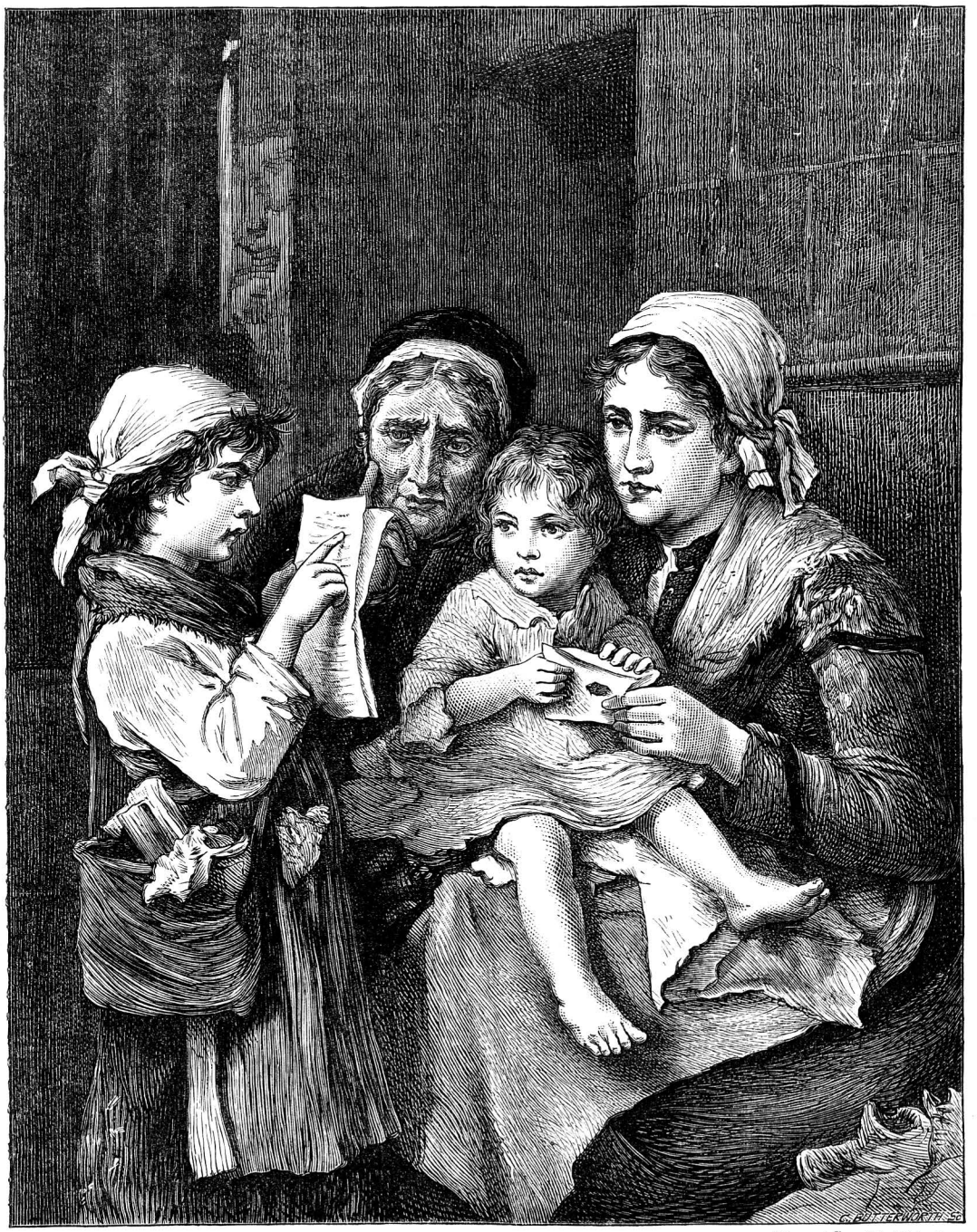
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



[*From a Spanish Picture.*

NEWS FROM AFAR.

A FEW WORDS ON LETTER-WRITING.

IT is commonly said, and not without some truth, that letter-writing is a lost art. A busy age has given it its death-blow, for nobody nowadays has time either to write or to read lively chronicles such as those which make a part of our literary treasure-store and link us so pleasantly with the past.

> Too swiftly now the hours take flight,
> What's read at morn is dead at night;
> Scant space have we for art's delays
> Whose breathless thought so briefly stays.
> We may not work—ah, would we might—
> With slower pen.

The future historian of the latter half of our century will find much material ready to his hand in essays upon manners and morals, in Reminiscences, Autobiographies, Lives and Memoirs—possibly there may even be diarists laying up secret wealth for him, though it is almost too much to hope that the air of our modern times can breed another Boswell or a Pepys, or an Evelyn, or even a St. Simon, inexorably, unrelentingly noting down the follies, vices, weaknesses of his generation. But he can scarcely count on much aid from the private letter-writers of our later decades.

Ours is a utilitarian age, and doubtless we have sacrificed something for the many conveniences we boast; who, for example, could set himself to be eloquent on a post-card? and is it worth while, granting that one had the time and the skill, to expend much grace of phrase or dexterity of construction upon one of those little correspondence sheets cut down to suit the demands of a generation that insists before all things on having its tasks made easy and on being at any cost saved trouble? Upon the quartos of our forefathers it rewarded pains to be impressive. Indeed he who embarked on the task of covering their ample breadth undertook a duty which he fulfilled in all seriousness. He did not palm off upon his correspondent those impertinent incoherences and irrelevances which do duty for letter-writing in our more degenerate days. There is a lingering charm still about those bulkly pages, though the ink is faded and the sentiments possibly as old-fashioned as the raiment of the writer; one cannot look upon them without respect and a certain lurking regret. How much they meant to the sender and to the receiver—what news of import they carried into quiet country places—how welcome they were, and how precious because of their very rarity.

Men and women who could not readily command a frank and whose purses were not over full, could not afford to find a vent for every passing grievance, to tattle every fresh morsel of gossip by scribbling to a crony when each letter cost a silver shilling in the coin of the realm. The news had need to be rich or pressing, love had to deny itself speech in those more sober days, faith had to exercise itself concerning the absent ones. And yet to those who could satisfy the exactions of a postage that we should think an iniquitous tax were we to revert to it, doubtless a great opportunity was given. A man might in a humble sort be an historian or a prophet to his own folk living far from the bustle of city ways—be the first chronicler of the great events that were stirring London's heart. News of battle, of victory or defeat, the death of kings and queens, great catastrophes, great deliverances—all the moving accidents which are flashed to us along the telegraph wire in scarce the time it took him to write of them, were his to impart. We have done with all that now, the tidings borne to us in our morning's paper are the property of the whole world: not a man in the kingdom but may share them if he will before the day sets. The telegram, the copying-press, the typewriter—we have destroyed the sentiment of the old letter by these devices for our greater ease. The telephone is with us now; with the phonograph we are threatened. By-and-by we shall talk with our own living voices to friends unseen across the seas, and hear their answers borne to us from their shores, and the pens will rust and the ink be dried up and postage stamps be needed no more.

Yet while we may, let us be grateful for the letter writers who are with us still, and for the many who will always be ours, and who will charm generations yet to come though their writing days are over. Nothing, not the historian's most consummate skill, brings the past so vividly before us as do the letters of men and women, happily preserved to us, who wrote spontaneously, with no thought of after-fame, with no desire to trim their phrases, letting out their play of fancy, clothing the little facts of their little lives with a sprightly grace for an audience of one or two at the most.

In this particular art women have always been pre-eminent, it is one of the smaller talents in which they may be said to rival man, for though we can all readily enough recall members of the stronger sex whose intimate correspondence has a never-failing charm, yet we may own that the wives, sisters and daughters have a readier knack of spinning little nothings into a pleasant whole.

With very many women it is their only form of literary expression, the one outlet for their feelings and fancies, since the diary has fallen into disrepute. But the real secret of a woman's success in this humble branch of literature probably lies in the fact that she stoops to little details, and will chat as freely with her pen as with her tongue; almost anything comes serviceably to her, and—provided she has the gift at all—she will weave spells out of the commonest stuff of every-day life.

A man, if he writes at all, and indeed he is often a grudging creature where his pen is concerned, must needs have some big, important thing to communicate, and Great Britain, which

publishes two hundred daily newspapers, has deprived him of this chance.

Of vivacious women writers who have made us laugh with their whimsies, their gay jests, who have brought their lives home to us with their graphic, realistic touches, and made our hearts beat as theirs beat, our tears and smiles come at their bidding, we have so long and brilliant a list that we need not go far or stop to choose among them. Lady Mary W. Montague, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Duff Gordon, Jane Welsh Carlyle, these are one or two of our own country-women among many others whose letters are destined to live. Across the dividing channel we have another correspondent, the most distinguished perhaps of all, in Madame de Sévigné. It is but seven years short of two centuries since the last of her famous letters was written, and the pen dropped from the tired old hand that turned so many gay and sparkling sentences for the amusement and cheer of daughter and friends; and yet as we linger over the pages, this "incomparable Marquise," with the sweet and sunny temper, the kind, over-generous heart, the lively sense of humour, is more real, more human, in some ways more near us than many of our neighbours and acquaintances.

It may be argued that these were all in some measure exceptional women: women who had the literary instinct and whose pens were practised in the art of composition; and one would not for a moment assert that their sisters of our day may all of them rival those brilliant analyists, but it is true, nevertheless, that many unlettered women, who have had no special mental culture, have written and are now writing charming letters. It is this capacity for minute detail, this holding of nothing too little to help the picture, that gives them their crowning grace. They take us passengers, as it were, on board some merchant trader, and we set sail, touching at this port and that, taking in stores here and there, encountering calms and maybe little storms, a leisurely voyage where the adventures may not be very great or striking, but where at least we lose none of them. And it is a log-book such as this that we keep while we sail with our ship-master, that the son, the brother, the husband far away looks and longs for. The heart craves those little strokes that bring the home before the exile's eyes, so that he sees it as it was when he left it, or as it is now with a touch added here or taken away there from its familiar furnishings. Certain it is that such minutiæ will never be counted too trivial by any honest lover of home. Is not to cultivate and keep warm the affection for the family roof-tree, with all the tender pieties it shelters, one of the greatest missions of the letter?

It is easy enough for us all to keep up a more or less desultory correspondence with friends who live within the same sea-bounds. The chances are that we meet sometimes and renew our stock of common experiences and reminiscences and so have matter to write about. But we most of us share a tendency to drop the intercourse that can only be carried on by written words sent at rarer intervals across the width of the world. Yet if it be kith or kin of ours who has put the seas between us, we can scarcely claim irresponsibility if we let him go and fail to send our written messages in pursuit of him. Perhaps the very word that we refuse to contribute may be the one he is waiting for, the sign that love at home has not forgotten him. It is a stimulus to endeavour, a restraint upon temptation to every toiler in distant parts to know that the home tribunal looks on anxiously, approving, applauding, rejoicing, grieving; and it may be a matter for an arraigning conscience to judge and condemn, if we through fault of ours sever links that are all too easily loosened. Let us follow our pilgrim with words of cheer and counsel and love; these at least can do him no hurt, while our infidelity to his claims may work him much ill.

In excuse for our lapses in the matter of traffic with distant lands, there is a good deal to be said, and it has been said excellently by Elia in his "Letter to a Distant Correspondent." Not to speak of the breathlessness of days in which so much has to be crowded out, there is a little trouble involved in remembering or discovering the dates of out-going mails; and there is the feeling—deterrent in its way—that an epistle which has such a journey before it must needs contain something worth recording. The very dissimilarity of condition between writer and reader lays a chilling hand on the pen. If our correspondent be in Australia our winter finds him sweltering in summer; our day is his night; our news, when it reaches him, is six weeks old, the flavour perhaps has gone out of it. Our sympathy may have been rendered meaningless, for aught we can tell, he or we may be dead and buried before the letter has ended its travels. This topsy-turvy, this groping about among uncertainties, is a drawback to foreign correspondence, but it does not shift the duty from our shoulders of doing our little part to cheer some sojourner whose lot lies far from home and kindred.

Some letters there are which make epochs in our days; they are guides and landmarks, stimulating, strengthening, encouraging, helping to brighten the world for us. But it must also be said that the tendency to scribble and dash off notes on all conceivable and inconceivable grounds, which is a sign of the times, has laid a grievous burden on busy people who groan under the daily exactions of the post and find no relief.

There are letters alike to receive and to answer which is nothing but a plague and a penance; they reflect no glory on the writer and they give no pleasure to the reader. Most people's daily budgets must sufficiently illustrate the manner of letter here indicated. Even if it is not ill-tempered and scandalous as it sometimes is, it is never elevating; if it is only vapid and foolish, it is, nevertheless, an encroachment on our time and liberty; for it is the letters one neither desires nor appreciates that usually make the boldest appeal for an answer, and are least willing to take a denial.

One instinctively recognises this bore almost before the envelope is torn open; it begins with an apology covering the first sheet and frequently trespassing on the second, and it pursues its way

through a series of questions to which no answer is expected, or perhaps desired. Worst offence, its caligraphy is as obscure as its grammar, and, even in the days of cheap stationery, it clings to the pernicious fashion of crossing its already traversed pages. Alas, he who patiently deciphers its hieroglyphics, is not rewarded with any pearls of wisdom.

Must it be owned that, in this foolish trifling and waste of a good opportunity, women—the bravest of letter-writers when they will—are the worst sinners? To women then, as the messengers of the family, the diarists of the home history, with all deference, one would suggest that the letter has a higher and a finer use than some of them have yet allowed it. One cannot dictate what another is to write—no "Polite Letter-Writer" ever yet taught the secret of stirring the heart—but there are certain broad lines to which we may willingly enough subscribe.

To all pen-women, then, one would say, never write that which you would blush to read should some malign chance publish your favours to the world; never write that which it would wound or affront another to know that you had written; above all, be sincere. "Write from the heart and you will reach the heart." "Sincerity before sublimity," wrote the elder Disraeli, and, though it was to bookish folk he spoke, his warning is not without its uses for our case; for what is it but an insult to offer our friend the mere homage of the lips?

A cheerful turn of phrase, a little humour if that be possible, a bright glance at life, a broad view of things, never come amiss. Most people's post-bags, taken all in all, are like Pandora's casket, pretty well laden with ills; and when hope, in the shape of some cheerful correspondent, peeps out on us, do we not give her a double welcome? The best way to attain this desirable end, to make sure of a guest's honoured place, is to keep the mind supple, the eyes clear, the heart sound; there will be little danger then of the pen tempting us into folly, or frivolity, or mere malicious gossip.

The growth of any higher feeling in us ought to have its full expression in every act of our life, and, if we are craftsmen in any true sense, we cannot leave it out of our letters. Surely it is no small privilege to be able to console and cheer—to help a struggling fellow-traveller on his way towards God! To speak the fitting word is often very difficult, to find the fitting chance often more difficult still, but a letter commands a private audience, it claims the reader's sole ear, and the word spoken there for Christ's sake is not seldom blessed.

Looked at in this light, those busy pens of ours that cover so many reams are weighted with a heavy responsibility; assuredly, whether we will or no, they are powerful either for good or for evil. By your words ye shall be judged. At the last of all, when the final sheet is written, and the pen laid aside, shall we not all have cause to say—

> What is writ is writ;
> Would it were worthier?

Stepping Stones.

"ONE step taken, one forsaken,"
So the silvery echoes waken,
Where the streamlet's lightsome tones
Babble round the stepping stones.

Friend or lover, crossing over,
May the message sweet discover,
Sung from morn till even chime—
"One step only at a time."

Be the journey smooth or thorny,
Be the outlook fair or stormy,
One step only is your own,
God keeps all the rest unknown.

Do not borrow future sorrow,
Time enough to face to-morrow
When its shadow dims your way;
Use the sunshine of to-day.

Onward pressing, still confessing
Yearnings after fuller blessing,
Do not lose for things afar
Joys that touch you where you are.

Doing, daring, bravely sharing
In the great world's burden-bearing,
To life's noblest you may climb
Taking one step at a time! M. R. J.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

"One step only at a time."

THE LATE MR. JOHN RYLANDS, OF MANCHESTER.

IN the month of December last there passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, a Manchester gentleman, whose name will always be associated with the industrial progress of the nineteenth century, and who, with unsurpassed business abilities united a humble piety and a wise, large-hearted munificence which well deserve a record in these pages, and give him a distinguished place among the men whose example may animate and guide the younger generation.

John Rylands was born on the 7th February, 1801. His father, Joseph Rylands, was a thriving manufacturer, on a small scale, of cotton goods in St. Helen's, then a pleasant country town in south-west Lancashire, now well known by its glass-works, chemical manufactures, and copper-smelting furnaces that darken the air. His wife was a descendant of the Pilkingtons, a noted Lancashire family, since their ancestor held command under Harold at the Battle of Hastings. A Pilkington was the first Protestant Bishop of Durham, A.D. 1560; and the family in its different generations has given scholars and divines to the church, statesmen to the senate, and commanders to the field. Mrs. Rylands is described as a woman of excellent common-sense, practical wisdom, and stainless integrity; Bible-loving and devout. Of her five children, three sons and two daughters, John was the youngest son; at his birth she was in her fortieth year, and with no common care and affection she dedicated herself to the formation of his character. As is the case of most men who have risen to eminence, he owed what was best in him to maternal influence and training.

Mr. Rylands, sen., gave to his sons a sound school education, introducing them to business life at the age of sixteen. He had, in the meantime, opened a draper's shop in St. Helen's; so that with this, and the labour of the loom, with which they were all set to gain practical acquaintance, they were busily employed. John at once manifested his capacity for business. He would often humorously narrate the history of his first bargain. One day, soon after he had left school, in passing through a street of St. Helen's, his eye was caught by an auctioneer's placard, announcing the sale of the stock-in-trade belonging to the father of one of his schoolfellows. He went in to see what was going on; and, as he had saved a little pocket-money, he bid for one of the lots, a drawer full of trinkets, which was knocked down to him at a low price. These on reaching home he found to consist of different pieces of jewellery, much tarnished and corroded. He pulled them to pieces, cleaned and polished them, and sold them separately, realising a good profit. A former nurse of Mrs. Rylands heard of the lad's successful purchase, and being herself with her family very handy at the loom, said to him, "Supposing, master John, you spend this money in a little yarn, and let us weave it for you." This was done, the calicoes were returned "beautifully woven," were soon sold, and all concerned made a handsome profit. The process was repeated, on a continually enlarging scale, for about two years, and the youth, who meantime was diligently helping his father, became already a miniature capitalist. At the expiration of this time his eldest brother, Joseph, proposed to join him, and the two lads initiated business on their own account, John undertaking the post of traveller.

The conditions of commercial travel at that time can hardly be appreciated in these days of railroads. The journeys had to be performed on horseback, with samples in the saddle bags; in which way our young traveller rode from town to town, and village to village, in Lancashire and Yorkshire, visiting shopkeepers, attending country fairs, and gradually extending his rounds to Shropshire, Cheshire and North Wales. His shorter journeys, from St. Helen's to Manchester, were even more laborious: their record may shame this more luxurious generation. He would start from his house on horseback at four in the morning, and ride for twenty miles. Manchester was still eight miles distant, but the traveller would alight to give his horse a long rest, and walk with his parcel the rest of the way. After a hard day's work in Manchester he would retraverse the eight miles on foot, would then remount, and reach home about eleven at night. To such work, carried on unflinchingly in all seasons and all weathers, Mr. Rylands no doubt owed in a great degree that vigour of constitution which was apparent to the last.

Another proof of his early self-control deserves a record. In many of his journeys he found it a kind of unwritten law to indulge in wine at the commercial table. In fact, every one was expected to drink, and to pay, his share. This youth of eighteen or nineteen steadily refused. Once, an "old stager" of the road, the Mentor of the party, kindly took him aside: "Now let me give you a word of advice, as you are the youngest of us: it will be bad for you to stand out and make yourself disagreeable to the rest." John could not see it; why should he do abroad what he would never have thought of doing at home? To all expostulation, therefore, he replied: "For one thing, I cannot afford it; and for another, if I muddle my brain with wine I cannot attend to business." He therefore went his own way, to the disgust of the rest, who, it may be added, in too many instances succumbed to the loose habits of "the road," while the youth who had courage to withstand them throve and prospered.

The father, himself a shrewd and capable man of business, perceived what his sons were doing on their own account, and proposed to join in partnership with them, contributing a larger capital than they could muster. Thus the firm was originated, thenceforth to be known as RYLANDS & SONS. John was at this time in his

twentieth year. Soon afterwards the eldest brother removed to Wigan; the father eventually following him to that town, as a better centre for their largely increasing operations. John still resided with them, although he had already made what proved to be the most momentous decision of his life. In 1822, at his instance, it was resolved to open a warehouse at Manchester, under his special management; and the youth of twenty-one entered upon the occupancy of those premises in New High Street, which were destined to be the nucleus of the present stupendous establishment. He commenced operations, after the fashion of those times, by sending out one hundred cards to as many customers of the firm, soliciting a call. For a whole week there was no response; the young merchant remained alone from morning to night among his "pieces." He was fearfully depressed: long afterwards he used to tell how on the eighth day, returning from his brief mid-day dinner, he glanced upwards to a huge bale of goods, hanging from a crane in one of the warehouses that he passed, and felt a momentary wish that it would fall upon him and end his troubles! This was the climax of his despondency: that very afternoon a customer from Rochdale called, and bought a parcel to the value of twenty pounds. The load of despair was lifted from the young man's heart. "By God's blessing," he thought, "we shall now succeed;" and from that time the tide of prosperity never ceased to flow.

It is not our present purpose to trace in detail the history of commercial progress and success. Three years afterwards the now prosperous young merchant was happily married. The union lasted for eighteen years; six children being born to him, of whom none have survived. In 1829 he was called to the deathbed of his dear and noble mother, taken to her rest in her sixty-eighth year. His grief was deep and lasting; and the effect upon his whole character was very decided. Up to this time, it was afterwards confessed by himself, he had been inclined to attach too much importance to the acquisition of wealth; and although prosperity had never impaired the serious earnestness and self-control which were always leading elements in his character, he was in danger of concentrating these high qualities upon merely personal ends. This bereavement, and his mother's memory, quickened reflection on the supreme claims of the eternal world, and taught him that man "shall not live by bread alone." He learned the lessons of humility, faith, and charity; he prayed as, since childish days, he had never done before; his religious decision was confirmed and became manifest: and he formed the resolution, from which he never afterwards swerved, to live for the good of others as well as for his own.

On the day of Mrs. Rylands' funeral the family decided that the erection of a school would be of much greater use than any memorial tablet, and would certainly far better accord with her character and wishes. Accordingly the school in Gidlow Lane, Wigan, was erected by her husband and children, and remains as a memorial of their affection and of her own surpassing worth.

Not long after his mother's death, John Rylands first made a public profession of his faith in Christ. His parents were Congregationalists, and the family had always attended the services of that denomination. John held the same views, but had also adopted those of the Baptists, being greatly influenced, it is probable, by the late Rev. John Birt, to whose ministry, at the chapel then in York Street, Manchester, he had been greatly attached. Mr. Birt, in truth, was a man of rarest qualities in mind and heart, a gentle scholar, well skilled in theological and ecclesiastical lore, as his *Patristic Evenings*, with other writings, too few and occasional, amply prove. His clear insight into Biblical truth, with the energy and simplicity of his Christian character, were of the greatest service to his still youthful adherent, who was baptized by him at York Street, and soon afterwards became a deacon of the church, zealously and faithfully performing the duties of the office, and finding time amid the increasing claims of business to take an active part in the services of the congregation. This union with the church in York Street, it may be added here, continued until about 1840, when, on Mr. Birt's resignation, Mr. Rylands withdrew, attaching himself to the ministry of Dr. Halley, in the Congregational Chapel in Mosley Street, soon afterwards in Cavendish Chapel, where he remained a member until distance of residence and advancing years led him to seek a nearer place of worship. He then connected himself with the "Union Church," in Stretford, in the origination of which he had taken an active and liberal part. In his later years he became associated with the Congregational Church in the same village.

The records of the firm now for many years present an almost unvarying tale of success. New and enlarged warehouses, and additional manufactories, were rendered necessary by the ever fresh demands upon its resources. A considerable advance was made by the acquisition of an estate at Wigan, where immense mills were erected, and where veins of coal, discovered some years after the purchase, proved sufficient for the supply of all the engines worked by the firm, with a surplus yielding a large profit. The premises in New High Street were gradually extended by the addition of fresh ground and buildings, until they reached their present colossal dimensions, occupying the whole street on both sides, with frontages in three others. A visitor in 1865 was curious enough to ask what length of counter there was in the whole establishment. Mr. Rylands promptly called one of the joiners to measure, and it was found that the total amounted to a little more than a mile and a quarter. About the same time it was computed that some seven thousand persons were employed in the warehouses and manufactories occupied by the firm; a number which has since increased to nearly twelve thousand. A large establishment in Wood Street, London, opened about 1847, has for many years been carried on by the firm.

In the year 1839, the eldest of the family, Joseph, withdrew from the business to become chief partner and manager of the Hull Flax and Cotton Mills. The second brother, Richard, whose tastes were for a quiet life, retired about the same time. Mr. Rylands, senior, and his son, John, were now left alone in the firm, the former, however, from the infirmities of age being able to take but little part in its management. He died in 1847 at the good old age of eighty-one. Four years before this Mr. John Rylands had been left a widower; he was thus doubly solitary, and addressed himself with greater assiduity, if possible, than ever, to carry out his large far-seeing plans.

In 1848 he married again, having then two surviving sons, who, however, long preceded him to the grave. A terrible blow fell upon the business in 1854, in the breaking out of a fire at the Manchester warehouse (caused, it was believed, by some smoker having carelessly dropped a lighted match through a cellar grating). The loss was estimated at 140,000*l.*, of which 40,000*l.* were uncovered by insurance, but, with characteristic energy, Mr. Rylands at once engaged the Free Trade Hall; a neighbour who was retiring from business offered the use of his own convenient warehouse, and the concern was carried on with scarcely an interruption; the returns for the year following the conflagration being larger than ever.

After several removals of habitation, Mr. Rylands purchased an estate at Stretford, a village about four miles from Manchester, where he erected Longford Hall, a beautiful mansion, in which he mainly resided for the last thirty years of his life. Here he was again left a widower, after twenty-seven years of happy married life; but in 1875 was united to the lady who has so affectionately and zealously co-operated in all his plans of usefulness, and who, after cherishing his declining days, now survives to mourn his loss. The distance between Longford and Manchester was convenient for his business, and until increasing infirmities began to tell upon him he was indefatigable in his routine of daily work. At seven in the morning he would be in the office of the estate, every part of which he personally superintended, with cognisance of every detail. Breakfast followed; after which he drove to Manchester, generally reaching the warehouse before nine. Here in his own little sanctum he would stand at his desk through the business hours of the day, holding in his hands the threads of the whole vast machine, with trusty councillors whom he could in a moment summon to his side. Many and various were the visitors who found their way to that quiet room, including the representatives of societies innumerable, and of every kind of philanthropic work. These he would often receive cordially, sometimes would dismiss curtly, according as he seemed to discern the ring of truth or otherwise in their communications. Many were invited to the hospitality of the mid-day meal, at which, in a large room on an upper floor, he sat at the head of a long table occupied by the chief employés of the firm—himself the most modest and unobtrusive in the company. When he could gain a fit listener in his room, he delighted to show the tables and calculations, the plan of which he had himself devised, as contrivances for saving labour, or as presenting at one view the items of profit and loss, in every conceivable combination, and down to the minutest detail. "A great mathematical discoverer," it was once said, "was lost to the world when Mr. Rylands elected to pursue a business career."

But the room had other secrets, which scarcely any could know. It was the scene at times of untold anxieties, of strange misgivings, and solemn questionings as to the path of duty. At such seasons its occupant well understood how to "shut to the door" and speak to his Father in heaven. A simple, child-like faith in the power of prayer was a chief characteristic of his Christian life; and carrying this into business matters and business hours, he would kneel down and pray, and rise refreshed. Hence, perhaps, the certainty that characterised his plans. It was not mere self-confidence; it was belief in God, his Counsellor and Guide, to whom he had spoken, and who, he *knew*, was leading him aright.

Such a spirit kept him always meditative; and a remarkable vein of seriousness appears in his business entries and memoranda, intended for no eye but his own. Amid columns of figures there appear sudden gushes of feeling, as if forced almost involuntarily from his pen, or shrewd remarks of an ethical kind, betokening now the keen observer of human nature, now the anxious desire to maintain the loftiest standard of integrity in all his dealings, with an occasional outbreak of wounded feeling, such as anything like apparent insincerity or pretence in others was sure to call forth. He was so true himself that he could not bear the hollow or the false. And when this appeared to exist under the cloak of piety, his indignation was unmeasured. It was in such connexions that he would speak of the devil, as of one in whose working he most firmly believed, and whose devices were never more apparent than in the simulation of a religious air.

As a master, Mr. Rylands was firm and just; expecting instant and exact obedience in little things as in great. One of his oldest associates in the business has told the writer how he learned the lesson on the first day of his appointment, when conducted by Mr. Rylands round the warehouse. Passing one of the young assistants, Mr. Rylands said: "Is Mr. So-and-so (one of the buyers) here to-day?" "Yes, sir," was the instant reply, "I will go and fetch him," and the youth was running off for the purpose. "Stop!" said the master, "if I need him, I can send for him. I asked—*Is he here?* and all I want is a plain answer to a plain question." The incident is slight, but our informant never forgot it, as an index to the kind of obedience required.

The result was that while many fell out of rank, unable or unwilling to comply with the conditions of the service, others remained, and grew old in it, never seeking change. To such persons, a place in "Rylands and Sons" was a provision for life. In the year 1873, when the

concern was made into a limited liability company, the jubilee of Mr. Rylands' entrance upon it was celebrated by a banquet, when an address was presented to him from the members of his establishment, which in affectionate loyalty could hardly be surpassed. The whole is too long to quote, but three paragraphs must be given.

Will you permit us to say that, while we are one with the general public, and especially the business world, in admiration of your long and honourable career, we, having better facilities for correctly judging than most others, regard your great success as only the natural sequence of your principles, abilities and habits. By the blessing of God upon your commercial astuteness, enterprise, industry, and energy, your constructive and organising power, your conscientiousness and integrity, you have risen during the last half century to abundance, position and influence. And now, at a time of life when some failure in energy might not unreasonably be expected, and in similar instances is seldom escaped, it is largely true that your eye is not dim, nor your natural force abated.

It is no news to you to be informed, but we trust it will give you pleasure to have the assurance this night repeated, that you are respected most by those who know you best, and that you have the warmest place in the affectionate veneration of the men who have for many years worked with and under you. That you have not been a hard master is sufficiently proved by the fact that thirty of the gentlemen now present have been in your employ for terms of service which, added together, represent nearly eight centuries. We bear cheerful and unconstrained testimony that we have ever found you most considerate and kind, and that in all our seasons of personal and relative affliction you have manifested a tender and most practical sympathy.

We beg to thank you for your graceful recognition of what we venture to call earnest and faithful services, by securing for your employés a beneficial interest in that industrial organisation for which we hope a very extended and successful future.

No testimony could be more explicit; and half the secret of his success is told in these words of artless gratitude.

To enumerate the various uses made by Mr. Rylands of his wealth, would be impossible, for the reason that many of his largest charities were secret. He did not give in conventional ways, or for conventional reasons. Resolving to live for the good of others, he decided for himself how best to serve them. His gifts therefore had always a special and individual character.

An institution for orphan girls at Greenheys, Manchester; and homes for aged gentlewomen at Stretford, bear witness, as has well been said, to his "deep and affectionate interest in those who have recently entered life, and those who are just departing from it." At Ryde, a large and convenient house was set aside by him as a home of rest to ministers of different denominations whose income is small, and who with their wives are there welcomed to a hospitality which has been found most refreshing and strengthening to many hard-working servants of the Master. Large and well-stored free libraries provided by him both at Stretford, and at Haven-street, the village in the Isle of Wight, where, in later years, he has had a residence, have annually circulated thousands of volumes among the people. In both villages, noble coffee-houses, built at his expense, have provided refreshment and comfort for all classes, and have proved effectual rivals to the attractions of the tavern. At Stretford, the "Longford Institute," with its bowling-green, tennis-ground, and children's playground, also a large Town Hall, with a Lecture Hall adapted for lectures and entertainments, attest his sympathy with all innocent recreations. The erection of the Stretford Public Baths, with one of the best swimming baths in the kingdom, was among the latest acts of his life; and it was at the first anniversary of the opening of this splendid building that many saw Mr. Rylands in public for the last time.

Returning for a moment to earlier days, we may notice, as greatly bearing upon the character of his labours on behalf of others, that the death of his second son, William, in 1861, at the early age of thirty-three, was one of the greatest sorrows of his life. In this son's career he had garnered up some of his choicest hopes. No pains had been spared in the youth's education; and to counteract, if possible, tendencies to feeble health, he had travelled much in Great Britain, on the Continent of Europe, and in America. "He was a young man," one who knew him well has said, "of very prepossessing, amiable and genial manners, of generous and noble disposition, of great talent and aptitude for business, or for anything else that he undertook; ardent and enthusiastic, very quiet, unpretending, yet far-seeing, and devotedly fond of literary and scientific studies, and of all pursuits bearing upon mental culture." To William, Mr. Rylands fondly looked as his successor, and for a time he was his father's partner. But it became too apparent that a further change of scene and climate would be necessary; and he was preparing for a lengthened tour in the Mediterranean, Egypt and Syria, when he was stricken down, and after some weeks of languishing, peacefully passed away.

For a while, the father was inconsolable. All sources of comfort seemed to fail him, and in the sad questionings of his heart, he was almost ready to arraign Almighty providence and love. Long afterwards, he was wont to say how, in that time of anxiety and distress, he found in the Word of God the only answer to many anxious questionings, and the sure relief of innumerable cares. Very characteristically he was led in the musings of those dark hours to devise some method of making the treasures of Scripture yet more accessible, and this resulted in what he always regarded as one of the great works of his life, carried out by him with unstinted labour and expense, the preparation of an edition of the Bible in numbered paragraphs, with copious indexes for reference. The handsome quarto volume thus prepared contains 5810 paragraphs, consecutively numbered from Genesis to Revelation; copious marginal readings, with explanations and amended renderings, and a complete system of references, being added in two subsequent editions, the three bearing date 1863, 1878 and 1886. The alphabetical index, in particular, is probably the most complete and clearly arranged guide to the contents of Scripture in existence.

To distribute copies of this Bible and index, freely, among his business friends, ministers of the gospel, and others to whom the work might be useful, was one of the joys of Mr. Rylands' life.

A beautiful miniature edition of Diodati's New Testament, similarly arranged and indexed, was prepared at his expense for distribution in Italy, a country in whose evangelisation he felt the deepest interest; and some fifty thousand copies in which he took a lively interest, printing also a hymn book for its use. The press, in fact, was recognised by Mr. Rylands as a chief instrument for good; his gifts of books to ministers and others amounted to many thousands of volumes, and for many years some valuable work or other was always proceeding under his care, among the latest of them being an annotated hymn-book selected from a collection of about sixty

John Rylands

From a photograph by Debenham, Ryde.

have been put into circulation. In a house which he had purchased in the Transtevere district of Rome he long maintained an orphanage with a laundry. In acknowledgment of his philanthropic endeavours for the poor of Rome he was decorated in 1880 by the king with the order of the "Crown of Italy."

An edition of Ostervald's French Testament on the same plan was subsequently prepared and largely circulated, especially in Paris, in connection with Miss de Broën's Belleville Mission, thousand hymns, which had been laboriously compiled under his direction during many years; also a hymn book for the young presented to the children of Stretford, "by Mr. and Mrs. Rylands." In all these efforts for usefulness, indeed, Mrs. Rylands was his devoted and most efficient coadjutor.

Such were the tastes, and, if we may so say, the recreations of the great Manchester merchant. For the ordinary enjoyments and luxuries generally associated with a position like

his, he had no relish at all. His habits of life were simple and frugal, his address and manner unassuming. He never asked for public notice, and if he had honours he wore them meekly, as though his anxiety were only to be unobserved. For public life he had no ambition. Although a county magistrate, he shrank from appearing on the bench; and he steadily resisted efforts made more than once to secure his return to Parliament. Not that this betokened indifference to public interests. When the Manchester Ship Canal was mooted, and there seemed a doubt as to the ways and means for the enterprise, this old man of eighty-four came forward and offered to take 50,000*l.* worth of shares, to which afterwards, when the project appeared again in danger, he added another 10,000*l.*; and when a guarantee of 360,000*l.* was further required his name was first upon the list of guarantors.

It was, however, with the greatest difficulty that he could be induced to take the chair at a public meeting, and then his words were always few and simple. Devoid of ostentation and pretence, he was content to pursue an unconspicuous path, and never appeared to suspect how good and great he really was. He has left his mark upon the commerce of his generation, and no less upon its religious enterprise. Faith in God was the mainstay of his life. On the last day but one, the Sabbath morning, when memory failed and he was sinking into unconsciousness, a ray of sunshine shone through the partly opened curtain; on his inquiring what it was, the loving watcher by his bedside told him it was the sun shining. The word re-awakened the associations of failing memory, and *Jesus loves me* were almost his last articulate words.

He died on the 11th of December 1888, and on the 15th his remains were laid to their rest in the presence of sorrowing thousands. S. G. G.

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MRS. OGILVIE.

"SO you and Harvey are going for a drive," Francesca remarked.

It was a tolerably fine afternoon, three days later. The high dog-cart, Harvey's favourite vehicle, stood before the front door; the two spirited horses, Prince and Emperor, champing their bits and tossing their heads, eager to be off. The men at their heads seemed to have some trouble in restraining them. Julia was on the doorstep, dressed in hat and jacket, a pair of gloves in her left hand. Mrs. Trevor had come out of the drawing-room, with a woollen shawl round her shoulders.

"I thought I had told you. Harvey has some business to arrange with a gentleman eight miles off—Captain Woodthorpe is the name, I believe. He asked me to go with him. You would not care for the drive."

"Thanks—not I! If Paris boulevards were in question, that would be another matter. Nothing is more dismal than interminable country lanes, with dead leaves dropping in all directions, and the prospect of coming home in a pelt. Nothing to see, and nobody to see one! No; I'll wait for Eastbourne. There'll be a chance of meeting some human beings on the parade—besides, I don't like those horses. The last time I went out, they frightened me to death with their pranks."

"Harvey would know if they were not safe."

"Harvey knows everything, of course! My dear, what man ever thinks about safety, in connection with horses? He just wants to make a show. So long as he has the best thorough-breds in the country round, his neck may take its chance, and his wife's too. But I prefer not to have mine broken."

"You won't keep well if you never go out."

"There's nothing to go out for, in Westford. I don't want to cultivate a country complexion, thanks. Besides, my wardrobe wants attention. One will have to be respectable in Eastbourne. Is Harvey still set upon not going till Thursday or Friday in next week?"

"Quite?"

"Absurd! We shall just lose those lodgings in Mostyn Terrace. It's nothing on earth but Hermione's nonsense: otherwise we might be off on Tuesday. What does she mean to do?"

"I don't know," Julia answered in an undertone.

"Nor anybody else, apparently. Mittie asked Miss Fitzalan if Hermione meant to come with us, and Miss Fitzalan said she was not sure. If I were Harvey, I would make her say 'yes' or 'no' at once, without any more nonsense."

"She has said 'no.'"

"In a passion; but that means nothing. I believe the Fitzalans won't take her in, and she is waiting to arrange something else before she speaks." A shrewd guess this, on the part of Mrs. Trevor. "And Harvey is just giving her extra time to make arrangements. If he had decided to go straight off without delay, she would have had no choice about coming. Much the best plan! Not that I want her in Eastbourne, but I shouldn't be sorry for once to see her compelled to give in."

"Francesca, do be careful! You will be overheard," Julia entreated, in alarm at the raised tone.

"No fear, my dear! John hasn't any attention to spare from the horses. And as for Hermione, she's going the round of her favourite cottages, I suppose, preaching patience to all the old women, and expatiating on her own wrongs. I

wish some of them would preach to Hermione, for a change. She needs it, if anyone does."

To Julia's relief, Harvey appeared. He seemed in unusually good spirits, and she was much delighted at his proposal to take her with him. Of late he had systematically avoided prolonged and unnecessary *têtes-à-têtes*. Twice, at least, when she had offered to be his companion in the dog-cart, he had had out the brougham instead, persuading Francesca to join them. The feeling appeared now to have worn off.

The horses made their start like a bolt from a cross-bow, claiming all Harvey's energies for awhile. John sat aloft behind, with folded arms and stolid face. Julia was supremely happy, quite content to be silent, and to watch proudly her husband's capable handling of the reins. Ordinarily she was apt to be nervous about horses, but when Harvey sat beside her she did not know what fear meant.

"We have done our first two miles in style," Harvey remarked, when they came to a hill so steep that the horses showed themselves willing to walk. John dropped to the ground, and strode in their rear, apparently glad to use his limbs.

"Have we really come two miles already? I never know distances in Westford."

"What was Francesca saying about Hermione?"

The question took her by surprise, for he usually shirked, as far as possible, all talk respecting Hermione and her doings. Julia glanced at him quickly, but failed to decipher his look.

"She was wondering what Hermione would do about Eastbourne. Nobody seems to know."

"Hermione must come with us, of course. I depend upon you to arrange that."

Julia felt and looked dismay. "But I have no power over Hermione."

"You are the right person. Francesca has nothing to do with it."

"But I don't think either Francesca or I could turn Hermione, if she has made up her mind. She is so very determined."

"I always thought there was a spice of obstinacy——"

"Is that obstinacy? I thought it was firmness."

"People generally confuse the two. Determination will hear reason: and obstinacy won't. Obstinacy sticks to what it has said, just because it has said it. That's Hermione all over."

Julia could not question the assertion. She was aware of its truth.

"The fact is," Harvey added,—"I particularly wish Hermione to go with us: and I look to you to bring it about."

"Would you mind so very much if she paid a visit to the Fitzalans instead?"

"Yes: and she will not go to them. I have had a few words with Mr. Fitzalan: but don't mention this. He thinks with me that it is too soon for a break, and that she will shake down better among us, if we have a few more weeks together—especially away from Westford. There has been too much talk among the good folks about here, as to her real and supposed troubles."

"Yes, perhaps ——" Julia began, and paused. "Francesca will have it that Hermione gossips with the old women in the cottages."

"It is not supposed to be gossip: but I daresay she manages to look pathetic, and to work on their feelings. I want to get her out of it all for a time."

"I don't see what I am to do."

"You must arrange it, my dear, one way or another. Women can always manage these things. I should be extremely annoyed if Hermione stayed behind just now. It would give additional colour to a great deal of nonsense that is talked about her and us. And you must contrive somehow to hinder Francesca from exciting her."

Two "musts" easy to utter, but hard to carry out—how hard Julia knew too well. She made no further protests, however, only gave herself up to consideration of the difficulty. The top of the hill was reached, and John swung himself up behind. Then they were off again at full speed, trees and hedges sweeping past, unnoticed by Julia in her abstraction.

"Is this Captain Woodthorpe's?" she asked, waking up with an astonished start, when the horses came to a standstill.

"This is Captain Woodthorpe's—queer little house, isn't it? And a queer place for any man to choose! Not even a cottage within a quarter of a mile."

"I suppose the village is not far off."

"A mile or more. It must be deadly dull—two people living together."

"His wife?"

"No; his daughter. Will you come in? They are rather agreeable people."

"O, no: I would rather wait outside."

Harvey put the reins into her hands, John taking up his position once more at the horses' heads. Julia studied dreamily the trellis-work of the porch, and the jasmine trained prettily thereon, till once more roused by voices.

A grey-haired man, thin and upright, stood beside her husband on the gravel-walk; and beyond them was a lady in black, perhaps about thirty-five years old, somewhat tall and largely built, with a pale strong face, hardly handsome, but interesting from its rare sweetness and its calm capability of expression. The thought came to Julia at once—"That is one whom I could lean upon in trouble!" She little dreamt how soon this should be put to the test.

"Julia, Captain Woodthorpe and Mrs. Ogilvie wish you to come indoors for a cup of tea."

Harvey handed her down, and Julia made no resistance. She was willing to see more of Mrs. Ogilvie—a widow evidently, but a widow of a different type from Mrs. Trevor. Greetings were exchanged, and the two gentlemen returned to the Captain's study, whence apparently they had emerged; while Julia found herself in a small sitting-room, old-fashioned but cosy. Mrs. Ogilvie led her to a seat near the fire. "It is chilly to-day," she said: "especially for driving. Will you not take off your jacket, for fear of a chill when you go out."

"I never take cold, thanks," Julia answered,

and soon the question followed, in some wonder,—"Do you really live here all the year round?"

"Except a month in London, at Christmas."

"And you like it?"

Mrs. Ogilvie smiled. "My father does," she said.

"But you?"

"I should not mind a few neighbours near at hand."

"Have you none?"

"None near. I am a fairly good walker, and we have an untirable pony. It is not, perhaps, the life I would choose; but, when a life is chosen for one, apart from one's own wishes, there is the comfort of knowing that it must be right."

"Is Captain Woodthorpe so fond of the country?"

"Yes, of absolute country, as country. He does not like a chimney-pot to be within view, except his own. Not from any real objection to society. I hardly know what gives rise to the feeling. He says he cannot breathe comfortably among houses."

Julia looked her sympathy. Mrs. Ogilvie asked next—

"How is Miss Rivers?"

"Quite well, I believe," Julia grew suddenly shy. "Are you one of Hermione's friends?"

"Not in any intimate sense. I was very fond of her mother in my childhood; and that gives me a particular interest, of course, in Hermione. We only meet occasionally, however. She is a pretty girl."

"Yes," Julia assented.

"She was quite 'the old man's darling,' while Mr. Dalrymple lived."

"Yes."

"And now, perhaps, she is a great pet with all of you?"

There was a curious expression hovering round Mrs. Ogilvie's lips, as she put the question. Did she oxpect an affirmative in reply? Julia hesitated, then said—

"No!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Ogilvie.

"I don't know why she is not. I wish she were. My husband and I wish so much to make her happy. And everybody thinks Hermione so wonderfully sweet and good; yet, somehow, we don't get on well. I could love her if she would let me, but I always have a feeling of being almost despised by Hermione. Perhaps I ought to say 'disdained.' 'Despised' is too strong a word."

Julia had not had the least intention of saying all this. The words broke from her, drawn out by that quiet comprehending face. She caught herself up suddenly—

"I am sorry to say so much. Harvey would not be pleased. He hates gossip, and, indeed, it isn't my way as a rule. Please don't let it go further, and forget it yourself. Such things are best not talked about, and I dare say we shall fit in better by-and-by. Perhaps it is partly my fault that we don't now."

"No, I think not. I hardly expected to hear anything different," Mrs. Ogilvie answered. For half-a-minute she studied carefully the young face before her. Twice Julia's black eyes were lifted to meet the gaze, and sank before it. At the half-minute's close, to Julia's exceeding surprise, Mrs. Ogilvie bent forward and kissed her cheek. Julia flushed up brightly, with an odd shy sense of pleasure.

"Hermione is a girl of peculiar temperament, and she has had a peculiar training," continued Mrs. Ogilvie. "I know her character well. You need not regret having spoken frankly, for I never repeat things. Perhaps I am as good a confidante as you could have chosen; for having loved her mother so dearly seems to give me a kind of right over the child herself. No, she is not a child now, but one clings to the term."

"I don't think I have heard Hermione speak of you," Julia said.

"Very likely not. I am not a great favourite of Hermione's."

Julia's wondering eyes made Mrs. Ogilvie laugh, a soft ringing laugh.

"My own fault, I am afraid. I had once to suggest to her that a certain line of action was not right, and Hermione did not seem grateful for the suggestion. But, perhaps, she has got over it now, and I should like to see her again. Cannot you both drive over to lunch, one day next week?"

CHAPTER XXIV.—PRINCE AND EMPEROR.

"I AM going to take you two or three miles round, instead of straight home," Harvey said, as they started. Julia was turning back to wave a farewell. "So you like Mrs. Ogilvie?"

"Very much. Oh, very much, indeed. She is charming!"

"Mrs. Ogilvie says the same of my wife."

"Does she? I am glad if she likes me. But when?"

"When you ran back into the house for your shawl."

"She had not much time then for making remarks. Harvey, isn't it odd that she should be an old friend of Hermione's mother, and that Hermione should never have spoken her name?"

"I don't pretend to understand Hermione's ways. My dear, Hermione's mother must have been considerably Mrs. Ogilvie's senior."

One of the horses shied, and both were off at a pace which required Harvey's best handling. For a while neither spoke. He glanced round presently to say, "Not frightened?"

"O no; not with you here."

"Some women think it necessary to scream on these little occasions. Of course, if you wished to ensure the horses running away, that is as good a mode as any."

"But I don't wish it," Julia answered, laughing. "And they never do run away."

"Well, not seriously," Harvey answered, with one or two recollections in his mind which were not known to Julia. "I am taking you this way, that you may see a pretty view from the common."

"Not the common near us?"

"Seven miles or more off. You have not been to it yet. There is a steep hill to climb, and then a regular flat tableland, extending any distance. John will have the opportunity to stretch his legs again."

"Yes, sir!" responded John smartly, from behind.

The hill was reached in no long time, being two miles or more distant from the Captain's little house, as Harvey informed Julia. Steep it was unquestionably; but the horses went up in brisk style, apparently no whit fatigued. John, who had dropped down for a walk as a matter of course, was left in the rear.

"After all, he might as well have kept his seat. We have to wait for him now," Harvey said, when they gained the top.

"One minute won't matter."

"Not unless the horses object."

The horses plainly did object. A vision of food and stable no doubt lured them onward; and they had at all times a marked dislike to standing still in harness. They grew exceedingly restless, and Harvey's strong grasp could barely hold them in.

A broad common stretched far ahead, and the road led straight across it, while on either side lay short grass, dotted by occasional clumps of furze.

"Make haste!" cried Harvey.

John obeyed, coming at a run. They had not to wait many seconds; and he was already within six yards, when a pig rushed grunting from behind the nearest clump.

That settled the matter. Almost before Julia caught sight of the intruder, the horses were off, and John could be seen as a diminishing object in the distance.

Julia uttered no sound, for she knew her husband's dislike to interjections at critical moments. Not that she counted the moment critical. She merely said to herself, "How tiresome!" and expected that Harvey would at once pull up.

But he did not. A feeling of surprise dawned upon her first; and then a consciousness of the tremendous pace at which they were going; and then—she looked up into Harvey's face, and knew from the set lips that something was wrong.

"John is so far behind. Must we not go back?" she asked.

"Presently. Keep your seat, Julia. Hold on firmly."

"Can't you stop them?"

"Presently," came again.

"Is there any danger?"

"Plently of room ahead, fortunately. I shall let them have a go at it. Don't be shaken out, that's all."

Julia obeyed his orders, and sat perfectly still. On and on they flew in a mad rush. The road was very straight, and so long as this lasted the danger might be counted small; but there was nothing to check the horses; no human being was in sight; and in time the common must end.

It seemed to Julia that their speed increased rather than diminished. She had never known anything like it. It was evident that Harvey had at present no choice about letting the horses go, for go they would, and the utmost he could do was to use some measure of guidance, keeping a sharp look-out for obstacles.

Grass and furze-bushes flashed past in dizzying style. Julia felt bewildered, hardly able to think. Fear existed, but was kept under. Julia's one distinct wish at the time was not to embarrass her husband. She sat by his side like a statue, only swayed by the swaying of the vehicle.

"We are coming to something different," she said at length quietly. For the road in advance rose a little and disappeared among trees.

Harvey knew that the common ended there, and that a long descent followed; not so steep, happily, as the ascent by which they had reached the common, yet steep enough to be a very serious matter, if they were to go down at this rate.

"Can't you stop them?" Julia asked once more.

"No."

The monosyllable, the absence of comfort or encouragement, said much. So also did Harvey's bent brows. Julia grew paler, and shrank an inch closer to him. The thought came to her that she ought to pray, and she tried, but her mind was a blank, every faculty being concentrated into one fearful expectant gaze ahead.

Up and up the slope they thundered, till in a moment burst upon Julia the long vista of that straight descent, which had been in Harvey's mind as a vivid picture of peril near.

A strong rutted road, with a wall on one side, a hedge and a ditch on the other, scarcely curving at all until far below, where a sharp bend shut off what lay beyond.

"Harvey!" did at last leave Julia's lips in a faint cry. No answer came from him, only a strange pallor had come into his face, and his eyes seemed to be looking blankly far on.

Both knew that this might well be a rush to death. But no time for thought remained, before they were whirled downwards.

Pebbles were dashed aside by the horses' hoofs, and the wheels jolted with bounds over the larger stones. It was as much as Julia could do to keep her seat. She held on firmly, noting with a singular keenness of perception her husband's blanched look. Could it mean fear? He was a brave man ordinarily, not given to showing fear.

Suddenly he spoke, not turning his head:

"If we can get round that corner, it may be all right, but if not ——"

A pause: and as if the words were forced from him, drops standing on his brow, he said:

"If I am killed, and you get through, take care that Hermione has her rights!"

She had no space in which to answer him. A glance alone was possible. Then the bend was reached, and with a great swerve they went round, safely so far, but not to safety. Before one breath of relief could be drawn, they saw the road ahead lying level, and in the very

middle of it an old ramshackle cart, with no room on either side for them to pass. The owner of the cart was out of sight, and the unharnessed rough pony, browsing in the hedge, lifted his head with a look of mild interest at the thunder of horses' hoofs.

A gasp: a moment's despair: a crash: a sense of everything collapsing: and a brief darkness.

Julia came to herself slowly. She sat up, bewildered and faint, but conscious of no hurt. At first she could not make out where she was, could not recall exactly what had happened. Only there was an impression of wild rattle and rush: and now all was so still: not a sound to be heard, except leaves rustling near.

It dawned upon her stunned senses that she had been tossed clean out of the dog-cart and over the hedge, falling on a great heap of weeds gathered together for burning, soft almost as a feather bed. And she was not hurt!

But Harvey!

Julia struggled to her feet. All around seemed to sway and surge; yet she could not attend to such sensations, could not yield to weakness. The other side of the hedge had to be gained, and she hastened along it, seeking vainly for a gate. A gap at length appeared, and Julia fought her way through, heedless of scratches and torn clothes.

Once more upon the road, she saw a big heap of something not far off, which her dazzled eyes could with difficulty make out to be the prostrate horses and the shattered remains of cart and carriage, all in one piled-up mass, except that two wheels and much lesser débris were flung loosely around. And Harvey—Harvey—her one agony was for him. As she hurried nearer, trembling and sick with terror, she saw him to be part of the mass, lying half underneath it, while two hoofs of the nearer horse were almost touching his chest. His face was ghastly pale, the eyes wide open in helpless appeal.

"O Harvey! what can I do? What shall I do?" was Julia's cry.

"Hush—don't call out. If Prince begins to struggle it is all up with me."

"Is it the cart keeping you down? Are you hurt? Oh, let me help you away!" she gasped. "You will be killed there."

"I can't move,—don't touch me. Julia, listen. You must sit down on Prince's head at once. If he tries to get up I am done for!"

Julia understood, though she was so dazed as to be hardly able to distinguish one horse from the other. But those iron hoofs were guide sufficient. The poor creature's visible panting showed him to be alive, while Emperor lay to all appearance dead. Julia stumbled forward among the débris, and sat down upon the huge glossy head, rumpled and foam-speckled. She would have been afraid of the position generally, for horses were a source of timidity always, unless she felt herself under Harvey's protection, but fear could have no place now, except for another.

"Are you hurt much?" she then asked tremulously.

"I don't know. Yes."

"Where? Please tell me."

"I don't know."

"If I could only do something! What can I do?" she implored. "If I might help you to get away."

"No, you must not stir. Mind, Julia, if you value my life, don't let anything make you get up till help comes—till I am away. It is the only hope for me."

He spoke distinctly, but in a faint far-away voice, as if the words came with effort, his eyes closing.

"I will not!" Julia said firmly.

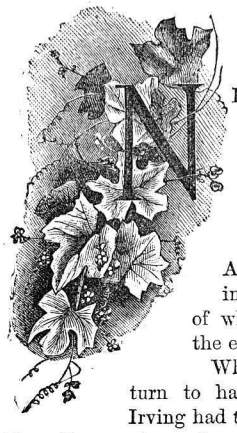
Things New and Old.

A Visit to the Slums and its Result.—It was about seven years ago, when the Russian census was being taken, that the experience occurred which precipitated the final change of Count Tolstoi's views. In Moscow, the Government requisitions the University students as census-takers. The count's eldest son was then at the University, and he took his share with his fellow-students in the work of numbering the people. Tolstoi accompanied his son as he went his rounds; penetrating with him into the lowest quarters of the great city. The census is taken in the slums as well as in the palaces, and it was an eventful day on which Count Tolstoi went slumming in Moscow. He came home utterly upset. Up to that time he had lived an easy, egoist, luxurious life. Everything that the heart of man could desire he had to the full: fame, health, wealth, occupation, a large and happy family, and hosts of friends—all were his. He had everything. Now he was suddenly brought face to face with the squalid poverty of those who had nothing. It was as if a vision of the under world had suddenly been revealed to his gaze. He came home a changed man, and from that day he has only had one regret—viz., that his family rendered it impossible for him to abandon all that he had in order to follow the life of those who had nothing. He would have sacrificed all the means by which his family is supported—books, estate, everything; but the family objected to be sacrificed, and the count yielded to the menace of *force majeure*. Had he attempted to carry out his ideas, an Order of Administration would probably have been issued by the Government, and his property would have been made over to trustees to be administered for the benefit of his wife and family.—*Stead's Truth about Russia.* (Cassell.)

A Hint to the Deacons.—Mr. Spurgeon writes in a recent number of "The Sword and Trowel": "I was called upon to telegraph to the beloved congregation at the Tabernacle, and I did so according to my best judgment, and the writing which was delivered to the clerk was in terms of clearest accuracy. I felt that, as I could be sure of nothing as to my own condition, I had better make no hasty statement. At the same time, I did not wish to raise a needless fear, and, therefore, gave for a text, Matt. vi. 34: 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Alas! it pleased the movers of the wires to resort to the fifth instead of the sixth chapter, and consequently my brethren received the admonition, 'Swear not at all'—a superfluity, to say no more."

NELLIE'S LITTLE LIGHT.

CHAPTER II.



ELLIE had plenty to talk about during the days that followed. She was quite ready to confess to her friend Alice, that she had been very stupid in thinking that one of those little lights could be of no use. So Alice and she delighted in comparing notes, and reminding each other of what they had seen and learned at the exhibition.

When Sunday came, it was mother's turn to have a talk with Nellie, for Mrs. Irving had to be her child's teacher. Cherry Tree Farm, where they lived, was on a hill side, and at too great a distance from the nearest Sunday-school to allow of her attending it, and going to service as well. But, as Nellie remarked with a loving look at her mother's kind face, "I am better off than anybody else. I have my dear teacher all to myself."

She could look back on many a happy talk with her mother, whose lessons were not easy to forget in after days.

On the Sunday following the visit to Manchester, Mrs. Irving bade the child read the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Only the one verse, Nellie," she said. "It will find us enough to think about for this afternoon. You know what is the meaning of letting your light shine, don't you, dear?"

"It means trying to be like Jesus," replied Nellie.

"Yes, dear; your light means your life and example. It means that you should try to do everything so that those who see you may know you as a child of God, whose great wish it is to obey His will, and show to every one that you are learning from Jesus. It seems wonderful that the doings of a child can glorify our Father in heaven. But as we cannot do what is right without God's help, if we succeed, the praise and glory must be all His. I have thought a great deal about the lights at the exhibition. Some high, some so low that they were on the ground, others near and some far away from the regular paths. I wonder if you have thought them like anything else?"

"Do you mean they are like people in different stations, mother?"

"Partly that, dear. Only, as they were all lights, I should compare them specially to those who believe in Jesus and are trying to shine by following His example. When you went into the lighted grounds the other night, and saw how glorious was the effect produced by so many lamps, though each might be small in itself, you and I too, dear, felt that each was in its right place. The little lights near the ground or in the less-frequented parts of the gardens, were just as much wanted as the larger ones or those that had what we might call the best places."

"You mean, mother, that, like the lamps, the Christian who is only in a very humble position should not trouble about that, but just go on shining."

"Yes, the same as the one that is in a high one, and on whom many eyes are fixed. The child in a cottage home, the little member of a class, the learner in a shop, the boy that runs errands or sweeps out an office, may be very humble little lights and placed near the ground, but each should shine by doing his or her best—according to their several opportunities."

"They cannot all shine alike, mother, any more than the lights could at the exhibition," said Nellie.

"No dear; but if the little lights could have had a say in the matter, and one had said: 'I will not shine, because I am low down, and another because it was not in the part of the grounds it would have chosen to be in, and a third because it was surrounded by green glass and wanted to be inside a red one.' And so all had gone out!"

"Why that would have spoiled everything," said Nellie.

"True, dear, and wherever a lamp was out, however small, it was missed and wanted. You saw that for yourself.'

The child assented, and Mrs. Irving continued: "The lights whether large or small could not choose for themselves, and it was well that a master hand which had planned, not for one only, but for a grand and beautiful unity that was to be brought about by the varieties in colour, size, and place—had given each the one it was fittest to adorn.

"And so it is with the disciples of Jesus, my child. High or low, rich or poor, dwelling in the great city or the lonely cottage, each is in the place that the Father has put him into. It is not for us to say, 'If I were somewhere else, I would let my light shine,' but to do it where we are, and to remember that not one of us can fail, not even my Nellie, without marring the great plan of our Father in heaven."

"The lights did not all shine large alike," said Nellie.

"No, my child. They shone according to the supply of material that fed the light. In that respect they were better than some of us. We do not always use our talents and opportunities as well as we might do. We are careless, or we forget; we do a little, but not our best, like faulty lights that shine—brightly at one time, and then sink down and are so dim that they can only just be seen.

"It is the steady shining in spite of temptation or trial that shows the child of God who loves to be found doing the Father's will, keeps looking to Jesus that he may follow His example more closely, and prayerfully asks for the Holy Spirit's guidance."

Nellie was silent for a few moments thinking over her mother's words. Then she said: "I would rather be a little light and not too high up than I would be a great one fixed so far above others."

"It is best to be content with our place, dear. Did you notice the other night, that one of the largest lights of all had gone out?"

"No, mother."

"Yet you missed the small ones, and thought how the devices were spoiled wherever a gap occurred. So you see, this proves that every light must shine if the great design is to be fully carried out. I feel with you, dear, that those who occupy the great and high stations in this world are not to be envied, for so many eyes are turned towards them, and so much is expected from them. I would rather shine at Cherry Tree Farm where God has placed me than envy those who live in kings' houses; and I am not sorry to hear my little daughter say the same thing, though in different words."

Again there was a pause, and Nellie said: "Mother, tell me how I am to shine. You say I must look to Jesus."

"And you do not understand how. We will do it together. The life of Jesus was like one of those glorious stars made up of many lights, and all shining so that the device was quite perfect."

"What was Jesus as a child?"

"He was very wise, for at twelve years old He astonished all the doctors by His understanding and answers."

"But in His home at Nazareth?"

"We look there and we are only allowed a peep, as it were. But we know the light of obedience shone brightly, for at His parents' call He came to Nazareth, and 'was subject unto them.' And we are sure His ways were most beautiful and lovely, and that His light was steady for He grew 'in favour both with God and man.'

"His light shone in temptation, for riches, power, all that the Evil One could offer, would not persuade Jesus to do wrong, or presume on God's promises.

"It shone again in His prayerfulness; His delight in doing the Father's will; in the love that made Him go about doing good; in the compassion which made Him heal the sick and feed the hungry.

"In patience and meekness; for when He was reviled, He reviled not again. But I will leave you to find out more of the many ways in which the light of the life of Jesus, as man, shone so brightly for our example."

"But, mother, I could not feed a multitude, or cure sick people, or do the great works He did."

"No, dear child. Neither are you expected to do it, any more than the little lights, with their little power of shining, were exhibited to look like the great ones. Only, never forget that even your little light will be missed if it does not shine. Do your best and ask God's blessing."

Mrs. Irving did not spoil her Sunday talks by going on too long at once, and here ended her lesson on the lights, suggested by those at the exhibition. In Nellie's mind, however, the seed proved fruitful. She began to think of many ways in which her little light might be made to shine more brightly.

On one day she had done something at which she knew her mother would be displeased, and was sorely tempted to hide it by an untruth. But the thought came, "Truth is a light that must not be quenched," and she prayed for strength to be true, and received it.

Another time she might have had something on which she had been long reckoning; but it would have cost her mother much inconvenience. So Nellie determined the light of self-denial should shine, for she remembered that Christ pleased not Himself.

A schoolfellow tried her temper sorely, and she was inclined to be angry, and give back railing for railing. Then she bethought her of the lights of patience and forbearance, and strove to return good for evil in place of giving way to anger. She had to battle with indolence and a love of change, and this contest made her think of the lights of industry and perseverance, and by letting these shine, she helped her schoolfellows by her example.

Nellie Irving cannot heal the sick, give sight to the blind, or feet to the lame. But she can and does, spare time to read by the bedside of a neighbour, to cheer another by her bright presence in a childless home. Or she runs with willing feet in the service of the weak and weary, adding to these other graces a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment.

She knows that hers is a little light, and that it is not set in a high place. But she is sure that God knows what was the best spot for it to be in: and all she desires is that it may so shine as to glorify her Father which is in heaven.

RUTH LAMB.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. V.

1. Three persons are mentioned in the verse but only one by name; one is in sorrow, one is perplexed, and one is annoyed.
2. The wisest of the three owns his ignorance.
3. The sorrow of one is afterwards removed, though no request is made about it.
4. The scene took place on a mountain.
5. The attitude of one of the three is like that of the disciples when met by Jesus after the resurrection.
6. The act of another is similar to that of the disciples which incurred reproof from Jesus.
7. One lived seven years in the Philistines' land.
8. One pronounced judgment on an unbeliever.
9. One was a servant.
10. Of one it was said, "The word of the Lord is with him."
11. The verse describes a hurried arrival.
12. One of the characters is a woman, but her name is not given.
13. She is only mentioned in one other chapter beside that in which the text occurs, but her history is quite familiar.
14. A large army once encamped on the spot which was her home.
15. Her husband is mentioned in the chapter, but not by name.
16. She uses exactly the same words in addressing her companion that he had himself thrice used to his friend.
17. One of the three characters once gave this command "Make this valley full of ditches."
18. An act of deceit is recorded of another in the following chapter.
19. The chapter contains an account of four miracles.
20. The verse contains fifty-five words, four being proper names.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.—p. 126.

1.	P	oo	R	Lev. xix. 10; Luke vi. 20; 2 Cor. viii. 9; James ii. 6.
2.	A	pple of the ey	E	Deut. xxxii. 10; Zech. ii. 8.
3.	S	wor	D	Gen. iii. 24; Num. xxii. 29, 31; Eph. vi. 17.
4.	S	ynagogu	E	Matt. iv. 23; Luke vii. 5.
5.	O	racle	E	1 Kings vi. 16.
6.	V	eno	M	Deut. xxxii. 33.
7.	E	agl	E	Deut. xxxii. 11; Prov. xxiii. 5.
8.	R	ive	R	Exod. ii. 3; Matt. iii. 17; Acts xvi. 13.

Passover . . . . 1 Cor. v. 7
Redeemer . . . . Psalm xix. 14.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. IV.—p. 126.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand."—Ex. iv. 4.

1. Ex. iv. 4.
2. Moses, Luke xxiv. 44; xvi. 31; Matt. xxiii. 2; Acts vi. 11.
3, 4, 5, 6. Ex. iv. 3, 4.
7. Ex. iv. 2–5, 10.
8. Ex. vi. vii., &c.
9. Rod of God. Ex. iv. 17, 20; vii. 19; xiv. 16; xvii. 9.
10. Ex. iv.