. Either He must be in truth what He claimed to be, and then it became every man's duty not only to hear Him, but to believe and obey Him whatever might be the sacrifices and self-denial involved; or He must be an impostor, a deceiver, a wild enthusiast, a religious fanatic, a human teacher appealing to the superstitions of his countrymen, and dishonestly practising on their credulity. Was He the Messiah or not? Was He the superhuman teacher He claimed to be or not? Was He from heaven or was He of men? That was the question forced upon the Jews every time they listened to our Lord's words; every time they saw any of His miracles; every day that they witnessed His life and conduct.

What was to be their reply? It was not an easy matter to decide. There were difficulties on both sides, and arguments on both sides. They had not been taught to expect such a Messiah as

this, they had looked for a mighty prince and warrior. His teaching was in many respects contrary to their ideas of what was true and orthodox. His miracles were wonderful indeed, but might they not be performed by the aid of Beelzebub? It was suggested. If he were the Messiah, why did He not speak out plainly? Were they to give up all their hopes of deliverance and supremacy? Were they to see others invited to the knowledge and favour of God? And—unanswerable objection—had any of the chief priests or the learned doctors believed in Him or admitted His claims?

So the one party—the majority—agreed; and, on the other hand, it was asked: What greater miracles than these can the Messiah do when He cometh? Could any one deny the reality of the mighty works? Would God bestow such power upon a sinner? Would the Deity lend His influence to support the claims of an impostor and false prophet? Was there ever such a life, such wisdom, such authority? and where could this man have got them if he were a mere village carpenter? Did ever man act like this Man, or speak like this Man, or so reveal God as this teacher who claimed to have come from the bosom of God?

Such were the two positions between which the Jews had to make their choice; and on their decision depended the fate and destiny of their nation. And, after three years' deliberate weighing of the question, they made their decision. With loud acclamation they rejected this teacher with almost unanimous vote, they said that this Man was Beelzebub—a decision that was not made without penalties.

The question is one which we too shall have to answer for ourselves, "What think ye of Christ?" Is He a divine teacher? Is He what He claimed to be, the Son of God, equal to the Father, speaking with Divine authority and power, so that for us there is nothing but to hear and to obey? Or, is He a human teacher merely, an eminent Jewish philosopher, the founder of the most successful of modern religions, but whom as a mere human teacher, liable to all human frailties, we may criticize and even in some things condemn and amend if our superior wisdom and the progress of the age seem to require it? This has become the grand question of our day, and we shall have every one of us to give our decision. And, compared to the importance of this question, all other religious controversies are absolutely insignificant. All are of quite secondary importance beside the vital question: "What was Christ?" If Christ was not a divine teacher, if He was not equal to God as He claimed to be, then Christianity is not a religion, it is a mere system of opinions; call it a philosophy, call it what you will, it is no longer a religion, it has no authority over the mind, it has no longer any power to bind the soul and the life.

Prejudice, aversion to the life of meekness and self-denial which Christ enjoined, hatred of an uncompromising censor who spared nobody's vices, and detected every one's hypocrisy and secret faults, such reasons as these led the Jews to reject Christ, and to deny His authority: and the same reasons exist and operate as powerfully now as then. For far too many amongst us it would be the greatest possible gain if it could be proved that the revelations of Christ were not true, if it could be shewn that the obligations of a Christian life are not binding, if it were demonstrated that a great final judgment is merely a matter of opinion, and that meekness, and faith, and purity, and self-denial, and honest contentment are not duties which at the peril of our souls we are bound to cultivate; and while this is the case there will never be wanting men who will prefer "Barabbas to Christ," men who will deny Christ's authority as a Divine Teacher.

There may be some whose minds are sore distressed by suspicion, and grievously perplexed by subtle doubts and arguments which they can hardly understand and cannot undertake to answer; and their faith is eclipsed, and everything seems involved in dark and uncertainty. You hear everything on which you were accustomed to rely called in question. The reality of our Lord's miracles, admitted at the time by His deadly enemies who would have searched heaven and earth for any means of disposing them, is coolly set aside as not in accordance with the philosophy of the age. Our Lord's doctrines, rejected as novelties by the Jews and the Greeks, are now said to be mere revised editions of old philosophies; modern wise men have found them in Plato, though those of Plato's school rejected him; and still more modern wise men have discovered them in the Talmud, though it was the Talmudists that cried, "Away with Him, crucify Him—not Him, but Barabbas." Even our Lord's life has not passed uncensured; men have been bold enough to speak of His Jewish prejudice, and His imperfect information, and even to hint at artifices not quite honest in His mode of teaching and arguing.

Much of this no doubt is mere ignorant affectation, much of it is the mere empty echo of what other people think or suppose that they think; but much of it also is the plain, deliberate, open rejection of Christ's authority as a teacher come from God; much of it proceeds from the plain deliberate denial that Christ is anything more than a clever and successful religious teacher, that He is anything more than Socrates or Confucius or Luther or Rousseau. If there be anything that threatens danger to Christian life, it is any doubt respecting our Lord's Divinity proceeding from or leading inevitably to the open rejection of His Divine authority. That central doctrine of revelation once gone, the keystone of the arch once removed, it is only a question of time when the whole fabric will crumble to pieces.

Such is the danger, and the remedy is to be found in our more constant study of the character and life of Christ as set before us in the Gospels. Place yourselves as the disciples were placed in constant intercourse with Christ; listen to His words, weigh His parables, be a spectator of His mighty works; above all, mark His life, His meekness, His patience, His inexhaustible love, His wonderful power to attract all honest souls to Himself; His influence in elevating the ignorant and the vulgar and the guilty and the lost to holiness and purity and self-denial, in renewing

again in the lives of the poorest and most depraved the Divine image that sin had obliterated, in restoring and regenerating all His followers. Be present with Him at the close of His earthly teaching; be a listener in the sanctity of the upper room; go with Him before the Sanhedrim and the Roman governor; stand under the shadow of the cross and behold that greatest exhibition of all that your soul tells you is truly Divine; and, if you are not persuaded that verily this was "The Son of God," I know not where else to turn for any means of persuading you, or of confirming you in your faith. Doubts will always intrude themselves into our minds; there may be some points which we cannot understand; some difficulties which we cannot explain; indeed, if everything were clear and indisputable, faith would have no place in the world; but, with this evidence before us, we have the evidence that drew Matthew from the seat of custom, and raised the Magdalene from her career of sin, and called Peter and Andrew from their nets, and carried the penitent thief from Calvary to Paradise.

Christ is the same now as in the days of His flesh: ever resisting the proud and ever revealing Himself to the humble and honest and contrite. Such inquirers will not seek His face in vain; to the upright light will rise in darkness, and to the humble, comfort will spring up out of grief. Let us honestly seek and honestly pray for assurance on this, the foundation of all our religion, and God will set our feet upon the rock.

Men's wisdom is all very well in its place; but it is not upon any human teacher's assurance that I can build my belief in the world to come. It is not before any voice of human authority that I can expect my evil inclinations to bend in obedience. It is not from any word of human comfort that I can receive strength amid the many trials of life. It is not on any human arm that I can lean when my feet descend into the dark valley. It is not to any human care that I have entrusted the keeping of my soul. It is not from the atonement of any human intercessor that I hope for acceptance when I stand silent and trembling before the awful majesty of the righteous Judge.

CHINA: PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROSS

II.

IT may be interesting to note some changes which have taken place in China within recent years affecting her commercial relations with western nations. In the port of Newchwang, with which I am more familiarly acquainted, there were fifteen years ago four wholesale houses, three British, one American, through which large business was being done. There is now not one. That business has passed entirely into the hands of the Chinese who deal directly with Shanghai, but the volume of business in British and American goods, chiefly cotton stuffs, is greatly increased. In Shanghai it was stated that this great and flourishing port had passed through a similiar experience, western merchants being mainly shipping and commission agents for the Chinese. The telegraph, which a few years ago seemed a thing which China would never utilise, now stretches from Canton to Siberia. A few years ago there was a constant outcry against the stupid conservatism of the Chinese which clung so tenaciously to the clumsy and unsafe junk and refused to own a single steamer. The Chinese now own and utilise so large a fleet of steamers that the outcry is against the threatened absorption by them of most if not all the best trade. The very eagerness of speculators to secure concessions for railways has doubtless postponed the laying of long lines of rails, but their day is also fast approaching. By a misunderstanding, a short railway was established between Shanghai and Woosung, much to the chagrin of Chinese officials, though much patronised by the Chinese people. Opposition to it became so unpleasant that it was agreed to sell the railway and plant to the Chinese government, on condition that trains should be run as formerly for a full year. This was done, and on the completion of the year every rail was torn up, and, with the railway plant, sent over to Formosa, where the valuable material is probably at this moment rusting away in the open air. Recently, however, the Viceroy of Chihli laid a short line of rails by which to transport coal from mines worked in European fashion to Tientsin. So useful did that line prove, that it has been extended, so that Tientsin is now in railway communication with the seaside, and the trains are crowded each way by Chinese passengers. If the proposed Russian line is extended through Siberia to touch the northern edge of Manchuria, the Chinese will, in self-defence, be compelled to build one uniting the capital with northern Manchuria. That railways all over the country would be successful, cannot be questioned by any one knowing the enterprise and energy of the Chinese, while they would produce great wealth in making accessible the unlimited stores of good coal and rich iron spread over all China and Manchuria, and be extremely useful in transporting grain to localities threatened with famine.

On one occasion there was a rising under the Dutch against Chinese coolie emigrants and some of these were slain. The Dutch were in a state of anxiety lest the Chinese authorities should retaliate upon them in China proper. They

therefore apologised for the murders. But the emperor, instead of manifesting any anger, stated that those who had left their own country deserved no better fate. We find now the Chinese Government sending a commission to enquire into the condition of Chinese emigrants both in Asia and America. And they refuse to ratify a treaty drawn up by the United States, which was intended to shut out the Chinaman from America.

Not many years have elapsed since ambassadors from the west were publicly notified in China as "Tribute-bearers." Now we see Chinese embassies acknowledging the equality of European nations, in the principal capitals of Europe, whose presence will unquestionably influence European politics which are constantly gravitating eastwards.

The swaggering and bluster characteristic of Chinese treatment, till very recently, of western ambassadors cannot be accounted for by their assumptions of superiority. Loud defiance is rarely the sign of a consciousness of strength, and real bravery is accompanied almost invariably by unassuming quietness of manner. Demonstrative braggadocio is usually resorted to in order to hide a sense of weakness. Hence we must look elsewhere for the key to the solution of Chinese conduct in the past. This we find in Fear. The Chinese Government has always been afraid of the unknown barbarians of the west; and as these were reckoned nothing but barbarians, astute Chinese officials believed that an aspect of disdain and assumed contempt might overawe them. It was from fear that Europeans were confined for centuries to Canton. War was required to open up other ports. When these were increased in number it was by another war. And it was a panic caused by threatened war which made accessible to western shipping the ports opened a few years ago. This conduct becomes intelligible when we understand that Chinese policy demanded the fewest possible points of contact with Europeans in order to minimise the danger of conflict.

The governmental opposition to the introduction of railways can be explained only in this manner; for both officials and people are well aware of the many advantages which railways would confer upon the whole country. But, as long as the apprehension exists that the making of railways would be but paving the way for foreign armies to take easy possession of Chinese territory, we need not be surprised if the "iron horse" makes little progress in the land. Let this fear of foreign aggression, of foreign armies overrunning China be removed, let the ruling powers become convinced that they are fully able to defend their own country against any foreign attack, we shall hear no more of imperial opposition to the use of railways, nor should there be further serious obstacles in the way of opening up the country to foreign activity.

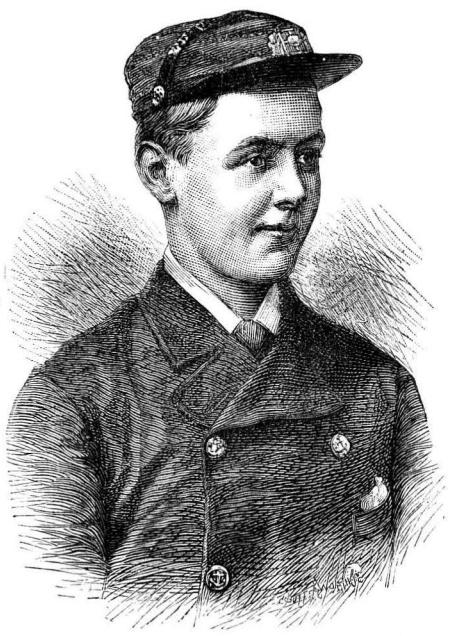
The Chinese have attained the initial stages of this confidence. The late French war taught them that Europeans are not invincible. They have armies fairly well drilled after European fashion, and a rapidly increasing fleet of small and well-armed warships. All the raw material of a powerful warlike nation the Chinese possess in abundance. Than their people no nation owns better stuff for soldiers, endurance and obedience being their commonest qualities. They lack officers, and, if they only had officers to lead, they have men who will go anywhere, and face any danger, as recent campaigns testify. Their numbers are inexhaustible, and their resources really great.

The actual public resources of the empire are not now under the free control of the Central Government, which is weak on account of the practically autonomous government in the provinces. The telegraph has already done a good deal towards strengthening the Central Government; railways will do the rest. Provincial governors have no great love for the telegraph, and they will doubtless manifest no eagerness in pushing on railways, for every step in the way of strengthening the Central Government means the loss of some power on the part of the provincial official. All that is needed to make China one of the most formidable powers in the world is a strong will at the helm of affairs who will compel the unwilling obedience of the provincial satraps.

OUR BOY.

I. M.

GEORGE NICHOLSON.
Born, JANUARY 15, 1866.
Died, FEBRUARY 9, 1888.



[*From a Photograph by Wilson & Co.*

AH, let me sing of mine,
Since of your heroes you sing!
Since your laurels you twine
To lay on the tombs of the brave,
Over the pitiless wave
This poor flower let me fling

You did not know our boy—
  Our boy that went over the foam;
He was his mother's joy,
    His heart was steadfast and true,
    And his eyes were the dearest blue
  That ever brightened a home.

You know, his life was not long!
  There was no time to take part
In the deeds men honour in song:
    His story is nothing grand—
    The tale of a kindly hand,
  The tale of a loving heart.

Still on his mother's heart
  Lies the last dear letter he wrote—
"Though parted, we are not apart,
    Keep up your hearts, you at home;
    One happy day I shall come,
  Never again go afloat."

One night—his watch was done—
  ('Twas a wild and windy night
And the wind was an angry one;
    But our boy was not of the stuff
    That shrinks when the wind is rough,
  Or rough the way of the right!)

As he was going below
  He met an old sailor. He said,
"Where are you off to, Joe?"
    "To furl the jib, sir," Joe sighed,
    "And I'm old—and I'm sick beside—
  I hope I shall keep my head!"

Our boy cried, "I'll go—not you!
  It's safer for younger men—
It's easy for me to do!"
    "God bless you, sir!"—so a word
    That blessed was the last he heard;
  For he never came back again!

Oh, our boy! did the wind swoop down
  And snatch you away from the mast?
That can never be known;
    Only we know he is gone—
    We are grieving alone,
  All his grieving is past.

His was the faithful heart
  That lightened and blessed our days—
His was the hero's part;
    Ours is the heart that bears
    Sorrow beyond our tears,
  As he is beyond our praise.

E. NESBIT.

Things New and Old.

A Cloud Without Rain.—There was once a man who affirmed that he knew the secrets of the gods—that he had learned their knowledge, and understood their mysteries, and that they had given him power to control the seasons, and, at his pleasure, would give or withhold the rain. The simple people believed him, because he was very wise; and they brought great gifts to him, and paid him much honour. And often they would come in multitudes to his humble dwelling, beseeching him to obtain for them the favour of the gods. And many years passed away.

And then came a year when upon all the land there came a great drought, when the springs failed, the fountains were extinguished, the rivers were dried from off the face of the earth. The people of the country, maddened, burned with thirst, entreated the gods to have pity upon their misery; they sought to find out if by any means they could discover for whose sin it was that this great wretchedness had come. And then they remembered the words that the wise man had said to them, and once more they came to his dwelling in multitudes; some furious, some terrified, some ready to believe, till the sound of their voices was like the surging of the sea.

"Lo, now," they said, "now we shall know if thou art true. We ask thee to give us the message of the gods."

And the wise man answered: "The gods have spoken—in three days ye shall have rain."

Then on all the land there fell gladness and rejoicing, and, in spite of the parched earth, there was mirth and dancing and revelry; and men said that the gods had declared their will by their favourite, and that the end of their misery was near. But the wise man sat alone, and his heart was heavy, for he knew that what he had spoken he had no power to perform. Yet he said to himself, "The gods are merciful; it may be that they will have pity upon my anguish, and send help."

So the first day passed away. The burning skies looked down on the burning earth. There was no trace of a cloud, no sign of rain; but the people were merry in spite of their misery, because they believed that deliverance was close.

The second day came, like the first, and it also passed away. There was no trace of a cloud—there was no sign of rain. The earth lay fevered and cracked beneath the sky, the flocks were dying, men's throats were burned with thirst. As the day drew to its close there was no more thought of merriment, and men looked in each other's faces but would not speak a word. Even yet they clung to the hope that had been given, and they dared not say that they did not believe the message of the gods. And, apart in his chamber, the wise man lay on the ground, and entreated the gods to have pity, and to save him even yet from death. He said to himself, "The gods are merciful; they cannot behold my anguish and send no help to me."

But the third morning rose in heat and cloudlessness, and for the third time there was no sign of rain. And, as that day also drew onward to its close, the fury of the people could no longer be restrained. With wild cries they surrounded the dwelling of the prophet, and dragged him away to the midst of the burning plain. They cried that he was a deceiver who had no message from the gods, and that his failure should be rewarded with torture and with death. And as, in the terror of death, he raised his eyes, his glance looked far out beyond the people to the sky.

"Lo, lo!" he cried suddenly, in a shrill, piercing voice. "The rain is coming, is rising—behold the rain!"

And on all men there fell a terror, and all were mute, for there in the distance a cloud rose in the sky. It rose and drew nearer, it came overhead—a dark, heavy cloud that seemed black and thick with rain. And then, as they looked, with wide eyes and panting lips, there rose a fierce wind which rushed above their heads, and, before it, the cloud was driven away and scattered, and was lost and melted in the deep blue of the sky. And all men who saw that sight were terrified, and knew that they had received a message from the gods; but yet they knew not the meaning of the message, for they had never heard the words of the king who said: "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain."

Then they led the wise man out to death, but he said, "I have died already."—M. A. Curtois.

The Royal Law.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

AND shall I never see him again, mother, never hear his voice, or the sound of his step, never more in all my life? Oh! Paul, why did you leave me?" and Aleck threw himself down near his mother's knee, and sobbed bitterly as she told him of little Paul's death. It all sounded so strange and so terrible; and it was a long time before Mrs. Vincent could quiet him at all; he cried and talked between his sobs, and could not understand why Paul should have died so soon when they were skating together the day before.

"God needed him, darling," Mrs. Vincent said gently; but she could scarcely trust her voice, the tears were so near.

"But I needed him, too, down here, mother."

"He is very happy, Aleck; he will never feel lonely any more; he was often sad and sorrowful; and I am sure my son will not wish him back again, when he thinks of all the trials he met with here. Do you remember, darling, the story of the little boy who lived in a mine, always digging by the light of a lamp with pickaxes and shovels from morning to night?"

"Yes! mother, why?" and Aleck sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on his hands; there was a look of wonder on the tearful face.

"Because, dear, I think we might liken Paul to him. When the miners let him go above ground, he was so happy to see the green grass, the waving trees and the blue sky, that he never wished to go down to his work again; he said, 'I have seen the world up yonder; oh! I have seen such beautiful things. I can never live in the mine again!'

"And Paul has seen the 'world up yonder.' Think, darling of all the glorious sights he has seen in God's Paradise, and then I am sure you will understand that he never could be happy down here. You and I will try and be glad for him, Aleck."

"Yes, mother, dear, I will be glad for him, but I am so sorry for myself." Then he hid his face on her loving breast, and asked for Paul's message to be given him again.

"I will never forget," he cried, "and I will try and be as unselfish as he was; oh, mother, you don't know half how good Paul was to me. He was always ready to do just as I liked, and to play the games I chose; he never seemed to care about pleasing himself, and I am sure he never thought he was doing anything very wonderful; because, you know, boys do like to go their own way and please themselves, but Paul never did. And then, mother, all the time he was doing things for others, he was doing them because . . . because he loved God so much, I know he was."

The tears were running down Aleck's face all the time he was talking; it was so dreadful to feel that Paul was dead, and that he could never play with him any more; then as a quick thought darted into his mind, he said, in an awe-struck whisper, fixing his large blue eyes on Mrs. Vincent's face:

"Mother, darling, tell me; I took his coat and wrapped myself up in it, and he never said he was cold; do you think, oh, mother, I can't say it!" and the tears flowed faster; "did that kill him?" Piteously he sobbed the words out one by one.

"My darling, no!" was the loving response; "he was very shivery without his coat and he might have taken a severe cold; but it was the river mist and the falling asleep in the storm which killed him."

"Then, mother, I am sorry he took that letter for his uncle, I am sure he never deserved it; he was an old bear to him."

"Hush! darling; Paul would not like you to call him names; Mr. Geoffrey is so grieved now to think that he never tried to win the little fellow's affection; but Paul's willingness to expose himself to the fury of such a storm, to do an act of kindness for him, has touched him deeply; and when he was told of his death he shut himself up in his room and refused to see anybody. I think we all feel the sweet influence of his young life; and I am sure we may say, that dear Paul followed in the Saviour's footsteps even unto death, and now he shares His crown."

Mrs. Vincent was very still for some minutes; she was thinking of the two struggling little souls, who had crossed the river within the last few hours; and were either of them to be pitied, when the tired feet had stepped into the land of rest, away from the world where they had suffered so much?

And Aleck's mother clasped her boy tightly in her arms and prayed God to keep him His faithful servant; unselfish in his life, and obedient, for Christ's sake, to the law of love.

* * * * *

"What shall I do with my money? I have neither kith nor kin of my own; tell me, Vane, what shall I do?" and the tones of Mr. Geoffrey's voice sounded sad in the evening air, as he sat with Mr. Vincent and Aleck, and Mr. Vane and Doris, in the big old garden, which was glowing in the sunset.

It was difficult to recognise in him the once worldly, proud, ambitious man—the uncle of Paul Stafford—who had courted the world's flattery in his intervals of leisure, and had lived a life too wrapped up in his own concerns to think of others. The softening influence of God's Holy Spirit had wrought in him the meek and tender mind of Christ, and as he was brought under His constraining love, the old things passed away and all things became new.

The sorrow and remorse he felt after little Paul's death always hung like a cloud over him; the business which had once engrossed all his attention became unwelcome and hard; he no longer pursued it with pleasure; it was only a work of toil and misery, and he was harassed with continual care and anxiety. The brilliant marriage he was to make with Lady Isabel never came off, and many plans of earthly happiness and grandeur were involved in the disappointment. He found himself a rich and lonely man, but he had fathomed the hollowness and insincerity of the world he courted, and had learned to estimate its opinion as worthless—he had endured a trying existence, instead of leading a happy life.

But the little voice he had never cared to listen to on earth was continually pleading with him in death; and he was ready to acknowledge, with a deeply thankful spirit, that the fulfilment of the "Royal Law" brought real happiness.

Many thoughts flashed rapidly through Mr. Vane's mind,

after Mr. Geoffrey asked him the question, and he did not answer at once; but the colour flew to little Doris' cheek and the sparkle to her eye, as she stood with her arm round her father's neck.

"Oh! father," she said, and then she paused; but Mr. Geoffrey marked the eager look and drew her to his side.

The display of tenderness in a man who had always seemed so stern had surprised the children at first; and then, as the growing kindness of his manner towards them increased, they said one to the other in hushed voices, "It is for Paul's sake," and they were not mistaken.

Mr. Geoffrey loved to hear the joyous laughter as it rang through the air—to watch the merry romps, and listen to the childish fancies; but, as he did so, thoughts of the young companion who had shared their amusements always saddened his heart; and he often yearned to see again the small dark face, to hear the patter of the quick feet, to fold him in his arms and assure him of his love; but he had left him—and he was childless and alone!

"What purpose have you in your heart for my money, little Doris?" he asked gently.

And Doris clasped her hands together and said reverently, "Give it to God, please, Mr. Geoffrey; Paul would like that best."

And he could not resist the wistful, pleading look; he was ready at the Saviour's word to part with his money freely, and, as he had given himself up to the Master's service, so he wished to give Him of his best.

"How shall I give it to Him, Doris?"

"Oh! build a hospital for the little sick and suffering children who are all crowded together in their homes in the street; and have no nice house to be ill in, where they can be away from the noise, and have just what they ought to have to eat."

"And if I build it, little maiden, what text shall I have put in the stone-work over the door?"

Doris only thought for one minute and then said slowly, as she looked at Aleck:

"Paul would have put this: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

The hospital was built and endowed; and as Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Vane, with Aleck and Doris, passed through the beautiful airy wards, Mr. Vane said:

"Thank God, this is no monument to human ambition; but a loving tribute to the Lord; and an act of real benevolence to all these poor and suffering little souls; 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

Dear young readers, "If ye fulfil the royal law, according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well."—*James* ii. 8.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.

1. It is better than gold and rubies; it was given specially to one royal personage; it has its dwelling-place with the lowly; and men are encouraged to pray for it.

2. A tree to which the Jews were compared. To the same tree in its wild state the Gentiles were afterwards likened.

3. This it is which exalteth a nation.

4. A town in which there was a street called Straight.

5. Because of this virtue special blessings were promised to the descendants of Jonadab the son of Rechab.

6. The figure by which Christ's cleansing from sin is indicated in the prophecy of Zechariah.

7. Of two women thus employed, one shall be taken and the other left.

8. A mark of respect paid, in Joseph's dream, to his sheaf by the sheaves of his brothers; and afterwards actually paid to him by them.

9. The name by which the chief priests and Pharisees spoke of Christ when they asked Pilate to secure His sepulchre.

The initials form a name given to the Saviour in the Revelation, when represented as clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; and also used in the gospel and epistle of the same author; the finals give a title by which Malachi prophesies the coming of Christ and that of John the Baptist.

A. E. R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.—p. 16.—"COME AND SEE."—John i. 39, 46; xi. 34; Rev. vi. 1, 3, 5, 7.

C-aiaphas	Matt. xxvi. 57, 62, 65.
O-badiah	Obadiah i. 15.
M-iriam	Ex. xv. 21.
E-lkanah	
A-aron	Ex. xxxii. 22; xxviii. 2, 31.
N-athanael	John ii. 46.
D-elilah	Judges xvi. 18.
S-aul	1 Sam. xxiv. 19; xxxi. 5.
E-li	1 Sam. i. 17; iv. 15, 18.
E-sau	Gen. xxxiii. 9; Heb. xii. 16.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. II.—p. 48.

1. H	imsel	F	. .	Mark viii. 34.
2. O	phi	R	. .	1 Kings ix. 28.
3. R	abb	I	. .	Matt. xxiii. 7; John i. 38, 49; vi. 25.
4. N	am	E	. .	Eccles vii. 1; Prov. xxii. 1.
5. O	rio	N	. .	Job ix. 9; Amos v. 8.
6. F	orehead	D	. .	Ex. xxviii. 38; 1 Sam. xvii. 49; 2 Chr. xxvi. 19.
7. S		O	. .	2 Kings xvii. 3, 4.
8. A	far of	F	. .	Matt. xxvi. 58.
9. L	azaru	S	. .	Luke xvi. 30; John xi. 44.
10. V	asht	I	. .	Esther i. 12.
11. A	pollyo	N	. .	Rev. ix. 11.
12. T	ribulatio	N	. .	Rom. v. 3; Rev. vii. 14.
13. I	mag	E	. .	Dan. ii. 31; iii. 1.
14. O	ffice	R	. .	2 Kings viii. 2–6.
15. N	icodemu	S	. .	John iii. 1.

Horn of Salvation . . . Luke i. 69.
Friend of Sinners . . . Matt. xi. 19.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. I.—p. 16.

"Now they began on the first day of the first month to sanctify, and on the eighth day of the month came they to the porch of the Lord; so they sanctified the house of the Lord in eight days; and in the sixteenth day of the first month they made an end."—2 *Chron.* xxix. 17.

1, 2. 2 Chron. xxix. 17; 3. xxviii. 24; 4. xxix. 17; 5. 36; 6. 17-36; 7. 25, 26, 30; 8, 9. Sanctify, 17; 10. xxxi. 21; xxxii. 31; xxxiii. 1; 11. xxx. 1, 6, 10; 12. Day and Month, xxix. 17.