THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

INFANCY. [*After Robert Beyschlag.*

No. 1819.—MARCH 9, 1889.

Infancy.

THE youngest is monarch, till infancy closes,
Supreme in the homestead King Baby must be.
With his smiles for all comers, his dimples and roses,
And low, cooing laughter so winsome and free;
The saddest face brightens,
The darkest day lightens,
When baby makes merry with innocent glee.

We love the wee fingers that flutter and nestle,
And clasp a whole kingdom of love for their own,
So soon in the conflict to labour and wrestle
And share the world's warfare when playtime has flown;
Great Father enfold them,
In mercy withhold them
From pleasures forbidden and evils unknown.

The brave chubby feet whose first venturesome travel
O'er life's sunny threshold such wonder supplies,
Sweet eyes that look out, as if fain to unravel
All meaning and mystery under the skies,
The voice like no other,
In music to mother,—
Love's uttermost gladness their charm underlies.

Have these in Thy keeping, we pray Thee, O Father,
When babyhood passes still give them Thy care;
If sorrow should threaten them, tenderly gather
The lambs in Thy bosom, and shelter them there.
Their helplessness cover,
Their whole life watch over,
And grant them at last in Thy home-life to share.

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE REAL QUESTION.

HARVEY seemed to be conscious of something in his own look which he could not control. He pushed the lamp aside with a hasty gesture, and raised one hand to his forehead, placing it as a half shield between himself and his wife; but he did not speak.

For one moment a feeling of horror had possession of Julia. It meant—what could it mean—the unwonted paleness, the stiffened features, the averted eyes spoke to her of guilt, and of conscious guilt? But—what guilt? How utterly absurd! Julia rallied instantly, wroth with herself for the very idea. He was grieved of course with the accusation; even as she had been. How could she expect him not to be distressed at such things being said? Tears rushed to her eyes.

"Poor Harvey! It is horrid, I know. I wish now that I had not told you," she said.

Harvey stood up. "There are letters ready for the post," he said in a curious curt voice, and he carried them himself into the hall, though it was not yet post-time, and Slade always came to the library at the last moment. When Harvey returned, he seemed more like himself, as he remarked carelessly, "Quite right to tell me! But, after all, people will gossip. The less notice taken, the better sometimes."

"I did not think you would mind so much; I thought you would tell me I was foolish to care," she said.

"Do I mind? Well—perhaps it is rather an unpleasant notion, at first sight. Besides, I have been seedy all day to begin with. Westford does not seem to suit me; and I believe I am getting tired of this sort of life."

"Are you?" she said with regret. He was standing a few paces off from the escritoire, his face in shade so that she could not see it well. She came close, which was not what he wanted, and looked up anxiously. "I am sorry you are not well. If I had guessed, I would not have bothered you."

"There is nothing much wrong. Perhaps I need change; and Francesca advises Brighton." He would have turned away, but Julia's hand was on his arm.

"Does it hurt you to talk? I am so miserable about what that child said. Of course it doesn't really matter—at least, I suppose not—but I hate to have you accused of such a thing. Can't you take any steps to meet the gossip?"

"I! No. What can be said, except that Hermione has no right to anything not left her by her grandfather?"

"I wish he had left something; people would not talk so, then. It was odd that he did not. Still, I don't see why you are to be blamed. It was not your doing. If Hermione would only explain to the people here ——"

"No! Let it alone, pray, Julia!" Harvey spoke sharply, for once even roughly. "The less said the better, I tell you. Pray don't meddle."

Julia scrutinised him in some wonder, a good deal hurt. "Of course I will not speak to Hermione without your leave," she said. "But do you suppose that Mr. Dalrymple did not intend to leave her something, if he had lived a little longer?"

Harvey's look grew hard again. "Possibly," he said.

"If he did——!" Julia's black eyes, soft now as Mittie's, were bent upon him, and her second hand came with the first, holding his arm captive. "If Mr. Dalrymple did intend, and we knew it, should we not be bound to give to Hermione what he had meant her to have?"

"Certainly not."

"Are you sure?"

A red flush had come to Harvey's forehead—not a smooth brow now, but lined and rutted. The flush spread slowly.

"I see no particular object in such suppositions."

"No; for, of course, we do not know that he meant anything of the kind. Only perhaps the people about here fancy that it is so. I could not understand at first what old Sutton meant; but it may be that. What do you think?"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. It was an occasional gesture with him, the only un-English result of long residence abroad.

"Old Sutton's opinion is of small importance."

Julia was silent; not satisfied.

"Well, is that all you want?" he asked.

"No; may I say more? You won't be vexed with me, will you? I am not business-like, I know; but it does sometimes seem to me as if things were not right. About Hermione, I mean. It seems as if she ought to have something more of her own. I can't help the feeling: though, of course, I would not allow it to any one in the world except you."

"I hope not!" escaped her husband.

"No, of course; but still I have the feeling. I know that you are not in any way bound. As I told Mittie, it is sheer kindness that makes you give Hermione a home at all. Still I can't help fancying that she really had reason to expect more from her grandfather, and that she must be disappointed. And then there comes the question,—if he didn't do his duty, ought we not to do it for him? I suppose different people would look upon it differently. But there must be a right and a wrong. It isn't only a question of what one is obliged to do, but of what one ought to do? Don't you see what I mean?"

"You certainly are suffering from some confusion of ideas, Julia," her husband said. He was collected now, and able to speak in his usual manner. "But, as you say, you are not business-like. When women touch upon money matters, they are apt to go astray."

"Yes; on the mere business part of it. I don't think this is mere business. It is a question of actual right and wrong."

"If any wrong was done to Hermione, my uncle was responsible."

"But you stand in his place now," Julia said slowly.

"That is different. Hermione was his grandchild. She is merely my second cousin, with no particular claims upon me. Except that I have promised to act the part of a brother to her, so far as she will permit."

"And you do not really know that Mr. Dalrymple ever intended to do more for Hermione?" asked Julia.

The question was very direct, but it had no answer. Harvey moved away to the table, and turned the lamp a little lower.

"My dear, if you have nothing more to say, I should be glad to get my letters done."

"Am I keeping you too long? Oh, I am sorry. I'll go at once."

She kept her word, losing sight of his non-response; and her last glimpse was of her husband sitting down to the escritoire once more.

But he did not remain there, and the letters which he had pleaded were not written. When the door closed behind her, he pushed pen and paper aside, and went to an armchair. The subject they had been discussing insisted upon attention. He could not give his mind to letters.

This "fretting ghost" of Hermione's claims, laid to sleep during many weeks, sprang up in new strength; and the brief letter of the dead man to his lawyer, read only once by Harvey, but never to be forgotten, confronted him anew.

"I have resolved to settle the sum of twenty thousand pounds upon my grandchild, Hermione, at once!"

Yes; that was it. Twenty thousand pounds! Of which Hermione possessed not one penny.

"Actually telling Mittie that you had taken possession of the money which ought to belong to Hermione!" This indignant utterance of Julia's recurred next. That, of course, was absurd. No "ought" existed—so Harvey told himself—and it was no case of "taking possession." What he held was his own—lawfully his own. While Mr. Dalrymple lived, Mr. Dalrymple had the right to will what he chose to Hermione, apart from the entailed land. Now Harvey had the right to keep or give away, as he chose.

But still—

"It is a question of actual right and wrong," Julia had said.

Stuff and nonsense! It was a question of law. Women knew nothing about business. Absurd of Julia to meddle in such matters. Besides, even if it were a question of right and wrong, how could that alter the case?

"You do not know that Mr. Dalrymple ever intended to do more for Hermione?" Julia's voice seemed to ask anew.

Yes, of ccurse he did know, but he was not going to inform Julia. Mr. Dalrymple's wishes did not restrain him. He was entirely free. He was most willing to give a home to Hermione: and some day the question of a marriage portion might come up. He fully meant to act an elder brother's part, consistently with the extent of his means and the requirements of the estate. But, twenty thousand pounds! The idea was simply ridiculous.

"My poor old uncle must have been in his dotage," Harvey muttered, rousing himself from a dream, which had lasted much longer than he supposed.

"Did you speak?" The door was opening, and Julia came in. "It is post-time."

"Already?"

"Yes; I told Slade I would ask if you had any letters ready."

"No; I have not."

She looked surprised.

"Slade will go in five minutes. Is there anything important that you can finish in a hurry?"

"No; to-morrow must do. The fact is, I am not in a writing mood," Harvey added, with a little laugh.

Julia went outside to speak to Slade, then returned to her husband.

"I have been up all this time in my room," she said, and she came to stand by his side as before, looking down earnestly. He had not left the easy chair. "I have been thinking a great deal. May I tell you what about? I was so puzzled, so worried, before. I could not see what was right. May I tell you what I have been thinking?"

"Well?" Harvey said. He had much ado not to speak crossly.

"Something that little Mittie said has helped me. I don't mean that about old Sutton, but something else. Don't you think that if we"—Julia hesitated, flushing—"if we pray to be shown what is right, we shall learn it in time?"

No answer came: and Harvey did not return her gaze. He merely looked down, and seemed to wait for more. She went on, in a low happy voice—

"The thought is such a comfort to me: more of a comfort than I can tell you. It seems to open out a fresh life—a kind of vista—do you see what I mean? I am afraid I can't explain. But I have been feeling lately that I know so little—and this is like a gleam of light—a way in which one may be taught. At least, I mean to try. Don't you think that if one does honestly want to do the right thing, and if one prays to be shown, there will be an answer? I have had my Bible out upstairs, reading parts here and there. I must begin to read it more regularly now. And I could not help noticing one particular text. I learnt the words by heart to say to you. They are just this: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Isn't that extraordinary? I never was so struck with anything in the Bible before. Don't you think that is what we have to do about Hermione—to do justly?"

Harvey moved in his seat, with a bored. not to say irritated, expression.

"Anything more?" he demanded.

"But you do agree with me?"

"Certainly. I am sorry you count me capable of injustice towards Hermione."

"Oh, I did not mean——Pray don't misunderstand me! You don't mind my having said so much, do you? I thought I might for once."

"You are at liberty to say what you choose, of course. I should not be sorry if I might 'for once' have half-an-hour's peace."

"Harvey!" and tears rushed to her eyes. "Half-an-hour, after——"

"Yes, of course," he broke in. "But I should like a little longer. I beg your pardon for being unsociable;" and there was a touch of apology in his manner. "I really have a wretched headache to-day, and this sort of discussion doesn't improve matters."

"Have you? Oh, I am sorry. Why didn't you tell me sooner? I'll leave you directly—only just one word," and her chest heaved. "You are not really vexed with me, are you?"

"There's nothing to be vexed about. Except that I don't wish to see my wife transposed into a feeble imitation of Hermione. As I once told you, I do not admire her style. All I beg is that you don't discuss these questions with anybody except myself."

Julia had had a complete *douche*. She murmured a promise of compliance, and stole away.

CHAPTER XX.—TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

"So it is to be Eastbourne, not Brighton," Francesca remarked, entering the drawing-room.

More than a week had passed since Julia's talk with her husband about Hermione—a talk not since renewed. Julia had not ventured to bring up the subject afresh, and Harvey never alluded to it. She was conscious, indeed, of a tendency on his part to avoid *tête-à-tête*, and to shirk opportunities for conversation.

Mrs. Trevor's announcement brought startled eyes in her direction, alike from Julia reading in one window, and from Hermione writing letters in another. Mittie, playing with a kitten on the floor, showed interest rather than surprise.

"I should have preferred Brighton, for my part, simply because it is bigger, and I have friends there. Besides, the height of the season will be over in Eastbourne; and at Brighton everybody would be coming down from town. However, I don't much care. Anything for change."

"Are we going to Eastbourne, mother? Where is Eastbourne?" demanded Mittie's small voice.

"In Sussex, of course, child. Yes, we are going next week."

"Harvey has not told me," Julia observed, in a tone which brought a quick response.

"You needn't be jealous, my dear. He would not have told me if I had not dragged it out of him. I am not sure that he knew it himself half-an-hour ago."

Julia could well believe this.

"He said he was not going to be hauled to Brighton, for he detested the place—a great overgrown imitation of London. And I said I was not going to be hauled to Scotland, to die of *ennui* on the moors. So we adopted Eastbourne between us as a compromise. I believe he was glad at last to consent to anything, to get rid of me. Once away, he'll not be in a hurry to come back. I shouldn't wonder if Eastbourne were a stepping-stone to Paris. He is not looking well, and I told him so, and he allowed that he might be the better for a bout of sea-air. So we are to write and ask about lodgings—on the Esplanade, of course. I shall be glad enough to be out of this depressing atmosphere. There's certainly something in Westford which affects one's general organisation. My complexion is growing positively yellow, and everybody looks dismal."

"Westford is counted particularly healthy," Hermione said, laying down her pen, and facing the trio.

"Places often gain false characters. It doesn't suit me."

Mrs. Trevor's patronising air of superior information was secretly exasperating to Hermione, just as Hermione's distant dignity annoyed Mrs. Trevor. Generally Hermione held studiously back from aught in the shape of argument, refusing to put herself into Mrs. Trevor's power; and this had gone on so long that she counted her own composure inviolable, and did not fear being upset.

But now, for once, she was taken by surprise, shaken out of her usual line of action. The idea of leaving Wesrford was altogether new to her, and she could not at once resolve how to meet it. To a girl of her age, who had seen so little of the world, the prospect of a change might have come pleasantly; but all the pride of her nature rose up in arms against the manner of the announcement. Why were not her wishes to be consulted, as well as Mrs. Trevor's wishes? Was it to be taken for granted that she would calmly acquiesce in whatever was arranged, without a desire or a voice in the matter? She would not condescend to ask what was meant or expected, but resentment flushed her fair cheek, and lent sharpness to the tone of her retort.

"A stranger's opinion can be worth little. Those who have lived in Westford for years know better."

"One may become acclimatised, no doubt," Mrs. Trevor answered carelessly, depositing herself and her draperies in an easy-chair. "But I should be sorry to go through the years of previous misery."

"Is Eastbourne healthy, mother?" asked Mittie.

"Splendid air, Mittie. As different from this as can be imagined."

"And will cousin Hermione come with us?"

The opportunity of giving that proud girl a set-down was irresistible. "Of course," Francesca answered decisively. "This house is to be shut up, and left in charge of Milton. We shall all go."

"I beg your pardon. I shall not!"

Julia looked frightened, for the suppressed voice spoke of no ordinary passion. Hermione stood upright, her blue eyes blazing with anger, her face crimson. Not one of the three had seen her thus before.

Mrs. Trevor laughed. "Oh! You will stay with the Fitzalans, I suppose."

"That will be as I choose to decide. Your advice will not be asked."

Mrs. Trevor was not easily disconcerted, and to be conscious of power over Hermione was what she had long desired. She showed no annoyance at the very haughty utterance, but lifted her light eyebrows with a half-droll, half-contemptuous air.

"Really! Well, advice is a cheap commodity. But I don't know what I can have said to rouse so much ire! Do you, Julia?"

"Francesca, do be quiet—don't go on, pray!" implored Julia, in an under-tone.

"Not go on with what? My dear, I shall begin to think you are both a little demented. Effect of Westford air, perhaps. I merely made known Harvey's decision. If anybody has a right to be vexed, it is yourself, for not having been told first. As for Hermione and me—why, we merely have to obey orders. If Harvey settles to go to Eastbourne, I supposed it to be a matter of course that we should go too."

Hermione was endeavouring in a hasty fashion to put her papers into the writing-case, but her hands shook so violently that the attempt was a failure. She let them drop, and turned again to Francesca, her eyes wide open and blazing still, while her cheeks, brow, and ears were one uniform burning red. As she stood rigidly erect, a kind of convulsion of passion seemed to pass again and again through the slight figure; and her voice had grown hoarse and rapid. Those who had known Hermione in childhood would have recognised at once a recurrence of the ungovernable childish temper, but such an outbreak had not been seen for years, and her present companions could hardly believe their own eyes, so astonishing was the change in the fair, graceful girl they had known thus far. Julia and Mittie stared, aghast: and even Mrs. Trevor felt uncomfortable.

"You know that it is not so!" Hermione said. "You know that *you* have the settling of everything—not Harvey or Julia. They have the right, but you have not. If they choose to submit to your dictation, they can do so: but I will not. It is unbearable. I am made a mere cipher in the house—treated as nobody—while you—Yes, you may toss your head and look scornful, but it is true, and you know it! your one wish is to trample on me—to make me feel myself a dependent. And you shall not succeed. If I had my rights, things would have been very different: and you know that too. I will not be managed by you, as if I were a mere child. Say what you will, I do not care. I will not go to Eastbourne."

"If you please, ma'am——" implored Slade at the door, in great distress. He had spoken three times, vainly seeking to win the attention of the three listeners to this unexpected tirade. There were other listeners also. Behind Slade, in the open doorway, full spectators of the scene, stood Mr. Fitzalan and Harry together—Mr. Fitzalan wearing a look of most sorrowful gravity, while Harry was actually white to the lips. "This—Hermione!!" seemed written on every line of his face. Slade was almost as crimson as Hermione herself, with his grief and shame for her.

"If you please, ma'am——"

"Oh, it is Mr. Fitzalan!" Julia murmured, with a nervous start, and she stood up to receive her guests.

Hermione looked at no one. Even then a dim consciousness of how her words must have sounded to others did exist; but passion had too complete a mastery to allow of any resumption of her usual manner. Without a word to her friends, she rushed rather than walked from the room.

But for Mrs. Trevor's presence it may be doubted whether anybody would have spoken during the first two minutes. Hands were shaken and seats were found; an oppression of embarrassment overpowering them all. Julia's black eyes had a scared look: Mr. Fitzalan was lost in thought: and Harry seemed to be dazed.

Mrs. Trevor threw herself into the breach, rallying first, and bent upon smoothing things down. It would not do to ignore what the Fitzalans had overheard. Her aim should be to soften the impression made.

"You have come at rather an unfortunate moment," she said pleasantly to Mr. Fitzalan. "Hermione is not often so excited; indeed, I may say that I have never seen her so before. It is quite a new experience!" and Francesca sighed. "We were discussing plans, and some little remark of mine gave her pain, I am afraid. She is rather too sensitive, poor girl—natural, no doubt, in her position. The position is a trying one, of course, do what one will to lighten it: and she has seen very little of life, so she is disposed to magnify small troubles."

Mr. Fitzalan bent his head in answer. He showed himself in no hurry to offer an opinion.

"My brother-in-law has just decided on a move to Eastbourne for a few weeks; and the idea is unpleasant to Hermione. I do not know why; for Eastbourne is a particularly charming place. No doubt the change will do her good, if she can make up her mind to it."

Julia broke in at this point, colouring distressfully. "I am not sure whether my husband is at home just now, if you wish to see him—but perhaps——"

"No; we met him on our way here. Harry is leaving to-morrow, and we came for a good-bye word with Hermione."

"Yes. So very unfortunate," Mrs. Trevor observed blandly. "But, perhaps, she will come down presently. A little girlish tiff of this sort doesn't usually last long. Hermione is a charming girl, but singularly young for her years."

"I don't think we can wait," Harry said gruffly. "Marjory is expecting us——" and he looked at his father.

"Hermione must come to our house instead," Mr. Fitzalan observed, though privately he felt sure that Hermione would not come until after his son's departure. He called Mittie to his side then, and talked about the kitten, with his arm round the child; but even Mittie seemed bewildered, not able to respond as usual; and after paying as short a call as possible the two gentlemen took their leave.

Francesca threw herself back, with a singular expression, as the door closed behind them.

"Well, I don't envy that girl's sensations. To make such a complete *exposé* of herself! The saintliness seems to be for once at fault!"

Mittie stood near, gazing with eyes full of wonder.

"What was cousin Hermione so dreadfully angry about, mother?"

"Nothing on earth, Mittie, but because she can't have the management of everything in her own hands. Cousin Hermione is a spoilt child, and that's the beginning and end of the matter. More shame to those who spoilt her!" added Mrs. Trevor, with a virtuous air peculiar to those who are condemning in another their own faults.

"My Marjory says cousin Hermione is so truly good. And old Sutton calls her an angel."

Mrs. Trevor's laugh had a sound of contempt. "It's an uncommonly angelic temper. I doubt if your Marjory's brother will be of her opinion after to-day. He didn't appear to be smitten."

"Francesca, there's no need to talk so to the child," Julia said in a pained voice. "Things are bad enough already. Why must you make them worse? If I were in Hermione's place, I should be miserable."

Francesca sauntered out of the room, humming a tune to herself, and Mittie remarked in childish imitation,—"I should think cousin Hermione must be miserable."

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

II.

CHRISTIAN missionaries in the Punjab have encountered communities belonging to every type of religion which is found not only on the vast area of our Indian Empire, but throughout the world. Christianity has, on its part, exerted its power, it has put forth its strength by a variety of means. During the last forty years that the Punjab has been under British rule, the various denominations and sects have one by one entered upon this mission-field; they have parcelled it out amongst themselves; every one of them has ploughed and tilled his plot in a manner peculiar to itself, and with instruments of its own manufacture. The American Presbyterian Board, the United Presbyterians, the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, the Church of England by its two great societies, and by several smaller organisations, the Roman Catholic Church, the London Board of Missions, Independents, Baptists, Methodists and Moravians have preached, taught and written their respective tenets, and, above all, those central doctrines which they hold in common.

The various agencies have, with few exceptions, kept within the bounds which they had drawn for themselves. Division of labour has led missionaries, even whole societies, to devote their strength to work amongst the devotees of one single religion or sect. The Moravian missionaries have held their station, surrounded by snowy peaks and lying at the foot of a large monastery, for over thirty years amongst the Buddhists of Kyelang. A chain of stations has been drawn along the north-western frontier, extending from Quetta to Peshawar, in order that from them Christian influences might be brought

to bear on Beluch and Afghan tribes, whose faith is perhaps best illustrated by the burning desert plains, and bare rocks, amidst which they dwell. The capital of the Sikh religion has been occupied for upwards of thirty-five years by the agency of a society belonging to the Church of England. That modified Mohammedanism, which has accepted the stamp of Hindu cast, has been reached, both at Lahore and Delhi, by Christian preachers, schoolmasters and writers. That pure and original Hinduism, which was driven into the refuge of the mountains by the Mohammedan invaders, has come into contact with Christianity at some of its centres, at Kangra for instance, and Chamba. The low cast people, both the nomads and those that have settled down to menial work, have been preached to by itinerant catechists; they have been taught in schools, and gathered into congregations. They are being organised as churches.

Every one of the religions which we adduced as examples of their kind have come in contact, or rather into collision with Christianity. And in every case almost different weapons and instruments have been used.

Moravians have, perhaps, by their willingness to spend their lives in Arctic snow and cold—cut off for seven months in the year from the world—by their patient endurance of hardships, by their gentle sympathy, by love and kindness, set an example of self-sacrifice, which compares with Buddhist self-abnegation, as in logic a positive thesis compares with its negative.

Characteristic are the tactics which have been employed by the missionaries to the Mohammedans. We do not merely refer to translations, in the first instance, of certain books of the Old Testament, such as the book of Job, the Psalms, the Minor Prophets or the Prophet Ezekiel, which are more than any other portion of the Bible allied in spirit to the earlier *Suras* of the Koran. The literary productions generally have been fashioned as much as possible upon Eastern models. Hymns have been turned into *ghazels*, theological treatises into tracts entitled "The Even Balance," "The Mirror of Truth," "The Pearl of Light," etc., such as the "faithful" are ready to accept from their *moulvies;* and sermons have been converted into *khutbas*, such as the devout congregation assembled on Friday in the mosque listens to with excitement amounting to frenzy. Such "trifles" as food and dress, and the cut of the beard have not been neglected by experienced missionaries in their intercourse with Mohammedans. The best illustrations to our argument are perhaps furnished by the guest-house in Peshawar, where the missionary receives and entertains all visitors, however great or poor, with a kind of lordly hospitality, which is essentially Oriental—and by the church, which is built—*mirabile dictu*—in the midst of that most fanatical town. Regarding that church, nothing further need be said here, except that it might pass for some mosque, the seat of Arabic learning, were it not built in the shape of a cross.

European agents have been unable, in the climate of the Trans-Indus desert, to adopt entirely the native mode of living. They have built themselves houses with lofty rooms and verandahs. But, for all that, the remark of the high Indian official, that the missionary appeared to natives as a charitable gentleman who lived in a comfortable house, drove his wife and children in a pony-carriage, and kept an excellent cheap school, is a somewhat incomplete statement. For there have not been wanting men, Europeans and natives, who have literally carried out the apostolical injunctions, who have wandered in native dress "without money in their wallets or shoes on their feet," under an Indian sun, through arid wastes, partaking of the simple hospitality the villagers could offer, and, where that was refused, finding shelter under trees or in ruins. Some like Gordon, who fell whilst endeavouring to rescue the wounded from a battle-field, have left a memory which Mohammedans venerate as that of saints.

The great body of educated natives in large towns like Lahore, Amritsar, Peshawar, Moultan and Delhi, have been brought under missionary influence in two ways. They have been taught in schools, they have been intellectually nourished on books that represent the science of Western Christianity.

The educational system, which has been developed by the missionary agencies, leaves little to be desired as regards completeness. The primary schools with their three years of elementary teaching, the middle and the high schools, which prepare their pupils for matriculation, the college at Delhi, which is affiliated with the university at Lahore, are so many different parts of one great machinery. Their influence is not confined to the large towns, schools are scattered all over the district. Not a large school which has not got a feeder in a number of elementary schools; not a large station which has not got its out-stations. There is not a missionary resident in the district who has not supplied the villages all round with schools. Such establishments do not cost him much. The master draws 7*l.* a year. The building is a good-sized mud hut with wooden rafters; on the floor there squat some forty little urchins, with naked legs, a string round their waist, and a red turban on their close shaven heads. The children learn their multiplication table; they spell through their Persian primer; but their daily instruction begins or ends with readings from the Sermon on the Mount. There must not be forgotten the zenana schools, the girls' schools of various degrees which have been called into existence by the different societies for female education, in Julandhar, Amritsar, Lahore, Rawulpindi, and which, managed by European ladies, have exerted an influence which it is impossible to measure or to gauge.

As powerful as the schools, as far reaching in its effect, is the literary work done by missionaries. It includes every genre of literature appropriate to the native mind. From the large depot at Lahore there has gone forth every kind of book and tract and paper and leaflet. Translations of passages, chapters and books of the Bible, of children's and boys' stories, of school books, of scientific and historical, and especially

theological works. Original controversial treatises have all issued from this press; they have been sold in the bazars, introduced into the schools or given away in private houses. The Hindustani language has taken its share in the work of translation and original production, which is being carried on throughout the mission field of the world.

Again analogies from the early history of the church offer themselves to our mind. The books written by apologists, in defence of the new-born religion, at Antioch, Ephesus, Alexandria, eighteen centuries ago, might be adapted, with slight verbal alterations, as pastoral letters to the small Christian congregations "of the diaspora" in the Punjab, as sermons to be delivered in the bazar of Amritsar, as an "apologia pro vita sua" to be offered to Brahmins or native rulers. And may we not regard the strong likeness which this mission-field of to day bears to that of the early church, as an argument which justifies us in adducing it as a type and an example of the kind of activity that has prevailed and still prevails throughout the world?

The *medical work* of the missions has not yet been as completely organised as the scholastic and literary. Yet it is efficient in its way. The stations in proportion to their size and importance, in town and district, have been supplied with establishments, ranging from the dispensary —where the hospital assistant on 8*l.* a year doles out every morning to a crowd of sick and poor, pills and drugs and febrifuges—to the well-furnished hospitals at Srinuggur or Chamba, where the surgeon, perhaps an Edinburgh M.D. and gold medallist, together with his qualified assistants, obtains an experience which might excite the envy of his colleagues in England.

It cannot be said that *technical and industrial education* has been neglected. There are industrial schools under native managements in Hoshyarpore, where the pupils are taught spinning, weaving, tent and carpet making, and carpentry of various kinds. There are workshops, like those in Lahore, which give young men a training invaluable for all practical work connected with railways. Attempts have been made by a Presbyterian missionary, for instance, in the Kulu Valley, to teach boys how to manage a farm-yard, to rear poultry, to till the ground. Moreover, there exist settlements, like the one in Clarkabad, on ground rented from Government, where converts gathered into one village are learning to manage their own affairs; they constitute a small Christian polity in the midst of a heathen land.

BISHOP KEN.

I.

THE revolution of the seventeenth century, as a matter of public history, is familiar to most of our readers. The whirl of events, on which each of the contending parties was by turn borne up on high, or thrust into obscurity, is a tale of absorbing interest. Scarcely inferior in interest is the story of an individual actor, even though not a chief participator in those stirring events. It is something to follow the course of a good man, who, amid the strife of parties, is faithful to himself, and to his God: who desires not high position, yet accepts it when it falls to his lot, and, when conscience forbids him to retain it, can leave it without a wistful look behind. Such a man was Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, under Charles II. and James II.; under William and Mary a deprived non-juror; under Anne a reconciled but private member of the Church of England. This is a brief summary of a career sufficiently chequered. It is our business to trace the growth and working of that which remained unchanged throughout—the sterling, gentle piety of the man, that which enabled him to face the guilt of kings, the angry looks of threatening citizens and so-called brethren, and in all, as he himself said, "to keep conscience as the noonday clear."

Men of Ken's stamp have perhaps scarcely met with the recognition they deserve. There are many who admire the sturdy piety of Bunyan and his friends even in their rejection of all forms, who do scant honour to those whose godliness sheltered itself under the ritual of the church. But who shall say which was the more sincere? Who shall measure the good done by the silent influence of Ken and his compeers? Among the higher classes certainly, and perhaps among the lower, that influence was wide-spread, and to it may be traced in its due proportion the religiousness of the English Church, which surviving the wantonness of the Stuarts, and the chilliness of the Hanoverians, has reached its fuller development in our own day.

The appearance of Dean Plumptre's exhaustive volumes gives a fresh interest to his biography, although so much has been previously written respecting him.[1]

The shadow of a mother's piety fell upon Thomas Ken; we cannot say more, for she died when he was four years old. His father died ten years after; and during those ten years the chief care of the orphan boy must have fallen upon an elder sister, Anne, who, before her father's death, married Izaak Walton. To any near connection of Walton's, the names of his friends and correspondents would be familiar as household words.

[1] The Life and Letters of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. (Isbister, Limited.)

Among these the most frequently mentioned were Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and Bishop Morley, in after-years Ken's own friend and patron, all of them loving the Church of England, and walking, if the expression may be allowed, in its light. Such were the influences prevailing over Ken's boyhood. When he passed to Winchester School in 1652, another spirit predominated. The Westminster Directory had taken the place of the Prayer Book, and the Shorter Catechism was taught. If the sacraments of the Church were administered, it was by stealth, and by connivance of the superior authorities, as at Oxford, where Dr. Owen, Dean of Christchurch and Vice-chancellor of the University, staunch Independent as he was, allowed Dr. Fell to perform church services in a private house. There is little actual record of Ken's school life, beyond the carving of his name in stone in the cloisters in 1656, when he was a "big boy," on the point of leaving for Oxford.

BISHOP KEN.

From a Portrait in the Print Room of the British Museum.]

The results of his school life are to be seen with some distinctness in his subsequent publication, the "Manual for Winchester Scholars." The inner life of a boy, his thoughts on various topics, his judgments on himself and his doings, though they remain unshapen, often form the raw material of future work. A boy's religion tinges that of his after-life. Ken, having lived through a Winchester scholar's course under the grave Puritan régime, put much of the spirit of his boyhood into his directions for future scholars. He saw what was wanted to make a pious schoolboy, and wrote out his directions, clothing Puritan gravity in the garb of Anglican devotion. It is singular to find in its opening sentence a distinct echo of the first answer in the Shorter Catechism, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever," as though the simple majesty of these words, and perhaps other phrases in the Catechism had taken fast hold of his mind. The "Manual" follows minutely the daily life of a boy on the foundation, a "child" of the house, and suggests times and forms of prayer, which may serve as the aliment of devotion. The minute sympathy with boys displayed in this work appears in Ken's care for children throughout his life, as though he had always before him, in letters of light, the Master's command, "Feed My lambs." His school life thus furnished some compensation for the absence of fatherhood.

As in other devotional works, the ideal life of a Christian boy is pitched in a rather high key, but it is of the nature of ideals to be high, otherwise there would be no struggling up to them, either on the part of him who creates or him who studies them. How far above us all is the ideal sketched by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount! Ken's ideal has not proved too high to be useful. "The Century Magazine" records an

order for three dozen copies from Philadelphia in 1751; it has been republished by Bishop Moberly, and is still in use among Winchester scholars.

Ken's ideal of his own life as a Christian man, pastor, and bishop, was also pitched in a high key, with a certain leaning to asceticism. His biographer believes him to have been a total abstainer, inasmuch as one of his poems represents the forbidden fruit as the vine. He followed the example of Bishop Morley in taking only one meal a day, and rose in the very early morning for prayer and meditation. His adoption of an unmarried life would also seem to have been a matter of principle. His recorded judgment is this:

> A virgin priest the altar best attends;
> Our Lord that state commands not, but commends.

His friends also had their joke on the matter, when he was a bishop, saying that he made a vow every morning as he rose, that "he wouldn't be married that day."

We have left somewhat behind Ken's university life, of which there are but few details. Entering first at Hart Hall, he was soon transferred to New College, having obtained admission at the Winchester election of 1656. The stern Puritan rule was by that time relaxed.

The organ was heard again at New College, handled by Gibbons, and at the house of another organist a musical society held its meetings, at which "Thomas Ken of New College, a junior, would be sometimes, and sing his part." With him poetry and music went hand in hand. The writer of the Morning and Evening Hymns was now reviving the cultivation of earlier years; in the same spirit he subsequently had an organ in his own rooms at Winchester, in addition to the daily practice of singing his own or others' hymns and accompanying himself on the lute.

His stay at Oxford seems to have been unusually long, and he did not take his degree till after the Restoration, so that he must have been there to see the outburst of profanity and riot which made Anthony a Wood say that the University had gone "stark-staring mad."

His entrance into clerical duty was also not made till the evils of the new régime had manifested themselves. The church into which he entered was now as much defiled by the profligacy of her sins, as she had been previously deformed by the harshness of her foes. Scandalous profaneness, simony, plurality, non-residence were current clerical vices, branded as such in a book published at the time under the title of Ichabod, and claime by Ken's present biographer with much probability as the work of his pen. Through such a mass of corruption the clear stream of his life flowed, a bright line among dark surroundings.

His first ministrations were rather of a personal than of a public character. At his first living of Little Easton in Essex, he came in contact with Lady Maynard, the wife of his patron, a devout and honourable woman, an example of the same order as Lady Rachel Russell, Mrs. Godolphin, Mrs. Hutchinson and others of the time. Her senior by several years, he was to her an elder brother and spiritual director, moulding her sincerely religious spirit by his counsels, and profiting in his own soul by the fervour he gave forth. Though living but a short time in the immediate neighbourhood, he laid the foundation of a lasting friendship—a friendship whose termination he mournfully signalized in one of his few published sermons. Another lady, who owed much to his public ministrations, was Lady Warwick, the sister of Robert Boyle; an indebtedness to which she has borne testimony in her diary.

Later on in life his largeness of heart and individual influence upon another mind were shown in his relations with Elizabeth Rowe. Though daughter of a Nonconformist, the bishop found in her a soul of kindred piety, and one to whom he delighted to do good.

From Little Easton he was summoned to Winchester by his friend Bishop Morley, in whose palace Ken's brother-in-law, Izaak Walton, found a home for the last twenty years of his life. In 1666 Ken was elected a fellow of Winchester College, and kept up his connection with Winchester for the next thirteen years. In the course of these years two breaks of residence occurred, the first through his receiving the preferment of Brighstone (or Brixton, as it is now commonly called), in the Isle of Wight, and the second through an interval of continental travel, undertaken in company with, and in a great measure for the benefit of his nephew, Izaak Walton the younger. Of his travels, it is foreign to our purpose to say anything; of his residence at Brighstone, a pleasing tradition remains, that under a yew hedge at the bottom of the rectory garden, he composed the Morning and Evening Hymns. By these his name has been kept in popular remembrance, far more than by his reputation as an exemplary bishop, and a monument has been raised which is likely to outlive all biographies and memorials. Further we shall only note that he cheerfully resigned Brighstone into the hands of Bishop Morley, that a place might be found for another of the bishop's friends. Ken took charge of a parish to find work not comfort, and work there was to do in the parish of St. John in the Soke, an outlying district of Winchester. As fellow of the college, and prebend of the cathedral he had enough for his temporal needs, and was content to work for souls in a poor parish, so poor as not of itself to yield a bare livelihood to the incumbent. Here he set himself to teach the people, to catechise the young, and bring both young and old under church ordinances, so much neglected during the years of the Commonwealth.

Ken's disinterested spirit was in like manner shown when he went as chaplain to Lord Dartmouth in his voyage to Tangier, with the commission to dismantle the fortifications and abandon the place to the Moors. To become a navy chaplain in those days was to make oneself "servant of all." He was asked to become so that he might do a good work among the sailors. He did not shrink, and did his duty so as to win a tribute of praise from the worldly-minded Samuel Pepys, at whose recommendation he was appointed, and who accompanied the fleet as one of Lord Dartmouth's council. The entries in that gentleman's diary show that he felt the power of the preacher, but that the man was of a

metal too refined for his sympathies. These and other incidents show that Ken had already made his mark by his pulpit deliveries, and combined with the fact, that he has left only three sermons in print, lead to the belief that he was not a reader of finished discourses, but trusted to the living voice. To this in part may be traced the promotion which speedily followed, but not entirely; in a great degree it was due to a course of conduct which according to ordinary calculations leads rather to obscurity than fame—he sharply rebuked both in a direct and indirect manner the vices of the court. At that time it was impossible to be in court circles without coming upon open and shameless profligacy. The purity of heart which Ken had cherished for many years did not fail him, but rather nerved his courage. There was no questioning with him, whether or no he should lift his voice against sin; he did it, going straight to his mark, guided by a spiritual instinct.

His first connection with royalty was at the Hague, where he held the post of chaplain to the Princess Mary. One of William's ministers, Count Zulestein, had formed a discreditable intimacy with a maid of honour, a young English lady whom Ken had known in earlier years. Ken's influence was now used, and used successfully in pressing upon the count the duty of marrying the lady. This was done in William's absence, and the transaction irritated him, for his own private life was far from being unblemished, nevertheless he respected the counsellor who had brought it about.

Still more outspoken was his dealing with the king's "harbinger," when he wanted Ken to receive Nell Gwyn into his house, on the occasion of a royal visit to Winchester. "A woman of ill-repute ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman, least of all in that of the king's chaplain." "Not for his kingdom" would he comply with the king's demands.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF BISHOP KEN.

All Glory be to God

My worty good Lord

I received your Graces letter
wch came to my hands late on Tuesday night, so
y^t had I had no obligation on me to ordaine
next Sunday, yett it was impossible for me
to have warning y^e time before Christmas,
but of course as y^e weather will permitt,
I intend God willing to wait on your Grace. God
of His Infinite Goodness send downe a double
portion of His Spirit to rest on your Selfe, &
on my reverend Brethren, to direct, & support
you in His great imployment.

Dec: 22
1688

My good Lord

Your Graces most obedient Servant
Tho: Bathoniensis

From the Original in the Tanner Collection in the Bodleian Library.]

Charles honoured the virtue he could not imitate. When Ken was preaching at Whitehall, he would say on his way to the royal closet, "I must go and hear little Ken tell me of my faults;" and again, when the see of Bath and Wells was vacant, supporters of various candidates for the appointment were met with this, "Who shall have Bath and Wells but the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging?"

The esteem which Ken had won by the fidelity of his behaviour and the impressiveness of his preaching, marked him out as the one man who should minister to Charles on his dying bed.

> Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
> And sorrow, guilt and fear by turns dismayed,
> The reverend champion stood.

He struggled as it were with the fiend for the soul of the departing sinner, and seemingly roused the king to contrition. Having done his duty to the last, it must have been a bitter humiliation to find that the penitent's real trust finally rested on a church that professes herself able to bear the sins of penitents, instead of calling them to lay those sins on Jesus. As is now well known, Father Huddleston, a Jesuit, was smuggled in through a back stair to receive the king's confession, and bestow the church's blessing.

As he dealt with the prince, so he did with the courtiers. Addressing the court on the character of Daniel, but a short time after Charles's death, he invited them to imitate the ascetic life of the Jewish courtier and statesman, as "naturally fitting him for his secular employment," and went on to assert that "nothing does more debase a great man, or make a wise man look like a fool, than the surfeits of intemperance." This in Whitehall in 1685!

To such qualities, usually thought to bar promotion, Ken owed his appointment as bishop. It is noteworthy that he did not seek preferment. There is still in his own handwriting, about the time of his residence at the Hague, the Latin version of Jeremiah xiv. 5: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."

That this sentiment was genuine, there is the strong evidence of his after course, when high position was used neither for ambition nor self-indulgence, but as a means and opportunity of doing good.

STELLA BARUGH; OR WHAT IS FAITH?

"ANN, what a little saint you are!" was the remark of a girl of eighteen summers to a young housemaid, who stood waiting for her mistress at the foot of the staircase.

"I have been into your bedroom this morning," she continued, "and seen upon your drawers quite an army of good books—Anxious Enquirers, and Pastoral Addresses, and I know not what beside. How can you read such dry books? I am sure that I never could."

"But I hope you may, some day, Miss Stella," was the grave answer, not a word more; and Stella passed gaily on, laughing at the idea of her ever becoming such a little Puritan as Ann.

Stella Barugh was the daughter of godly parents, and had been surrounded from earliest childhood by religious influences. The Bible was an open book in her home: the household was ruled according to its tenets; morning and evening Stella knelt at the family altar for prayer and praise; and had been taken to the house of God before almost she could speak; but as yet she cared nothing for these things.

Stella was looking forward to a dancing party that evening, and her head was full of the dress she should wear, the ornaments she could put on, and the friends she should meet. Never had she been more anxious to look well, for that evening she was to meet with one of whose regard she was assured.

The evening proved a success; never had Stella appeared to greater advantage, or been more admired; never had she smiled more brightly, or danced more gaily, and her friends thought never had she been happier.

Who could have imagined that, in the midst of all this gaiety, Stella was listening to an undertone in her heart that would be heard? Yet she could not have been more truly alone in spirit had she been in a desert's solitude than she was in that ball-room.

What was the voice she heard? Was it merely the echo of the young servant's words: "I hope you may, some day, Miss Stella;" or was it an angel's whisper to the young maiden's heart, gently luring her steps away from the broad path of this world's pleasures into the straight and narrow way that leads to God? Was it the Good Shepherd laying His hand of love upon the thoughtless girl, arresting her attention, calling her by name before the fatal step should be taken that would have involved the destruction of her soul?

Stella knew not, she was only conscious of "a solemn murmur in her soul," to which she could but listen.

At supper (it was the time when every guest sat at the table) Stella was seated by the companion of her choice, laughing and chatting gaily, when the attention of both was arrested by the one word "faith," that was spoken (in what connection they did not know) in the midst of an animated conversation at the end of the table.

Her friend took up the word and said, "Stella, what is faith?"

No answer being given, the question was repeated in a sarcastic, mocking tone.

"Stella, what is faith? you ought to know with so much psalm-singing and chapel-going at home."

This was a home-thrust indeed, and it pierced the heart of Stella with a sore pain; for as by a lightning flash the character of him who asked it was revealed to her, and she felt they were parted for ever.

The remembrance of her dear father, the religious training she had had, the privileges she enjoyed, smote her heart with anguish. The question she could not answer, and turning away she remained silent.

With a troubled spirit and burdened conscience, Stella returned home that night, resolving that before another day had passed she would find for herself the reality of faith.

But it was not easily to be found; for weeks Stella scarcely did anything else but seek for the answer to the question: "What is faith?" She read through the religious books in her father's library, she studied "Butler's Analogy," etc., listened to sermons, but she found it not.

The months passed by, and Stella's health began to suffer. The doctor said "something was on her mind," and recommended change of air and scene. But the change brought no rest to her burdened spirit, for the question "What is faith?" was still unanswered.

It was not conviction of sin, or the fear of death, that troubled Stella's heart—no, it was the longing after God, the desire to find that something which should bring her close to Him, and enable her to say "Abba, Father." It was faith she needed, but—what was faith? Her Bible told her—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" and as she read, the cry of her heart was, "I do believe; but there is no place for me."

As yet she knew not that the faith by which we are saved is "the gift of God," that it is the work of the Holy Spirit, and is given in answer to prayer.

Relief came at last, as it comes to all, for it is written, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find."

It was on a Sunday evening during the time of service, when her parents and sisters were at chapel, and Stella was left at home, being too unwell to accompany them, that she suddenly remembered a book that her dear minister had given to her a year or so before, when she had taken her album for him to write a few lines in it.

Rushing upstairs to her book-case, she found it all uncut, for she had never looked into it, thinking it much too dry a subject. Its title was, "Justification by Faith," and, sitting down before the window, she felt assured that here was the treasure she was seeking. A thunder-storm came on; the lightning flashed on the book, but Stella heeded it not; page after page she eagerly read, until suddenly Heaven's light shone around her and Stella saw it all. Faith was her acceptance of Christ's life and death as her substitute before God. There it was, the precious truth, as a gem shining in darkness, a "pearl of great price," the "gift of God," the bond of love to sinners.

With what trembling joy did Stella receive the treasure as from heaven; the words on her lips, "O priceless pearl, O precious gift! mine for ever, to wear upon my heart, in life, in death, through all eternity."

With what secret bliss did she hide her newly-found treasure for many days in the secret recesses of her heart; and when alone she drew it forth, and gazed upon its brightness and beauty, the assurance of Christ's love for her deepened and intensified, until faith merged into love, "love unspeakable and full of glory."

Days of heaven upon the earth were these for Stella. She understood those words of grace, "Himself the Father loveth you." The Holy Spirit bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God. From Him she learned the Abba, that prayer of faith alone.

"Oh, deep, mysterious gift of grace!" How strange it is that, while the soul is passing through these wondrous experiences, the daily life should be still the same, the routine of duty unbroken; those nearest to us unconscious of any change. It sometimes happens that in our households a soul is born again, passes from death unto life, becomes an heir of heaven, receives the title-deeds to a heavenly inheritance, and yet it is all unknown to those around. Only as the hidden life manifests itself in time (as it must) is the change recognised.

So it was with Stella. It was summer in her soul for days and weeks, and "the sun that shone upon her was Jesus and His love." But the gladness was unspoken; until there came a day when it could be no longer hid. Then the young servant in the household heard with joy that Miss Stella had turned from the pleasures of this world, and was striving with earnestness to "walk in the footsteps of the saints."

The years passed, but the gladness of that happy day remained. Sorrow and adversity Stella knew; but through every trial the love of Christ sustained her. The clouds dispersed, and there was seen again "the clear shining of the sun after the rain."

A word spoken for Jesus, only a word, no more; but that word has passed into the heavens above, and fallen upon the Master's ear.

It is yours no longer, it is His word. He can use it as an angel's whisper to a young maiden's heart, luring her steps from the broad path of this world's pleasures into the narrow way that leads to God. Or He can make it a breath of heaven stirring the depths of a cold and selfish heart, quickening it into a warm and spiritual life. Nay, it may fall as a note of heavenly music upon some dead soul, that will wake it from sleep, and save it from despair.

As a drop of living water to a thirsty soul, as the balm of Gilead to a wounded spirit, so may a word prove that is spoken for Jesus. It may comfort the weary and sin-laden one, soothe the sad and disconsolate heart, arrest the downward steps of the thoughtless sinner, and bring him in penitence to the feet of his Saviour.

[1] By the Rev. James Bennett, D.D.

HER GRANDFATHER'S EYES.

II.

EYES TO THE BLIND.

"NANCY," said Mrs. Bouncer to her little maid, "run up and see that the best room is in order. The four o'clock train's just in, and there's some folks coming this way."

Mrs. Bouncer was the landlady of the "Wynter Arms," Timberdale. Business being rather slack, she watched with some anxiety the proceedings of the new arrivals. Would they take the turning leading to the village, or would they come straight on, and avail themselves of the good accommodation, which she through her signboard offered to man and beast. When their intention to do this became evident, Mrs. Bouncer emerged from her retreat behind the parlour blind, and appeared at the threshold, "on hospitable thoughts intent."

The strangers were three in number, a gentleman, and lady, and little girl. The gentleman seemed ill and feeble, and when they were introduced to the glories of the best room, and had ordered tea, his wife begged that a fire might be lighted at once, although the June afternoon was pleasantly warm. Mrs. Bouncer took down her flaming stove ornament with some regret—she thought its blue roses and yellow birds quite the prettiest thing in art—but her sympathy was stirred by the sweet-faced young woman whose eyes rested so sorrowfully on her husband, and she soon had a merry blaze crackling in the grate. The sofa was drawn up and made comfortable with a big railway rug, and a cushion or two; the sick gentleman sat silently watching the landlady as she bustled about. The tea table, laden with country delicacies, looked tempting enough, but he surveyed it as if something were still wanting.

"I don't see any of my favourite cheesecakes and cranberry jam! Ah, Bouncer, Bouncer, I hadn't to ask for either in the old days."

Fancy an invalid gentleman wanting such an indigestible combination as cheesecakes and cranberry jam! It might well startle the good landlady. But it was something in the tone of the voice, in the familiar actiou of the hands carrying her thoughts suddenly back to the time, twenty years ago or more, when a certain handsome lad used to come and coax her for those special dainties which made her get, as she afterwards expressed it, "all in a tremble," and cry out—"Why, sir! who be you? Not Master Bob come back again, surely!"

But it was Master Bob, as he speedily convinced her; and then I am afraid the home-cured rashers and new-laid eggs received scanty attention, there were so many things to hear, so many to tell.

The length of the conference quite puzzling Nancy, she applied a cautious eye to the keyhole, and was greatly exercised in her mind at seeing Mrs. Bouncer, who under ordinary circumstances would have considered such a proceeding a gross breach of good manners, seated near the sofa. Nancy fancied she was crying too; but at this point a hurried rapping of halfpence on the counter, betokening customers, put an end to her investigations.

No wonder Mrs. Bouncer cried; here was the young master back again at last, a weary, broken-down man, when he ought to be in the prime of life, and she might not even cheer him with the hope of a friendly, much less a loving, welcome from the father whom he had left in such hot anger years ago. To his eager enquiries she could only reply: "I won't deceive you, sir, Time and trouble ain't softened the Squire one bit. Saving your presence, he's just as hard as nails. The old servants are scattered, most of 'em; and Leeson looks after her master as best she can. The schoolmaster goes and reads the papers to him every day; and he has a lad to walk with him; but oftenest he is alone—he's wonderful independent, and manages to find his way about with a stick. As for the house, Mr. Robert," and here Mrs. Bouncer's handkerchief went up to her eyes again, "it's just gone to rack and ruin."

The wanderer nodded sadly.

"Poor, lonely old man!" he murmured. "Oh! it is hard to feel how much my wayward boyhood has to answer for. 'No man liveth to himself,' true, true! Who could have thought those little sins of wilfulness and disobedience would bring such lasting sorrow? Ah! Bouncer, I ought to have come back years ago, and humbled myself to my father; but it remained for this dear one, my better angel, to show me where my duty lay, and help me to overcome my stubbornness."

He drew his wife gently to him and kissed her with loving pride.

"Rather say," she whispered softly, "that God's Holy Spirit touched your heart at last."

"Yes," said the invalid; "and, unworthy as I am, He has blessed me in every way—blessed me in basket and store; and in crowning my life with the gift of your love and our little one. But then God's ways are not as our ways—'He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'"

He spoke dreamily, and as if his thoughts were far away; the journey had been trying; the traveller was weak; even in the short silence which followed, his eyes closed and he fell asleep.

For the next few days Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, as the strangers were called, stayed quietly on at the inn, and none save Mrs. Bouncer knew who they were, nor their object in coming to Timberdale. This was at the express wish of Mrs. Wynter, who dreaded the effect of any shock on her husband; and who felt what a grievous blow it would be to him if his fears were realised and his father proved obdurate.

"Let us wait," she pleaded, "until you are a little stronger, and then you and I and Kittywee will settle what is to be done."

Kittywee, hearing her name, lifted her bright head and nodded gravely. I am inclined to think that while the anxious young mother, and the ailing father, and that kind soul Mrs. Bouncer were puzzling their brains as to the best way of lessening the chance of a rebuff from the stern old man at the manor house, the simpler wisdom of Kittywee had already solved the question. "Pretty lamb!" the good landlady had said one day. "Do you know, ma'am, that although she favours you so much, she's got her grandfather's eyes?" Kittywee said never a word at the time, but that evening, when safe in bed, and exchanging, according to custom, good-night confidences with her doll, she whispered that if she could only see poor blind grandpa she had something to tell him which would make him kind to father.

The days slipped away, and with them Robert Wynter's strength. The sad young wife ceased her plea, "Wait till you are stronger." What they had to do must be done quickly. Very quietly, though her woman's heart failed within her, she said:

"I will see your father. We are in God's hands, darling,—it will all come right; why, very likely this evening, your hand clasped in his, you will laugh at your fears as merrily as Kittywee is laughing now."

Kittywee's delight was caused by the prospect of gathering strawberries in Briar Lane.

"Mrs. Bouncer is going to see Susan Martin, mamma. Susan Martin lives in a cottage in Briar Lane. There are heaps of wild strawberries in Briar Lane, mamma, and while she is talking to Susan I may gather them, she says."

Mrs. Wynter nodded absently.

"Kitty," said she, "you would like to see your grandpa, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma; I want to see him very much—more than ever," continued Kittywee, lifting a flower-like face for a kiss, and speaking in her most confidential manner. "I've got something to tell him, mamma; a little secret he will like to know."

Quite used to Kitty's merry whims, the mother smiled and answered:

"Perhaps you may see him to-day, dear; and then you can tell him if he will let you."

Now in all her rambles with the faithful Bouncer, who invariably took charge of her, fearing Nancy's chattering tongue, the child had never met her grandfather. But Briar Lane skirted the manor grounds; and this afternoon she came upon a wicket gate leading directly into them. Peeping through this wicket gate, Kittywee saw something

which made her forget alike wild strawberries and Mrs. Bouncer's injunction not to go far away.

"Why, there is grandfather, his very own self—it must be grandpa, because his eyes are shut, and he is feeling his way with that big stick. Oh! mamma knew then I should find him here—she knows everything, I believe—now I must just go right in and tell my secret."

But this was easier said than done; she could not reach the latch, and, if she could, would have found it fastened. Secure, however, in the notion that it was her mother's wish she should attract this old gentleman's attention, the little maid shook and rattled the gate.

"Who are you—what are you doing—confound your impudence, can't you see this is private property—what d'ye mean by it—eh?"

To be sure this was a startling reception. Kitty, her heart beginning to sink into her tiny boots, met the angry torrent of questions with the meekest of replies.

"If you please, I'm only Kittywee—a very little girl, and I want to speak to you."

Speechless with rage—for he concluded this was some begging trick of "those good-for-nothing tramps"—the squire bore down on the gate, and fumbled about to make sure it was locked; but, before he could find words to express his indignation, a warm, soft little hand crept confidingly into his own, and the soft voice spoke again:

"That's right, dear grandpa; do undo the gate!"

Grandpa! Ah! so it might have been! Was it the touch of those baby fingers that unnerved him? Truly he was getting old and foolish, and—and the gate was open.

"Thank you," said the child. "Oh! here is a seat—may we sit down? You are so tall, you seem far off when you stand. I am so sorry you can't see; sorrier than ever when I found out the reason why. It was through Mrs. Bouncer I found it out. She told mamma I had got your eyes. Is that why you are angry with father? He might get well if you were not angry: so, when Mrs. Bouncer said that, I was sorry. I can't give you back your eyes, you know; but perhaps if I am close beside you very often that will do as well. They are very useful eyes; they see quicker even than eyes that have spectacles; they might do for us both if they looked about very hard."

The child prattled on, enforcing her arguments with many a loving gesture and caress. The old man remained silent, his anger giving place to a strange and strong emotion; he had felt nothing so strange and sweet since the time when his young wife played with her little ones; it shook him from head to foot, and made him tremble like a leaf.

"Are you cold, grandpa?" asked Kittywee, in wonder. "Oh!" dragging at the hand she held, "here comes Mrs. Bouncer; I expect she is frightened because she lost me."

The landlady's usually florid face did look rather pale when she saw the pair within the gate.

"My duty to you, sir," she began.

The squire interrupted her in imperious fashion.

"Mrs. Bouncer," he demanded, "who is this child?"

A hard, bare question, and harshly put; but Mrs. Bouncer felt instinctively the cause was won. Her answer came with a suspicion of triumph.

"She is Mr. Robert's little daughter, and your own dear grandchild."

Joy and sorrow—joy and sorrow! Close is their fellowship; never in this world to be severed. Therefore was the happiness of reconciliation soon shadowed by the certainty of a speedy parting. In the first rush of pleasurable excitement, the sick man's strength seemed to increase. Too quickly the reaction followed; and in less than a month after his return Robert Wynter passed quietly away in the home of his boyhood. He died at peace with the father from whom he had been so long estranged; and in perfect confidence that this earthly forgiveness but feebly typified the fuller and freer pardon which God—who waits to be gracious—will bestow on all who seek it in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

He had lived long enough however, to see the dawn of better times for Timberdale. In the ancient manor house new influences were at work, which brought it once more in sympathy with the outside world. A pair of little feet pattered about the old nursery, where poor Bob used to learn his lessons; innocent laughter rang unchecked through grandpa's study; the gloomy rooms began to brighten with tokens of womanly presence and refinement; and in the garden the flowers, tended once more with care, bloomed fairer every day. Kittywee and her mother were happy in their new home. The former soon outgrew her childish notion that she had actually become unlawfully possessed of the eyes her grandfather lacked; but never the loving idea that her own were bound to do duty for both. As time went on, Squire Wynter and the young lady from the Hall were well known for miles round as inseparable companions. Through winding lanes, or under woodland boughs, or by the mighty wonder of the sea they wandered, the bright young girl ever ready to picture the scene in glowing words. And the villagers used to end their description of the wondrous changes she had wrought with the quaint remark, "Why, Squire ain't even no longer blind, as you may say, for Miss Kate—God bless her—is her grandfather's eyes."

SYDNEY GREY.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. I.

1. The word *prophet* in the Bible means: (1) One who speaks openly to the people either in the way of exhortation or rebuke; (2) One who foretells things to come. Mention the two most distinguished prophets in the first class.

2. Among those who are usually called *prophets*, there are at least four, who did a great deal in the way of exhortation. Mention them and the object of their exhortation.

3. In what respects does Isaiah belong to the first class?

4. There are several prophets besides mentioned in the Old Testament whose chief work was to encourage or rebuke. Of these mention: (1) one in the time of the Judges; (2) two in the days of David; (3) one in the reign of Rehoboam; (4) one in the reign of Jeroboam; (5) one in the reign of Ahab; (6) one in the reign of Joash, king of Judah.

5. Some of these prophets wrote books which have not come down to us. Find the Scripture references.

6. Find one passage in Deuteronomy and one in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, in which the particular work of the prophet indicated is plainly that of speaking *to the people*, rather than that of foretelling future events.

7. By whom is the first of these passages quoted in the New Testament?

8. In one passage in the N. T. one of the patriarchs is spoken of as prophesying in this sense.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO IV.—p. 80.

1. A braha M	. . .	Luke xvi. 19–31.
2. D oubl E	. . .	Gen. xliii. 12; 2 Kings ii. 9; Psa. xii. 2; Jas. i. 8.
3. V agabon D	. . .	Gen. iv. 12.
4. O mr I	. . .	1 Kings xvi. 25, 30.
5. C æsare A	. . .	Acts x. 34–48.
6. A ntichris T	. . .	1 John ii. 22.
7. T w O	. . .	Mark vi. 7.
8. E leaza R	. . .	Num. xx. 25–28.
Advocate	. . .	1 John ii. 1.
Mediator	. . .	1 Tim. ii. 5.