THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

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

A CHILD CONFIDANTE.

CHAPTER XVII.—ON BOTH SIDES.

HERMIONE would never place herself in a false position, by striving after that to which she had no lawful right. She had too much tact and sense; too much regard for her own dignity, and for appearances generally.

So soon as she saw clearly that Harvey and Julia were real master and mistress, that she herself was merely a subordinate member of the household, she withdrew all claims to authority, giving everything over into Julia's hands.

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There were no struggles, no clashings. The change was made at once, well and thoroughly. If Slade appealed to her: "I am not the mistress now, Slade," she would say meekly, "you must go to Mrs. Dalrymple." If Milton brought a complaint as of old: "I have nothing to do with it now, Milton," she would answer, with a touch of gentle sorrow. "I can only advise you to speak to Mrs. Dalrymple." If the head-gardener desired her opinion: "I think I had better leave it all alone," she would reply, sighing. "Mr. Dalrymple must decide. It is better for me not to interfere."

Somehow her sweet sad look and pensive utterances had an unhealthy effect on those around. Hermione did not intend this, of course; people seldom do intend to do any harm. She only wanted sympathy, and liked to be interesting; and she did not measure the extent of her influence. But the Hall servants and the villagers began more and more to look upon her as one cheated out of her rights—"that poor dear young lady!" they called her—while in inverse ratio they grumbled over the "new master and mistress," not to speak of "that there furrin lady, with her fly-away hair—and she a widder!!"—this being usually the climax of rustic indignation. Harvey was aware of averted glances and grumpy answers; but neither he nor any one, certainly not Hermione herself, knew how closely they were connected with Hermione herself.

There could be no doubt that Mrs. Trevor, the dependent "widder," had the upper hand of her sister and brother-in-law. Julia was nominal mistress; but Mrs. Trevor ruled through Julia.

Though Harvey saw and disapproved, he was too lazy a man to stand out, except where his own comforts were concerned, and he had not much chance against Mrs. Trevor. It would have been his wish that nothing in the house should be altered during at least some weeks, having regard to Hermione's feelings; and Julia had no wish in the matter apart from his. Nevertheless, before a week passed, the drawing-room had undergone complete transformation at Mrs. Trevor's hands. Harvey shrugged his shoulders, but submitted; and Hermione said nothing. She only held calmly and proudly aloof, determined to make no sign of pain.

This proud distance of bearing was noted by Julia Dalrymple, with a sense of strong disappointment.

For, despite what her husband had said about not taking Hermione as her model, Julia had looked forward much and wistfully to Hermione's companionship.

She was growingly conscious of something lacking in herself, something which she could not at all define, even while she was aware of the want. There was a sense of dissatisfaction, of worthlessness, in all she had to do; express it how one will, it came to this, that Julia hungered after what she had not, and she saw no means of getting it unless through Hermione.

No use to go to her husband. Julia had learnt so much by this time; had learnt it with a new pain. Dear as he was to her, passionately as she loved him, they were in touch only as to the things of every-day life. Beyond, all was haze. Julia stood alone and lonely in her higher cravings; for if he ever experienced the same he would not avow it.

But here was Hermione Rivers, good, really good; a thoroughly religious person; one who read her Bible regularly, and believed in the power of prayer; one who taught in the Sunday-school, and found pleasure in church-going, and went in for good works generally. Julia might have a certain dread of over-much religious talk; yet that dread had gone down lately before the stronger desire to learn. After weeks of delay, she had come to Westford Hall, full of the thought, anxiously expectant of what she might gain from Hermione.

Then disappointment fell. For the first greeting was chill, the after-companionship was nought, the religious atmosphere was nowhere. This excellently good and devoted girl, from whom Julia had expected so much, was hardly more to her than a pensive and lovely shadow, coming and going indeed among them, but holding aloof, living a life apart, seldom speaking needlessly.

Julia's loneliness grew upon her as time went by. Harvey was very busy, riding about the place, looking into necessary matters which did not interest her at all.

As to Harvey there was no getting below the surface with him. He distinctly repelled any attempt on her part to do so: distinctly shrank from it. Julia became more and more aware of a certain something in him which she could not fathom. There was a locked door: and she might not glance through the door.

So weeks passed: and two lonely hearts walked side by side under the same roof; one a girl's and one a wife's; never touching, for Hermione never guessed that the other needed her love.

Mittie ran wild these summer days, delighting in the country; yet not so wild as some thought, for a new influence had crept into her life, and already the plastic child-nature was responsive to the moulding touch of that influence. A governess was talked of, but Francesca said tranquilly: "No hurry; she might as well enjoy herself first;" and neither Francesca nor anyone else at the Hall knew how the child haunted the rectory. Even Hermione hardly realised it. Perhaps because she had not been to see the Fitzalans so often lately as usual.

She was a little shy of another *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fitzalan. It was impossible to forget that he had been allowed an unwonted glimpse into her true self: and Hermione could hardly forgive herself for certain things she had said.

Harry Fitzalan was not much at Westford through his long vacation; not half so much as he wished to be. He had made other arrangements in the spring; and they could not now be broken through.

"You look uncommonly dismal this afternoon, my dear," Mrs. Trevor remarked to Julia, one autumn day.

"Do I?" Julia had been yawning covertly behind a book. "I suppose there is nothing to be cheerful about."

"Because Harvey is out? You don't expect him to give up shooting, and sit at home all day?"

Julia merely said, "No."

"Perhaps you will like to hear that I asked him this morning if we were to spend the rest of the year in rural captivity?"

"Did you?" Julia privately thought this question ought rather to have emanated from herself. "And he said——"

"Said he didn't know, of course! Harvey would not have been Harvey, if he had made any other answer."

"He was talking of Scotland the other evening,—only he seemed doubtful about Hermione."

Julia regretted her own words as soon as they were spoken. Mrs. Trevor rounded her eyes with a look of horror.

"Scotch moors! After this! Very well for Harvey of course, out shooting all day—but imagine our condition! No, no; I had set my heart on Brighton. Plenty going on there. We all are getting positively stupified, with the lack of a little wholesome excitement. As for Hermione, nothing would do that girl more good than to be shaken out of her pet rut. She has nothing on earth to do now, except to pity herself, and to go gossiping round with the villagers. Mischief-making, in fact."

The door opened slightly and was shut again, nobody coming in.

"Francesca, do be careful. If that was Hermione, she must have heard."

"She will only have heard a home-truth for once. Do her no harm—that."

Francesca snapped her fingers lightly, with a a little laugh, not quite agreeable in sound.

"I don't want her to hear home-truths from us. Harvey would be vexed. He is always so anxious that we should make her happy."

"She doesn't make herself so, whatever we may do. I'll tell you what, Julia, if people profess to be religious, they ought, in sheer common sense, to recommend their religion by being civil and pleasant, to say the least. I've no patience with this sort of nonsense—setting up for being a saint—and making everybody wretched with her airs and tempers."

A red spot rose to either cheek, as Mrs. Trevor burst into these unwonted utterances.

Julia gazed with astonished eyes. "Why, Francesca!" she said.

"Oh, you don't know—you don't understand half. You never see what is before your eyes. I know exactly what it all means, and how we are looked upon here. It's a case of angelic sweetness oppressed by hard-hearted relatives! Want of home-sympathy and all the rest of it! I wonder how long you expect it to be before you get beyond a distant acquaintance with all the people round about?"

"But you don't suppose ——"

"My dear, I suppose nothing. I know only that Hermione acts her part consistently and cleverly. She doesn't count it to be acting, of course. Nobody does, except my naughty self. It is genuine depression, broken-heartedness, *et cetera.*"

"I wish you would not sneer at everything and everybody," Julia said, standing up. "I shall go for a walk."

A solitary ramble was not ill-suited to Julia's taste. She liked time for thought, and there was a good deal to think about just now in her life.

Francesca's words rankled considerably. Could there be truth in them? Was Hermione unreal?

A difficult question this for any outsider to answer with respect to another, difficult enough for Hermione herself. For with many people self-knowledge is very small in amount; and there are almost unlimited capabilities of self-deception. Reality and unreality are often strangely intermixed: and entire transparency is as rare as it is beautiful.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A CHILD CONFIDANTE.

"Marjory, you dear!" a soft voice said.

Julia had been for a good ramble, and was now on her way homeward through the meadow which bounded the Fitzalans' kitchen-garden. It was a low-lying meadow, sloping downward to the willow-fringed border of a small stream; and Julia went among the willows to the very edge, regardless of mud. She had on thick boots, and the trickle of water proved attractive. While standing there, bent forward in an attitude of observation, the lovingly-uttered words reached her from behind.

"Marjory, you dear!"

Julia straightened her back, and glanced round. She recognised Mittie's voice, of course, though the tender intonation was not usual.

Just beyond the willow-margin Mittie had taken up her position on a slight grassy rise, her ungloved hands clasped, her black eyes glowing, her rosy lips pouting as if in readiness for a kiss.

But as Julia turned, Mittie's face fell.

"Oh, I thought it was Marjory! Aunt Julia, you'll go right into the water if you stay there. It's as slippery as anything."

So Julia found when she attempted to beat a retreat. The mud was in a half-dry slimy condition, not favourable to upward progress, and the child's prediction was very nearly fulfilled. Julia grasped at the willows, and had a struggle to reach firmer ground.

"What made you go down there, aunt Julia? Marjory told me I mustn't never, if I was alone."

"I suppose I went because I was not under orders," Julia answered. "What made you look so sorry to see me, Mittie?"

Children do not often mince matters. The reply came unhesitatingly: "I wanted Marjory. She's such a dear."

"You ought to call her Miss Fitzalan."

"Marjory says I needn't."

"Well, it is getting late. You had better come home with me now."

"O no, I can't. I want to see my Marjory."

"But it is too damp for you, here. I am sure your mother won't like it."

Julia said her say, and was about to go on, not in the least expecting compliance from the spoilt

child. To her surprise a deep sigh sounded, and Mittie's hand stole into hers.

"Yes, I'll come. Though I do want most dreadfully to see my Marjory; but I promised I wouldn't be naughty."

Here was something new, certainly. Julia revolved the matter in her mind for some seconds, as they proceeded by the muddy foot-path, Mittie's voice interrupted her cogitations.

"Don't you love Marjory, aunt Julia?"

"I hardly know Miss Fitzalan," Julia answered.

"Well, I do. I love her, oh, ever so much. She is as good as can be, a great deal gooder than cousin Hermione, only Marjory won't let me say so; but I know it all the same. There's a funny old woman down in the village, and I went to see her with Marjory, and she calls cousin Hermione an angel. Isn't that funny? Oh, yes; and so does old Sutton. He says cousin Hermione only wants wings, aunt Julia. I did laugh so; I couldn't help laughing, though Marjory made a face at me to stop. It was so funny to think of cousin Hermione having wings. But I think Marjory is a great deal more like an angel than cousin Hermione, because you know she is so kind to everybody, and cousin Hermione isn't kind to everybody. She isn't kind to you nor mother, nor me. I don't mean that she's 'xactly unkind, you know, but she makes up a sort of proper face, like that—" Mittie pursed her lips together, and stared solemnly ahead for two seconds—"and she won't smile nor have any fun. When she speaks to the servants or anybody that's poor she smiles as pretty as can be, but not to us, aunt Julia."

"Little girls must not make remarks on grown-up people," Julia replied, somewhat startled by the amount of infantine penetration.

Mittie looked thoughtful. Was she impressed by the rebuke?

"Aunt Julia," came at length with portentous seriousness, "should you think the angels haven't never any fun?"

"Really, Mittie——"

"Well, I asked Marjory one day, 'cause I wanted to know. And Marjory said, there was lots in the Bible about singing, and laughing, and being merry—only she said it had got to be the right sort. I suppose cousin Hermione hasn't learnt the right sort. Marjory is always so good and dear; and she never grumbles; and she does such lots for everybody; and she loves me, and I love her—heaps!"

Then—after a long pause—

"And Marjory is going to teach me how to be good too, and not to do wrong."

"I am sure you will be a much happier little girl, if you always do what is right," Julia said sedately, not prepared for the prompt return-question, "Are you happy, aunt Julia?"

Julia's heart throbbed in sad response. She could not say "yes;" and she would not say "no."

"What makes you ask?"

"'Cause you don't look as if you was—so very?" the child answered.

"Perhaps I am not," Julia admitted. "But you mustn't repeat that to anybody."

"Not to my Marjory?"

"No; certainly not."

Mittie pressed her little self closer to Julia's side in affectionate wise. "I do love you to-day, —ever so much. And I know quite well why you're not happy. It isn't because you're naughty. You're good."

"No; not good. No; I wish I were."

"Then, aunt Julia, if you aren't good, why don't you tell Jesus?"

The childish question, falling reverently from those rosy lips, dropped like dew of heaven upon the arid plain of Julia's heart. She said nothing at first; only turned the words over and over in her mind. But presently a counter-query rose, and she spoke it out—"If I did—what then?"

"If you did tell Jesus, aunt Julia?" in wondering accents.

"Yes. What good would that do?"

"Why, aunt Julia! Don't you know that everybody who came to Him was always healed? Marjory says so."

Julia offered no response. They walked through the village in silence which was broken only by an occasional remark from Mittie, scarcely heard. "Tell Jesus—why don't you tell Jesus?" sounded in Julia's ears, like some exquisite refrain; and she would have liked to ask—"Why should I? Would He care to hear?" —but the utmost she could resolve to say was, after they had entered the Hall grounds, "Sometimes you can talk to me about what you learn from Miss Fitzalan."

"Oh, may I? Yes, I'll talk lots. Marjory won't mind."

"Marjory need not know. I don't want you to be chattering about me to her,—making her think that I am not happy," Julia said, with questionable prudence, considering the age of her little companion. "Mittie, what did you mean just now by saying that you knew quite well why——"

Julia hesitated how to express herself, but Mittie caught up the sentence with cheerful promptitude.

"Oh, I only meant, aunt Julia, that when you're not happy it's because of uncle Harvey being such a naughty man."

"Nonsense, Mittie! What are you thinking about?" cried Julia, indignant at the suggestion.

"I know! Old Sutton told me yesterday."

"Told you what?"

"About uncle Harvey. He's got all cousin Hermione's money, and it is very wicked of him." Julia was for the moment voiceless, and Mittie proceeded calmly; "Old Sutton says cousin Hermione bears it like an angel, and everybody is so very sorry for her, and nobody likes uncle Harvey. And I don't like him neither, not near so much as I did, and I think I won't let him kiss me so often."

"Mittie! for shame! You don't know what you are saying!" panted Julia. She could almost have shaken the child, yet she restrained herself, not even setting free the little hand which she held. Mittie was unaware of her wrath.

"But old Sutton told me, aunt Julia, and he knows. Doesn't it make you sorry, uncle Harvey behaving like that?"

"Mittie, listen to me!" Julia turned upon the

child an agitated face. She could hardly hold in her passion. "Listen to me! You are never, never to say such things about your uncle—never!" she exclaimed, "they are false and cruel. Sutton has been talking wicked untruths. He must be a very bad old man. Uncle Harvey is a dear good uncle to you, and I wonder you are not ashamed to listen to anything against him. The money is his rightly—not Hermione's. It never was or could be Hermione's. The estate was entailed upon him, which, of course, you can't understand: but that means that Hermione has no sort of right to the place. Your uncle gives Hermione a home, and he is not obliged to do even that—it is all kindness. Will you remember what I am saying?"

Mittie seemed to acquiesce in a childish fashion, and on entering the house she ran away. Julia could not resolve to enter the drawing-room at once. She was scared and angry still with the shock of that accusation. It was unendurable that people in the place should be saying such things of her husband. And if the notion were widely spread, how was it to be met? Shutting Mittie's lips would not shut the lips of other people.

Ten minutes later she stole down to the library, believing that Harvey would be there, and her belief proved correct. A small lamp, lighted, stood on the escritoire, and Harvey sat before it, writing letters. Papers strewn carelessly about spoke of a less orderly nature in the present than in the past owner of Westford. As Julia went in, he glanced up with a smile, his ordinary greeting: and, then, perhaps he noticed something unusual in her face, for he asked at once—"Anything gone wrong?"

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you."

"Nonsense. Tell me, of course. Francesca to wit? Or is it Mittie?"

Julia sat down, beyond the corner of the escritoire, looking at him across it.

"Not Francesca, but Mittie," she said. "I don't mean that Mittie is to blame. She is allowed to chatter with everybody. Only think of the old gardener at the Fitzalans' talking to that child about us—about you——"

"He is welcome!" Harvey said carelessly, as his wife hesitated. The thought of Hermione was not in his mind just then.

"You have not heard yet. Talking about Hermione, and actually telling Mittie that you had taken possession of the money which ought to belong to Hermione."

Julia stopped, staring at her husband with wide-open eyes. She had never seen him wear exactly such an expression before as he wore now. The words were evidently startling and unexpected. His face seemed to harden, each feature partaking of a general rigidity, and his colour distinctly lessened.

Ad Christum.

SPEAK to us, Master and King, who wait but to hear Thy word;
The same that aeons ago the awe-stricken chaos heard.

O Christ of the ages past, will the Christ of the future rise,
And Thou as a phantom flee before his glorious eyes?

Nay, nay, when the veil is rent, and the world at last shall see,
No stranger Christ shall it know, but Thee and only Thee.

The same That, baby-weak, to the breast of a mother clung;
The same on Whose will and word the soul of creation hung.

The very Man Who came, those hundreds of years ago,
And died on a shameful cross, Love's Martyr and King of woe;

The very God of delight, the Source and Giver of joy,
The great clear Sun that shines, undimmed of the world's annoy.

Thou Riches of all the poor, Thou Champion of all the wronged;
Thou Strengthener of feeble hearts that for justice and truth have longed;

Thou Seer of faintest right, Discerner of smallest good,
We shrink not from Thee who are weak, because Thou hast understood.

The terrible eyes shall burn away our falsehood and sin;
Thy loveful face shall light to the heaven Thy children win;

The heaven which is God; for Thou said'st, O Thou the Faithful and True,
That he who hath seen the Son, he hath seen the Father too.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

PUBLIC WORSHIP IN AMERICA.

AN Englishman visiting the United States cannot fail to be struck with certain diversities of manner and usage. It does not follow that he is to criticise and condemn. Customs vary with localities and surroundings. Some that prevail in England doubtless appear strange to an American. Men are to a large extent the creatures of habit. There are unwritten laws that regulate many social things. To assign reasons and explanations would be impossible. A wise and practical observer notes and submits to the changes in his environment without much trouble to himself, and certainly without dreaming of censure upon others. It must not be supposed that in referring to methods of public worship across the Atlantic, as they appear to a traveller over a large part of a wide domain, any hypercriticism or fancied superiority is being exhibited. Church life and work in America present much that is admirable and beautiful. The zeal, the munificence, the self-sacrifice, the spiritual power displayed, and the marvellous extension of Christian enterprise over new and almost boundless territories, command respect and praise in no stinted measure. In the large cities and towns, and in many small places, church buildings and their adjuncts for school, social, and mission purposes, are far beyond what is ordinarily seen in England. They present, as a rule, an air of comfort and refinement, as if it were determined that the House of God should be decorous and beautiful. The appliances for organized Christian effort, and for the fostering of what may be termed the family life of the church, are specially adapted to the ends in view. An immense variety and extent of labour is carried on for the purpose of instructing, elevating and saving the people around. Women largely participate in this, and Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavour have been widely established.

Yet a friendly visitor has his attention arrested by some novelties, about which he cannot at first make up his mind. Even the multiplication of churches and agencies comes as a surprise. In traversing the railroads he cannot help observing that every small town is furnished with church edifices far beyond present requirements. It is not uncommon to see five, or six, or more denominations represented in a place of a thousand inhabitants, or even fewer. It is admitted that the ground is too thickly covered for actual needs. The consequence is that there are many small, feeble, struggling congregations, whose ministers have to become beneficiaries upon the Home Mission funds of the bodies to which they belong. The evil is recognized, and is indeed indisputable. The question is, how to provide an effectual remedy? The leaders of various religious denominations have seriously considered the matter, and in some cases have agreed not to encourage or assist in the multiplication of churches where they are not really required. The amount of work that imperatively needs to be done, especially in the West, with its marvellous growth, is so large and urgent, that there can be no excuse for expending time, labour, and money on fields where workmen abound. The practical common-sense which marks the nation, and which is carried into missionary and benevolent enterprises, will assuredly regulate this matter.

The names given to many of the sacred edifices appear singular. It may be insular prejudice that shrinks from the association of such phraseology with material structures as is found in the Church of the Divine Paternity; or, the Church of the Holy Ghost; or, the Church of the Covenant; or, the Church of the Heavenly Rest; or, the Church of the Strangers; or, the Church of the Incarnation. These are not Roman Catholic churches, but are devoted to Protestant worship. The subjects of sermons are not infrequently announced, and the object appears to be to make them startling, and even sensational. Topics of the day are brought into the pulpit, and are handled with a breadth and a freedom that astonish a stranger. It would be curious to ascertain how many discourses have been preached in America upon the novel, "Robert Elsmere." Another subject that has been extensively dealt with is the Sunday newspaper. During the Civil War, people were impatient for news, and so most of the daily journals brought out Sunday editions. The taste thus created continues to be supplied. New York, Boston, Chicago, and other great cities are flooded with Sunday papers, of from sixteen to thirty-two large pages, filled with news from all parts of the world, with essays, stories, thrilling incidents, and all the varied matters that go to make up "a live journal." Nearly everybody purchases these papers. They furnish the chief occupation and mental aliment of many. Church-goers read them before and after service. Clergymen declaim against them. Newspaper writers defend them. A denunciatory sermon is regarded as a good advertisement. In any case, the editors always get the last word. Sometimes they offer a vindication, because they give on the Monday several columns of reports of discourses by popular preachers.

Another thing that strikes a stranger, as already pointed out, is the care bestowed upon the musical part of the service. In not a few cases it might be said that money is lavished, if not squandered, in this way. An elaborate organ is provided, and a skilled performer is engaged. He is usually assisted by a quartette choir, of two ladies and two gentlemen, but sometimes of four male voices. These are professional singers, who are paid, in towns, from fifty to three hundred pounds each a year; and in rare cases even more. An eager and unhealthy rivalry exists among the music committees of various churches to secure

the best talent. A performer is often induced to leave one church for another by the inducement of a higher salary. The florid manner and style of the concert-hall are introduced into the House of God. Often, the paid singing men and women occupy a place more conspicuous than the minister. Sometimes they leave the church when their part of the performance is ended, returning in time for the closing hymn. Congregational psalmody is rare. The exhortation, "Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee," is unheeded by many. Most of the praise is rendered vicariously. In non-Episcopal churches, which constitute the great majority in America, the custom is for the choir to render the chief part of the singing; the congregation sitting and listening. Usually two hymns, and often only one, form the portion allotted to the people. The service opens with an elaborate prelude on the organ, followed by an anthem or an oratorio piece by the choir, who also fill up most of the frequent intervals between other parts of worship. Taking a commercial view, some people do not hesitate to say that they pay from five to eight thousand dollars a year for their church music, and they expect to obtain the money's worth.

The church musical services effloresce, however, at Christmas and Easter. Elaborate preparations and rehearsals take place. The quartette choir is sometimes doubled. Announcements appear in the newspapers of the music to be performed. Everything is subordinated to this, in many of the leading churches. True, there is a certain amount of preaching and of devotional exercises, but these are reduced to a minimum. At a prominent Presbyterian church in New York on the Sunday before last Christmas, the sermon was exactly fourteen minutes in duration, and the lessons and prayers occupied twenty. The choir absorbed the remaining fifty-five minutes, excepting that one of the hymns and the doxology were sung by the congregation. This is far from being a solitary case on such occasions. Sometimes it is needful to close the outer doors, so as to exclude persons who rush from church to church merely to listen to the singing. It is not uncommon for people to say that they will go to a certain church, not for the worship, or to hear the preacher, but because some renowned soprano or tenor sings there. Extra attractions are held out by the introduction of the harp, the cornet, the violoncello or some other instrument. The Monday papers chronicle and criticise the display, just as if it were a concert. Intimations are given that some special performance "will be repeated next Sunday by request." Some papers are in the habit of adding other particulars, such as the names of the prominent persons among the congregation, and the dresses worn by ladies. This sounds incredible, but it is strictly true. It is on a par with methods long pursued in American journalism, of describing the personal appearance and the mannerisms of preachers and other public speakers. It is supposed that readers are specially interested in knowing the height, build, and weight of a minister or lecturer, the colour of his hair, his style of features, and how he dressed. Everybody in America lives in a glass house, and everybody else is at liberty to look in.

All these are statements of fact. It must not be supposed that there is no reverence. If there appears a lack of devoutness, such a thing, probably, is not intended or thought of by the general habit of assuming overcoats and wrappers, and collecting hats, gloves, and umbrellas, while the last line or two of the closing hymn are sung, so as to be able to rush out the moment the benediction is pronounced. Esteemed American friends would not admit that this was done, until their attention was drawn to it. There are of course exceptions, notably in the Episcopal church, where more of a spirit of outward decorum prevails. Eminent clergymen of that communion, like Dr. Morgan Dix, of the historic Trinity Church, of New York, are perpetually protesting against the unseemly haste and the morbid sensationalism that have come over much of the religious life and habits of the nation. It is a part of the universal tension and rush that prevail. There is little or no sense of repose; they are afraid lest they should be outstripped, by ever so little. They work at full speed and at high pressure. Their recreations are taken in the same way. It is so with their religion. The habit has grown upon them, and is now like a second nature. Perhaps it suits them, but it appears strange and repellent to others. All this is said, not in the way of censure, but as a record of facts. There is also the full and free recognition of goodness, consecration, usefulness, and spiritual power and beauty, so largely met with among Trans-Atlantic Christians, of every name. In numberless instances they set a noble example of personal service and of large-hearted munificence. The sound of their great deeds has gone forth into all Christian lands, and their missionary enterprise is heroic and sublime. While gladly recognising so much that is worthy, honourable, and lovely, candour and fidelity compel such a recital as has been given of things that appear incongruous to a friendly visitor. One other reference only need be made.

On what is known as the Back Bay, in the city of Boston, in the midst of large family hotels and fashionable houses, there are a number of spacious and handsome churches, some of which cost from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds, and even more. One of these is the imposing minster-like edifice where the Rev. Phillips Brooks preaches. Within bowshot is what is called, by a confusion of terms, the New Old South Church (Congregational), whose ecclesiastical history dates back to the year 1669. Within sight, and almost within sound, of these are ten or twelve other churches of various denominations. Their pulpits are filled by distinguished men. Great expense is incurred in the musical part of the services. In some, ornamentation and æstheticism are carried to an extreme. People come from all parts of the city to listen to their favourite preachers and their favourite singers and organists. The tramways or horse-cars, as they are termed, are extensively used. Long lines of these, and many private

carriages, are drawn up, waiting for the worshippers, who cannot complain of being kept too long. The usual hour for commencing on Sunday morning is half-past ten, and the buildings are emptied and the doors are closed before twelve. It is usual for the school to assemble immediately, the session lasting for an hour. The lecture-room or chapel devoted to this purpose is bright, attractive, and comfortable. Sometimes it is elegant in its appointments. The floor is carpeted. Maps, prints, and pictures adorn the walls. A grand piano and an American organ are not uncommon. There is plenty of music; responsive reading of the Scriptures; and a brief liturgy. The International Lessons are generally used, and most of the religious newspapers have a column devoted to the exposition. This description applies, more or less, to all Sunday-schools throughout the United States.

Reverting to Boston, a stranger cannot fail to notice one extraordinary thing in the city of the Puritans. So-called spiritualism abounds, as does what claims to be faith-healing. The Saturday newspapers give a long list of these mongrel services for the ensuing day. A recent issue—which is an average specimen—announces thirteen of these gatherings, one of which is held in a "temple," built at enormous cost by an enthusiastic votary. The common intimation is that "A circle for development and tests will be held." One special notice appeared for the last Sunday in 1888, that "Spirit Thomas Paine will discourse upon the Common Sense and Radical Truths Advocated in His Earth Life." Another was that a lady would "give her wonderful fire-test *séance* under test conditions." Another announced "a wonderful inspirational speaker, whose tests give him a world-wide reputation." It is profanely added, "Praise be to our good Father, that He still sends His angel messengers to the children of earth, to give joy and comfort to the sorrowing heart." Besides these, there is a Society Esoteric, an Industrial Conference, the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter day Saints, Socialist gatherings, Christadelphians, and other peculiar, if not grotesque, assemblies. All these are found in the place which regards itself as the "Hub of the Universe," the centre of enlightenment and culture. Of course, they are considered to be "cranks," and their number, all told, is insignificant. But their existence is a curious fact that demands this passing notice.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

ALBERT EDELFELT'S Finnish picture, exhibited in the Paris salon last year, representing a group of peasant women awaiting the commencement of the Sunday service, is an example of two present-day facts: the entrance of new nationalities into the arena of Art, and the preference shown by the rising generation of painters for the real rather than the ideal in life.

Albert Edelfelt is a native of Finland, who, having early obtained an Art Scholarship, studied at the Academy of Antwerp, under the historical painter, Louis Gaillait, receiving from him the tradition of the great Belgian historical school, perhaps the chief glory of that active little nation. He exhibited with considerable success two important works in the salons of 1877 and 1878, illustrative of scenes in Swedish history. But he soon took the path so many of his contemporaries have taken, and devoted his remarkable talents to portraying the ordinary facts of human existence, as seen in the lives of the common people.

There have been many such movements in Art, but they have been confined to certain countries, schools and masters; this of to-day is a fact of world-wide significance, and the newer the school, the more thoroughly does it seem affected by the tendency, as, for example, the Russian school, so recent, yet already so great.

The SUNDAY AT HOME has already given its readers an engraving of Edelfelt's picture, "Funeral of a Child" (Aug. 1886). The life-like naturalness of the scene, and the complete restrainment of the sorrow are far more impressive than any dramatic attempt to awaken emotion. Of "Divine Service on the seashore in Finland," given in the SUNDAY AT HOME (Feb. 1885), it may be said that it is religious in the best sense. There is no feeling of "calm decay," such as is often the note in pictures of church interiors, but the religion depicted is living and hopeful, and without a shadow of the boisterous and grotesque, often characteristic of such gatherings further west.

In the engraving here given from Edelfelt's last picture in the salon of 1888, the scene is one of the simplest in the world. The people of some wide-spread parish have gathered for worship, and four women are enjoying a gossip while waiting until the time comes for going into the church. Seated on the greensward they are listening to a stout old dame who is relating some scandal from her neighbourhood, and we may be sure the story does not lose on the telling. The whole mental force of her wrinkled neighbour is so concentrated in the effort to catch every word, that she has none to spare for her hands, which hang heavy and motionless. The old gossip however does not heed her eager listener, but addresses herself to the principal figure in the group, another old woman with that habitual look of placid resignation which comes on the faces of calm souls who have passed through the common trials of existence, ill-health, hard times, and frequent bereavement. Nothing would gratify the talker better than to see some shade of emotion play over that tranquil face, but she will not succeed, the listener never

Paris Salon, 1888.] OUTSIDE THE CHURCH—A SCENE IN FINLAND. [*After Albert Edelfelt.*

expects to hear anything sadder than her own heart tells her every day. A younger woman, possibly a Ruth to this Naomi, sits slightly apart as one who does not pretend to complete equality with her elders. She carries the bundle of provisions for the mid-day meal, and squats on the ground as one who has never had time to learn how to take repose. The sense of rest seen in both the faces of mother and daughter is the keynote to the picture, and makes itself especially felt in the children leaning against the angle of the church, and above all, in the back of the little urchin who sits so demurely by the side of the old widow. The congregation keeps increasing, and the sole excitement consists in stopping a gossip to turn and look who is coming across the glebe.

The picture is true to the life it represents, which, if it is not an ideal, interests by its genuine simplicity. R. H.

PEACE.

"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you."—*St. John* xiv. 27.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—*St. Matthew* xi. 28, 29.

PEACE and rest, the greatest needs of our nature, which some despair of finding, save in the darkness of the grave and its unbroken silence, have been known then. Who is this that from among the many millions who have tasted the bitterness and the sweetness of life, speaks of peace, a peace which passes understanding? Who of the toilers has learnt the secret of rest, and having it holds it out to those who care to follow where He trod? It is Christ Jesus who speaks—Son of God yet Son of Man, the "Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

And He knew our natures indeed when He offered us that; for now, as then, it is the cry of humanity; rest from toil or rest from idleness, rest from pain and trouble, from the slanderous tongues and the backbiters, rest from the cares of business and the burdens all must bear. Now more than ever in this hurrying age, in this age of doubt and intellectual greatness, when man is exalted as he never was before, when he looks into the secrets of nature and triumphantly gathers the fruits of science, when he would learn the meaning of life, and pierce beyond the veil of death, it is this rest which he craves. It is a grand unrest which consumes us perhaps, and which burns in our art and our poetry, almost in our daily talk. Yet we cannot crush the soul which will struggle up and call upon God even while we deny Him, proving the words of the poet: "Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created." We are "weary and heavy laden," indeed, and restlessness is written all too clearly on the faces of men and women of the nineteenth century. But do we seek the cure? Do we complain so loudly that we cannot hear the yearning tenderness of the cry, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest?"

"I will give you rest:" there is no doubt there. It is not "perhaps I will give you rest," but a sure "I will:" "ye shall find rest unto your souls." And He leaves us in no doubt as to the way. He bids us take up His yoke, to learn meekly, and humbly to bear the burdens laid upon us, and not like cowards to cast them from us; to do God's will and seek not our own glory. Then indeed in joy and in sorrow, in disappointment and in success looking unto Him, in the great and in the small things of life seeking His glory, ceasing from the fruitless search for happiness away from Him, shall we enter into His rest.

And what is this rest of Christ? The cross of Christ, the daily sacrifice of self, the joyful subjection of our will to that of God. The perfect Son loved the perfect Father with a perfect love, to do His will unto death was His joy, and He had in Himself the peace and rest He promised to His followers.

Yet consider His life. Think of the Son of God as the Son of Man, taking upon Himself our nature. We who are barely at rest when the world goes well with us, and we are loved and successful, can we for one instant sound the depths of a nature which knew unbroken peace and harmony in a life without one of the things which men call good and for which they strive?

To begin with: He was misunderstood. His associates were men too much beneath Him to realise for an instant the beauty of that perfect nature: that heart throbbing with an infinite tenderness, that soul unstained by the least sin. The poet condemned to a glorious loneliness because he is above his fellows, longs for sympathy; he complains of the coldness of the world; he suffers because there are so few who draw near to share his raptures, to sympathise with his yearnings; there is hardly any great poet untouched by something morbid. But Christ whom we might reverently name the Poet of the Universe, who poured forth His treasures to the callous world, uttered no word of complaint. He was a man, and as a man He felt and suffered; by virtue of His human nature, love and sympathy were sweet to Him, and these being denied Him He yet was untouched by any bitterness.

Then He was disbelieved. He who was the Truth, who showed by every word and action His disinterested love, was doubted by those for whom He suffered. Oh, my brothers, think of this, that even dimly you may realise that

marvellous peace. How do we feel when we are true, and are called false: innocent, and are considered guilty, and men attribute our most unselfish actions to selfish motives? How should we feel if we so loved a fellow-being as to be willing to lay down life for his sake, and he should turn and revile us? Yet even this, though it increased the sorrow, did not destroy the peace of Christ.

And again He was tortured. As one possessed of the most delicate sensitiveness His bodily sufferings must have been greater than ours, even were we called upon to endure what He endured. When we are in pain, we have most of us the alleviations of sympathy, of love, of care; but Christ on the cross, when He was already exhausted, endured agony and burning thirst, and there was not one to even touch His hand for comfort. Nay His eyes must see, instead of compassionate faces, the vulgar gazing of a jeering crowd, not one among whom was worthy to draw near to Him; and for three long hours He endured degradation and torture; yet He never murmured.

This then was the Life of Christ: poverty, misrepresentation, loneliness, weariness of body, hunger, and thirst, constant interruptions when He sought for solitude, hatred, persecution, denial and the cross. And this life was the Life of the King of Glory.

How do we bear one of these trials, even temporarily? In how short a time should we become cynical, bitter, despairing? But this One bore them all, and yet, at the end of thirty-three years, with a fearful death awaiting Him, He could say "My peace I give unto you."

We are none of us called upon to suffer as Christ suffered; to all of us comes joy in some form or other; to many there is hardly any sorrow given. But we can never have Christ's peace without Christ's spirit. That perfect peace in all its fulness we cannot hope to know, even as we cannot know that perfect sinlessness or that perfect love, but if we learn of Him we may enter into a peace which those who have tasted testify to be greater than any happiness earth can give.

Turn to the cross, then, for there is the secret of peace; die unto self that you may live unto God; be lowly ye who are proud; be meek ye who are learned. Unbelief fades before the light which streams upon the man who tries amid the darkness of a failing creed to live the Christ-like life; belief is strengthened when it tastes of His comforts. The faith which brings all cares and sins to Him is rest indeed.

And oh! let us not turn back when He calls; let us not be deaf to the tenderness of His voice. He is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. He cannot change. He grieves when, in doubt of the eternal love, we stray from the fold, wandering as lost sheep from the only way of peace. He grieves when He sees us restless because neither in work nor in play is our nature satisfied; because ambition tortures us, and we strive for this world's greatness only to turn away from the prize with tears of disappointment. He grieves at our unbelief which made His sufferings vain.

The Eternal Love tireth not, the Eternal Wisdom knoweth the hearts of men, and still to us all crieth very longingly the voice of the Man of Sorrows, who is faithful to perform all He promiseth, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I. J. L.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

I.

THE opinion which the civilised world entertains of missionary enterprise deserves to be carefully considered. Educated people have not perhaps on the whole even yet given the work of foreign missions that attention which it deserves, both from the greatness of its organisation, and from its value as a factor in modern life.

It would indeed be impossible to the historian of our times to overlook an agency which tends more than any other to widen the zone of civilisation; and from this point of view chiefly the work of modern missions has been hitherto regarded.

Missionaries appear frequently as the pioneers, or even the agents of trade, commerce, education and culture. When the South Sea Islanders exchange the leaf and bark of their native palm-tree for linen garments or leather shoes, when the negroes of Sierra Leone take to knives and forks, or the aborigines of Australia adopt the use of blankets, then the great manufacturers at home value the changes that have come over these savage tribes. The world at large reaps solid advantages from every fresh plot of virgin soil which is brought under the plough. The whole human family is benefited whenever one of its members, a race or a tribe, is reclaimed from original barbarism, and introduced to its kindred through trade and commerce. Missionaries have thus figured before the world in the first instance as geographical discoverers in Africa and elsewhere and the public has not withheld the applause due to their courage and enterprise.

Intimately connected with these discoveries are the contributions to the science of religion, society, and especially of languages, which the agents of the various missions have been able to offer from their close acquaintance with many different nationalities, and which have been readily acknowledged by scholars at home. Indeed, comparative philology could not have nearly attained the completeness which it now

possesses, had it not been for the materials, the grammars, dictionaries, reading-books, translations, collected from among the strangest dialects and languages by messengers of the Gospel.

Again the philanthropic labours of missionaries, carried on by the means of schools, printing-presses and hospitals, have in various countries obtained so prominent a position that their importance has been again and again emphatically recognised, whether by the resolutions of the Government of India, or of Canada, or in the descriptions of travellers.

These are the works of missionaries which present themselves first to our view. And yet, if we spoke of them to the promoters of missions, we should probably find that they regarded them as *parerga*, as lying on the circumference of their activity, and not forming the centre of gravity.

When we look through the reports issued by the various societies, we are struck by the tendency they show to regard their own work as their immediate concern. There is also another point of view from which we must regard mission reports. Those who draw them up are in the first instance responsible for the money and the lives placed under their care. They have to render an annual account of their stewardship, and such an account as will maintain the confidence, increase the interest, and quicken the zeal of their supporters. Missions have thus come to be bound up with religious communities, and mission reports have often had in part the character of annual accounts.

But surely there is a higher and historically truer stand-point from which the progress of Christian missions should be watched. If, as has been truly said, the history of mankind is the history of its religions—if the era in which we are living dates from the beginning, and the epochs from the changes, whether they are called a Reformation or a Revolution, affecting a certain religious belief which has laid hold on the mind of mankind—then surely the question whether that belief has become stationary or is still spreading, whether its waters are stagnant or rolling onward like the tide, is one of superlative importance.

To obtain a clear idea whether Christianity is really advancing, at what rate and through what means it is spreading, is not at all an easy task. For, in the beginning, the young religion, which was born in Judæa, visited the people that dwelt on the shores of the Mediterranean; and only occasionally Christian apostles and prophets made journeys towards the far north or west. But now its messengers "follow the sun in its flight," they have travelled where the polar star and the southern cross lead the way. The "orient, on which the morning-sun first shone," now lies to the west of Christian Churches, and the pillars of Hercules, the limits of the ancient occident, stand to their east. The thirteen or fourteen languages of Parthians, Medes, Elamites, of the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Judæa and Cappadocia, in which Christianity was first preached, would form but a small fraction of the three hundred tongues in which it is now taught. The difference that might have existed between "sojourners from Rome" and "Arabians" is as nothing when compared with the scale of races and nations over which the gospel has since then passed. The living fire of Islam, the dead weight of Hindu caste, the old-world civilisation of China were unknown to the apostles of old. Because the area over which Christianity is now doing battle has expanded, because the conflict is carried on in so many places, under such varying conditions, therefore an adequate description of its progress within a narrow compass becomes exceedingly difficult. If an epoch of church history could not be described in a book, I hold that the world—if it could contain them—would certainly not read the volumes which would have to be written to do justice to mission work.

And when we go through, to obtain such information, the authentic records, the annual reports of the various societies, we meet with statistical surveys, with a long array of figures, with descriptions of stations and districts, interspersed with anecdotes and cuttings from the diaries of single missionaries. No comprehensive view seems possible.

Instead of attempting this general survey we will select one plot out of the mission-field, of such a size as to be easily measured, and containing within its limits all that is peculiar to the whole field. That plot of ground has been thoroughly ploughed and sown over for a sufficient time, so that its produce may be regarded as representative of the whole mission-harvest. It is now nearly forty years since the Punjab has been added to the English empire, and if we except the towns to the east of the Sutlej, Delhi and Loodianah, which were taken up the former in 1818, the latter in 1834, it is nearly as long also since the Punjab has been opened up to missionary enterprise. In this case the missionaries did not precede, they followed the invading army; Lahore, the political capital of the country, beheld a year after it had received an English garrison, the first Christian teachers in its midst. No more interesting field of labour could have opened itself to them; nor one which contained within so limited a compass all the problems that confront the apostles of Christianity in our century. Lying halfway between the great Hindu centres of the Ganges valley and the Mohammedan strongholds of Central Asia, bordering on the Rajputana and on Tibet, and enclosing within its frontiers the most different races of people, the land of the five rivers offers examples of every kind, of the highest and the lowest religions. In a population of nearly twenty-three million souls, it contains about eleven and a half million Mohammedans, nine million Hindus, over a million and a half Sikhs, and the balance consists of Jains and Christians. A quarter of all the Mohammedan, one-twentieth of all the Hindu, and eleven-twelfths of all the Sikh subjects of the Queen live within this province. Sir A. Lyall remarks truly in his "Asiatic Studies,"[1] that we see in India religions

[1] "Asiatic Studies," Chap. XI. The religious situation in India, p. 287, *seq.*

living side by side which, regarded as phases of human development are separated by hundreds, nay, by thousands of years.

"Whenever we cross the border of India," he says, "we may find going on before our eyes things of which we read in ancient books. After making allowance for every difference of manners, creed, and climate, and for innumerable distinctions of detail, we may still fancy that in looking over India we catch a reflection of classic polytheism. There we have the nearest surviving representative of a half civilised society's religious state, as it existed before Christianity and Mohammedanism organised and centralised the beliefs of all nations, from Ireland to the Indus. An eye-witness, to the great battle of Paniput, in 1761, describes how the Mussulman cavalry charged with the cry of 'Ya Allah,' while the Marâthas came on with their shouts of 'Hur, Hur, Mahadeo.' The two armies appealed to different gods; the divinities of India were still separated into hostile camps, as in the days of the Trojan war. In India this might be still an every-day incident; but such war-cries have not been heard for many centuries in any of the battles that have been fought on the fields of Europe or Western Asia."

Amongst the *Hindus* of the Punjab we find a complete system of polytheism, with its conception of one supreme god enthroned amidst a court of gods and heroes, with its elaborate hierarchy, its temples, its worship and sacrifices. The centres of this religion are perhaps not so important, the temples not so numerous, the priests not so wealthy in the Punjab as in Hindustan itself, that is in the great Ganges valley. But for all that this polytheistic creed appears defined in as clear and marked a manner at its distant north-western frontier as it is in its original home. The curious stone-carvings of mythological figures with elephant-heads and tortoise-bodies, which cover the porticoes and towers, black with age, of the temples of Kangra, have no more worn away than has the enthusiasm of Hindu pilgrims, when after a long journey they behold the golden-roofed sanctuary at the foot of the Himalayas.

Here we see a certain kind of religious belief, as old as that which once found a classical expression in the Iliad and Odyssey, but which after the lapse of ages has lost none of its peculiar features. A polytheism akin to that which we associate with the names of Zeus and Herakles, of Apollo and Athene, is to this day firmly believed in by the millions of Hindus who inhabit the Punjab. As we learn from the history of Greece, that the age of reason followed that of imagination, that the philosophers took the place of poets, that two different beliefs could exist simultaneously, the one entertained by the common people, the other by the sophists—the second using the names of gods and goddesses belonging to the first as symbols of certain natural principles—so we find the thinking, the learned men, amongst the Hindus, the *Brahmins*, in our days working out a complete philosophical system on the substratum of vulgar mythology. The position which they hold with regard to the religion of their country forms an analogy to the position once taken up by Eleatic and Stoic philosophers and by the followers of Plato. For subtlety of definition, for clearness of argument, for profoundness and intense seriousness of thought, the Brahmin thinkers have hardly any rivals in the history of philosophy. The modern missionary encounters the same hostile array of forces, in Oriental garb, with which Christianity fought those early struggles whose records are contained in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers.

As the Brahmins are above, so the *low castes* are below the great body of the Hindu people. They have sprung from the toes of Brahma. They are the feet of that social system to which they belong. They tread the earth. They perform those low and menial offices which would defile the Hindu of the middle and upper classes. They are tanners, matters, sweepers, scavengers, jugglers, in some out-of-the-way districts also graziers and tillers of the soil. To a large extent they are, as has been surmised, descendants of the aboriginal tribes, whom the Aryan immigrants conquered, and over whom they ruled. It might be difficult to fix the exact place which the lowest castes hold in the religious system of the Hindus. Some of the religious teachers, sprung from their midst, are venerated by the upper castes; their busts have been placed, so to speak, in a niche of the great Hindu Pantheon. Their nature-worship has been, and is being, amalgamated with Brahmin theology. If we descend far in the scale of castes, we come to communities of human beings whose religion—which even Hinduism has been unable to absorb—consists in a mere dread of demons and goblins, and shows itself only in certain social customs. Such a faith—if faith it can be called—is not a whit better than the most degraded fetish-worship. It must then be admitted that the mission-field which we have chosen for our discussion exhibits true samples of a polytheistic religion in every stage of development.

The teaching of the *Sikh gurus* (prophets or rather judges) need not occupy us here. For though the *gurus* succeeded, like the judges of Israel, in uniting and keeping together the different tribes of their kinsmen, in the midst of foreign persecution, and in establishing finally a military Theocracy, their teaching never differed essentially from that of Brahmin priests. They formed not a new creed, but a new sect. They resemble the branch of a banyan tree, which some distance from the trunk descends to the ground, strikes root and becomes itself a tree, remaining all the while connected with the parent stem.

More numerous than Sikhs and Hindus put together are the *Mohammedans;* they display amongst themselves every shade of religious colouring, and furnish representatives of a good many of the hundred and fifty sects into which Islam is said to be divided. "The faithful" have all, as far as they are completely under

British rule, accommodated themselves to the existing order of things; they acknowledge the supremacy of a foreign rule; they are content in a court of justice to be equals with Hindus, Jains and Christians. They have learned what all Mohammedans outside the deserts of Arabia and Africa are being taught—that is, to exchange the part of conquerors for that of the conquered. But the Mohammedanism of Mohammed, the true religion of the desert, wild, free and fierce, has in the hillmen of the north-western frontier, in the warlike Afghan tribes, strong and faithful witnesses. When, however, we travel towards the south, we fall in with tribes whose tenets bear an entirely different stamp.

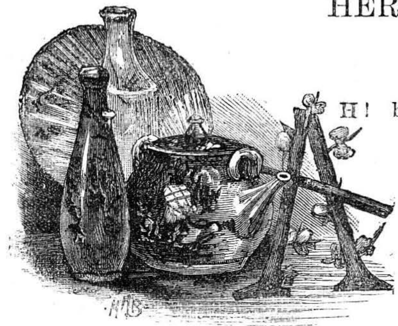
The *Beluch*, whose villages, encampments and pasture grounds begin in the neighbourhood of Dera Ghazi Khan and Quetta, and extend southwards to the Persian Gulf, are all followers of "the prophet." But Arabs or Afghans would call them luke-warm followers; they are liberal as to the theory and careless as to the practice of their religion. Tolerant of foreign creeds, and given on one hand to rationalistic, on the other to mystic, speculations, they exhibit clearly all the features peculiar to, and characteristic of, that portion of the Mohammedan world which lives within the dominions of Persia.

Even a rapid survey is sufficient to show us that the monotheistic religion of the Arabian desert and the polytheism of the Ganges valley have met, so to speak, half-way on that great plain which is traversed by the Indus and its tributaries.

To the far north, separated from this plain by the first high range of the Himalayas, and politically only (not ethnologically) connected with the Punjab, are the valleys of Lahoul, Ladak, Pangi and Spitti, inhabited by *Buddhists*. It is but a small fraction of the hundreds of millions who worship Gautama as their redeemer, and the majority of whom, though monotheists by profession, are idolaters in practice, that comes within the limits of our review. They are sufficient in number, and what is more, in quality, to serve as an example. They offer a far truer and more accurate picture of that Buddhism which has its centre on the highland of Tibet than their fellow-believers in South India, Ceylon or Eastern China. Types of Buddhist priests and bishops, of monks and nuns, examples of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, can be found in the Himalayan valleys of Lahoul and Ladak, as well as near the sanctuary of the Great Lama in Lhasa. For there the religion of Gautama has preserved itself free from the dross of idolatry; it has remained pure and undefiled in the clear air of its mountain home. The Afghans of the Swat Valley are not truer representatives of their faith than are the poor half-frozen and half-starved inhabitants of Lahoul steadfast disciples of a master who surrendered wealth for poverty and death.

HER GRANDFATHER'S EYES.

I.



"OH! but it's a poor look-out when a youngster can't get on with his father," said Jacob Redfern, and his dim eyes wandered as he spoke to the gabled roof and twisted chimneys of the manor house, gleaming redly through the trees. His friend, the sexton, understood the glance, and nodded a grey head knowingly. They had been talking of the wild doings of the blacksmith's son; but with the foregoing words, the thoughts of the two old cronies flew from that young scapegrace to "Master Robert" up at the hall, for did not all Timberdale know that little love was lost between Squire Wynter and his second son?

It was a thousand pities. Master Robert was such a merry blue-eyed bonny boy. As different from his elder brother as chalk from cheese, whispered the Timberdalians in the privacy of their cottage homes. To be sure, Bob, cheery, hearty, overflowing with spirits, fond of animals and out-door life, seemed more cut out for a country squire than pale-faced Algernon, who shared his father's tastes, and was never happier than when shut up in his study. But whether the villagers were right in attributing to their favourite all the virtues under the sun because of the showy qualities which pleased and suited them, may be questioned. There must be a fault somewhere, if a lad who is popular abroad cannot make himself loved at home; and the fact remained that while Master Robert contrived to please most people, always excepting his pastors and masters, he could never "get on," to quote old Jacob, with his father.

Things might have been different, said the wiseacres, if Mrs. Wynter had lived. The wild March morning which saw her laid to rest in the vault under the yew tree was an unlucky day for everybody, from bedridden Molly Gibbs, whose room would never more be brightened by her lady's presence, to the stern-faced widower sitting silent and lonely in his library, while in their distant nursery a dreamy lad of six or seven kept asking for "mamma," and a baby boy crowed merrily at the new black bows in nurse's cap. It was well for baby that nurse had a kindly heart, for all he ever knew of a mother's care came from her; and, indeed, the more he was slighted and "put upon," the more devotedly did Leeson serve, cherish, and, if truth be told, spoil him.

Leeson's diction was often emphatic, and the expression "put upon," which she was fond of using in connection with her nursling, must be taken with a grain of salt. Bob certainly was not "put upon" in the sense of being illtreated.

In one sense he had everything a boy could desire—a pony to ride, pets of all kinds; a big plot of ground wherein he might dig, plant, and uproot without let or hindrance. Perhaps if the Squire, scholar and student as he was, could have condescended to such a vulgarism, he might quite as truthfully have declared that he was "put upon" by Bob as that Bob was "put upon" by him. There is no doubt for instance that the elder gentleman felt badly used on discovering a valued bust of Plato doing duty apparently as a scarecrow in the plot of ground before mentioned; the philosopher's head surmounted by a ragged straw hat, and the tip of his nose gone for ever. And also when it occurred to Bob to test the contents of his new colour-box on the plates of a rare edition of Shakespeare. Of course these unpleasant incidents took place while he was quite a little fellow; but they were prophetic, for as he got bigger he made it no secret that he hated books. When he grew up "he'd take very good care not to touch one," said this foolish little boy. He should be out all day with the keeper, or the hounds. He never meant to study—not he! This was the finishing stroke. From simply ignoring his second son, as far as it was possible to ignore such an irrepressible young mortal, Mr. Wynter began to look upon him with actual displeasure. "Thank Heaven, Algernon is different!" said he, bitterly. "I should not like to think of the old hall in the hands of a mere fox-hunting squire, with no resources beyond the stable and the kennels. However, it shall not be my fault if he becomes the boor he wishes to be." And forthwith Bob was sent to Eton just as Algernon quitted it for Oxford.

The Vicar, to whom the above speech was uttered, listened in silence. He felt certain there was much good in the wayward lad which might be developed under different circumstances, perhaps, had the tastes of father and son been less directly opposite. In one point only did they resemble each other—the possession of a strong will. The vicar foresaw a widening of the breach when these two unbending natures should come into active collision.

Well, they pretty soon did you may be sure; for when Master Bob came home for the holidays covered with laurels won at cricket, football, rowing, and what not, it also appeared that he had earned the doubtful distinction of being the biggest dunce and idlest boy in his form. Thereupon the Squire determined that if he chose to play when he ought to work, he should work when he might have played. In other words, he exacted a certain number of lessons every day, and visited with unflinching severity any attempt to shirk them. The "holidays" began to be quite dreaded by the household. As for Bob, he spent half the time endeavouring to get his own way, and the other half pursuing, under protest, and very often lock and key, these extra studies which must be got through somehow.

So it happened that one never-to-be-forgotten morning he sat alone in the wainscoted room, which had formerly been the nursery, with every prospect of a long and uninterrupted day, in which to master yesterday's imperfectly done tasks. The click of the key in the lock had been followed by the rapidly retreating steps of the Squire, as he strode along the corridor and down the oak staircase. Bob's sharp young ears caught the roll of wheels at the hall door. "The dog-cart," he muttered. Then the echo of his father's voice giving some parting direction as he drove away. "Gone to Dernhead," continued Bob excitedly. "Why, he won't be back for hours—what a jolly chance for a lark I've missed, and all through you!"

He seized a much enduring copy of Telemachus as he spoke, sent it flying to the ceiling, and, relieved by this outburst, perched himself upon the table, and with hands in his pockets and legs carelessly swinging, eyed the remaining volumes with the calmness of despair.

They were all in rather a dilapidated condition—the little proceeding just mentioned might account for that; and there certainly was a good pile, not including the unlucky Telemachus, which lay sprawling face downwards on the floor. But Bob appeared in no hurry to get to work; he generally put work off as long as he could, hence indeed arose most of his troubles. We know that—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

By-and-by, however, with a timely recollection of the pains and penalties which would surely result from utter idleness, he opened the nearest book, and began to study in a half-hearted sort of fashion, which left him still at liberty to take a lively interest in the domestic differences of a pair of sparrows twittering round the ivy-clad window, to note a robin perched on the leafless lilac tree; to wonder what Towser was barking at so uproariously, and whether Leeson would remember to comfort him at dinner-time with jam puffs.

A cleverer brain than Bob's might find it difficult to deal with all these speculations and observations, and at the same time thread successfully the mazes of a Latin conjugation. Moods and tenses received but grudging attention, and even this came to an end as a new sound smote his ready ear. The sparrows had settled their dispute and flown amicably away; Towser's mind was at rest to judge by his silence; otherwise that soft whistle might have passed unnoticed. As it was, the grammar suddenly joined Telemachus on the floor, and in an instant Bob had the window open, and leaning out, answered it with another as low and clear.

A youth two or three years his senior (Bob was about fourteen when this occurred) was passing, and looked up with the most innocent air imaginable.

"Eh! Master Robert!" said the new-comer, who from his attire, appeared to be something of a sporting character. "Who'd ha' thought of seeing you! In quad again, sir? Well, to be sure!"

"That will do, Ralph," said Bob, impatiently, cutting short the strain of sympathy. "I say, Ralph, where are you going this afternoon?"

"Rabbit shootin'," replied Ralph, lowering his voice, and glancing cautiously round, as if he thought the rabbits might hear, and make their plans accordingly. Robert, however, understood the reason, and sympathised in his turn. It seemed very hard that the keepers should be so rough on the poor chap because he had once or twice brought down a pheasant or a partridge "by mistake." He was so good-natured too—hark at him now.

"I'd ha' took you with me an' welcome—there's the Squire away and all; and you could ha' had the little single barrel too—but what's the good of talking, you can't get out, and there's an end on 't."

"But I can, and I will!" cried Bob, completely carried away by the exciting prospect which the loan of a gun opened up before him. "Look here, I cannot trust to this"—touching the ivy, which covered the old manor house with a mantle of green—"altogether; but you go, get a bit of stout cord, and I'll be with you before you can say Jack Robinson, and back again before the Squire comes home."

Ralph professed to be struck with admiration at the boldness of this scheme, but was sure it would never do; they would be found out, Master Robert must break his neck, and so on. The sight of a bright half-crown, however, induced him to modify his views; the promise that it should be his caused him to think something might be managed, and when the coin came spinning through the air and was safe in his pocket, he not only knew of a bit of rope "just about the length," but amiably set off to fetch it.

Meanwhile Bob stood impatiently at the window, and when Leeson appeared with his dinner, he was so alarmed lest Ralph should come along at the same moment that he hustled her out of the room most ungraciously, although she had brought him two extra big puffs, filled to overflowing with the jam he liked best.

But Leeson was a kind-hearted creature, and simply putting down this behaviour to the worry of "all them lessons," came back the next minute with his cap, saying if he must have the window open he had better put it on. An attention which suited Master Bob very well under the circumstances.

It seemed a long while before Ralph returned, although that worthy, ever on the alert where mischief was concerned, hastened as much as possible. When he did appear, Bob, with the aid of the rope, slid triumphantly to the ground, and the pair made off as fast as their legs would carry them, feeling very clever fellows indeed. And for the next few hours young Wynter was happy as a king; little knowing, poor boy, the penalty in store for his disobedience. Often in after years was he destined to recall with bitter tears and unavailing sorrow every step of the way they took; the narrow path through the coppice, the lonely lane that skirted Ash Wood, the tangled growth in Dingley Dell, where the violets grew so thickly in spring, he saw it all mentally; but only thus, for never again might his bodily eyes behold, nor his feet tread the old familiar haunts.

Bob, however, with his usual gay recklessness, troubled himself not at all about the future; he even contrived to put away the thought of the bad quarter of an hour which would surely await him this very evening, when the Squire, having dined in solitary state, and returned to the company of his beloved books, the study-bell would ring, and old Tomlinson, marching solemnly up to the schoolroom door, would liberate the prisoner, that he might appear with his unfinished tasks before his father. Perhaps it was a sudden anticipation of this uncomfortable interview which made the boy shiver as they re-entered the shrubbery, cold and dismal in the early October dusk, already setting in with a gathering mist and moaning wind. The falling leaves, no longer gold and crimson in the sunlight, drifted sadly down. Bob shivered again as he trod them under foot.

"You aint agoin' to show the white feather now, I s'pose?" said Ralph coarsely. "You've had your fun even if you've got to pay for it. And you aint done so badly neither with that there little single barrel."

"Oh! I can aim pretty straight," answered Bob. "Hist! there's something moving in the trees yonder—a rabbit or a bird—see if I don't bring him down."

"Not here, sir," whispered Ralph. "It won't do here!" But that taunt about the white feather had touched Bob on a tender point. With a muttered "Whose afraid?" he raised his gun and fired.

Then followed an awful shriek. No living thing save a strong man in sudden agony could have uttered such a cry. Hearing it, the boy turned faint and sick, the gun dropped from his nerveless fingers. He did not heed Ralph's horror-stricken exclamation; he but dimly saw a tall, familiar figure coming towards them, swaying and staggering in pain; yet in that instant he knew who it was, guessed what he had done, and felt the first pang of a sorrow, destined to be life-long, before darkness surrounded him and everything became a blank.

A memorable evening this in Timberdale, I promise you. The villagers were never weary of telling how, the alarm once given, the men servants got the Squire back to the house; how Tomlinson the footman came running bare-headed and breathless for the doctor; how the latter tore up to the hall as fast as his grey mare would go; and how an urgent message to London brought down in a very short time another doctor, a very wise and learned man, who, nevertheless when he saw the patient, could only shake his wise and learned head, and own that his skill was unavailing. The shot had entered both eyes, and the Squire would henceforth be blind.

It fell to Leeson's lot to break this terrible news to Bob, and that done, a yet harder task remained; for when the boy with heartrending sobs asked to be taken to his father to beg forgiveness, he had to be told that forgiveness was denied.

Leeson softened it as much as possible, but she could not hide the fact that bitter words passed the Squire's lips at the mention of his son's name, how bitter she would not say, warned by a sudden gleam of resentment in her nursling's eyes.

"Only, deary," she concluded, "you had best keep out of the way for a bit. You must bear it bravely, Master Bob, for it's a sore trial you've brought upon him, poor dear gentleman; and it's hardly a wonder a fine strong man like him can't take it patient-like."

Thus faithful Leeson in her simple loyalty to her master and her master's son. But there were not wanting others who spoke much more strongly of the Squire's demeanour in this time of trial. "He's like a ramping raging lunatic," declared Tomlinson. "It's shocking to see him so unresigned!" sighed the butler. The Vicar talked of submission to God's will; and of that divine forgiveness which it is our duty and our privilege to copy. But nothing soothed the injured man. Submission, "it was easy enough to preach about," he muttered with a sneer; and forgiveness probably seemed a simple virtue to those who had nothing to forgive. His watchers shuddered at this impotent rage against the fate that had befallen him; no less than at the animosity displayed towards his unfortunate son.

At last Bob could bear it no longer; in desperation he stole to his father's room, intending to pour out in his own impulsive fashion the agony of remorse he felt; but at the first sound of his voice, the Squire rose in a fury and ordered him out of the room, out of the house. He was beside himself, they said, half mad with passion. It did not matter to Bob. As he listened to that torrent of angry, cruel words, his tears dried, and a sudden resolve sprang up in his heart. The very next morning the inmates of the manor house had to face another trouble, for the boy was nowhere to be found.

He had gone, leaving no sign, and taking nothing but a small bundle of clothes. After a while the search for him was abandoned; his disappearance and the events which led to it became an old story, told now and again to the village children as a warning against waywardness and disobedience. While to their elders the half-closed desolate-looking manor house, where the Squire now lived in cheerless seclusion (his eldest son died about a year after the accident) pointed another moral, and seemed to show how pride and passion can sap all wholesome energy, and blight the lives of men.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.

Who was made captain by a rebel prince?
What feeble woman did a judge convince?
What river flowed beside a praying band?
Who bought, in Bethlehem, a widow's land?

Take now the final letters, and the first;
They name two kings among the very worst
Who ever wore King David's royal crown,
Or held his court within Samaria's town. L. T.