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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XXI.—"STIFF-NECKED."

MR. FITZALAN GIVES HIS ADVICE.

HERMIONE was miserable. She had scarcely reached her own room, when the tide of shame and unhappiness swept over her, swamping even wrath for the moment.

She knew how she had fallen, knew how she had disgraced herself, knew how this petty ebullition of temper must have lowered her in the eyes of all who witnessed it. Francesca, Julia, Mittie, Mr. Fitzalan, Harry, even Slade. Hermione went over the names, not refusing to look the truth in the face. A bitter truth it was. She who so prided herself on calm repose of manner and control of temper—she to have been betrayed into a childish outburst of fury! Hermione could not understand how it had come about, how in one instant her shield of composure had given way. The thing seemed incredible, after all these years of self-command.

A very agony of shame overpowered Hermione: shame at having so lowered herself. That was the real grief, the unbearable pain. She had no thought yet to spare for having dishonoured by this outburst the Master whom she professed to serve. Her sorrow was for her own disgrace.

She despised herself for the fall, and she hated Francesca for being the cause of her fall. As she sat by the bed, her face buried in the pillow, her hands clutching the counterpane, no softer regrets mingled with the bitter shame and anger.

For once she gave full rein to passionate tears. What did it matter? Everybody knew. The very servants in the kitchen, down to the little scullery-maid, all would hear.

No; Hermione wronged the faithful heart of Slade in thinking this. Gossip enough goes on ordinarily in kitchen regions; but Slade was not an ordinary servant. Not for worlds would he have breathed to another what should bring discredit on his beloved Miss Rivers. Even Milton heard nothing from him.

As Hermione wept on, the thought of her grandfather came up, dear old Mr. Dalrymple, kind and courteous to everybody, and always loving to "his child." Oh, the difference of those days and these! Hermione sobbed afresh, with a stricture of loneliness at her heart. And then the resentful question rose, "Why, why had he left her so, left her in the power of these people? Things might have been so different. Had he really loved her as he seemed to do?"

A tapping at the door aroused Hermione. In one moment, she sprang up, tears ceasing. What business had any one to interrupt her? To come and spy out her wretchedness?

The tapping paused, and soon recommenced. Hermione could not at once respond. She pulled straight the disturbed bed-clothes, and walked to the looking-glass. It was getting dark, but she could see how blistered and reddened her face was. She smoothed her hair, and lowered the blinds to make the room still darker. After which she unlocked the door, and opened it a few inches, keeping a firm hold upon the handle.

Julia stood there, pale and troubled, evidently nervous also.

"Won't you let me come in?" was faltered.

"I would rather be alone, thanks," Hermione answered icily.

"Harvey wished—he is so annoyed——"

Hermione stood silent.

"If you don't mind—if I might say just a few words," pleaded poor Julia, really to be pitied, for she was almost equally afraid of her husband's displeasure on one side and Hermione's anger on the other, not to speak of Francesca's sneers.

"Well?" Hermione answered.

"May I come in? I don't like to talk outside, for fear of being overheard."

Hermione yielded so far as to retreat three or four steps, carefully keeping her back to the light. Julia entered, shutting the door.

"I wanted so much to say to you—Harvey and I hope you will not mind Francesca. It is her way to say sharp things, but nobody thinks anything of it. She has always done so. Harvey is excessively annoyed. He says he hopes you will come with us to Eastbourne, of course; but she ought not to have said what she did."

Julia's apologies might have had more effect but for Hermione's smarting consciousness of her own miserable failure.

"I do not see that there was any need to discuss the question with Harvey. I must decide for myself," came in answer.

"Yes, of course—I did not mean to discuss it, indeed. Only I knew Francesca would talk, and I thought it might be kindest to tell him myself."

"Thanks!"

The manner was absolutely repellent. Julia shrank under it. Her mission seemed a non-success thus far, but she would not at once give up hope.

"I meant it kindly, indeed. Won't you believe so much? I can't understand how it is that you seem to think all of us are against you." Julia hesitated, and having no response she went on earnestly: "I would do anything to persuade you that we really want to make you happy. It has been such a disappointment to me. Before I came I used to fancy that you and I would be like sisters, doing things together. Francesca was always so much older than I, more like a governess than a sister. I thought you would be a friend: and I thought I should learn from you, because I was told how good you were."

Was this said maliciously? Like lightning the query flashed through Hermione's mind, and like lightning a negative was supplied by Julia's troubled unconscious face. Then came the thought, hitherto crushed into the background, how grievously she had dishonoured her "good" profession, how unfaithful a "soldier and servant of Christ" she had shown herself. Hermione well knew what should have been her next step. Self-humiliation alone, with frank acknowledgment of having done wrong, might tend to undo ill results, side by side with secret confession and prayer for pardon. But alas, pride rose stiffly in the way. Hermione only stood still, listening.

"There are things I want to know—I don't mind saying so much to you. I have wanted it for a long time, and there seems no way of learning. Things which I have never been taught, and which, I suppose, you have always known—since you were a child, I mean. People are brought up so differently. I did hope when I was coming here, that you might help me. But it always seems as if you only wanted to keep aloof, and did not care to speak to me. Don't you think things might be a little different?"

Was this actually Julia—the worldly irreligious Julia!—venturing to imply that Hermione had been in the wrong—venturing to suggest what Hermione ought to do? True, the suggestion was made humbly, and Julia's eyes were full of tears as she spoke. But Hermione did not love to have her duty pointed out, even by her clergyman—much less was she likely to tolerate it from Julia. Conscience was speaking loudly, imperatively, within: yet Hermione only drew up her head, answering coldly—

"I do not see what difference I could make."

"Is there anything I could do differently so as to please you? I would try, indeed I would, if I only knew how!"

Again there was a sound of tacit blame, not intended by the speaker, and Hermione chafed beneath it.

"If you would only believe me! I do so want

to have things smooth and pleasant; not to have Harvey worried."

Hermione turned half away. "Harvey must take the consequences of introducing such a person as Mrs. Trevor into the house!"

"My sister!" Julia said only those two words.

"She is not mine!" Hermione replied, resisting an impulse to apologise.

"No; but"—Julia hesitated, having said almost as much as she dared. "Hermione, won't you try to forget all this of to-day? Won't you kiss me, and let me be your sister?"

The kiss was rather accepted than given. Julia sighed, with a baffled feeling that she had done her utmost and had failed.

"It is so cold up here. Are you not coming down soon?"

"Not till dinner-time."

Julia left the room without another word; and, half-way downstairs, as she passed a little alcove on a landing, filled with plants, Mittie seized upon her.

"Aunt Julia! Aunt Julia! come in here! Mother's in the drawing-room, and I want to speak to you first. Have you been to cousin Hermione?"

Julia had not meant the fact to become known. Being a bad hand at fencing, however, she said, "Yes," and submitted to be dragged into the retreat.

"Is cousin Hermione angry still? Or is she miserable?"

"I dare say she is not very cheerful; but that is not your business, Mittie."

"But I want to know." Mittie twined an arm round Julia's as she spoke. "Because my Marjory says that if we do love God, aunt Julia, we must be awfully unhappy to make Him sorry. And she says Jesus is always so sorry if I get into a temper. And cousin Hermione was in an awful temper, wasn't she? So she ought to be dreadfully miserable."

"People are unhappy in different ways," Julia answered judiciously. "When were you in a temper last?"

"Oh, not for a whole week. And I don't mean to be, never, because I do love the Lord Jesus Christ; and my Marjory says nobody can't really love Him and go on doing wrong things."

"But everybody does wrong sometimes," protested Julia.

Mittie shook her head. "Nobody oughtn't," she said. "And when they do, they've got to be awfully sorry, and go and tell Jesus, and try harder."

"Yes; that must be the right plan," said Julia, with a sudden wonder in her heart—why had not she tried this plan? There was sufficient light for her to see the upturned face of the child, with its cloud of flaxen hair.

"Mittie, how do you know enough about—about Him, to be able to love Him?"

"Why, aunt Julia! You love Him!"

Julia made no reply.

"I know quite well you do, 'cause you've been ever so much nicer lately. And that's why. Everybody's always nicer when they love Jesus. I expect——" and Mittie paused thoughtfully. "I expect cousin Hermione doesn't love Him much to-day, else she wouldn't have got into such a rage."

"I don't think you had better talk about Hermione. We have to do right ourselves, not to discuss other people."

"That's just exactly what my Margery says," Mittie answered in a tone of profound satisfaction, as she clasped both arms round Julia's waist. "Aunt Julia, I love you heaps more than I used. I told my Margery so, and I said I wished you'd come and hear her talk. And she said you was too old."

"Too old!" repeated Julia.

"Yes; you're as old as she is, and you don't want to be taught. My Margery said you was old enough to read your own Bible, and to listen to everything in church. And she said God's teaching was the best. I do try now to listen in church as much as ever I can, only I s'pose I'm too little to understand it all. There's some hard words, you know. But, there's lots about Jesus too, and I always know what it means when His Name comes in; and it does come in so very often. That's nice, isn't it? And I s'pose by-and-by, when I go to church, God will teach me; but now, you know, Marjory teaches me. She says she thinks God likes her to do it, aunt Julia. And I do like it too."

Julia would have wished to hear more of the simple prattle. Somehow, it seemed to help her. Through the infantine words, she caught glimpses of truths hitherto veiled from her eyes.

Old enough to read her Bible, and to listen to everything in church. That suggestion would remain. Julia had read her Bible regularly of late, but the reading had been formal, mechanical, superficial; a thing that had to be done because it was right; not an earnest searching to find out the Mind and Will of God. She had gone to church regularly, often of late twice instead of once on Sunday; but the going had been from a sense of duty; not to join in heartfelt worship, in prayer, in praise; and not with thirsty craving for instruction. At least if the thirsty craving had been there, she had not looked to have it satisfied. Something of this dawned upon Julia, as the child spoke. But no more could be said, for Mrs. Trevor's voice sounded in raised tones—

"Julia! Where are you?"

"I am here," Julia answered, coming out of the alcove, and descending the lower flight. Mittie remained behind. Mrs. Trevor retreated before Julia into the drawing-room.

"Where have you been? You might have remembered that I should be alone all this time? Except when Harvey appeared, which was worse on the whole than solitude. What made you go and tell him all about that scene? He is in a nice state of mind!"

"I thought he ought to know."

"Another time it is to be hoped you will think differently. I never heard such nonsense. As if a man could understand! I only hope for my part that Hermione will not come with us to Eastbourne. I am perfectly sick of that girl's airs. Have you seen her yet?"

Julia again said "Yes."

"Where?"

"In her room."

"You went there! I declare you are more courageous than I should have supposed! Well—what manner of reception had you?"

"She has not got over it yet."

"Of course not. And won't for another week. That's her style of saintliness, my dear."

"Whatever is wrong, it is not Hermione's religion that is in fault. It is herself!" Julia answered.

Mrs. Trevor was so astonished with the unexpected utterance, that she stared at Julia, and made no further remark for full two minutes.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE QUESTION OF GOING.

HARRY FITZALAN walked home by his father's side in absolute silence; and Mr. Fitzalan was too wise to break it. On reaching the Rectory they separated, still without a word as to what they had witnessed.

"Poor boy!" the Rector murmured audibly in his own study, thinking of the dazed look in those grey eyes, and the troubled set of the lips.

He said nothing to Marjory when she presently came in. It was not Mr. Fitzalan's way to speak of another's wrong-doing, unless there were a needs-be. And there could be no doubt that Harry exchanged no confidences with his sister. Marjory's unconscious talk about Hermione in the evening showed this conclusively.

It was not till the afternoon of the following day that Harry would leave. He was very restless and irritable meantime. Since he "had not seen much" of Hermione the previous day—for he confessed to this—she suggested going with him to the Hall before lunch; and she received a sharp snubbing for her pains. Marjory bore the snubbing meekly, and made no further proposals. Harry betook himself to a book, and seemed to be reading diligently, though he never turned a page. He thought he had no wish to see Hermione again, not the slightest. His idol had fallen from its pedestal with a crash. That crimsoned face, blazing with anger, rose up as an impassable barrier between him and the fair girl, who had been lately the centre of his thoughts.

No; he did not want to see her. He had done with Hermione. It was time to shake off all that nonsense. She was not the being he had imagined her.

Yet somehow he could not make up his mind to leave the house that morning. If he wished to avoid Hermione he ought to have done so; for at any moment she might look in; but he stayed resolutely at home. Perhaps there was a half-unconscious hope that if she came she might appear in a mood of gentle penitence, which should do away with just a little of yesterday's cruel impression.

Hermione did not come, however; and Harry went off, with a look of fixed care upon his features. He would carry that vision of wrath with him all through his next term of college life.

"Father, what has happened?" Marjory asked quietly, an hour later, when Mr. Fitzalan entered. "I mean about Harry and Hermione. Do you know of anything? Something is wrong, I am sure. He is not like himself."

"Perhaps not quite," Mr. Fitzalan answered, looking up. "We came upon a certain domestic scene, which we were not meant to witness. Sometimes the less one says the better in such cases." His eyes fell upon a figure passing through the garden. "Ah, here is Hermione herself. So we must put off explanations till later."

Marjory thought there was relief in the tone. Hermione came in a moment later, entering, as she always did, without ringing the front-door bell. She seemed to be restored to her usual self; but the ordinary graciousness of manner had given place to a rather haughty air. She held her head higher than its wont, and the blue eyes had a distinctly combative expression, as of one on the look-out for opposition. Mr. Fitzalan would fain have seen different tokens.

"Harry has gone off," Marjory said.

"Yes, I supposed he would leave before this. I—could not well come earlier;" and there was slight hesitation. She turned then to Mr. Fitzalan; "I was sorry to see so little of you both yesterday, but I—it could not be helped. Mrs. Trevor had behaved to me in a most trying way. Of course"—and a faint flush rose—"I am vexed to have been betrayed into speaking hastily. But I had great provocation."

Her eyes went to Marjory as if in appeal, and Marjory said at once: "Father and Harry have told me almost nothing, so I do not understand. I think I had better leave you with father——"

"O no!"—and there was a manifest shrinking from the proposal. "I have nothing to say which you may not hear. I have come to ask something of you both—a great kindness. Did they explain to you yesterday, Mr. Fitzalan, about this Eastbourne plan?"

"It was mentioned. I do not know particulars."

"I cannot go, of course. May I come here for a time? Will you take me in?"

Her lips remained parted with a look of entreaty; but a motion of Mr. Fitzalan's hand checked the eager response springing from Marjory. "Why cannot you go?" he asked.

"It is impossible."

"The change would be a pleasant change; and you are not absolutely tied to Westford by duties which cannot be laid aside. I suppose it will be a matter of a few weeks only."

"I don't know. It may be longer. But——"

"You have had very little variety as yet. It is good for both mind and body to come in contact with fresh scenes, and fresh phases of life. There is a danger of getting cramped and narrowed by moving always in one small circle. I should be sorry if you did not take advantage of this opportunity."

"I cannot!" she said.

"There may be difficulties which I do not see. The thing itself is certainly desirable. Eastbourne is a particularly bright healthy place, with a good deal going on. The change from this quiet country life will be thorough."

"I do not want change. I cannot go, Mr. Fitzalan."

"Why not?"

"It is impossible. I have said that I will not."

"That would hardly be a sufficient reason. The mere fact of having been betrayed into saying a thing hastily——"

Hermione flushed up. "I cannot take back what I have said."

"Even if that which you said was wrong?" Mr. Fitzalan murmured.

Marjory gave one quick glance at them both, and said quietly,—"There is something I must see to—I will be back in a few minutes,"—and was gone. Hermione's hasty "O don't go!" did not deter her.

Hermione held up her head rigidly, but her lips were trembling. "Then you will not take me in!" she said in a tone of grieved reproach. "I did not think I should have asked that in vain —from such old friends. I see now how alone I am!"

"The question is not what you or I would wish, my dear child, but what is right. I am anxious not to help you to a hasty decision, which you will some day regret."

"It is not hasty. I have been thinking half the night. I cannot and will not go to Eastbourne, after the way in which I have been treated. You are judging me hardly, not knowing all."

"Try to tell me all. I should like to understand the matter fully."

Hermione found herself in a difficulty. She began to detail exactly what had passed, and came to a standstill. The words uttered did not sound nearly so heinous on a repetition, as they had first sounded to herself. After all, it had been more a question of tone and manner than of words, and Hermione was not clever at reproducing another's manner. After a break she began again, only to come to a second stand-still, tears of vexation filling her eyes.

"Is that all?"

"No—I can't make you understand. There was more, of course. But—it was the way she did it——"

"That I can believe. Much more depends upon the way in which a word is said than upon the word itself. Still, I can see no real cause for a serious break with your relations."

"I don't want to have a break. Only I cannot go to Eastbourne."

"Because you were not told of the plan till after Mrs. Trevor!"

Hermione found her feet suddenly. "I see I shall have no help or sympathy here. I thought things would be different. It is no use my staying longer. Please tell Marjory——"

"No, I am not going to tell Marjory anything. You shall tell her yourself. Why, Hermione, my child," he went on kindly, "you are not going to take offence with such an old friend as I am. That would be strange, indeed. Try to be wise, and to look upon this matter in the right light."

"I am not bound to go to Eastbourne, unless I wish."

"Not bound in the abstract: but some attention to your cousins' wishes is their due. If Mr. Dalrymple is content to leave you behind——"

"Harvey has no control over my movements."

"Yes; he is head of the household, and you are his dependent."

The words seemed cruel to Hermione. "I am not likely to forget that," she said in choked tones.

"Then we need say no more about it. After all, the whole question hinges on one point—what is the right thing for you to do?"

"I cannot go to Eastbourne," she persisted.

"Not if you distinctly see it to be right?"

"I have said I would not. I cannot take that back."

"Then, Hermione," he answered gravely, "it is very evident that with you the pleasing of self ranks first;—the doing of God's will ranks second. Is that true service?"

Hermione burst into tears: but still there were no signs of yielding.

BISHOP KEN.

II.

As a bishop, Ken was a true son of the English Church. In expounding the article of the creed on "The Holy Catholic Church," he says "Glory be to Thee, O Lord, my God, who hast made me a member of the particular Church of England, whose faith, and government, and worship, are holy, and Catholic, and Apostolic, and free from the extremes of irreverence or superstition." He considered it the type of the true Christian Church; accordingly he was anxious to enter into communion with other churches whose faith and ritual showed an approximation to his own. Hence his attempt to hold brotherhood with the Eastern churches, and his overtures, as the representative of some English bishops to the Dutch clergy, though their sympathies were naturally on the side of the English dissenters. Nevertheless, he was not prepared for "subscription to the validity of their orders" nor for "a demand that the Princesse [Mary] may come to their Sacrament," for "if ever she does doe it, farewell all Common Prayer here for the future."

In the matter of the Exclusion Bill, he went with those who conceded the divine right of kings. However much he was opposed to Roman

Catholicism, and to James as its representative, he looked upon the bill as an infringement of the sovereign's rights, and opposed it with all his strength.

For all that, he says of his own church, that it "teaches me charity to those who dissent from me." This virtue he practised himself as we have seen, and enjoined it upon his clergy. "I exhort you," he says in a pastoral letter, "to promote universal charity towards all who dissent from you."

When the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove the Huguenots across the channel, Ken spoke boldly on their behalf. In spite of the coldness to be looked for from the king and the scant liberality in spirit shown by the heads of the church, he stirred the people up to liberal contribution for the exiles, inveighed against the abuses and tyranny of popery, and claimed for them the exercise of their religion. More substantial evidence of his charity and disinterestedness was subsequently given. The sum of four thousand pounds having fallen into his hands on the renewal of a lease, he gave the greater part of it to a fund for the relief of the Huguenots.

His own spirituality of mind speedily found expression in pastoral work. He was never so happy as when preaching to the poor, and though roads were difficult and distances great, the preacher of Whitehall was often heard instructing his flock in some remote parish. For their benefit he wrote the "Practice of Divine Love," from which we have already quoted. For their sake he added the simpler manual, "Directions for Prayer." In this he strongly emphasizes prayer as a means of grace; it looks as though he were trying to supply in a form adapted to ordinary people the methods by which his own soul was fed, and his own glow of piety maintained.

Prayer and alms went hand in hand. In framing his armorial bearings, he adopts a shield, held by the Good Shepherd, bearing a sheep upon his shoulders. Round the shield ran (in Latin) the motto, "A good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." In this spirit, while he held the bishopric, he gave dinners every Sunday to the poor, entertaining them with kindly words and notes of instruction. He tried in co-operation with the gentry, unsuccessfully, however, to establish a workhouse, that is to say, an industrial or co-operative institution, by which the poor might secure their just wages, and avoid being fleeced by middlemen. In the like spirit, he took pity on the rebels left in jail after Monmouth's rebellion. Many, very many of them he fed from day to day, and by his representations to James succeeded to some extent in mitigating the the cruelties of Jeffreys and Kirke.

The political events of the time, the trial of the Seven Bishops for petitioning against the order to read the Declaration of Indulgence, and the subsequent deprivation of many of them for refusing the oath to William and Mary, are treated of elsewhere. The details may be read in full in Dean Plumptre's pages. For our present purpose it is sufficient to deal with two points in connection with Ken's personal history.

He was long in making up his mind to refuse the oath. One of his own friends, Dr. Hooper, who had preceded him at the Hague, and who afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells, had sworn to William and Mary. Ken regarded himself as personally bound in fealty to James. The partisans of the government were looking for his adhesion, the hot spirits of his own party

HORNINGSHAM CHURCH, NEAR LONGLEAT.
(From an original Photograph.)

were taunting him as though he was looking to the loaves and fishes. They misunderstood him. If he wished to keep his revenues it was that he might hold them as a trust from God; if he wished to remain a bishop, it was that he might feed the flock of God. These were the feelings that caused him pain, and that made the path of duty—otherwise easy and plain—a difficult one. After having been once or twice on the point of taking the oath, he made his choice against it, saying, "God's will be done."

A bitterer wound awaited him from his non-juring friends. He had adopted their cause, but not in their spirit. His was a passive resistance; theirs, a factious opposition. He was content with suffering in silence; they adopted active measures to maintain their faction, and one at least fell off into the byways of plotters. The most striking step taken by the active faction was to procure the consecration of two suffragan bishops, of course without sees, through whom the succession of non-juring bishops and clergy might be maintained. From this Ken totally dissented. It was enough for him to have delivered a protest in his own person; he shrank from condemning others, who did not share his views. He went further; the bishops who were thrust into his own, and his brethren's sees, he looked upon as intruders; their successors he was willing to recognise. In the see of Bath and Wells, the march of events was remarkable. The intruding bishop and his wife were killed in their bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the great storm of November 26th, 1703. By this the bishopric became *de facto* vacant; and Ken offered to make it lawfully so in his eyes, by resigning his claim in favour of his friend, Dr. Hooper. Soon after that prelate received his appointment, and Ken ceased almost entirely to use the signature he had been accustomed to, "Thos. Bath and Wells."

His reconciliation with the church was completed by his receiving the sacrament in Wells Cathedral from the hand of his friend and successor.

By this time William and Mary were both dead. During their reign the deprived bishop was often in sore straits. On quitting his bishopric he took only 700*l.* with him; out of this he was continuing his accustomed benefactions, and was only prevented from running quite out of resources by the action of his friend and patron Lord Weymouth, who gave him 80*l.* a year in exchange for the capital sum. At Longleat, Lord Weymouth's hospitable mansion, Ken could always find a home, and there in fact he lived, not always at ease, for in the private chapel prayers were offered for the reigning sovereigns, in which Ken could not join. When Lord Weymouth was absent, Ken frequently visited Izaak Walton the younger, who held a living in Wiltshire; another favourite resort was Naish Court, near Clevedon, where the sisters Kemeys entertained him, looking for him especially at Christmas.

Queen Anne looked favourably upon the non-jurors, and when Hooper proposed an arrangement of cathedral offices which would enable him to give Ken 200*l.* a year, the Queen at Godolphin's suggestion proposed instead that the 200*l.* should be paid from the Treasury. By this provision the last years of the bishop were made a period of comfortable retirement. The close of his life was attended with much pain; he resisted as long as he could the opiates intended for his relief, accepting the pain as part of his appointed lot. He died in meekness and humility, and was borne by twelve poor men to his grave in the churchyard of Frome-Selwood, the parish in his diocese nearest to Longleat. His grave may still be seen surmounted by a mitre and pastoral staff, placed there by Lord Weymouth.

*** It has been suggested that Bishop Ken may have been a frequent worshipper at the parish church of Horningsham. "From the top of the hill, through a break in the woods, he must have overlooked the prospect, called from its almost unequalled richness the 'Gate of Heaven.' It may have prompted that passage in his poems:

> 'Soon as thou hast a blissful glance,
> It will thee wholly so entrance,
> Thou, like the Bless'd, will nothing love
> But God above.'"

Dean Plumptre, however, discredits the idea of Ken having worshipped here. Of the old church just without the park paling, only the tower now remains; all the rest has been rebuilt by the Marchioness of Bath.

"FAITHFUL."

MANY years ago, a young girl stood in a famous picture gallery in a great capital city. To visit it had been the coveted treat of a long-looked-for holiday—one of the rare holidays of a hard-working, absorbing life, which, in many of its circumstances and conditions, was, to one of her nature, little short of daily crucifixion.

Now she stood like one entranced, gazing on a picture representing a Roman guard, standing resolute at his post in Pompeii in the fateful hour when the great eruption of Vesuvius turned the city of pleasure into a charnel-house. The glare of the awful conflagration was upon the soldier, ashes were falling thick around, fragments of stone flying through the air were crashing above him. Death imminent was stamped on everything, save the noble countenance of the brave man himself. There shone that dauntless spirit which is beyond destruction. And yet there was also "a touch of strong emotion on the face," as if at that moment he heard a whisper from his distant Roman home, and saw the old mother or young wife seated there, all unconscious of coming

woe. But evidently louder and clearer was that voice of duty which—

> From vain temptations dost set free,
> And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

And the picture was called "Faithful unto Death."

The girl turned away with a brightened face. Her mind had received a noble thought—

> And noble thought enhances
> Life and all its chances.

Over and over again, when her spirit was sore beset by doubts and temptations and agonies, which could never be wholly known to any but herself and her God, that strong pictured face arose before her with its message. "At the post of duty let us be careful for nothing, save to be faithful unto death."

Years passed by, bearing away with them the trials of her youth, but not before she had passed through them all. The girl grew into a woman who had great joys and great sorrows, and many tasks, but whose life could never more be an arid wilderness, for God had put her way into her own hands. Suddenly, however, she was confronted anew by that necessity which, in one form or another, follows us from the cradle to the grave, and is our friend or our enemy according to our own attitude towards it. Only by a great sacrifice could she do justice to a young life that was within her control. She girded her soul to make it, but her will was slow, and her heart within her lay cold and heavy as lead. The conditions of her trial led her to a distant town where she had never before been. Waiting on circumstances, she wandered about the sordid, busy streets, an aimless stranger. Seeing an open door in a public building, she entered and found herself in a huge, dreary gallery, a few pictures somewhat sparsely hung on the lofty walls. She strayed rather absently from corridor to saloon, till her attention was arrested by catching sight of that long-remembered painting of "Faithful unto Death," which had found its final destination here. Tears gushed to her eyes, and a flood of strong emotion warmed her very soul. It was as if an angel's finger smote the cold hard rock of life, and there flowed forth once more the fresh streams of enthusiastic devotion and severe self-abnegation. She went away, saying within herself, "Though my flesh and my heart fail, yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

People have said to her since that the story of that Roman soldier's fidelity is but mythical. She only smiles and says, "Let it be so; it may not be fact in the sense that we could verify to what legion he belonged or the name of his centurion. But still it is truth. For human imagination cannot conceive what is beyond the possibilities of humanity, and it is the noblest function of the imagination to body forth the forms of virtues and heroisms which from their very nature must otherwise pass unknown. Let the beautiful myth remain, it is but the picturesque centre of scores of facts which bear testimony to the power of faithfulness in noble men and women."

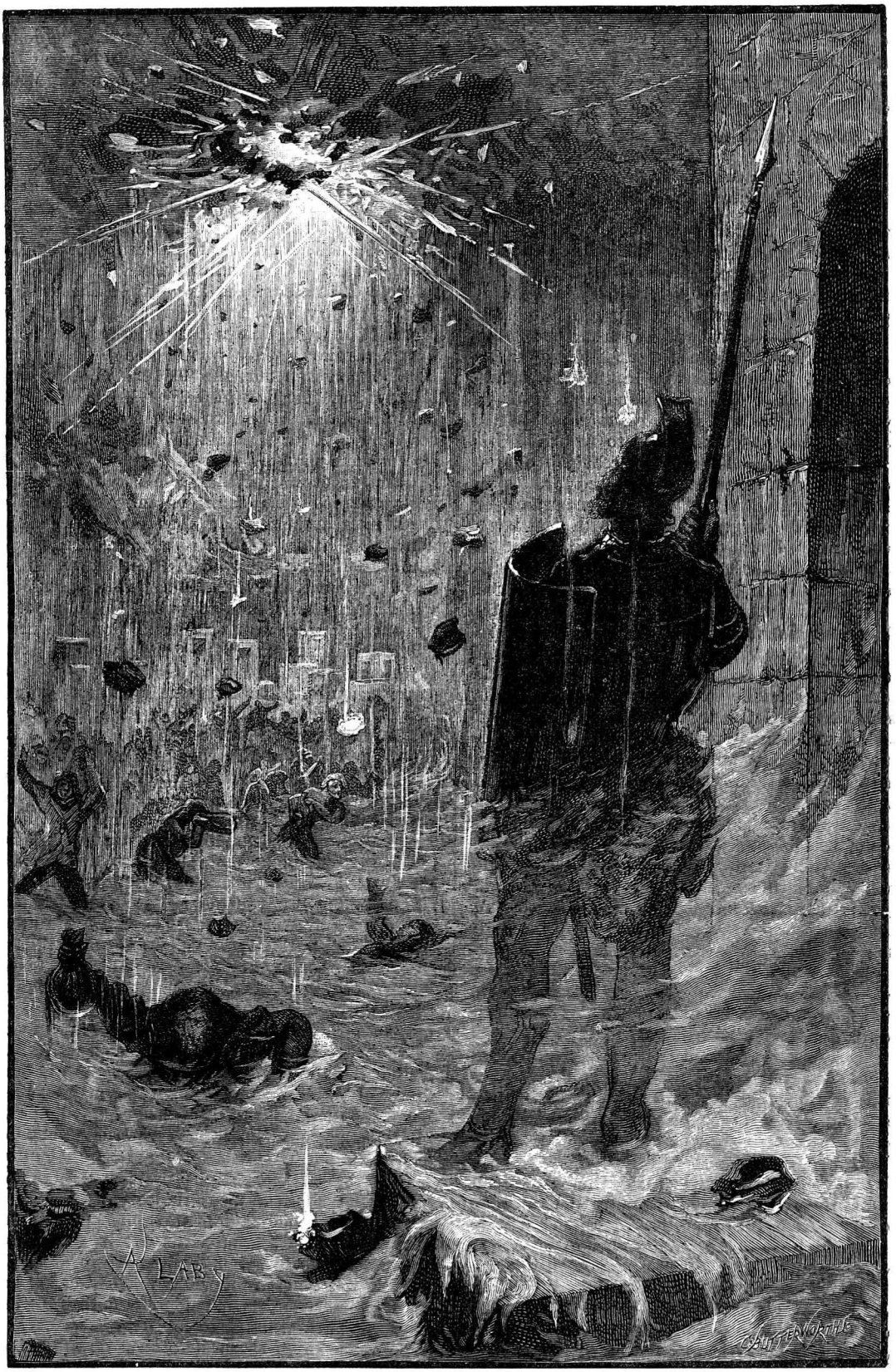
And then she will tell stories of varieties of faithfulness. Greater even than the fabled fidelity of the Roman soldier is the history of the Pagan Rajput nurse, who was entrusted with the charge of her sovereign's son, and who, when she heard the conspirators approach to slay him, fled with him in her arms, leaving her own baby behind for the murderers to slay in mistake for the prince; and who, a few hours afterwards, when her terrible duty was fulfilled and her sacred trust safe in the midst of loyal troops, slew herself in the frenzy of her abnegated mother's love. And her name is preserved, it was "Moti," and the beautiful tomb the royal house erected to her memory remains to be seen to this day.

Nearer to our own times is the well-known story of Casabianca, son of the captain of the French flag-ship "L'Orient," engaged in the famous battle of the Nile. Mrs. Hemans' beautiful verses have made his loyal obedience familiar in every nursery and school-room, and will keep it in remembrance when the politics and passions of the great battle are entirely forgotten. The boy, a lad of about twelve or thirteen, stood at the post assigned him by his father, and never dreamed of leaving it without his father's command. The ship caught fire—

> The flames rolled on—he would not go
> Without his father's word;
> That father faint in death below
> His voice no longer heard.
> * * * * *
> "Speak, father," once again he cried,
> "If I may yet be gone?"
> —And but the booming shots replied,
> And fast the flames rolled on.
>
> Upon his brow he felt their breath,
> And in his waving hair;
> And looked from that lone post of death
> In still, yet brave despair!
> * * * * *
> There came a burst of thunder-sound—
> The boy—Oh! where was he?
> —Ask of the winds that far around
> With fragments strewed the sea!
>
> With mast and helm and pennon fair,
> That well had borne their part,—
> But the noblest thing that perished there
> Was that young, faithful heart.

There is another kind of faithfulness to trust, which acts, not in the noble impulse of a moment, but under the dictates of steady principle. It has to be strong in resolution and pure in spirit to resist all the lower inducements to love of ease and considerations of self-interest. Such has been the faithfulness repeatedly shown by humble people to those to whom they felt themselves bound by ties of grateful love—the trusty servants who in times of family or national disaster have charged themselves with the care or support of those whose bread they had once eaten. One such instance is that of "Mademoiselle Suzette," the French nurse, whose touching little story is told in Chambers' 'Life of Robert Burns.'

She was employed by the daughter of the poet's



THE ROMAN SENTINEL AT POMPEII.

old friend, Mrs. Dunlop. Her mistress was married to a French gentleman, and was early left a widow, having but one child, born shortly after its father's death. Burns celebrated this pathetic situation in a few verses "On the Birth of a Posthumous Child," in which he says:

"May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw."

France was at that time in the horrors of the Great Revolution of 1790. The young widow did not long survive her husband, and the doubly-orphaned babe was left to the care of his paternal grandparents, who were presently compelled to make a hasty flight from France to Switzerland, leaving the infant behind them. Years passed. The child was lost to the knowledge of his relatives in Scotland and Geneva. They concluded he was dead. But when better days permitted the grandfather to return to his ancestral domains, he had the great joy of discovering his heir, alive and well cared for.

"Mademoiselle Suzette," the former servant of the family, had charged herself with the boy's maintenance and upbringing, and with delicate consideration for his gentle birth, and the possibilities of the future, had even always preserved the social distinction between them. While working for his bread with her own hands, she had caused him always to be seated by himself at table, and had shown him every other little personal attention he would have received in the nursery at the chateau. It is pleasant to add that the boy grew up, and succeeded to his inheritance, and that the old age of Mademoiselle Suzette found a happy and honoured shelter in his mansion.

We ourselves once came across a pretty instance of this devotion to a master's interests and behests, and as it did not lack a certain comic element, it may serve to relieve the general tragic intensity of our subject. An American millionaire was on a driving tour through Scotland. His drag arrived in front of one of the most interesting and picturesque historical ruins of that country. The custodian of this relic of the past was an old retainer of the laird on whose land it was situated, and who in the interest of its preservation from rude, unthinking hands, had decreed that nobody should be admitted to its precincts without presenting an order of admission to be procured at the library of the neighbouring town, about a mile and a half away.

Now it so happened that the American millionaire had not passed through this town, as he arrived from the opposite direction. Therefore he had no ticket! What was to be done? The custodian was obdurate. The millionaire and his party coaxed and threatened. They offered bribes—even a golden bribe. But the old man stuck to the letter of his laird's command. "Nobody without a ticket—it was not for him to pick and choose between folks—his order was plain: it said 'nobody.'"

So the American millionaire, who was in a hurry, as millionaires so often seem, encamped discontentedly outside the portcullis, where he discussed his champagne and curried chicken, and then drove away, practically convinced that there was at least one gate in the world which mere money could not open!

Nobody can help admiring the faithfulness which remains loyal to a lost cause, and is not to be tempted to betray it by any hope of aggrandisement or reward. Every Scottish heart beats the faster as it recalls how no promise, no offer, could tempt the penniless Highlanders to give up the exiled, hunted Pretender to the English Government. Our admiration for such disinterested steadfastness is quite distinct from any sympathy with the objects in whose behalf it was exercised. We need not choose to forget that a similar loyalty was shown by the needy Hindoo peasants for the leaders of the Great Mutiny in their day of defeat—even for Nana Sahib himself. Oh, there is such a power of self-devotion and faithfulness in human nature, yet its precious wine is too often poured forth in libation to such worthless idols, while He who bestowed it upon man is forgotten, or but heartlessly remembered. Let Christians think what men have done and denied themselves for the sake of each other, or of some cherished and mistaken cause, and then let them ask themselves with the great Piedmontese saint, "What is meant by our being servants of God?" and acknowledge with him that "it means we are bound to esteem the interests of God more than our own; extending His supreme dominion over us to all our actions, internal or external: to our health, our life and our death: to our fame and repute, to our talents, riches and goods."

A form of faithfulness which is indissolubly linked with the well-being of society is that which makes a plain matter-of-course of fulfilling promises and discharging obligations. It is a sad sign of general moral decadence when men are praised for a punctilious payment of debts or accomplishment of contracts! It should be rather the wonder and the portent when any do otherwise. For surely if misfortune and poverty compel any to ask a creditor to be satisfied meanwhile with the partial payment of a debt, that does not hinder the debtor from paying up the remainder if he shall be able; and the quality of the debtor's nature is shown by the self-denial or the diligence he is willing to put forth to enable him to make such payment. There have been whole races by whom faith of this kind was so cherished, that formal legal acknowledgments or obligations were rarely required. We are told of the antique Scottish Highlanders that, "when their most important agreements were being concluded and confirmed, the contracting parties merely went out by themselves into the open air, and looking upwards, called heaven to witness their engagements, each party at the same time repeating the promise of payment, and by way of seal, putting a mark on some remarkable stone, or other natural object held in reverence by their ancestors; and although these bargains were thus privately conducted, there were few instances of failure in, or denial

of, their engagements." In their eyes, any necessity for legal formalities suggested treachery and fraud. Of this feeling, one rather amusing instance is related. A Highland gentleman had agreed to lend a large sum of money to a neighbour. When they met, and the money lay counted down on the table, the borrower offered a receipt, whereupon the lender rose, swept up his gold and departed, saying, "that a man who could not trust his own word without a bond should not be trusted by him, and should have none of his money."

Yet there is a still higher and sweeter faithfulness, which, careful of the strict rule of honour, strives to keep even the illimitable law of kindliness. Such faithfulness as this must have been deeply rooted in the nature of the simple homely seaman, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool, the story of whose noble end has been told in vigorous verse by a modern singer, how—

All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its height,
Fires expired and rudders parted, in the middle of the night;
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated breath—
"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows, we are drifting to our death!"

* * * * *

So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt and oar and rope—
For the sailor knows where life is there's the faintest ray of hope—
Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage, from the port of Liverpool?

* * * * *

Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,
And the captain with his life-belt, he prepared to follow last;
But he saw a boy neglected,—with a face of ashy gray.
"Who are you?" roared out the captain. "I'm the boy what stowed away."

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,
For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two;
So the captain called the outcast, as he faced the tempest wild,
From his own waist took the life-belt, and he bound it round the child.

"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt and make for land.
Up and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his hand.
With the life-belt round his body, then the urchin cleared the ship;
Over went the gallant captain, with a blessing on his lip.

* * * * *

And 'tis told that they discovered—on the beach at break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little stowaway;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no more.

Such faithfulness accepts no arbitrary limit to duty. It sees that whatever can be done is duty. It is only the amount of faithfulness which enters into any of the relationships of life which gives them any real worth. Acquaintances and boon companions may be many—

> Words are easy as the wind,
> Faithful friends are hard to find.

It is because only time and circumstances can prove faithfulness that old friends and old servants, when good, are so unutterably valuable. The person who first sees our faults when the day of adversity overtakes us, and who blames us for their consequences, when he never censured us for themselves, is common as weeds are, and quite as worthless; so is he who will readily join in our pleasures, but will not sacrifice one of his own to spare us from pain, or to share troubles with us.

So again, the person who lightly quits accepted duty because of some change in his own circumstances or standpoint is to be avoided by all wise people. Such is the servant who after long years of household trust and kindness declares that "marriage breaks all contracts," and thinks only and wholly of her own convenience in fixing her wedding day and throwing up her post. Such is the teacher whose lectures become perfunctory and irregular because he is "courting," or perhaps making efforts to obtain a more profitable appointment. Such is the son who withdraws support or attention from his good old mother when he thinks of taking a wife. Let the new ties of such faithless hearts take warning: the time will come when they will be found equally brittle. There are vain and selfish people who actually measure the force of affection felt for them and the might of their own attractions by the power they have to sever ancient bonds and to seduce from duty! Alas, alas! it is but testimony of the poor quality of the nature that is drawn to them, and of their own lack of elevating influence upon it. Rather, the new tie is best honoured by increased loyalty and tenderness towards the duties or the affections which it has overpassed.

Those alone who have fostered "faithfulness" in the quiet and even ways of life can hope to find the virtue strong enough to bear the strain of sudden and great occasions should such ever arise. And if it be true, as undoubtedly it is, that "the world hears little of its greatest men," it is probably of still wider truth that it knows nothing of its faithfullest, who are content to dwell in that tabernacle of the Lord, where among those who receive assured welcome are the men who "swear to their own hurt, and change not."

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

III.

SO far we have not even touched upon one particular branch of mission labour. We called it a branch; it is really a root; it forms the foundation of all true work. It is the *raison d'être* of the apostolate, whether in olden times or in our days. Clerical, educational and medical agents must enter upon this work as soon as they are fluent in the native language. We mean preaching in churches, schools, hospitals, and in the open bazaars. This now includes sermons, with exordium and peroration, and a logical division in three parts, such as the learned *moulvi* delivers in the Amritsar city church—as well as simple words spoken to the country folks, who taking their shoes from off their feet and baring their heads, clad in long white garments, sit on the mud floor of a village room—and conversations carried on under the shade of a banyan tree, or at a roadside well.

Numerous as are the societies and different as are the methods on which they act, the messengers whom they have sent are still more varied in character. "The double first Oxford and fellow of his college," the trained scientific theologian and philologian, PH.D. of a German university, the Edinburgh M.D., as well as the farmer, mechanic, and labourer, have worked side by side on this mission-field, and each one in accordance with the training he had received. The university professor who lectured to the students of a college—the "man of the world," the "*Amir* missionary," who entertained largely, and kept open house for Europeans and natives—the mendicant friar, "the faqir missionary," who, dressed in a rough cassock, a girdle round his waist and sandals on his feet, went preaching from village to village—all these different types of ancient and modern apostles have their representatives in the Punjab.

History indeed repeats itself. It would be difficult to go through the records of missions from their commencement in modern times, about 1600 A.D. to the present day, and to discover any kind of institution or any type of person, whose counterpart could not be found in the province of which we are speaking. Christianity has come nigh unto the races and religions of the Punjab, with all the powers of which it is possessed, with its powers of teaching, healing, civilising, of holding together human society, of building up communities, of founding churches. Not its doctrine merely, but its manners and morals, its science and civilisation have been offered to a people whose manners have been rigidly fixed by caste, whose civilisation is far older than ours, and who are possessed of intellectual and spiritual treasures of great value. The two combatants are well matched. For the non-Christian society has on its side the forces of the most perfect living polytheism, with the most subtle philosophy at one end and degraded demon worship at the other end of the scale—as well as the forces of the two great monotheistic religions, Islam and Buddhism.

And what has been the result of a struggle which has now lasted for longer than one generation? We have hitherto avoided statistics. We cannot now spare our readers a few figures. There were in the Punjab in 1851, ten foreign missionaries, in 1861 forty, in 1871 thirty-eight. During this second decade the number of the European clergy remained stationary; if anything it decreased. The native clergy on the other hand rose from three to fourteen. The number of native Christians in 1861, after ten years of mission-work, amounted to 1136; in 1871, after twenty years, to about 1900. These figures do not however include Roman Catholics.

Thirty years of labour show the number of converts and of their descendants, of all denominations, at the figure of 3823. If we take into account the births and baptisms since 1881, when the census was taken, the number of native Christians in the Punjab may be put down roughly as 4000. The population increased seven per cent. during the third decade; the Hindu and Mohammedan religions remained practically stationary; the Sikh religion declined; but the Christian religion increased 38½ per cent.—more than five times as fast as the population.[1] There were in 1881 thirty central mission-stations, exclusive of out-stations; one society alone maintaining fifteen central, and thirteen branch-stations. In 1871, there were 10–11,000 pupils, boys and girls, in the various mission schools; and about 28,000 numbers of publications had been printed by the various tract societies. In addition a large fraction of the 193,000 Hindustani and 97,000 English publications, which had been issued in India, found their way into the Punjab.

The mission stations can perhaps give us the truest picture of the actual work which has been done. In 1881 there were thirty such stations; they are scattered over an area of 140,000 square miles, and a population of 23,000,000 souls. Every station, we take it, has on the average two European missionaries, one European lady, a native clergyman, one or two native catechists, readers, schoolmasters and hospital assistants. There are only two cases where we can fix the actual proportion of missionaries to population. The proportion was as 1 : 333,333 amongst Afghans. As 1 : 280,000 amongst Punjabis. The number of converts from the latter had been almost trebled during one decade, and thirty converts were counted to each missionary.

We have purposely avoided statistics as much as possible. For the world is getting suspicious of figures. And perhaps the world is right: figures do not prove everything. Fortunately

[1] Sir C. Aitchison's speech. Simla, June 12.

men cannot be counted like heads of cattle, they might rather be compared to diamonds. Statistical tables add them up, as if they were all alike; but the value of one may be ten thousand times that of another.

We let our eyes pass from the Punjab to the great mission field of the world. We find that the work and the results are in both similar. The scale on which operations have been carried on is, of course, entirely different in the different spheres. The proportion of missionaries to population could not be fixed for China or Africa; and it would be vain to expect to find in a newly-occupied country or continent the elaborate machinery which has in the course of a hundred years been furnished for India. But the essential character of Christianity on one hand, of the non-Christian religions on the other, is identical throughout the world; and the results of the influences of one brought to bear on the other, must also be the same.

When we read of the low-caste population in the neighbourhood of Amritsar, the sacred city of the Sikhs, turning Christian in large numbers—when we hear of whole families and villages being baptised into that Name which always has been amongst heathens a term of abuse—then we are reminded of the early successes of German missionaries in Lohardagga, or amongst the Santhals and Karens.

More than that, we see a likeness to those greater movements which have taken place in the South Sea islands, and in Madagascar. We meet with the same features everywhere. The change that came over the native population was sudden and unexpected, even to those who had laboured long to bring it about, and the difficulty the ministers experienced was to keep the movement within bounds, to give those that applied for baptism the needful instruction, and those that had been baptised the necessary surveillance.

It would be easy to declaim against the poverty, the ignorance, the traces of superstition and vice that are still discernible amongst the Christian sweepers of the Amritsar district. And the same charges could, no doubt, be brought against Santhals or South Sea islanders. But the careful observer could not fail to discover that the adoption of the new creed has been also the commencement of a new life for them. "Those that were not a people have now become a people." Those that in the economy of the world filled the place of sweepers and scavengers, whose value was fixed according to the low offices which they performed, have now been taught to regard themselves as human beings. Schools and books, and the elementary means of civilisation, are beginning to do their work amongst them. Undoubtedly they have been—or are being—given their place in the family of human nations.

Those that stand highest in the scale of the Hindu polytheistic creed have also felt the influence of Christianity. It would not be difficult to point out Brahmins in the Punjab, men of note and of standing amongst their countrymen, who have employed their profound knowledge of the Vedas to bring home to Hindus, in their own language and imagery the truths of the Trinity and Incarnation. They have—like the Alexandrine Jews of Philo's time—endeavoured to reconcile their own philosophy to Christian theology. The doctrines of the religion which they have embraced have received shape and colouring from the faith they formerly held. It is difficult for those who once believed in Brahma, in a threefold revelation, and in many consecutive incarnations of the divine principle, to look upon the corresponding articles of the Christian faith with the same eyes as we do. It is natural for them to embody these articles in definitions which have been taken from the Vedas. These definitions take hold upon the Hindu mind.

The men capable of harmonising, even in crudest fashion, the partial truth, which may be found in other religions, with the perfect truth, "the word" revealed in Christ, are of necessity very few. But their influence is widely felt. Their kin are to be found in Benares and Muttra, and may we not add, in China and Japan? For though polytheistic religions are different in appearance, though the bottles are of different shape, yet the wine that is poured into them is one and the same. The work which was attempted at Alexandria in the second and third century of our era, is being done over again in the Punjab, in India, in Japan. That men should be found of sufficient mental calibre to conceive the idea of casting their new faith in the mould of their former belief, is a sign of the unimpaired strength of that religion which once laid under contribution both the Greek philosophy and the Roman polity. In all this there may be peril of grave error, but the fact is one that must be noted.

Let it be clearly understood that we distinguish between the matter and form, between the metal and the mould in which it may be cast. The fine gold of revealed religion is one and the same in the far East and the distant West; but the forms in which it finds expression may present differences of clime and race and nationality. We speak even now in Europe of Western and of Eastern Christianity. But modern missionaries have taught us to remember that what has been conventionally called the "East," is not the end either of the physical or of the spiritual. To the east of Palestine and Mesopotamia there live on the highlands of Asia those mighty Mongol tribes which twice in the fourth century, and again in the fourteenth, well-nigh overran Europe, and which might attempt a third attack could they but find a leader. There dwell in the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges those peoples who are blood of our blood, and whose language is like unto our own. There exist in Eastern Asia hundreds of millions who are only now waking up to the fact that they are members of the great human family of nations. Is it too much to say, that if ever "the gold and fine gold" of Christ's religion obtains currency in these different countries, it will not bear everywhere the same cast and stamp? We speak of Eastern and Western, of Greek and

Latin Christianity; is it—or rather will it be—incongruous to speak of Mongol, of Chinese, of Hindu Christianity? "God is greater than our heart." The very greatness of our religion will perhaps show itself in the manner in which it adapts itself, becomes assimilated to the minds of various races. Its essential verities belong to regions which know no change; but may there not be realms of Christian thought and feeling which the great races of the East may conquer for themselves?

We are hardly able to even touch on the vexed question of missions to the Mohammedans. The Trans-Indus stations give a fair idea of the work that has been done amongst the followers of the prophet. That work has been carried on within very limited confines. Only in a few places on the Afghan frontier, in Aden, in Northern Egypt, and in some portions of Eastern Africa, has Christianity come in contact with undiluted Islam. And everywhere, we believe, the results have been the same. The great body of the "believers" have stood aloof, have been hostile to Christian preaching. But insensibly the words against which they protest have stolen into their minds. Believers in Mohammed and in Jesus have learned to lay stress on those parts of the Koran which are least repugnant to the teaching of the New Testament. Mohammedans in India when they seriously discuss the questions whether the "holy war," or the enforced conversion of unbelievers, is enjoined in the Koran, show how much they have learned from the Sermon on the Mount. There have not been wanting men in India and in Africa who have clearly seen the historical and logical impossibility of the position assumed in the Koran, and who have, so to speak, transferred their allegiance from Mohammed to Jesus, embracing their new faith with a zeal, a vigour, and a fervour which has almost compensated for the smallness of their numbers.

The smaller mission field is a picture of the larger. The question whether Christianity is really spreading has been answered by a careful survey of the results. But to return to the Punjab. Whatever the numerical success of missionary labour may have been, it cannot be denied that Christianity is still foreign to the people. It has been brought from the Far West, it has been planted with painful labour in the rocky ground of the frontier province. It does not seem to be like the tree whose roots once struck so deep in Asiatic soil. When families of low-caste sweepers, when young men who have passed through mission schools forsake their kith and kin and throw in their lot with the Christians, when they resolve to dress and eat and live and worship like the padre whom they respect, then their conversion is registered in missionary reports. It strengthens the cause of morality, of true civilisation in the country. But it does not help to rouse a national movement tending towards Christianity. Such conversions, if regarded as numerical results, may not appear proportionate to the trouble and labour that has been expended upon them. But when we find Mohammedan *moulvies* devoting their learning and fiery ardour to the cause of Christianity; high-caste Brahmins accepting the ritual and the theology of the Christian Church; Hindu penitents substituting the ascetisism of the West for the sufferings they have imposed upon themselves; large numbers finding in the religion they have adopted a stronger binding force than in the caste they have forsaken—then we come upon signs which show unmistakably that the religion of the West is returning to the East.

It may be that the visible results of mission work have not been hitherto in proportion to the means employed. It is equally certain that numbers as such do not really represent the sphere of Christian influences. They reach far and wide, the day will declare them. The tribe, the race, the caste, which first embraces Christianity, will, we sincerely believe, rise to the leadership of that most complex body, Indian Society. It is not impossible that a change of religion will create a change of the social system, and place first those who are now last. It is not likely that such a revolution will be accomplished silently. Indeed the analogies of Christianity in the fourth century, and of Protestantism in the sixteenth, lead us to expect the contrary. "The religion of slaves and freed men" ascended only after violent struggles the throne of Cæsar. Agrarian disturbances in England and Germany during the time of the Reformation followed the proclamation of the great doctrine that priests and laymen are alike before God. Looking beyond to-day, to the vast complexities of interests at work, it is not improbable that we shall see political convulsions ere "the religion of sweepers and outcasts" obtains the dominion of our Indian Empire. These convulsions may be the birth-throes of a new era.

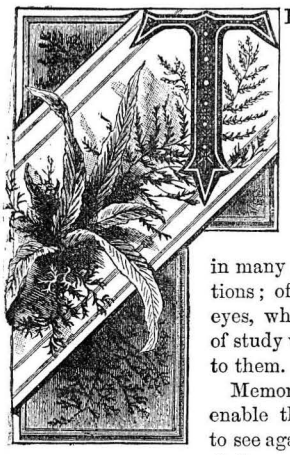
CHARLES MERK.

Things New and Old.

KEEP LEARNING.—The actual knowledge possessed by a Sunday-school teacher at any one period is of less importance than what may be termed his intellectual attitude in relation to knowledge in general. In other words, he may forego a reputation for being learned, if only he is constantly learning. The well-known remark of Dr. Arnold—that he studied, not because he would otherwise be unable to teach his pupils, but because he "preferred that they should come to a running stream, instead of a stagnant pool"—may well be laid to heart by every instructor of the young. It is not desirable that he should "seek and intermeddle with all wisdom"; but it is essential to the freshness and impressiveness of his class-teaching that he should keep all the avenues of knowledge continually open for the ingres of new facts and ideas. . . . And the same holds good of the moral and religious nature. He must "grow in grace" as well as in knowledge, become better as well as wiser as days and years roll on, if he would become a true educator of his youthful charge. For the end of all education is character, and the end of the Sunday-school is moral and spiritual character. Now we educate more powerfully by what we are than by what we say.—Greser's *The Young Teacher* (*Sunday School Union*).

NELLIE'S LITTLE LIGHT.

CHAPTER I.



THE Royal Jubilee Exhibition held at Manchester in 1887 left many delightful memories in the minds of those who visited it, whether they were old or young.

Memories of sweet sounds, within and without the building, that have since been repeated on a smaller scale in many a home. Of wonderful inventions; of work carried out before their eyes, which taught lessons that years of study would not have made so plain to them.

Memories of pictures which now enable those who saw them in reality, to see again in fancy the greatest works of the great artists who have wrought during the reign of our beloved Queen. Aye! and loving-hearted thinkers have memories of living pictures which were to be seen daily during that exhibition, of a no less attractive character.

The living pictures that had such a charm for lookers-on were family ones. Fathers and mothers took their younger children with them, and met grown-up sons and daughters. There was pure enjoyment enough and to spare for all ages amidst such beautiful surroundings.

Amongst the many charms of the place none pleased both old and young better than did the illuminations and the grand fairy fountain—the finest ever seen. How the children talked of this last, and vainly tried to describe its endless changes of form and colour to the friends who were as yet only looking forward to seeing it for themselves!

Two girls, schoolfellows, were talking together about the exhibition. One of them, Alice Walton, had spent a long day there, and could not say enough to her friend, Nellie Irving, of the wonders she had seen. Nellie had her visit yet to come, and was eagerly asking her friend about the lighting of the gardens.

"Everybody says it is such a lovely sight, but I cannot understand it a bit. If I could only see one light, I should know better what the rest are like."

Alice wished to make the matter plain, and told her friend about the thousands of little lights which were placed in and out, low and high, and of the great lights, fewer in number, very high up indeed, on poles. "The big ones are like moons, or may be very large stars, because moonlight is soft and quiet; these sparkle and twinkle now and then. Oh, it is so beautiful!" said the child.

Nellie, being a country lassie, who had never seen a device in coloured lamps, or an electric light, shook her head again and said: "If I could see just one."

Mrs. Irving heard the children's talk and came to their help. "I can show you something that will give you an idea of what the small lights are," she said. "Fetch me that little red glass cup of yours, Nellie."

Nellie obeyed, and her mother put a night-light inside, and lighted it. Then placing the little red cup amongst the plants on the window-sill, she said: "See, Nellie, does it not look pretty? At the exhibition there are thousands of these, some in red, others in white, blue, green or yellow glasses."

The child's face bore a look of great disappointment. "Is that all?" she asked. "Why, what poor little lights they are! I thought they were quite different from this."

"But there are some large ones as well, and Chinese lanterns," replied Alice eagerly.

"You said the little ones were the prettiest, though—you know you did," persisted Nellie.

"Yes; and they are, because there are so many of them. You had better wait and see, before looking disappointed," said Alice, with a sagacious nod. "Everybody says the illuminations are beautiful, and what everybody finds good enough, will be nice enough for you, Nellie, I should think," she added.

Alice was feeling a little aggrieved at having failed to convince her friend that she had not said far too much about "those little lights."

At length the time came when Nellie would be able to judge from observation, for she found herself actually amid the wonders of the exhibition.

How quickly her active feet carried her hither and thither, and how fully she enjoyed all she saw, need not be told. In the evening she sat facing the great organ, tired, but very happy, and listening as she rested, to the music of the Blue Hungarian Band. Her day had been so brimful of enjoyment that she seemed scarcely able to carry away the memory of more; and she had almost forgotten the long-talked-of illuminations.

When Mrs. Irving said, "We must be moving, Nellie. The grounds will be lighted up by this time; and I want you to see the fountain from a good place," she was almost ready to answer, "Let us stay here, mother. Never mind the fountain or the lights."

However, she rose from her seat, and firmly grasping Mrs. Irving's hand lest she should be separated from her in the crowd, she moved towards the nearest outlet.

How amazed the child was at the scene which met her view! Those lights, which singly were so small and insignificant, together made the grounds one blaze of beauty. The light was not dazzling, but soft and clear; and as it shone through the glasses of many colours, they looked almost like jewels, especially when arranged to form different devices. They were hung in and out amongst the trees, festooned across the water and reflected again from its surface, and placed as borders round the flower beds. The white swans sailed majestically on the water, neither disturbed by the lights nor the thousands of admiring visitors. They had become quite accustomed to these strange surroundings.

There were crowns and stars formed of these little lights for which Nellie had in her own mind felt quite a contempt before she saw them in large numbers. Even the words "The Way Out," were in glittering white light, so that visitors could not lose their way after sunset.

As Nellie walked about amid all this brightness, she felt a new sensation. She could see the faces of the many passers-by as clearly as in the daylight; and scarcely able to express her pleasure, she gave a little sigh of delight, and silently pressed her mother's hands.

"Is it as beautiful as you expected, dear?" asked Mrs. Irving, as she looked at the child's eager face.

"A thousand times more beautiful. I never believed these little lights could look so lovely!"

"And yet, Nellie, though each seems so small by itself,

not one of these can cease to burn without its being missed. Look across at the letters V.R. One light is out."

"And the want of it spoils the letter, doesn't it, mother? There is one out too in the crown, and one in the long string that crosses the water. What a pity! It makes such a break. It is like your pretty brooch when you lost a stone out of it. You could never put it on without everybody noticing the loss."

"True, Nellie, dear, and you and I may learn a great lesson from the little lights that are not shining. Those gaps speak to me, and I want them to speak to my little girl's heart, as well as to her eyes. Only this is not the time and the place for us to go into the subject. That must come when my little lassie has had a night's rest, and her mind is not quite so full of all the wonderful things she has seen to-day."

Nellie agreed, and the child was not sorry when her head was at length peacefully resting on the pillow in her own little room at home.

On Hearing the Chiff-chaff,

THE EARLIEST MIGRATORY BIRD, MARCH 27.

AN East wind blew
My chilled frame through;
Sky-curtains grey
Made dim the day.

All heaven and earth
Seemed void of mirth:
Field, wood, and hill
Were death-like still.

When, lo! I heard
A stranger-bird;
The chiff-chaff sang,
And hope up-sprang.

Its small notes twain
Were uttered plain,
And bade good cheer
To heart and ear.

An earnest they
Of songful May,
Of leafy bowers
And summer hours.

So this cold life
And windy strife
An Earnest knows
Of Heaven's repose.

O may I hear
That Earnest clear;
O still, small Voice,
Bid me rejoice!

RICHARD WILTON.

A CITY OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. I.

1. This city had two names; another city was built by an old inhabitant and called by one of the names.

2. "The terror of God" fell on some cities near it.

3. Before the temple was built, a feast to the Lord was held yearly in a town just to the north of this city.

4. A famous judge visited it, and two friends passed through it together.

5. Sacrifices were offered there, both to Jehovah and to an idol, and idolatrous priests dwelt there.

6. When a company went up against it "the Lord was with them"; one of its citizens betrayed it to the enemy.

7. A vow was made there.

8. A woman was buried there, and a famous palm-tree grew near.

9. A young king met three men on their way thither and received a gift from them.

10. Spoil from the Amalekites was sent to the elders there by a king.

11. Three miracles took place there, on the same day.

12. A priest from Samaria, who had been taken prisoner, came and dwelt there.

13. A traveller sat down to rest under a tree near it.

14. Forty-two people were killed there in one day, but not in battle.

15. A prophet was sent there who foretold the birth of a good king.

16. One who had just visited the city met with sudden death.

17. The ashes remaining from idolatrous vessels that had been burned, were carried there. L. T.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE VERSES.

NO. II.—p. 80.

"And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmeelites, which had brought him down thither."—*Gen.* xxxix. 1.

(1) Gen. xxxix. 1; (2) xxxvii. 25; xxxix. 1, 2; (3) l. 5–7; (4) Hebrews, Egyptians and Ishmeelites; (5) Pharaoh, Gen. xlvii. 5, 6, 20; (6) xxxix. 6; l. 19; (7) Buying a slave; (8) captain of the guard; (9) Potiphar, Gen. xxxix. 5; (10) Ishmeelites, Gen. xxxvii. 25; xvii. 20; xxi. 20, 21; xxv. 16; (11) Judges viii. 24–26; (12) Jer. xlvi. 20; xliii. 13; Isa. xix. 1–10, 21; (13) Isaac, Gen. xxvi. 1, 2; (14) xxxix. 1.

NO. III.—p. 96.

"But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."—1 *Kings* xxi. 25.

(1) Ahab; (2) 1 Kings xxi. 22–24 (3) xvi. 32; xxi. 14, 15, 16; (4) xvi. 31; xi. 26, 28; (5) Amorites, xxi. 26; Deut. xx. 17, 18; Jos. x. 12; (6) 1 Kings xxii. 8; (7) xvi. 32, 33; Deut. xvi. 21; (8) Ahaziah, 2 Kings i. 2; Acts xx. 9–12; 2 Kings i. 17; (9) Jezebel, 1 Kings xxi. 7; (10) xxii. 34, 35; 2 Kings ix. 30–37; (11) "In the sight of the Lord," Lev. x. 19; "Stirred up," Haggai i. 14; (12) "Did sell himself to work wickedness," 1 Kings xxi. 20; 2 Kings xvii. 17; (13) Elijah, Naboth, Ahab and Jezebel; Samaria and Jezreel; (14) 1 Kings xxi. 25.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.—p. 112.

1.	W isdo	M . .	Prov. xvi. 16; viii. 11; 1 Kings iv. 29; Prov. xi. 2; James i. 5.
2.	O live	E . .	Jer. xi. 16; Rom. xi. 17.
3.	R ighteousnes	S . .	Prov. xiii. 34.
4.	D amascu	S . .	Acts ix. 11.
5.	O bedienc	E . .	Jer. xxxv. 18, 19.
6.	F ountai	N . .	Zech. xiii. 1.
7.	G rinding	G . .	Matt. xxiv. 41.
8.	O beisance	E . .	Gen. xxxvii. 7; xliii. 28.
9.	D eceive	R . .	Matt. xxvii. 63.
Word of God . .			Rev. xix. 13; John i. 1; 1 John v. 7.
Messenger . .			Malachi iii. 1.