THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XV.—THINGS DIFFERENT.

PREPARATIONS.

THE conservatory door was flung open, and a child came flying along the terrace, her lissome figure bending forward, her flaxen hair streaming, cloud-like, behind.

"Mittie, Mittie! Come back, you naughty child!" sounded from within doors, in faint shrill tones.

Mittie paid no regard to the sound. She rushed on, till within three yards of Hermione and Marjory. There she stopped abruptly.

"Are you the pretty cousin?" she demanded, fixing her black eyes fearlessly on Hermione, whom she seemed to select at a glance with a precocious child's penetration. "Uncle Harvey says I have got to adopt you, because you're not my cousin really, you know. But I think——" and the black eyes roved to and fro between the two faces—"I think I'd rather adopt the other!"

The words sounded comical from those rosy lips. Hermione was gravely silent, wearing a checked, even a displeased look, as if the infantine frankness were annoying. Marjory's heart went

out eagerly towards the small engaging creature, so daintily delicate in figure and dress.

"Don't you think you might adopt both of us?" Marjory asked adroitly. "We are very much like sisters. No, I am not Hermione—this is Hermione—I am only Marjory Fitzalan; and you are Mrs. Trevor's little girl?"

"I'm Mittie Trevor, of course." That seemed doubtless a self-evident fact to the eight-years-old maiden. "And Mrs. Trevor is my mother, and we've come to live here—but I wish it was you that had got to be my cousin. What makes you call yourself 'only' Marjory? I like Marjory for a name, and you are not a poor person."

Marjory could not resist stooping to give the kiss which Hermione ought to have given.

"Not a rich one, at all events," she said.

"Oh, but you know what I mean? I don't mean that, of course—mother isn't rich either, because she's lost all her money, and that's why we've got to live here: but she isn't a poor person, of course—don't you understand? What makes you look as if you had been crying? Grown-up people oughtn't to cry about nothing, mother says, because it makes them ugly—only you are not ugly. I mean to tell uncle Harvey I like you ever so much the best. The other looks like aunt Julia when aunt Julia is cross."

"Hush, you must not speak so," Marjory said hastily. But Hermione did not seem to hear the utterances. She was standing as if lost in thought.

"Impossible!" she said aloud. "He could never intend such a thing without consulting me."

"Don't you think you ought to go? I had better say good-bye," suggested Marjory.

"If you must. Yes, I have to go in; but——" Hermione faltered, looking at the child. Should she question Mittie? No, she could not stoop to that. Harvey, and Harvey alone, must answer for himself.

"Come to live here!" Those four words rang in Hermione's ears as she turned towards the house, forgetting even to respond to Marjory's good-bye. Mittie stayed behind, to pursue her new acquaintance through the garden, and Hermione entered the conservatory alone.

At the drawing-room door she paused, partly to observe, partly to rally her powers of self-command. For all in a moment it rushed over her, how great a change had come in her life.

A tall lady-like girl, handsomely dressed, stood in the bow-window, studying the view. Hand-bags and small packages lay about the room, and Slade with his usual cautious air was carrying something away, it did not matter what. Hermione caught the tone of his assenting "Yes, sir," in mild response to an evident order from Harvey, who stood near the fireplace, with the air of one taking possession, albeit in his usual *insouciant* and gentlemanly style. A smaller and plumper individual than Julia—somehow Hermione knew at once which was Julia, though the widow's attire was by no means strongly marked as such—had thrown herself into Hermione's own especial easy-chair, and was remarking in distinct tones—

"Rather comical, isn't it, to desert the premises and give nobody a welcome? But I suppose one may expect a certain rusticity of manners here. My dear Julia, I don't know what your sensations may be, but I am dying for a cup of tea. Do pray ring and order it. That man is a very embodiment of slowness; he will be an hour at least carrying up the tray. Yes, pray ring, Harvey. Thanks. And this is the drawing-room! Not a badly-shaped room, on the whole; quite capable of being made pretty. Of course, there is no sort of arrangement now. Everything seems to have been plumped down once for all, exactly where it stands, and left there for twenty years. Not a vase that hasn't its exact match on the other side—and the way those curtains are draped is antediluvian, to say the least. I'm not sure that it isn't pre-Adamite. As for that row of chairs, with their backs against the wall, they are enough to give one the nightmare. *Nous allons changer tout cela*, I suppose, and the sooner the better."

"Francesca!" her brother-in-law uttered in a warning under-tone. He had caught sight of Hermione standing in the conservatory doorway: and he went forward to meet her, not without some secret embarrassment, but with a kind brotherliness of demeanour. For he wanted very much to make Hermione happy. He had set his heart on doing all that he possibly could to repay her for what she was losing, short of adequate money-repayment. He did not of course allow that she was a wronged individual: or that she had any actual claim upon him. He had reasoned himself by this time into looking upon the £20,000 settlement as an absolutely preposterous notion. It seemed to him a doubtful matter whether the estate would stand the strain of losing even a half of that sum; and after all he was—legally—free to do or not to do, exactly as he chose. Still there was a distinct wish to "make up" to Hermione for something—he did not define what!

Hermione's manner could not be called sisterly, and when she allowed him to lead her to his wife there was no warmth in her welcome. Mrs. Trevor's words, involuntarily overheard, did not heat her into outward anger or freeze her into rigidity; and she came forward gracefully as usual, with only a slight deepening of colour; but there was a calm dignity, a displeased distance, in her bearing, curious in one so young.

Julia did not know what to make of it. Her face, which had lighted up, fell quickly, and she scanned Hermione enquiringly as their hands met. Mrs. Trevor's lips wore an odd expression, almost like one bracing herself for a conflict. She had expected a pretty young girl, whom she might patronize agreeably out of the plenitude of her worldly experience; and this fair stately young creature seemed hardly susceptible to patronage. Hermione had often looked sweeter, sunnier, more lovable, than at this moment, but perhaps seldom more beautiful. And Mrs. Trevor did not like beautiful women. She objected to being outshone.

Remarks trickled slowly from one to another, Hermione speaking just so much as was necessary, not more. She seated herself on the sofa, as if receiving guests; and she made polite conversation in a chilled and chilling manner, which Mrs.

Trevor at least thoroughly understood. "That girl has been spoilt, and needs putting in her right place," the widow thought. "Julia will never succeed: she lets things go too easily. I shall have to take her in hand myself."

Queries as to the journey were answered, and Hermione explained her own absence at the moment of arrival, apologising for it in quiet tones. She had not expected their train to be so early, she said. Then Mittie's name came up, with wonderings as to what could have become of her; in the midst of which Mittie herself came flying through the conservatory, to deposit her little person in the big arm-chair which had always been Mr. Dalrymple's.

Harvey saw and understood Hermione's look. "Come here, you witch," he said, "I want to know what you have been about." But Mittie declined to be dislodged.

"No: I like this best," she said. "You always kiss me, and scrub so with your moustache. I mean to sit here. I've been out in the garden, and it's very pretty. It's a nice place to live in, I think. And there's a person that I like very much. Her name is 'only Marjory,' she says. That does sound so funny, but I love her. She's just as pale as can be, and her eyes look so big and tired, and she's not like nobody else that I ever saw. I like her ever so much better than cousin Hermione."

"That child wants bringing into order, Francesca," Harvey said in a displeased tone.

"She's too much for me. Hold your tongue, Mittie, and don't be rude, or I shall send you to bed."

Mittie did not hold her tongue. She responded simply, "Then I shall cry, mother!" and examined Hermione in a prolonged gaze.

The entrance of tea effected a diversion. Slade hesitated a moment where to place the basket-table, glancing from his former to his present mistress; but Julia paid no attention, and Hermione, as a matter of course, signed him to the usual place. Mrs. Trevor noticed this, with a strengthening of her previous determination,—noted, too, the calm air of possessorship with which Hermione dispensed tea and offered cake. Unmistakably the young girl was, in her own eyes, hostess still. The time had scarcely come yet, however, for speech, and nothing would have been said but for the presence of that embarrassing child. Mittie munched and considered, curled up in the big arm-chair, with her tumbled mass of flaxen hair, and her soft wide-open eyes.

"Does everything here belong to cousin Hermione? I thought aunt Julia was to be the mistress. Mother said so."

"Mittie, you are a very rude impertinent little girl! If you don't hold your tongue you shall leave the room," said Harvey, with sufficient sharpness.

"I know mother said so," murmured Mittie, very nearly in tears, for a real rebuke from her uncle was rare, and she loved him dearly enough to mind it.

No further notice was taken, and Mittie subsided into silence. Hermione scarcely seemed to have heard the childish utterance, yet it had stung severely. Her hand trembled, causing one cup to clash against another, and an unwonted flush became fixed in either fair cheek. Once or twice, when addressed by Harvey, she appeared lost in thought.

For Mittie had done at last what all these weeks since her grandfather's death had failed to do. Hermione's eyes were opened to see, almost in a flash, and that no welcome flash, her new position in the household.

Not for worlds would she have had those around guess what she was feeling. She kept her seat and her quiet manner, doing what had to be done, only a little flushed and grave and silent. Harvey knew that the unconscious arrow had sped, and he was very uneasy in his knowledge; but the two ladies, not being aware of her usual looks or ways, were not struck with the variation. They only thought her cold and proud—pretty in no common degree, but not attractive.

"Can you manage without me for a little while? I have something that must be done," Hermione said, rising when tea was over.

"Pray don't stay in on our account," Mrs. Trevor said at once.

Harvey followed Hermione into the hall, with intent to apologise for Mittie's rudeness; but she was too quick for him. He only saw her out of reach, passing up the broad staircase.

Once within her own door, safe from observation, a change swept over Hermione. The fair face grew white and wild, with a bitter look of inexpressible loneliness. She stood in the centre, her blue eyes cast down, her arms drooping listlessly, her lips moving with scarcely articulate utterances.

"How can I bear it? How shall I be able? O grandfather—oh, grandfather—so utterly alone! Must I stay? It is my home, but so different now! Everything altered! I cannot understand; but I must ask the Fitzalans—not Harvey. Those people to live here, and I not even told! Oh, it was cruel of Harvey—cruel of everybody. And Julia the mistress! Yes, I suppose so; but I did not see before what it meant. O God—oh, God, must I bear it?"

Then there came a sharp struggle with a very storm of sobs, which seemed almost as if they must rend the slight figure. Hermione writhed and bent beneath the agony, yet pride was strong, and she would not yield. Mrs. Trevor and Julia might not, should not, see that she had been weeping; and she did not weep. Not a tear was allowed to force its way from her eyes. The strife was soon over. Strange to say, Hermione did not pray, as one might have expected. She spoke half-aloud, to herself as it were, with but that one brief upward appeal which could hardly be termed prayer; and then, having conquered the bout of strong emotion, she stood up, going to the looking-glass.

"No, they will not know," she murmured, examining the face reflected there. She even smiled gently at herself. "Yes, that will do. I shall not be overcome now."

Five minutes later she was passing alone through the garden on her way to the Rectory.

CHAPTER XVI.—AN INTERVIEW.

"Miss Rivers wishes to see you, sir."

"Miss Rivers!" The rector was rather astonished, knowing how short a time had passed since the arrival of the travellers. "A messenger from Miss Rivers, do you mean?"

"No, sir; Miss Rivers is here, her very own self," the girl answered with emphasis, as if appreciating his surprise. "And Miss Marjory is out with Mr. Harry; but Miss Rivers says it doesn't matter, because she doesn't want to see nobody, except you, sir."

"Show Miss Rivers in here."

The maid vanished, and with a slight sigh Mr. Fitzalan put aside his sermon papers, wondering whether he would find himself so well in the mood for work after a delay. Mr. Fitzalan was an extempore preacher, in the sense of not reading from a written sermon; but his subject was always well worked out beforehand upon paper.

"May I come in? You are not too busy?" asked Hermione, at the door.

"Not at all." Mr. Fitzalan would not even suggest haste, whereby the interview might be shortened. Most people would have counted that Hermione looked exactly the same as usual, as she glided gently in, taking a proffered chair, and letting her black draperies fall gracefully. But Mr. Fitzalan saw a difference.

"Harvey and his wife come yet?" he asked.

"Yes; and the Trevors. Mr. Fitzalan, did you know about those people—Mrs. Trevor and her child?"

"Marjory said something."

"Marjory only knows what I told her—that they were to be here for a visit. I thought it bad taste to ask them just now, but I had no idea of anything further,—no idea of their always living with us."

"Is that to be the plan? Well, the Hall is large enough," Mr. Fitzalan said cautiously.

"Harvey has told me nothing. But from what the child says——"

Hermione's voice was not so calm as usual, not by any means so calm as she wished. It trembled somewhat, and a bright flush rose anew in her cheeks, filling the eyes with a troubled light.

"I remember being told that Mrs. Trevor had lost her money. It is, perhaps, a generous act on the part of Harvey to give her a home. He has the right if he chooses."

"Without consulting me!"

Mr. Fitzalan knew that the time had at last come for speaking out. He answered steadily—"In strictness, yes, without consulting any one, except his wife."

"Julia! I don't suppose Julia cares. Mrs. Trevor is her sister. But I!"

The emphasis on the pronoun was unmistakable.

"It might have been a matter of kindness to tell you his intentions beforehand; but, perhaps he thought it kinder not to worry you. It is not a matter of right, my dear child. I think you have to resolve to face that fact. Harvey is master here now. The place belongs to him."

"And I! I have nothing to do with anything!"

"Not more than your cousins choose."

"No rights of my own?"

"With respect to the estate—no, none."

For a full minute the clock ticked busily, with no accompaniment of human voices. Mr. Fitzalan sat with his eyes bent downward. He knew something of a struggle to be going on opposite, and he knew that Hermione would shrink from observation while it lasted. She would speak as soon as she was able. Till then he waited.

"Must I live there?" came at length.

"I think so: for the present. Harvey offers you a home: and no other home has presented itself. I believe it would have been your grandfather's wish."

"Yes—he—but I don't understand. I don't think I know how things really are. I did not hear the will read. He would wish me most to be happy," Hermione said in short sentences, a little broken as if by agitation:—"If I would rather live somewhere else, I suppose I could. I must have enough of my own. Could you tell me about that?"

"There is your mother's marriage-settlement of one hundred and twenty pounds a year."

"And besides——"

"Nothing more."

"Nothing at all. But from my grandfather——"

"No." Mr. Fitzalan spoke feelingly. "No doubt he meant to make other arrangements; but unfortunately he put off too long. His will was made before your birth: and your name has never been inserted."

Another silence followed, longer than the last.

"It seems so strange, so extraordinary," she broke out at length, in a voice almost resentful. "I could not have thought it. He did love me, but to leave me dependent on Harvey and Julia——"

"He only knew of Harvey's marriage at the last."

"Yes—but Harvey alone—how could he leave me so?"

Tears of wounded feeling could no longer be kept back, strive as Hermione might. She stood up hastily and went to the bookcase, remaining there with her back turned. Mr. Fitzalan would speak no hasty words. He feared to make mischief between the cousins.

"And there was nothing for me, nothing at all?" she repeated, coming back to her seat. "He forgot no one else—only me!"

"He did not forget. Don't let yourself wrong him, Hermione, even in thought. He had spoken to Mr. Selwyn sometimes of his intention to provide for you more fully: and the day before his death he wrote, summoning Mr. Selwyn from London. But—too late."

"He ought not to have put off. It was wrong," Hermione said in distinct accents. Then, with a change of tone, "Does Harvey know this?"

"Yes. He offers you a home: and I think that, at present, your duty is to accept his offer."

Hermione's face quivered. "I don't know how

to bear it all," she said. "Anything else would be easier."

"Anything, except what God gives you to bear," Mr. Fitzalan said simply.

"You don't know, you don't understand. Nobody outside can guess what it will be."

"God knows: and He has called you to bear it."

"I don't expect to have no trials. One must have them, of course. But to live on there in the dear old home, as a mere dependent—as nobody—after what has been!" She broke into her own words with a start: "I am saying this only to you—only for yourself. Others must not know how I mind it, not even Marjory. I can't endure to be pitied. But, oh, it is hard—very very hard!" and a sob seemed wrenched from her.

"Poor child!" Mr. Fitzalan said, despite her repudiation of pity. "My dear, it is of no use for me to tell you that things will not be so bad as you expect. Lower comfort is no good at such times. Better take the pain and the help both together, straight from God Himself."

She shook her head mutely, placing both hands over her face.

"Think," he went on, "how often you have told others to trust in His love, not to doubt Him in sorrowful hours. Now is the time for you to put your own words into practice, and to honour your Master by clinging to Him still through your 'cloudy and dark day.'"

"Oh, I don't think anybody ever had anything like this to bear!" she murmured distressfully.

He did not smile as he might have done. He knew that she knew little of life yet, and that her own loss was very real and great to herself.

"There is a poor old woman down in the village, whom you and I both knew well," he said. "She is lonely, poverty-stricken, forsaken by her only son, a great sufferer in body. Three days ago I went to visit her, and I found her very full of a call she had just had. Shall I tell you what she said?" Hermione made no sign. "I think you can guess who had called. She said, 'Sir, Miss Rivers has been, and she's done my poor old heart good. For she do speak like an angel to me, sir, a-telling me how I'm not to be afeared, for if so be I'm "yielded up" to the Lord, and has given up my will to Him, why I needn't never mind nothing, but just rest upon Him, and take whatever He sends, and be joyful. And I'll do it too, sir, so please He'll help me.'"

Mr. Fitzalan waited a few seconds.

"Oh, I don't know—it all seems so unreal."

The words dropped from Hermione as if involuntarily. She stopped, when about to say more, abashed by her own utterance.

"What seems unreal?" He had no reply, and he went on: "It was absolute truth that you spoke to the poor old woman. But, my child, was it truth for yourself, or was it only quoted from the knowledge of others?"

This question came searchingly, though gently. Hermione made no attempt to answer it. She pressed her hands closer over her face.

"If the last—then, perhaps, a sharp test has been sent, that you may search and see how things really are. Pray, that you may be shown, Hermione."

Half-an-hour later Marjory came to her father's study, with the exclamation, "Has Hermione really been here?"

"Yes."

"Sutton told us, and Harry has rushed off, in hopes of overtaking her before she reaches home."

"Harry might have spared himself the exertion."

"Then you don't think he will succeed?"

"Hermione left me some time ago, and she is a quick walker."

"If only we had guessed that she might come! Father, does she seem happy?"

"What did you think when you left her?"

"I don't know—I thought her very worried. That child, Mittie Trevor, talked as if she and her mother were to live at the Hall. She is a dear child, I should fancy; but Hermione did not take to her."

"And Marjory did?"

"I can't resist children. She is very small, with a great mane of fair hair, and such a pair of winning black eyes. When she followed me through the garden, and threw her little arms round me, begging for kisses, I found her irresistible. Hermione is not like me in that. She only cares for children in a Sunday-school."

"Seated in neat rows, to be talked to," suggested the Rector, with a twinkle in the corner of his eye, for it did sound very much like Hermione, and Marjory's unconscious satire on her friend amused him.

"Hermione is so good at teaching, father."

"Many people are much better at teaching than learning," Mr. Fitzalan answered.

"Oh, but not Hermione! You did not mean Hermione."

"It comes to her more easily. So it does to a good many of us."

Marjory looked rather tried. "I must not interrupt you longer," she said, and she went away. Nobody heard the sighing utterance—"Strange, while father is so dear and good to me, he never does appreciate Hermione!"

The Cold Grate.

THE room was chilly and the grate was cold;
My children were asleep two hours ago.
I sat alone—a shawl about me rolled—
Thinking!—would life be all "adagio"?[1]
Tired out at last I rose and sought my room,
And by my boy lay down with a long sigh—
How sweet the warmth! after my lonely gloom;
Curled up and soft his little feet! oh, why—
Why did I say that days or nights were sad?
What if—these darling limbs lay cold and straight
In their last sleep? What if my little lad
Could warm my life no more? Oh, cheerless fate,
A childless mother's! Lord, forgive my fretting,
The boon of his dear life I was forgetting.

M. B.

[1] Or, "always still and slow."

IRISH SACRED LITERATURE AND ART.

I.—SOME EARLY IRISH BOOKS.

PROBABLY few but specialists are aware that the true nature and individuality of early Irish literature was discovered in the land of William Tell. And yet this is the fact. John Caspar Zeuss, a great scholar who never even visited Ireland, by examining and studying early Irish documents preserved chiefly in Switzerland, succeeded in recovering the early Irish tongue in its purity, showed exactly what it was a thousand years ago, and threw light in this way upon manifold customs and habits hitherto inexplicable.

And how came these early Celtic documents in the libraries where John Caspar Zeuss found them, and out of them constructed his famous *Grammatica Celtica?* The story is one of the most fascinating in missionary annals. The sixth century in Ireland was a time of high religious culture and great missionary enthusiasm. In 521 the great Columba, the apostle of Scotland, was born. Twenty-two years later, in 543, a man often confounded with the great Abbot of Iona, was born. Not only in mind and spirit did he resemble Columba, but also in name, since he is universally known as Columbanus. It was he who went forth from Ireland at the close of the sixth century to evangelize the cruel and licentious Gauls who dwelt in what is now France. Compelled at length to leave Northern Europe, Columbanus and his monks made their way up the Rhine until they reached Lake Constance. And there they founded the monasteries of Reichenau and St. Gall. The latter was so called after one of the companions of Columbanus who has also given his name to a Swiss town and canton, and was founded in the year 614. This monastery was a favourite place of rest and call for Irish monks on their way to and from Italy. Among the members of the fraternity were found from time to time men of great ability, and gradually a library of Irish MSS. gathered there which has never been surpassed in Europe.

The ravages of the Northmen in the eighth and ninth centuries, coupled with the later domestic troubles of Ireland, quenched to a very large extent her missionary enthusiasm. No more Columbas or Columbanuses went forth. No men capable of reading the boldly written and curiously illuminated MSS. in the library of St. Gall any longer visited the ancient monastery. There these precious literary treasures lay untroubled by the reviser and adapter, exposed only to the enemies that everywhere war against ancient books. In Ireland the Celtic was still a living language, and subject to the inevitable modifications through which every spoken tongue must pass. But at St. Gall, these MSS. of the eighth and ninth centuries reposed, an object of interest to the curious, exhibiting characters which none could decipher, quietly waiting until the skill and industry of a modern scholar should compel them to unlock their secrets and reveal to us much of the highest value connected with the religious life of the centuries in which they were penned.

In 1851, Dr. Ferdinand Keller gave a great

ST. MATTHEW. FROM AN ANCIENT IRISH MS.

Illustrating the Irish method of writing.

impulse to the study of Irish literature by his essay upon the Irish MSS. preserved in Switzerland. In 1845 he had discovered in an old book-chest in the town library of Schaffhausen a splendidly written MS. of the life of Columba, by Adamnan, the saint's friend and disciple. The discovery of this MS., of which Dr. Keller writes, "I found it at the bottom of a high book-chest where it lay pêle-mêle with some other MSS. and old books bearing neither title nor number," led to the publication of one of the most important books connected with early Irish Church life, viz. "The Life of Columba," a reprint [of this MS. with exhaustive

[*From the Library at St. Gall.*

A SPECIMEN (HALF PAGE) OF AN IRISH ILLUMINATED MS.

critical and explanatory notes by Dr. Reeves, the present Bishop of Down and Connor. There is the strongest evidence for believing that this MS. was written by a monk named Dorbene who lived during the early part of the eighth century. We quote a passage from Dr. Reeves' preface to his great work, because it illustrates what we have said about the way in which Irish MSS. reached the continent. "The MS. was undoubtedly written in the west, and was probably taken to Germany in the early part of the ninth century. The monastery of Augia Dives, or Reichenau, where the book was known to be at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was an ancient monastery, much frequented by the Irish; and its abbot, from 842 to 849, was the celebrated Walfridus Strabus, who had previously been Dean of St. Gall. At the beginning of the ninth century a strong tide of Irish pilgrims set in towards Germany, possibly caused by the Norse invasions of the west; and it is likely that the breaking up of Hy (Iona), at the same time, and by the same influence, caused many members of the Columban society to fall in with the movement. That it was not unusual to carry books abroad, appears by the many Irish MSS. preserved on the continent, and especially from the donations of Dungal made to Columbanus's monastery at Bobio, and Bishop Marcus's to that of St. Gall. Stephen White, a learned Jesuit, a native of Clonmel, while in search of Irish MSS. on the continent, discovered this Life of Columba at Reichenau, and made a transcript which was printed as the fourth life of Columba in Colgan's *Trias Thaumaturga*, published in 1647. When or by whom it was removed from that monastery is not known, but it found its way to Schaffhausen before the suppression of that monastery in 1799." [1]

In the magnificent collection of MSS. possessed by the British Museum, one of the greatest treasures is what is known as St. Cuthbert's Gospel, or the Lindisfarne Gospels. This MS. is very beautifully illuminated, and was for a long time considered to be a very striking example of highly developed Anglo-Saxon art. But the researches of Dr. Keller in Switzerland,

[1] "Life of Columba," pp. xxi. and xxii.

and a careful study of the great Book of Kells, now the chief glory of the library of Trinity College, Dublin, have compelled scholars to alter the former decision, and to admit that the Book of St. Cuthbert belongs not to the Anglo-Saxon but to the Irish school.

Dr. Waagen, one of the chief authorities on this point, writes, "Various circumstances leave no doubt now remaining in my mind that the figures, borders, and ornamented initials in the Book of St. Cuthbert (which I formerly considered to be the masterpiece of old Anglo-Saxon miniature painting) have been executed either by Irish monks or by Anglo-Saxon monks, who were pupils of the Irish."

We hope to devote the whole of a future paper to the Book of Kells, and at present wish to refer only to the main characteristics of this class of penmanship, with special reference to one or two of the great examples which have come down to us.

The bulk of the MSS. are written in what may be described as the minuscule or round-hand uncial character, free from the stiffness observable in all angular or pointed letter writing, and the letters are pleasing to the eye and readily deciphered. The main initials are generally very large and most elaborately ornamented. Interlacing bands and lines, serpents and animals of various kinds with long and intertwining bodies abound. Dr. Keller thus classifies the varieties of ornamentation :—

1. A single band or a number of bands, interlaced diagonally and symmetrically, so as to form by their crossings a great variety of different patterns.

2. One or two extremely fine spiral lines which wind round each other, and meet in the centre, while the ends run off again, and form new spirals.

3. Various representations of animals resembling birds, lizards, serpents and dogs, which are often stretched out lengthwise in a disagreeable manner, and interlaced with each other, while their tails and tongues are drawn out into bands.

4. A row of broken diagonal strokes, which form different systems of lattice-work, resembling some kinds of Chinese works.

5. Panelling, generally composed of triangular compartments or other geometrical figures, which represent a kind of draught-board, or a mosaic of variegated stones.

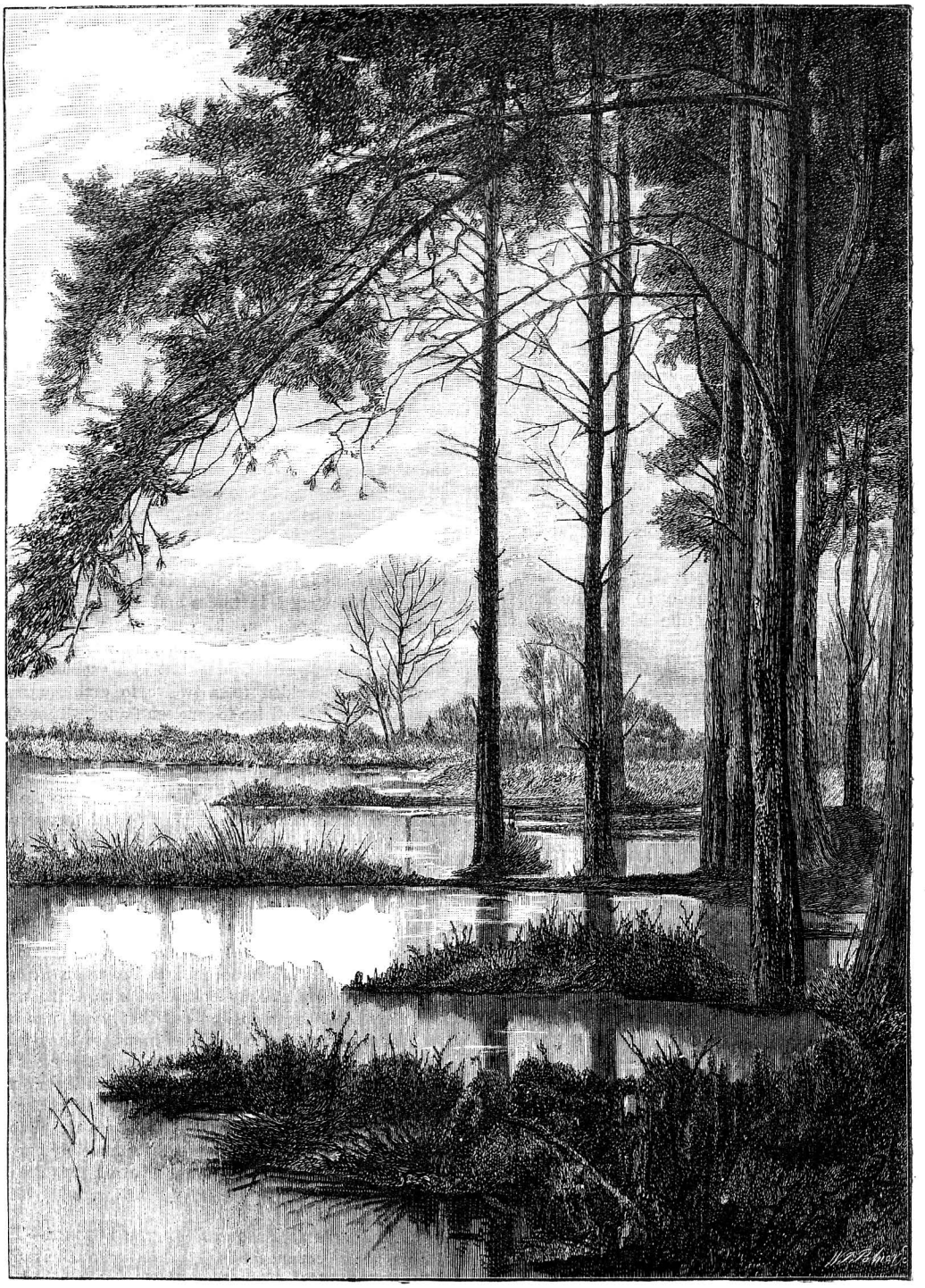
The gorgeous initials and the interesting miniatures with which the most famous Irish MSS. abound, are executed with marvellous technical skill. The rich and brilliant colouring, even after the lapse of nine centuries, is the despair of the cleverest copyists of to-day. The figures are grotesque—repellent almost by their mixture of the repulsive and of the caricature—yet once seen, they convey a lasting sense of the power of the artist. We give as a specimen a representation of the Evangelist Matthew, from a MS. of the ninth century. It is interesting because of the light it throws upon the method of writing. In his right hand he holds a quill, which he is dipping into the inkhorn fastened to the chair, and in his left a penknife. Before him stands an angel, one wing elevated, the other depressed, holding in his right hand a book, and seeming to support with his left the book belonging to Matthew.

The oldest MS. extant in Ireland is preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, and is known chiefly as forming the contents of its famous shrine, the widely-celebrated Domnach Airgid. The MS. may have belonged to St. Patrick himself, and there is sufficient evidence to render this event probable. These old MSS., especially if they had belonged to noted men, were enclosed in shrines, which in later days became objects of reverence. Domnach Airgid means, simply, the silver shrine. The membranes of this particular MS. have become attached to each other in such a way as to form an opaque mass, the leaves being separated only with the greatest difficulty. The few that have been examined proved to contain some verses of a Latin version of St. Matthew.

The Book of Durrow, another very fine specimen of this class of manuscript, dates from the seventh century. It originally belonged to the monastery of Durrow, that is *Dairmag*, "plain of oaks," in central Ireland, founded by Columba about 553. The Venerable Bede refers to the establishment of this monastery, and says that from it many of Columba's disciples went forth to found others both in Britain and in Ireland. It has been maintained, from the fact that a Latin inscription asks the prayers of the readers on behalf of "the Scribe Columba, who wrote this evangel in the space of ten days," that the great abbot was its scribe; but this view is not tenable. It is probably the work of one of his followers. It has been in Trinity College Library for more than two hundred years. The larger part of it is composed of a Latin version of the Gospels.

Next to the Book of Kells, perhaps the most interesting possession of the great library in Dublin is the Book of Armagh, a quarto volume of vellum, seven and three-quarter inches high, five and three-quarter inches broad, and two and a quarter inches thick, containing now two hundred and twenty-one leaves. The contents are of a composite nature, and owe their chief literary importance to the light they throw upon the work and character of St. Patrick. The first folios of the MS. are missing, and it now begins with notes in Latin and Irish on St. Patrick's Acts; this is followed by a treatise on the rights and prerogatives of the See of Armagh, and then comes the Confession of St. Patrick. Then follow Jerome's letter to Damasus, Eusebian canons and Preface to the New Testament, the Latin New Testament and the Life of Martin of Tours.

In all probability it was written by a scribe named Ferdomnach in the year 807. This fact is due to the ingenuity of Dr. Graves, the present Bishop of Limerick, who found that some elaborate erasures had still left traces of the original writing. Now at the end of St. Matthew's Gospel in Greek characters the scribe had recorded that he had finished that Gospel on St. Matthew's day. Under the erasures traces were found of the name ending in "bach" of a "successor of St. Patrick," that is, a Bishop of Armagh. Now the only prelate in whose name these letters could occur



IN FLOOD TIME.

was Torbach, who held the see for only one year, viz. 807. Two scribes of the name of Ferdomnach were known; one died at Armagh in 726. the other in 844. Hence the MS. is almost certainly the work of the latter, a man who had a great reputation as a scribe.

Folio sixteen contains an entry purporting to have been made in the presence of the great Irish hero, Brian Boru. This was made about 1002, when Brian, after his conquest of Ulster, placed twenty ounces of gold as an offering upon the altar of Armagh. Upon folio thirty-eight, opposite the name of Judas, the word *trogan*, "wretch," stands. Many pages of the volume are much rubbed, due doubtless to the fact that it was often used in early times for the purpose of taking oaths.

The volume is especially interesting in relation to St. Patrick's history because the documents it contains are the earliest MSS. authorities for his life and writings. At the close of the Confessions a brief but most interesting autobiography of Ireland's apostle—now believed by all competent scholars to be the genuine work of St. Patrick—is written in Latin, "So far the book which St. Patrick wrote with his own hand." This was supposed to indicate that the MS. was Patrick's autograph. This view, as we have seen, antedates the writing of the Book of Armagh by three hundred years. The simple, non-miraculous, straightforward story told in the Confession is not only probable and suitable to all the known facts, but the internal evidence also conveys the strongest evidence of its genuineness. The Book of Armagh thus becomes not only a precious example of ninth century Irish caligraphy, but also contains what is at once the earliest and the most authentic life of the man who, once a slave on the Ulster hill-sides, overthrew Irish idolatry by the simplicity of his life, the fervour of his love, and the steadfastness of his faith, and founded a Church which evangelised half of Europe, and which exhibited zeal, character, education, and progress from the days of St. Patrick till the time of the Norse invasions.

R. LOVETT.

In Flood Time.

GOD binds the floods from overflowing
  The limits of His will and word,
The great rains of His strength outgoing
  Have His commands in secret heard:
No cloud can move past His recall,
No drop uncounted fall.

He hath an ear for every sorrow,
  A hope for every darkened hour,
And many a bright and lovely morrow
  Shall show the hiding of His power;
Rain, flood, and storm at His behest
Co-working for the best.

Though loss and seeming desolation
  May follow where His storms have been,
In some unthought-of compensation
  His changeless mercy shall be seen;
Above the deepest waters bowed,
His rainbow spans the cloud!

God binds the floods from overflowing
  The pilgrims from His rest afar,
His voice is on the waters, knowing
  Just where the sorest conflicts are;
Through every depth His feet have passed,
To save His own at last.

Above the depths the promise shineth,
  In token of His sure control;
From present loss His love designeth
  The richest harvests of the soul;
No ill can overwhelm His own,
The bow is round the throne!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

Things New and Old.

MAISONS OUVRIERES IN PARIS.—Following the example of similar institutions in Germany, England, and America, there are now being established in Paris, in connection with the Protestant churches, houses for lodging and boarding young men coming to the metropolis for the first time, as well as those who are already employed. The first home of the kind was that founded by the late Pastor Meyer, in the Faubourg Sainte-Antoine, almost wholly a working-men's quarter. But the same need is felt in other quarters, where young men engaged in trades and shops may find cheap and safe accommodation. The prices at the original home were very moderate: entire *pension*, three meals, fifty francs a month; *demi-pension*, breakfast and supper, thirty-five francs; single-bedded room twelve to eighteen francs a month, double-bedded ten to fourteen francs. There is room for extension of the same kind of home for the young men of London as well as Paris.

JUDGING BY THE FRUIT.—A great many people in the Usambara district were beginning to feel themselves the utter darkness and insufficiency of their own heathenism, which is indeed a belief in God, but underneath, and subject to it, a much more present belief in the power of evil spirits. A large portion of them were listening to the Mohammedans on the coast, finding them more advanced in civilization than themselves, and several professed themselves Mohammedans, and so when we came to the country, they at first looked with suspicion upon us. But they soon began to find out that what was best in Mohammedanism was to be found in us, so they joined us to a man. They said, "We have heard the coast people say a great many things, but find that they do not do them. We have listened to you: you say better things still, and you do them; so we have come round to you." In this way the best preachers are not merely our words, but our lives, and our deaths, if need be, are better preachers still.—*Bishop Steere, of Zanzibar.*

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN THE SWAHILI.—The late Bishop Steere commenced the translation of Bunyan's book in the Swahili, the language spoken in Zanzibar and its neighbourhood, but did not live to finish it. With the aid of the Religious Tract Society, which bears a considerable portion of the cost, the book has been completed, and published for the Universities' Mission, under the editorship of the Rev. A. C. Madan, student of Christ Church, Oxford. It was necessary to make the work an adaptation rather than a literal translation, and this has been done.

ROMANISM IN AMERICA.

TRAVELLERS in the United States cannot fail to observe the number of Roman Catholic churches, convents, schools, and orphanages. In former times, the State of Maryland, and in particular its capital, the city of Baltimore, formed the headquarters of the Romish hierarchy, with New Orleans in Louisiana. The latter was acquired from the French, by whom it was originally settled. The former had always maintained its character of a Roman Catholic colony. During the last half-century, however, an active propagandism has been carried on in other parts, especially where Irish and other Romanist immigrants are found. At a recent gathering in Baltimore, it was alleged that Rome now possesses nine millions and a half of adherents in America. If correct, this means very nearly one-sixth of the entire population. Probably this is an exaggerated estimate, yet there can be no doubt that popery has made, and is still making, rapid though stealthy strides. Usually the policy has been to avoid what might appear obtrusive or demonstrative, but at the same time to leave no means untried in order to secure ground already taken, and to put forth fresh efforts in regions beyond. Enthusiastic missionaries have been sent forth, and astute organizers have followed in their train. A network of dioceses spreads over the land. There is a wide ramification of priests and of sisterhoods. Removals are diligently searched out and reported, and the children receive special attention. Potent spiritual weapons, forged long since in Rome's armoury, are used with consummate skill, and with unwearying perseverance. However strongly Protestants may feel with regard to the errors and abuses of the papal system, the energy, the devotedness, the self-denial, and the obedience of its followers often put Protestantism to the blush.

Many Americans are disposed to underrate the character and tendency of Romanism. It is a frequent remark that the common-school system will neutralize any possible danger from this source. A belief widely obtains that the third generation, if not the second, will cease to be Romanists—what they will become is not stated. Probably this is one of the hypothetical matters about which the intensely practical American does not trouble himself. He is content to believe that in some undefined way the genius of the country and its democratic institutions will prove effectual in emancipating from priestcraft and superstition. He takes it for granted that political liberty will lead to spiritual freedom. Facts do not warrant this; antecedent probabilities are against it. More than forty years have elapsed since the first great exodus from Ireland; the little children then brought over, and those born within the succeeding decade, are now the fathers and mothers of a new generation. It is not found that they have left the Romish communion to any appreciable extent, or that they have lapsed into indifferentism, as is often asserted. The continent of Europe has furnished a large quota to the foreign population absorbed into the United States during the last thirty years or more. Great numbers of these were Romanists when they arrived, and they and their children continue to be Romanists. There is nothing to warrant the conjecture, that in the process of time they will become detached by a kind of social lamination. Remembering that Rome continues to be what she has always been, and remembering the tremendous spiritual powers claimed by her priesthood and tremblingly conceded by the people, it is in the last degree improbable that political and social influences, the spirit of the age, or the genius of the country, will cause any considerable detachment.

Romanism is carrying on an active missionary work among the negroes in the South. Their emotional nature, and their love for the dramatic and the histrionic, render them highly impressionable to the gorgeous ritual of that Church. The coloured people delight in shows, processions, music, and display of all kinds; with them the reasoning faculty is at a low stage of development; they are easily moved to laughter, to tears, or to anger. They are children of a larger growth, and find pleasure in an ornate and sensuous display. Brilliant dresses worn by priests, the pealing organ and florid music, the glitter and show of High Mass, the very fumes of the incense, and all the pomp and parade which Rome knows so well how to display, appeal to and lead captive the negro mind. Then it becomes an easy prey to sacerdotal and sacrificial dogmas, yielding implicit trust to the formalism and the vicarious nature of Romish teaching. This is one danger to which the coloured people in the South are peculiarly exposed. A noble work is being carried on among them by the Protestant churches; large sums are annually raised for this purpose, and hundreds of devoted men and women are engaged in missionary and in educational work. Much good has been wrought, and there is no desire to minimise or depreciate it; but the common complaint which grieves these devoted labourers is that the fruits of holy living so often fail to appear. Lapses from virtue are frequent and terrible; intense feeling is not always allied to clear intelligence, to profound conviction, or to a high standard of Christian morality. Better things are hoped for, and, meanwhile, earnest endeavour is not relaxed; but all this explains why the Romish Church has appeared to accomplish so much of late years in the South.

In great cities like New York, the power and wealth of the hierarchy are enormous. This has been achieved by skilful organisation and persistent effort. More than twenty years ago a site was secured at a nominal price on Fifth Avenue, from the corrupt municipality which then ruled the city, for the purposes of an intended cathedral. The plot of ground, with four noble streets for

boundaries, is said to be worth at the present time at least two hundred thousand pounds. Upon it has been erected by degrees a magnificent fane of white marble, the towers of which are now being completed; the actual cost is unknown, but building experts say that it must approach half a million sterling. Immediately adjacent is the archbishop's house, one for the numerous clergy, and a large orphanage. How has the money been raised? Partly, but to a small extent, by munificent gifts from a few; chiefly, by a systematic and unceasing levy upon the many. Nearly all the domestic servants in New York, as throughout America, are Roman Catholics; they receive high wages, part of which goes to pay for the cathedral, and to support the priesthood. The custom has been, when ten thousand or fifty thousand pounds were required for the edifice, to issue an edict throughout the diocese that every one must contribute an additional quarter or half a dollar a week for a stated period, over and above the heavy dues that have to be regularly paid for confession, for a seat in church, for the poor, for mass, and for other purposes. Thus it has practically come to pass that the Protestant employers in New York have been made to pay, in the shape of enhanced wages to their domestics, for the erection of this costly Romanist shrine. A friend told the writer that more than once his servants all demanded higher wages, on the ground that they could not meet the special dues exacted by the priests. Although he was paying from forty to sixty pounds a year to each of his five domestics, he was compelled to yield to the demand for an increase. If he had made a change, the new-comers would have set up a similar claim. His servants did not desire an increase; it was of no benefit to them; but they were under a spiritual terrorism, and dared not disobey.

In this manner the drastic rule of the priests is upheld and enforced. "Nothing for nothing" is their unwritten motto. From the cradle to the grave, every religious office has to be paid for, to the uttermost farthing. As a piece of mechanism, it is perfect. Added to this is the subtle, all-pervading influence exerted upon the votaries, and riveted by assumed supernatural authority. This is manifested in various ways. Ostensibly, the Romish Church does not meddle with politics in America. In reality, its hand secretly pulls many strings. One illustration may be given. The Legislature of the State of New York has been agitated for years over an ecclesiastical measure known as "The Freedom of Worship Bill." The title is a misnomer and is misleading. Freedom of worship to the fullest extent prevails throughout the United States. This is an integral part of the Constitution. No one sect possesses or can secure supremacy. But the Roman Catholic hierarchy is not content with this. The above Bill has been repeatedly introduced in the New York Legislature during the last twenty years, solely in the interests of the Romish Church. Its object is to enable her priests to demand, as of right, provision for celebrating the mass in every prison and public institution for the poor and for criminals, where even one adherent of that Church, or the child of such adherent, is found. The priests already possess the right to visit their people in gaols and poor-houses, in common with the clergy of all denominations. But this is not enough. A continuous and unwearied demand is being made, supported by political agitation among the millions of Irish, for the authorities to provide, at the expense of the taxpayers, including Protestants, the means and a place for celebrating the Romish ritual. The cheerful optimism that prevails in America leads to the underrating of this and of other dangers. In the existing complication of political parties, and with the enormous Irish vote in New York city, for which both sides continually bid, it is difficult to forecast the result. Rome has lost none of her ancient astuteness in watching for opportunities and in the employment of likely methods to carry into effect a scheme once determined upon. She never forgets and never recedes. Months and years may elapse, and her agents may pass away; but her tenacity of purpose is unyielding.

All this is only a part of a general policy. There has been much trouble, and there is certain to be much more, in the working of the common-school system in various States, owing to the opposition of the priests, as is the case in Ireland. Every citizen is required to contribute his share of the school-tax, whether he has children or not, and whether they attend the common school or are privately taught. Romanists are not allowed, under the ecclesiastical regulations of their Church, to send their children to such schools. If they do so, it is only in great cities where their movements are not known and cannot readily be watched. Even there, the priestly influence is strong enough to act as a deterrent. In smaller places they dare not disobey. To provide the necessary instruction, parochial schools are opened. The parents have to pay the fees, in addition to the common school-tax. This is often felt as a hardship, and there are loud complaints. Besides this, it is impossible to raise sufficient funds in many small towns or scattered districts. Accordingly, an agitation is being carried on to compel the local authorities to allocate out of the tax so much as represents the payments made by Roman Catholics. This sum is to be handed over to their separate schools, and to be disbursed without check or inquiry. Hitherto, the project has been foiled, for Americans, whatever their nationality, are proud of their common-school system. They declare that it shall not be tampered with, and say that if Romish priests want sectarian schools, they and their people must continue to support them, besides paying the regular tax. Whether this frame of mind will last it is difficult to say. Other things have to be considered. Occult influences may be brought to bear upon politicians, such as they may find it hard, if not impossible, to resist. The voting power of the Roman Catholic population is very great, and in critical times it may give one political party the victory over the other.

A Brave Little Sister.

WILD, stormy evening towards the end of August, two little girls perched on the window seat of the schoolroom, sat watching their brother Jack's endeavours to shape a boat out of a piece of firewood. Jack was the eldest of the family, but quite the most heedless, and in consequence was privately nicknamed Jackanapes by his brother Hugh, who was twice as steady as Jack, but lacked his spirit.

Of the two girls, Amy was the boys' favourite sister, she was so sympathetic and forbearing. Mary fussed over trifles; when part of her garden was dug up and turned into a fortification she objected; and when she found that the blue ribbons on her hat had been shortened by several inches to make a union jack to wave on the ramparts, she actually told mother, and Jack's pocket-money was stopped for a month. Amy's white ribbons were snipped, and her red bookmark confiscated for the same purpose, but she made no complaint, neither did she remonstrate when the boys sentenced her doll to death and suspended it from the pendulum of the old clock on the landing.

Jack's carpentering that evening was brought to an end by his father's entrance into the room with a key in his hand. "At what hour did your uncle tell you to be at his house, boys?" he asked.

"By eight o'clock, father."

"Then, Jack, you have time to run to the church first, and fetch a roll of papers which I left on the vestry table—this is the key of the vestry door—be quick and careful."

Jack's assurances on both points were most emphatic; but alas! the prospect of a merry evening with his cousins soon put all remembrance of his father's order out of his head.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards Amy was passing the boys' room and looked in. The first thing she saw was the vestry key on Jack's bed in company with half a green apple, a knife, two corks, a defunct cockchafer, and a handkerchief which Jack had knotted at each corner to refresh his precarious memory. Amy's heart sank; it was Thursday, and this would make Jack's fifth scrape since Sunday. His father was very strict, and forgetfulness was no excuse in his sight. It suddenly occurred to Amy that she would fetch the forgotten papers, and save her dear Jack from reproach and punishment; and having put on her garden hat and jacket the child crept out of the house into the storm of wind and rain raging without.

Her father's church was more than a quarter of a mile from the house, but the spire being tall and tapering it seemed nearer. Amy struggled valiantly through the muddy lane which led to the churchyard, but by the time she reached the swing gate which opened into it, she was drenched to the skin, and nearly exhausted, and then it occurred to her that perhaps her tiny hands might fail to turn the key! To her great surprise the door was ajar; she entered and eagerly seized the roll of papers lying on the table. Amy was about to retrace her steps, when she heard a sound in the church, and peered through the thick curtain hung across the inner door. The children had named the west window the "Bird" window, as it contained quaint representations of early Christian symbols—the pelican, phœnix, peacock, etc.—and a passing gleam of light flickering through this window revealed to Amy's horror-struck eyes two men in the act of wrenching open the alms-boxes. She recognised one of the thieves, and with a blanched face and chattering teeth the frightened child stole noiselessly out of the vestry and hurried homewards. To her excited imagination the men were in full pursuit, and when, turning the corner of the lane, she ran against Farmer Rodgers, her cry of alarm scared the worthy man almost as much as his sudden appearance terrified her.

"Why, if this isn't little missy from the vicarage," said the farmer. "Whoever sent you out such a night, my dear?" Amy's heart was beating wildly, but she managed to say that two thieves were breaking open the boxes in the church, and that one of them was the new ostler at the Blue Boar. "The villains!" muttered Rodgers. "Run home, my dear, as fast as you can, and tell your father I will be after them with my men, and if they are not caught in a twinkling, my name is not Rodgers!"

By the time Amy reached her home, her strength was quite exhausted; when she entered the study, after an incoherent attempt to explain what had happened, her poor little overwrought brain and frame gave way and she fell on the floor.

Her father saw the situation at a glance, rang for help, and took the wet, shivering child in his arms. As he carried her upstairs, she regained consciousness for a few seconds, her heavy eyes opened, and she feebly said, "Please, father, will you forgive Jack?"

"Yes, my darling," he answered, "far more readily than Jack will be likely to forgive himself."

That was an eventful evening in the village. The thieves were captured, and numerous enquiries were made after the brave little maiden, who had given the alarm and saved the church from pillage. But her life hung in the balance, fever ran high, and many anxious days and nights passed before the doctor pronounced her out of danger.

Jack learnt a lesson during those days which he never forgot in after life. No one could reproach that sad conscience-stricken boy, whose patient watch by his sister's bedside it was most touching to behold.

One morning mother called Jack into her room. "The crisis is over," she said, "and our darling has had a quiet sleep. When she wakes, I should like her to see your face first!" After a time Amy opened her eyes, and whispered, "Mother, have I been ill a long time?" "About three weeks, my child." Amy seemed puzzled; then a smile lit up her face, as she held out her little wasted hand to her brother, saying, "But I made it all right first about the key—didn't I, dear old Jack?"

L. MAINGAY.

Which Way?

THERE is an unfixed boundary, at which
Manhood begins, though boyhood's not quite ended;
Where manly breasts are still in fancy rich,
And youthful ones have sense—the two states blended.

This point is like the branching of two roads,
At which a sign-post stands to guide you right,
Where youth, still ignorant of moral codes,
Must choose between the darkness and the light.

Sin, on the one hand, radiant, fair in face,
  Tempts him to follow down her broad smooth way,
With Syren-voice and Atalantine grace
  She strives to rob him of his strength to pray.

But, on the other, angel-forms divine
  Assist the wavering youth with signs of love,
Show him the rough hill-path in broken line,
  Winding laboriously to realms above:

Show him that path his loving mother trod,
  Striving and conquering with watch and prayer,
Tell him how now she trusting rests in God,
  And with great longing watches for him there.

"Which way?" they cry—Sin echoing cries, "Which way?"
  "Oh youth! thou now must choose between these two
Would'st thou strive heavenward to eternal day?
  Follow thy conscience' voice, 'twill lead thee true!"

ALEXANDER MICHIE.

Hymn for Children.

SINFUL, weak and worthless
  Though my heart may be,
I've a precious Saviour!
  Jesus died for me.

When my heart is heavy,
  Pressed with sin's great load,
I will look to Jesus,
  Trust His cleansing blood.

When my heart is happy,
  And the way is bright,
I will sing to Jesus,
  Praise Him with my might.

When my heart is lonely,
  Sorrowful and sad,
I will look to Jesus,
  He will make me glad.

When I'm very busy,
  Work so hard to do,
I will look to Jesus,
  He will bring me through.

When my heart is troubled,
  When I'm full of care,
I will look to Jesus,
  He will hear my prayer.

When I'm very weary,
  Suff'ring and oppressed,
I will look to Jesus,
  He will give me rest.

And should death draw near me,
  Still I'll look above,
Trust my soul with Jesus,
  Bless Him for His love.

I will look to Jesus
  Till I see Him come
In the clouds of glory,
  To receive me home.

Jesus, my Redeemer!
  Jesus, Lord and King!
May I ever love Thee,
  And Thy praises sing!

S. GERALDINA STOCK

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

NO. VI.

1. Those for whom special provision was made in the Mosaic law; who are termed blessed in the Gospel teaching; among whose ranks our Lord chose to be; and yet who were then and now looked down upon by the world.

2. A tender part of the human body mentioned in two passages of the Old Testament as illustrating God's care of His people Israel.

3. That which barred the way back to Eden; for which Balaam wished, and then saw in the hand of an angel; and to which the word of God is compared.

4. The building to which, in every place, Christ repaired to teach the people. One was built by the centurion who appealed to our Lord on behalf of his servant.

5. The name given to the most holy place in Solomon's temple.

6. Another term used for the poison of asps.

7. The care of this bird over her young ones is likened to God's solicitude over His people Israel; and to its rapid flight is compared the passing away of riches.

8. On this a babe slept; here was the first public recognition of Jesus as the Son of God; and beside it was found a place for united prayer.

The initials and finals form two of the titles of Christ—the one identifying Him with one of the Jewish feasts, the other giving His name as the Saviour of men.

A. E. R.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. IV.

1. It contains a command of God.

2. The command was given to one mentioned by our Lord with "the prophets"; the scribes and Pharisees were said to sit in his seat, and Stephen was accused of speaking "blasphemous words" against him.

3. The command is strange, and seems a dangerous one to obey.

4. It alludes to a living creature which had a very short existence.

5. One particular part of the creature is mentioned.

6. The command is obeyed, and the danger disappears.

7. The command had been preceded by a question and a miracle, and the obedience is followed by three other miracles and a promise; yet complaint, not faith, is the result.

8. The first six words are very often repeated in the same book, and frequently stand at the head of chapters.

9. It contains mention of a common possession, which afterwards became a sign of great power associated with the name of God.

10. It contains thirty-three words, and is in the early part of a chapter of more than thirty verses.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.—p. 62.

1. L ette R . . . . . { 2 Sam. xi. 14; 2 Kings xix. 14; Esth. iii. 13; viii. 10.
2. A hi O . . . . . 2 Sam. vi. 3.
3. M usi C . . . . . { 1 Sam. xviii. 6; 2 Chr. v. 13; Dan. iii. 5.
4. B ala K . . . . . Num. xxii. to end of xxiv.

Lamb . . . . . Exod. xii. 3–14.
Rock . . . . . Num. xx. 11; 1 Cor. x. 4.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE progress of events in East Africa continues to be watched with grave anxiety. The area of disturbance widens. We hear of inland raids—of massacres and wars in Masai-land, of revolution in Uganda. On the west, the German bombardment of Bagamayo has produced disastrous results. The British Indians, whose peaceful labours there were bearing appropriate fruit, have deserted their homes. The ground along the German coast is left uncultivated—the cultivators fearing to leave the houses in which they have taken shelter, lest they should be seized by the excited tribes and sold as slaves. The French Mission at Bagamayo has afforded refuge and food to 3000 homeless natives. In Zanzibar itself there is growing alarm, the people fearing the incursions of slave-stealing bands. The general ferment has not been lessened by the action of the Sultan. In an access of Mohammedan zeal and penitence, this potentate has restored capital punishment, which had been unknown for twenty-five years, and intimated his resolve by the execution of prisoners under circumstances of startling severity. Meanwhile, the blockade for the suppression of the slave-trade is in full force, but does not carry with it the sympathies of missionaries on the spot. Bishop Smythies writes strongly on the subject. So, too, a correspondent of the *Times*, versed in the details of the several missions, complains that all the interests which depended upon Zanzibar as a basis are in jeopardy by the conduct of the German authorities.

A FURTHER difficulty has arisen with Portugal. The *Free Church of Scotland Monthly*, while expressing the opinion that recent occurrences put all the missionary organisations in peril, calls attention to the attempt made in the name of Portugal to annex the healthy uplands of Mandala, Blantyre, and Zomba, including the road made by the late Mr. James Stewart, C.E., the martyred missionary engineer, at the joint cost of the Free and Established Churches. In a reply to the last joint-deputation of the missions, made to Lord Salisbury at his own request, the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of State declared that he would not allow Portugal to annex Nyasa-land. Her boundary is the Ruo river, not the distant Rovuma, as she herself acknowledged in the Fitzmaurice treaty, which party strife in England prevented Her Majesty from ratifying. A joint conference of the Scottish Churches and the African Lakes Company has since adopted a memorial to the Premier, pointing out that the district of Blantyre, Mandala, and the Upper Shiré is practically the headquarters of the whole Nyasa district—that there the British colonists have a flourishing settlement, with important missionary, trading, transport, and agricultural interests, situated upon high level, with healthy climate, and with regular British mail communication with the coast. Yet a Portuguese expedition of considerable strength has left Quilimane and is marching upon Blantyre, with the view of declaring it a Portuguese settlement.

THE reappearance of the Dervishes before Suakim, and the rumours that are floating up from the Soudan, true or untrue, are also indications of movement. Lieutenant Wissman's project for the relief of Emin Pasha, if carried forward, may entail other difficulties. The proposal in Belgium to form a volunteer force for service in Africa, points to still further developments. "Its mission," according to the *Times*, is to be "a general one, to repress crimes and offences as far as possible; but it is not to undertake offensive operations without special authorisation." We conclude—although it is not expressly so stated—that its action would be limited to the Congo territory.

WHILE the expectation of early news from Mr. Stanley has brought relief to anxieties that had become national, the possibilities of African travel have been again shown by Mr. Arnot in a journey from Natal to Bihé and Benguela, and thence across the central plateau of Africa to the sources of the Zambesi and Congo. His paper read to the Geographical Society shows him to be a traveller of the earlier type. The Vachibokwe people with whom he came in contact on the north bank of the Luena river, were remarkable for their activity and industry. Their wild, independent ways were a constant source of anxiety to him, but he suffered no injustice at their hands. These people were the first to discover a method of extracting rubber from the "Talamba" root, which has led to a great improvement in trade at Benguela and other parts: and this shows that these Africans are not altogether incapable of utilising the resources of their own country without the help of Europeans. Large quantities of bees'-wax also are procured by them for purposes of trade. Passing along the Congo river, he crossed the Lumese close to a small lake known by the name of Kalundu Water, which is, however, really an immense sandy plain, flooded to the depth of two or three feet during the rainy season. Although he travelled without a white or even a black companion, and with no body guard or show of arms, he never received any ill-treatment. Guns were carried by some of the party for hunting purposes: but he kept them out of sight during the day. Difficulties arose from time to time; but every difficult case he referred to native tribunals, demanding justice from them, and, without a single exception, he received nothing but just and fair treatment.

THERE are still abundant opportunities for peaceful labour, if the missionary is left undisturbed by secular aims. Recent letters show whole districts willing to listen and to learn, and nothing is more to be desired than that the Word of Life should be allowed to root itself, and bear the fruits natural to an African soil. As to what has been accomplished, Mr. Joseph Thomson bears testimony in the *Contemporary Review*. He has not been sparing of his criticisms on other occasions. Yet now he writes: "Missionaries have not made many converts, but they have undoubtedly raised the moral level of thousands they have come in contact with. They have made the name of Englishman revered and admired throughout the length and breadth of East Central Africa. They have roused unbounded confidence in his word and his good intentions; while his settlements have often become veritable sanctuaries and places of refuge in the midst of Africa's savage wastes, at the boundaries of which murderous and slave-hunting hosts pause and dare not venture to cross lest some terrible punishment fall upon them from the unseen power which protects the place."

THE crimes of exceptional horror which have stained the last few months are proof of the strength of evil passion which lurks under the cover of civilisation. Paris has rivalled London; the revolting details of scandal, lust, and murder, inflame the public mind, and seem but to provoke to fresh outbursts of wickedness. If these things are not directly to be ascribed to the deadening influence of materialistic teaching—if they are rather to be set down to human nature at its worst, civilised, yet unrestrained—yet the popular philosophies have not succeeded in providing any sufficient check to the downward tendency. "The youth of our schools," said M. Renan recently, "needs direction. The superior teaching is not that great salutary breeze which carries the young and ardent into the regions of the ideal. The enthusiasm of vast horizons is wanting. I regret the neglect of efforts to inspire our youth with religious sentiment. They cannot be required to attend mass, and there listen to fooleries (*inepties*). Gifted voices should be lifted up in the Sorbonne and our other great schools to raise the tone of the soul." These are the words of a man of imagination, hostile to much that we most value in Christianity; but are they not testimony to the need of the Gospel?

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S annual address to the members of the Positivist Society tends to a like conclusion. "One of the most melancholy forms which Imperialism was taking was," he said, "that kind of aggression which was new to our own generation, and seemed destined to occupy so much of the energies of the next—the partition and exploitation of the vast African Continent. Within the last twenty

years or so the white races of Europe had flung themselves on this unhappy soil with all the fury and greed of wreckers fighting for the plunder of a stranded ship. The task of civilizing the African race was one, no doubt, of extraordinary difficulty, but it could not be accomplished as a mere adjunct to the conquest of empire. What could control all these fiercely contending passions, of which he had spoken? Nothing but religion. It was just a hundred years since the new system, as it was called, was visibly inaugurated in France, amidst the hopes of many good men in many countries. But since that time what blood and tears had been shed! There had been wars, revolutions, and new Constitutions by the score, and endless unrest; and yet, withal, what noble strivings, what indomitable efforts for good were recorded in history! And, unless some new element was introduced, there was no reason why the course of events during the next hundred years or the next thousand years should not be the same. Why was it that France was preparing to celebrate her great Centenary in terror, in anger, in unrest, within and without? Could they doubt that the cause was that France undertook the most arduous of all tasks without religion—namely, the task of re-casting society and re-founding a nation France needed religion, and she had neither a remnant of the old one, nor, to speak of the nation at large, the very outline of a new one. What France had had to suffer, we in our turn and measure would, and so would other nations, unless we were wise in time. If the old theology could deal with all these things, in God's name, he said, let it do so, and it would receive every help from them in the effort. But, finding the religion of the past and the religion of the present failing utterly to control this earth, the Positivists turned for religion to this actual world of ours, to the laws which governed it, to the needs which it manifested, and especially to the great Humanity, past and present, and to come, which was the greatest and noblest living force, as science could certainly show us, to control our lives." So far the Positivist. His words may well be pondered, but our readers will draw their own conclusions. What would this "Great Humanity" be without Jesus Christ?

ONE result of recent discussions and difficulties seems likely to be the wider employment of lay workers on the mission field. The directors of the London Missionary Society have resolved "without interfering with the existing rules of the Society relative to the training of students for missionary service, to encourage offers of service from young unmarried men, of approved Christian character and good general education, who have not passed through a theological training at college, but have been successfully engaged in Christian work." Such candidates, if accepted, are to be appointed as lay workers for a term of years. The Church Missionary Society has already made a movement in the same direction, though under somewhat different conditions.

SAMOA, which has so long been a centre of missionary life in the South Pacific, has been recently disturbed by war between rival chieftains; and now we learn that a party of Germans landing have been attacked—an incident likely to be followed by reprisals which may have very serious results in the future of the island.

FROM Madagascar we hear of a revival of religious feeling. At Betsileo many have come forward, and professed a desire to lead new lives. At Antanànarivo there are signs of similar awakening. The visit of Mrs. Leavitt, from Boston, U.S., the honorary secretary of "The Women's National Christian Temperance Union," had been welcomed by the missionaries, for "drinking habits," which have been unfortunately acquiring more power in Madagascar, and intemperance and impurity, are among the chief hindrances to progress. Other facts indicate the unsettlement of the country. "For four or five years past there has been an alarming increase in crimes of violence. Housebreaking in and around the capital is exceedingly common; and away north and north-west, from one to three days' journey distant from Antanànarivo, large bands of marauders have almost depopulated extensive districts. A great company of about six hundred of these have, it is said, formed an armed camp, from which they sally forth and make raids upon the villages, carrying off people by the score and selling them into slavery, also sweeping off cattle by hundreds. The condition of the people is pitiable in the extreme; numbers of the schools and churches are completely broken up, and, so far, the Government seems utterly powerless to put a stop to this state of things."

THE intolerance which prevails in Russia has received painful illustration in the case of a Lutheran minister, who gave the communion to a member of the Greek church. This he did by way of protest against the laws which forbid the reception of members of the Greek church into the Lutheran fold. He was arrested, and ordered to be sent to Siberia when his reason gave way. He is now in a lunatic asylum, while his wife and children are beggared.

THE new Servian constitution contains articles opposed to the religious liberty which was secured by the Berlin Treaty. While one article states that "freedom of conscience is unlimited," and that "all recognised religions are free, and stand under the protection of the law, in so far as the exercise of their ceremonies does not offend against public order or morals;" the next declares that "every act detrimental to the Eastern Orthodox faith, such as proselytism, is forbidden." The *Times'* correspondent states that the Treaty of Berlin has already been ignored in Servia in the case of the Nazarenes. These persons are an inoffensive sect, who have the same tenets as the Quakers, and object in particular to the bearing of arms, although they are willing to serve in army hospitals. One Sunday a congregation of seventeen Nazarenes, including several women, were arrested at Belgrade while assembled for worship, and fourteen of them were detained some weeks in prison without receiving notices of the charges to be preferred against them. On two former occasions Nazarenes were sentenced to imprisonment by the police tribunals, but ministerial decisions quashed the findings of the Courts as illegal. This time the Government took no action, although it was represented on behalf of the prisoners that their mere opinions, and especially the opinions of women, could not constitute an offence. The act of refusing to serve in the army would, of course, be a different matter, but it is punishable at common law. It must be added that in Roumania and Bulgaria religious liberty has been fully allowed.

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, the well-known traveller, now Vice-Consul on the Niger, read recently a paper before the Geographical Society, in which, referring to the degrading snake and lizard worship that formerly prevailed in that region, he bore this testimony: "For its effectual abolishment, which has been of the greatest benefit to the well-being of Europeans and Natives alike, we owe our thanks, not to the intervention of naval or consular officials, nor to the bluff remonstrances of traders, but to the quiet, unceasing labours of the agents of the Church Missionary Society."

THE "various turns of fate below" were curiously illustrated by the sale of a relic of *linga*-worship recently in London. This particular *linga*—a mystical symbol of Hindoo worship—is said to have been secreted by the consort of the last King of Delhi, when that monarch was exiled to the Andaman Islands. It consists of a solid gold pyramid, around which are placed nine gems—a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberge, coral, pearl, hyacinthine garnet, yellow sapphire, and emerald. Round the apex is a plinth set with diamonds, and on it a topaz shaped like a horseshoe, in the centre of which is an enormous cat's eye standing upright. It was knocked down to a dealer for 2,450*l.*

THE Amir of Bokhara, while admitting Russian merchandise of all kinds, has made a stipulation according to which no liquors are to be introduced into Bokhara, except for the strict use of the Russian embassy and the members of the European colony in the town of Bokhara.

THE work of the Royal National Life-boat Institution during the past year has resulted in the rescue of 617 persons from death by drowning on our coasts. The life-boats were also instrumental in either helping into safe waters or in saving from total destruction twenty-five vessels, and in addition they conveyed to shore many fishing-boats overtaken by gales. The Society has now 293 boats, many of which are of the newest type. Philanthropic work of this kind should be noted the world round. It happily needs no commendation to the sympathies of Christian people.