

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XXV.—A TRYING POSITION



A MELANCHOLY RETURN.

SHE sat on, resolutely, bravely, though with a heart-sinking which she had never felt before, as she thought of the time which must pass before John could possibly come up.

Now and then a heave or quiver went through Prince's massive frame: and Julia knew that but for her weight upon his head he would doubtless begin struggling to get up. Sometimes the quiver passed on to those great hoofs, all but resting against her husband, and each time Julia's

heart leaped with a wild fear, lest the struggle should take place despite all she could do. She knew little of horses from practical experience; and she could not feel Harvey's security that so long as she sat there he was safe.

The other horse lay entirely motionless, with every appearance of death. Poor Emperor; he had borne the brunt of the collision, his broad chest coming full against the cart.

It was lonely country around, with no sign of

human habitations. The pony browsing in the hedge browsed still, but farther off, whither he had been startled by the accident. Had any human being stood near, that crash must have acted as a summons. Julia felt this, and though she forced herself to call for help, she did it hopelessly, expecting no result.

When she called, Harvey opened his eyes for a moment. That was all. He seemed unable or disinclined to speak. Julia was frightened at his increasing ghastliness of hue; yet there were no actual signs of pain on his face, and he lay quietly, not appearing to suffer from the weight which held down his lower limbs. She longed to get to him, to do something for his personal relief; but he was out of reach, and she dared not stir—knew she must not. Would John never come?

Twice again she asked her husband how he was, and each time he answered faintly, "I don't know." She longed to know what was wrong, where he was injured, yet she dreaded to annoy him by questions, if he wished to be let alone.

So there seemed nothing to be done but to wait, keeping her seat, and refusing to listen to her own fears. She watched for John intensely; yet he did not come. Now and then a horrible doubt assailed her—what if John tried some other road, and failed to find them? But this she knew was not likely. They had come in a direct line, following the main road.

How the minutes dragged, one by one, each trailing its slow length more wearily than the last. Julia began to feel that she must have sat there for hours. Her head swam and her eyes grew heavy with the strain. She had left her watch at home, and had therefore no means of gauging the lapse of time.

Harvey's eyes opened again, and she said, "Do you feel very bad? Please tell me."

"Yes."

"Where? If you could just say what is wrong!"

"I don't know."

"Do you think any bones are broken?"

"I can't tell."

"Is it great pain anywhere? Your leg?"

"No—not pain—only——"

"Is it sinking—faintness?"

"Yes."

"If you had a little water!"—and a craving look responded, but he only whispered,—

"No: don't move."

"No, I know I must not. Harvey, it is only faintness, nothing worse!"

For another thought had come, with a beat of anguish at her heart. How if this were death? The ghastly pallor, the dim and half-shut eyes, the panting breath, the feeble voice, these might mean the worst! Julia had seen so little of illness, and she knew nothing of how death might look: but the terror assailed her.

"If I am killed and you get through!" he had said. Those words recurred now.

And she could not get to him: she might not stir to touch him; she was debarred from seeking help. She had only to sit there, close at hand yet parted, looking on at what he had to bear.

Again she spoke, because she could not endure

the terrible silence and her own helplessness, but there was no reply. Harvey did not seem to hear.

"Take care that Hermione has her rights!" This command came up next. One thought after another floated through Julia's mind, while her whole attention seemed to be bent upon the present emergency and upon her husband's condition.

Hermione's rights! But what rights? Harvey had declared to his wife that Hermione had no rights, that he was in no sense bound. What did he mean by Hermione's "rights"? How was Julia to reconcile his two utterances?

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Julia's whole being cried out at this, "Have we 'done justly' towards Hermione?" She did not say "Has Harvey?" though in truth the responsibility was his, not her's; but she linked herself with him, she felt that she might perhaps have said more or used stronger influence, and tears came streaming at the thought. If Harvey were in danger, if he were to die, and if indeed he had allowed himself to do not justly, how should she ever forgive herself? She could not get over those few strong words. "Take care that Hermione has her rights!"

"Aunt Julia—why don't you tell Jesus?"

It was curious how this simple little question of Mittie's flashed into Julia's mind. For she was so helpless, so direfully in need, so terror-stricken with her own position, and her husband's peril. There seemed to be absolutely nothing that she could do. The one thing which she might do she had scarcely remembered. Here it was, briefly and childishly stated, but holding a mighty truth for all that. Why should she not "tell Jesus?"

Julia did not hesitate. She bent her face into her hands, and sobbed out a prayer. No words were audible, but the passionate appeal went up through those heart-rending sobs.

"Julia!" the hollow voice startled her. "Don't cry. It's no use."

She dashed away her tears in a moment.

"No signs of John?"

"I can't see him yet. If only——"

"Hush! listen!" Harvey spoke with a faint imperiousness. "If some one doesn't come soon, I don't believe I can hold out."

Julia's lips whitened.

"Something is wrong; I don't know what. I feel as if——"

Another pause. Drops stood out like beads all over his brow.

"Harvey, you are faint. It is only faintness. If I could get you some water."

"No, don't stir. This brute's hoofs would be the death of me—if—but I feel——" and again there was a break. "Julia, if I don't get through—mind——"

His voice sank. Julia could hardly bear up against the wave of terror and grief which threatened to overwhelm her, yet she spoke at once in answer.

"Yes, I will—I will—indeed. I will not forget Hermione's rights."

"How could you know? Who told it?"

"You did—you, yourself, as we came down the hill."

"Ah, I forgot," and a gasp broke into the words. "Yes, twenty-thousand pounds! Mr. Selwyn knows. Julia, I think—I almost think I must be—dying."

The eyes closed, and the breathing grew more feeble.

"Harvey! Harvey! What can I do?" sobbed Julia in agony. "Oh, this is terrible."

She did not yet see, any more than did her unconscious husband, that John, with three stout labouring men, was hastening from the corner to their help.

CHAPTER XXVI.—SENT FOR.

"MOTHER, shouldn't you think uncle Harvey and aunt Julia would soon be at home?"

"Really, I don't know. Yes, most likely. What are you after with my work-basket?"

"I want to find some red silk. I'm making a pincushion for my Marjory."

"Well, another time you can ask my leave first. I have no red silk, so please stop all that fumbling."

Mittie desisted immediately, as she would not have done once upon a time.

"I do wish I had some red silk. Mother, are there any shops in Eastbourne?"

"Of course there are; heaps."

"And can I get some red silk there?"

"Of course. What a silly question!"

"And can I send my pincushion by post?"

"If you choose. What next?"

"I do wish we weren't going to Eastbourne, mother. I don't want to be such a great way from my Marjory."

"Really, Mittie, you are crazy about her. I am perfectly sick of the name. A good thing we are going, I say, if it is only to get some of that nonsense out of your head."

Mittie promptly enquired, "What nonsense?"

"You know. The sort of talk you have favoured me with lately."

"Marjory teaches me, mother."

"Yes. I wish people would mind their own business, and leave other folks alone."

"Marjory teaches me how to be good. Don't you like me to learn to be good?"

An embarrassing question, rather. Mrs. Trevor evaded it.

"I like you to be sensible, of course, child."

"And not good too?"

"You are perfectly demented, Mittie. What makes you ask such ridiculous questions? Yes, I like you to be good; but I don't want you to be always chattering about it."

"My Marjory doesn't never chatter."

"There you go again! always that perpetual 'my Marjory.' I hate to have a person's name drummed into my ears like that. If you want to make me detest her, you are setting to work in the right way. Miss Fitzalan is all very well, but one may have too much of a good thing."

Mittie stood near the table, her little arms

folded, and her drooping face hidden by its cloud of fair hair. She made no answer. A touch of compunction came over Mrs. Trevor.

"Well, I dare say I can find you some red silk, after all, if it's an affair of such tremendous importance. Not in my work-basket. Get me that little Indian box from the side-table."

The child obeyed silently, keeping her face turned away.

"Here, you can fish out something from this tangle. I dare say it is not more than two or three needles-full that you want, and Miss Fitzalan will not be critical about the colours matching. Mittie, you goose!" at the sound of a sob. "What on earth is the matter now?"

Mittie could not have explained. She did not herself know what made the tears come so fast. It was only a child's nameless pain, at hearing hard words spoken against one whom she loved, but a child's pain may be very keen while it lasts. Mrs. Trevor mentally resolved to pass no strictures on Marjory Fitzalan in the future. She never could endure to see Mittie cry.

"Do stop, child, pray! You'll make such an object of yourself. You are quite welcome to think what you choose of Miss Fitzalan, if it makes you happy. I am sure I don't care. Just think what fun you are going to have down on the shore at Eastbourne, picking up shells, and digging in the sand. Yes, of course, there is sand,—and shingles and rocks too."

This proved comforting, and Mittie was wiled out of her grief. Another hour passed, and still the absentees appeared not. Mrs. Trevor grew vexed, counting herself ill-used. But yet another hour went by, before Slade entered the drawing-room, and stood within the door.

"Somebody wanting Mr. Dalrymple, did you say?" Mrs. Trevor asked, waking up to a consciousness of his presence, and unaware that he had not spoken. Her faculties had been buried for the last twenty minutes in a yellow-backed novel. "Mr. Dalrymple is out still. I cannot understand his being so long."

"No, ma'am. There has been an accident," Slade's suppressed voice answered.

"An accident! Not to the dog-cart!"

"Yes, ma'am. It was not far from Captain Woodthorpe's, and Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple have gone there. John has returned with a message. The horses ran away down a hill, into a cart, and Emperor is killed."

"And—and"—Mrs. Trevor could hardly speak in her impatience at his deliberate utterance. "And my sister? And Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Mrs. Dalrymple was thrown out, ma'am; and at first she was not supposed to be hurt at all; but that is found to be a mistake. John does not know particulars. He was left behind when the horses ran away; and when he got to the spot, he found Mr. Dalrymple unable to move, and Mrs. Dalrymple sitting on Prince's head to keep him down."

Mrs. Trevor exclaimed at this, knowing Julia's timidity with horses. "I always did say it was insane to keep such wild creatures," she added, with the instinctive desire to blame somebody, which belongs to many people in trouble. "Mr.

Dalrymple will believe me now! Is he much hurt?"

"I am not sure, ma'am. Not so bad as was first thought," Slade answered dubiously. "I believe Mr. Dalrymple was very faint, and there's two ribs broken. But he's not, so to speak, in danger, and John's afraid as Mrs. Dalrymple is the worst. You see my mistress kept up, ma'am, and wouldn't give in, and nobody suspected it till, all of a sudden, she was took bad. She was so bad, Mrs. Ogilvie couldn't leave her to write to you; and John's brought a message, asking if you could please go?"

"Yes, of course. I must go at once. Call John, if you please. I should like to speak to him. John does not know what is wrong with Mrs. Dalrymple, I suppose?"

"He does not precisely, ma'am." Slade's formal voice was lowered.

"Poor Julia!" and Mrs. Trevor's eyes were filled with genuine tears. "Is John here?"

She followed Slade to the door in her impatience. John appeared quickly, and he made some material additions to Slade's account. He described the accident more fully, with evident appreciation of his young mistress's courage; and he showed some natural gratification over his own foresight, in having secured by the way three able-bodied men to go on with him to a possible scene of disaster.

Mr. Dalrymple had looked "terrible bad," John said, on their first arrival; and Mrs. Dalrymple, seated on Prince's head, not much better. Mrs. Dalrymple had, however, declared herself unhurt; and all attention had been directed to Mr. Dalrymple and the horses. Emperor was found to be dying, nearly dead; and Prince also a good deal injured. Mr. Dalrymple appeared to suffer much from being moved, and having to be carried more than two miles on a hastily-improvised stretcher. One of the men stayed behind in charge of the horses: two of them carried Harvey, while his wife walked by his side; and John hastened on to give warning at the cottage, of their approach. He was in hopes of bringing the pony-carriage to meet Mrs. Dalrymple: but Captain Woodthorpe had gone off for a drive, happily leaving Mrs. Ogilvie at home. She immediately despatched the gardener in quest of medical aid, and prepared for her visitors.

Ill as Mr. Dalrymple looked when he arrived, there could be no question that his wife looked much the worst of the two. Everybody had been startled by her appearance.

Yet she had kept up, resolutely refusing to be cared for, and bent upon doing everything for her husband. This lasted until the doctor came. An examination of Mr. Dalrymple had resulted in the cheerful verdict, "Two ribs broken; but no danger!" and then in a moment, almost without warning, Julia had failed. John could not tell particulars. He only knew that Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple were in different rooms: that Mrs. Ogilvie could not leave Mrs. Dalrymple; and that the doctor counted her state serious.

"Those horrible horses!" Mrs. Trevor reiterated, as a kind of vent for her own distress. "I always did think something dreadful would

happen some day!" Then she enquired how she was to get to the cottage, shivered at the notion of the Captain's pony-carriage which had brought John, decided to put up at once a small bag of requisites, and asked where was Miss Rivers?

Slade believed that Miss Rivers had not returned from the village.

"As usual!" murmured Mrs. Trevor. "And what I am to do about the child?"

She was assured that Mittie would be all right. Milton appeared on the scene, promising to take Miss Mittie under her own wing. Also Miss Rivers would see to everything.

"I hope so, I am sure," sighed Mrs. Trevor, hastening towards the stairs. "What a thing it is!"

Before leaving she loaded Mittie with injunctions how to behave, and how not to behave: the leading idea throughout being that she was "not to bother" Hermione. Mittie listened with a scared face.

"No, mother. I won't bother cousin Hermione. I'll go to Marjory for everything."

"Nonsense, child. I don't mean that, of course. Nothing would offend Hermione more. But just keep out of her way as much as you can."

"Yes, mother. Must I keep out of everybody's way?" asked Mittie in a forlorn tone.

"Oh, if you are dull you can run and talk to Milton. I don't expect to be away long."

"Will you come home to-morrow?"

"I don't know. It must depend on how your aunt is."

"John says aunt Julia is so dreadful bad. He says perhaps she'll die." Mittie's eyes were full of tears.

"John had no business to say anything of the sort to you. He is a foolish fellow. You are not to listen to him, Mittie, or to talk to the servants—except Milton and Slade. I don't believe aunt Julia is nearly so bad as John makes out. Mind you are a good child and go to bed early; and don't be dull. It won't last long."

Mittie held up her face for a kiss, trying to smile. She kept fairly bright, until the pony-chaise drove off, carrying her mother and John. Then she rushed away to a corner of her mother's room, and sobbed out her little heart in a flood of lonely tears.

But Hermione was not in the village, as Slade supposed. She had gone that afternoon for a walk alone, towards the big house and grounds, nearly two miles distant, where dwelt the Dalton family, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, and their one daughter, Anna.

She had not once seen the Daltons since the memorable afternoon when Harvey returned from abroad, and when the three dropped in for a long call. The Daltons were wealthy people. Mr. Dalton had made a large fortune in business, and had therewith purchased the property lying next to Westford, no long time back.

Hermione did not care much for these Daltons. She knew that her grandfather had not liked them: and she knew also that Harvey was by no means anxious for a closer acquaintance. There was just a tinge of commonness about their speech and their manners, which grated on her: so she

could well understand Harvey's feeling: and they had few redeeming qualities. Mr. Dalton was counted a hard landlord. Mrs. Dalton was said to give herself airs: and Miss Dalton, though a good woman, was a universally-acknowledged bore in society. Hermione, however polite she might be to them in their presence, had fully concurred in these criticisms.

It was not in the least necessary that she should undertake a four miles' walk, for the express purpose of a call on the Daltons. They had left their cards, it was true, one day lately, when she was out; but they would not expect to see her for a good while. Her sad loss was still very recent: and in Mr. Dalrymple's life, calls between Hermione and the Daltons had been carefully rendered few and far between, by his particular wish. There was no reason for a change now: and six weeks later would have been quite soon enough.

Yet Hermione went, regardless of mud, saying nothing to anybody.

If she had mentioned her intention, Harvey would at once have proposed driving round thither, that she and Julia might call together. Hermione felt no doubt about this. However little Harvey might care for the acquaintance, he was irreproachable in his gentlemanly kindness to her where such matters were concerned. And she did not wish to go with Julia. She was bent upon paying the call alone.

For the Eastbourne question remained still open. Mr. Fitzalan had not changed his mind; had not, as Hermione expected, offered, after all, to take her in. She was very much hurt at what,

in her heart, she called "his unkindness"; so much so, that for three whole days she had not been to the Rectory at all.

June was passing, and, unless she meant to accompany the others to Eastbourne, something had to be arranged. Hermione was resolved against Eastbourne. The mere fact of having once declared her will—even in a fit of passion—was enough to make her stick to her own declaration.

Hermione was seriously perplexed what to do. She had many acquaintances, but not many real friends. Her aim had been, unconsciously, rather to attract admiration than to win love; and the admiration had been hers, but not always the love. Mr. Dalrymple had encouraged intimacy with very few families in the neighbourhood; and among these Hermione could think of no one who, from one reason or another, would not be just then unable to receive her.

The thought of the Daltons came up. As I have already said, Hermione did not care for them. They did not suit her, and she knew they had not suited her grandfather.

But she was bent upon some plan whereby the Eastbourne trip might be escaped. Anything rather than to have to give in. Hermione felt little doubt of her own power to bring about an invitation to Dalton House, if she so willed. The Daltons would be only too delighted to push on their acquaintance with the Dalrymples. As for what Harvey might think—

"I cannot help that; I must act for myself!" Hermione said, as she set off upon her lonely walk.

IRISH SACRED LITERATURE.

THE BOOK OF ARMAGH AND THE GENUINE LITERATURE OF ST. PATRICK.

THE curious manuscript collection known as the Book of Armagh may be not inaptly likened to a mirror, from which are reflected some of the most characteristic features of Irish literature. Exhibited with pride to the visitor, treasured justly as one of the gems of the famous library at Trinity College, this little volume, written partly in Irish and partly in Latin, bearing upon its worn and in some parts defective pages the marks of at least eight centuries' exposure to the chances of time, enables the careful observer to learn something about Irish calligraphy, and much about Irish ecclesiasticism.

It is not a very bulky tome, being a small vellum quarto, $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, $5\frac{3}{4}$ broad, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ thick. It contains now 221 folios, the writing being generally in two columns, and occasionally in three. The contents are of a somewhat miscellaneous character, and are remarkable mainly for the light they throw upon the life and history of the most famous name in Irish ecclesiastical story—St. Patrick.

Some folios contain the Confession of Patrick, a document which the best authorities now concur in believing to be the genuine production of Patrick himself. Others contain what is known as the Tripartite Life, that is, a history of Patrick, written in three separate portions, which are constructed after the manner of homilies rather than systematic biographies. It is with these two sections of this composite volume that this paper has to do.

Authorities differ as to the date of the MS. Some place it as early as the tenth century, and there seems to be the strongest evidence for believing that it cannot be later than the eleventh. At the end of the Confession is written by the scribe: "So far from the volume which Patrick wrote with his own hand." This has sometimes been interpreted to mean that the scribe copied from Patrick's autograph. This, of course, may have been so, and it appears probable that the eleventh century scribe thought so. It is certain that the exemplar before him was very

ancient, and there is no room for doubt that the Armagh text practically reproduces what Patrick himself wrote in the fifth century.

The Confession is very short, and occupies only three folios of the MS. In this respect, no less than in others, it presents a marked contrast to the later lives of the great man. It is a brief but tolerably complete sketch of the most important facts in Patrick's life. It exhibits very interesting features which all testify to the early date at which it was written. There is, for example, no trace of the papal system as developed later. In Patrick's day, priests were married, and he himself appears to have known nothing about a commission from the Pope to evangelize Ireland. If he did, he takes particular care to avoid all reference to it, even where such reference would be appropriate, had such a commission been given. He claims no miracle-working power. The Tripartite Life, and all the later sketches of the great missionary abound in the miraculous. They are full of wonder-workings, some of them amusing, some repulsive, and some—could we believe them true—absolutely destructive of the Christian character of the man to whom they are attributed.

We have no space to refer at length to this Confession, by far the most valuable and interesting part of the Book of Armagh, but we quote one specimen of its style. Patrick has related the story of his captivity in Ireland, his escape, and his subsequent adventures; and he thus describes his own view of his commission as Apostle of Ireland.

"And again, after a few years, I was in the Britains with my parents, who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me that now at least, after the many hardships I endured, I would never leave them again. And there I saw, indeed, in the bosom of the night, a man coming as it were from Ireland, Victorious by name, with innumerable letters, and he gave one of them to me. And I read the beginning of the letter containing, 'The voice of the Irish.' And while I was reading aloud the beginning of the letter, I myself thought indeed in my mind that I heard the voice of those who were near the wood Foclut, which is close by the Western Sea, and they cried out then as if with one voice, 'We entreat thee, holy youth, that thou come, and henceforth walk among us.' And I was deeply moved in heart, and could read no further, and so I awoke. Thanks be to God, that after very many years the Lord granted to them according to their cry."

It is one of the sure evidences of the early date of this production that the writer refers to Great Britain by its Roman designation, viz.: "the Britains;" not Britain.

A strong contrast to the simplicity and humility of the Confession is the extravagant and superabundantly miraculous story of the Tripartite Life contained in the Book of Armagh. "Many miracles," it states, "and marvels did God perform through Patrick in his boyhood; but we will declare only a few of the many of them." Then follow stories of how he kindled fires with his fingers, converted icicles into firewood,

restored his sister when she was at the point of death, and raised from the dead his foster-father. Here is a specimen: "The children of the place in which Patrick was reared used to bring to their mothers honey out of the combs. Then said his foster-mother to Patrick: 'though every other brings honey to his foster-mother, you bring none to me.' Then Patrick took a vessel to the water, and filled it, and blessed the water, so that it was turned into honey, and it healed every disease and every ailment to which it was applied."

And yet the Tripartite Life narrates many of the facts of Patrick's life, and with such careful sifting as it gets in Dr. Whitley Stokes' edition yields a rich harvest to the careful student. Embedded in it are some very striking and suggestive incidents, which, although not free from the suspicion of later accretions and ecclesiastical redaction, do yet describe genuine deeds and words of the great missionary.

The following incident not only possesses a strong claim to authenticity, but also presents a very vivid picture of habits of thought and modes of religious action which belong to a very remote past. We quote from Dr. Stokes' edition, published in the Rolls series. The scene is Cruachan or Croghan, the site of an ancient palace of the Kings of Connaught, not very far from the town of Roscommon.

"Thereafter Patrick went at sunrise to the well, viz., Cliabach, on the sides of Cruachan. The clerics sat down by the well. Two daughters of Loeghaire, son of Niall, went early to the well to wash their hands, as was a custom of theirs, viz., Ethne the Fair, and Fedelm the Ruddy. The maidens found beside the well the assembly of the clerics in white garments, with their books before them. And they wondered at the shape of the clerics, and thought that they were men of the elves or apparitions. They asked tidings of Patrick: 'Whence are ye, and whence have ye come? Are ye of the elves or of the gods?' And Patrick said to them: 'It were better for you to believe in God than to inquire about our race.' Said the girl who was elder, 'Who is your god? and where is he? Is he in heaven, or in earth, or under earth, or on earth? Is he in grass, or in streams, or in mountains, or in glens? Hath he sons and daughters? Is there gold and silver; is there abundance of every good thing in his kingdom? Tell us about him; how he is seen; how he is loved; how he is found? If he is a youth, or if he is in age? If he is ever-living; if he is beautiful? If many have fostered his son? If his daughters are dear and beautiful to the men of the world?' Then answered holy Patrick, filled with the Holy Spirit: 'Our God is the God of all things: the God of heaven, and earth, and sea and river; the God of sun and moon and all the stars; the God of high mountains and lowly valleys; the God over heaven and in heaven and under heaven. He hath a dwelling both in heaven and in earth and sea and all that are therein. He inspires all things; He quickens all things; He surpasses all things; He sustains all things. He kindles the light of the sun and the light of the moon. He made springs in arid lands and dry islands in the

sea, and stars He appointed to minister to the greater lights. He hath a Son co-eternal with Himself, and like unto Him. But the Son is not younger than the Father, nor is the Father older than the Son. And the Holy Spirit breathes in them. Father and Son and Holy Spirit are not divided. Howbeit, I desire to unite you to the Heavenly King, for ye are daughters of a king on earth.' And the maidens said as it were with one mouth and with one heart: 'How shall we be able to believe in that King? Teach us most diligently that we may see the Lord face to face. Teach us the way and we will do whatsoever thou shalt say unto us.' And Patrick said, 'Believe ye that through baptism your mother's sin and your father's sin is put away from you?' They answered: 'We believe.' 'Believe ye in repentance after sin?' 'We believe.' And they were baptized, and Patrick blessed a white veil on their heads. And they asked to see Christ face to face. And Patrick said to them: 'Ye cannot see Christ unless ye first taste of death, and unless ye receive Christ's body and His blood.' And the girls answered: 'Give us the sacrifice that we may be able to see the Spouse.' Then they received the sacrifice, and fell asleep in death; and Patrick put them under one mantle in one bed; and their friends bewailed them greatly."

That this story is largely based upon fact is the opinion of many scholars. The ritual is as old as the fifth century. The baptismal creed described, with its reference to the white cloth, the chrisom, upon the head, widely as it differs from the Evangelical belief, was held then. The preference for death as better than life, since it brought the soul at once face to face with Christ, is a habit of thought of which there are traces in early Church history. Even if we incline to the view that the story as it has come down to us is legend built up upon facts much simpler than itself, the incident is full of interest and even warning; showing us how early and how far the church had departed from the simplicity of apostolic belief about the Lord's Supper and Christian baptism.

This three-fold life of Patrick has many beautiful and true touches. Even its wildest excursions into the region of the miraculous are transparently due to a desire to magnify God by the exhibition of the prowess of His servant. And the history of Patrick makes it probable that the man who penned the MS. was not far wrong when he thus describes his hero: "A just man, with purity of nature like the patriarchs. A true pilgrim, like Abraham. Gentle, forgiving of heart, like Moses. A praise-worthy psalmist like David. A shrine of wisdom like Solomon. A vessel of election for proclaiming the truth like Paul the Apostle. A man full of grace and of the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like John the child. A fair garden with plants of virtues. A branch of a vine with fruitfulness. A bright fire with power of heating and warming the sons of life, as to kindling and inflaming Charity. A lion through strength and power. A dove for gentleness and simplicity. A serpent for prudence and cunning, as to good. Gentle, humble, mild towards the sons of life. Gloomy, ungentle

as to sons of death. A laborious and serviceable slave to Christ. A king for dignity and power, for binding and loosing, for freeing and enslaving, for killing and quickening."

R. LOVETT.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

BIBLE MISPRINTS.

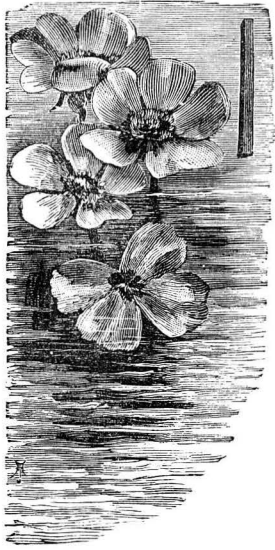
A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I see it stated in a daily paper, that in Zechariah xi. 17, 'idol shepherds,' is a misprint for 'idle shepherds.' Is this so? The Revised Version has 'worthless shepherds.' As I am on the subject of misprints, may I ask whether there are supposed to be any other errors of the press in the standard editions of the Authorised Version?"

First, with regard to Zechariah xi. 17, a reference to the original Hebrew will at once show that there is no misprint; but that the translators of 1611 intended to write, and did write, the word "idol." The Hebrew is *élil*, literally "nothingness," and is one of the words most generally used (in the plural number) for "idol" in the Old Testament, on the principle that "an idol is nothing in the world." (1 Cor. viii. 4). See Leviticus ix. 4, xxvi. 1; 1 Chron. xvi. 26; Psa. xcvi. 5; Isai. ii. 8, 18, 20, etc. In Ezek. xxx. 13, the word is rendered "images," only it would seem because "idols" has occurred in the previous clause. The Revised Version, while following the Authorised in rendering the word "idols" in the above passages, gives in many cases in the margin, the literal rendering "things of nought." Twice only does the A. V. go back upon the original meaning of *élil*. Job xiii. 4: "Ye are all physicians of *no value*;" and Jeremiah xiv. 4: "They prophesy unto you a *thing of nought*." In like manner the Revisers give "worthless shepherds" (shepherds of *nought*) in Zechariah xi. 17; but it is no less certain that in conformity with the general usage of *élil* the translators of 1611 wrote "idol shepherds." The word "idle" would never have occurred to them as an equivalent, and it has plainly been now suggested only because, with a similar sound in *English*, it seems to make better sense.

In reference to our correspondent's further question, it may safely be said that the immense care bestowed upon the standard editions of the Authorised Version, makes misprints hardly possible. There are, however, two or three errors which have been curiously perpetuated by a kind of tradition. Thus, in Judges ix. 53, we read, "A certain woman cast a piece of a mill-stone upon Abimelech's head, and all to break his skull." The last clause is hardly grammatical; but the true reading is "and all to brako his skull," tho *to* being in reality a prefix to the verb, "to-brako" (like the German *Zer*) signifying "asunder." (See Murray's *English Dictionary*, vol. i. p. 227.) "Cliffs," again, in Job xxx. 6, is probably an error for "clifts." Another original misprint in 1611 has passed into a proverb, and yet for all that is unmeaning: "Which strain at a gnat," Matt. xxiii. 24. *At* should certainly be *out*; the latter word *must* have been given by the translators, and was evidently misunderstood by the printer, the mistake being overlooked in correcting the press. The R. V. reads "which strain out the gnat and swallow the camel" (correctly employing also the definite article). There is a slight but curious error of spelling in almost all the editions of Rev. vii. 6: "Nephtalim" should be "Nephtalim," as in Matt. iv. 13; equivalent to "Naphtali." (O. T. and R. V.) The omission of the aspirate in the first syllable can be nothing but a printer's mistake.



RESCUED.



A Grandmother's Story.

HEAR, you wonder, children, why I always seek the sea,
What's the charm the roaring billows and the great rocks have for me:
"Why does grandma talk to sailors and to fisher-folk so much?
And we notice in our worship that she always prays for such."

"Grandma's home," you say, "has always been within a busy street,
Where the wheels go ever onward, and the rush of passing feet,
And though she loves her flowers so well, and each lonely city tree,
Yet 'tis not the country draws her, but the wide, wild, weary sea."

Ah, darlings, "always" is a word you children need not say,—
For so very much has happened ere beginning of your day!
—Why! I was not born in Britain, but on sunnier shores afar,
And the ship that I came here in, foundered at a harbour bar!

"What! A shipwreck! And you in it! O 'tis better than a book!
Yet surely that should make you dread the ocean's very look?"—
But I don't recall the horror, the sick chill, the wild alarm,
Like a dream, they passed and left me—waking—clasped on kindly arm.

And a rough brown face bent o'er me, with salt spray on grizzled beard,
While a gruff voice softened for me, bidding "Not to be afraid."—
Where was nurse?—and where were parents? Ah, I saw them never more
For the great ship foundered wholly, and but one boat reached the shore.

And all those days those fisher-folk, how kind they were to me,
This frightened child cast at their doors from out the roaring sea—
The women soothed me in their arms, while one with dropping tear
Clad me in treasured frock and cloak her dead bairn used to wear!

And though I wailed and fretted, yet they only grew more kind,
Though I turned from brose and porridge and for daintier morsels pined,
And the children brought their playthings while the mothers whispered low,
"Speak kind to the puir lambie—what she's lost she doesn't know!"

I was such a tiny creature! And though I remember well
A row of red-roofed houses and a tinkling chapel bell,
And a city in the distance, its spires dark on sunset sky,
Yet the place's name I heard not—such a helpless babe was I!—

And then lawyers came to seek me, solemn men with faces stern;
And I heard them speak of "school" and of "tasks she ought to learn,"
While the sailors stroked my hair, and the old dames cried, "Wee dear!"
And they all came out to see me, and to give a parting cheer.

So then I lived with strangers—some were cold and some were kind,
—And, my dears, as you grow older you will find you call to mind
Many a smile and deed of kindness which you thoughtless children take,
And your hearts will yearn within you to do something for their sake.

I was woman grown and married, with my first-born on my knee,
Ere I thought much of the fishers who had saved me from the sea
On that wild east coast of Scotland. And then I and husband planned
We would go and thank those good folk, eye to eye and hand to hand.

Only where was that white village? There were scores along that shore,
And each one seemed more likely than all those we'd seen before:
And we wandered all about them, amid boat and creel and net,
And each day my heart grew heavier with a weight of unpaid debt.

And when I listened to those winds which widow sailors' wives,
Or thought of cruel drinking ships which wreck poor fishers' lives,
I always thought of those bronzed men who saved me from the sea,
And of the kindly dame who gave her dead child's clothes to me.

And so at last your grandpa said, "On folk like these we'll spend
The thanks and gratitude we'd spared for those who stood your friend;
What we can't give to those we would, we'll give to those we can:—
Sure, all the world would get its turn if that was all folks' plan!"

There! Now you've heard how I began to seek the stormy shore:
And, as our wealth and leisure grew, I sought it more and more.
So, from those poor folks' kindly deed a hundred shoots have grown
(I think that it is ever so, when love's the seed that's sown!)

And it seems to me, grandchildren, in such simple human way,
We may learn to understand some words our Saviour used to say—
That though the faith be faltering, or the knowledge small and dim,
Still the love that's shown to any is shown also unto Him!

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.



A GROUP OF AMERICAN DEVOTIONAL POETS.

IN that quaint and interesting work, the "Religio Medici," Sir Thomas Browne observes, "There are two books from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of His servant Nature, that universal and publick manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw Him in the one, have discovered Him in the other."

Although the manuscript of Nature be "universal and public," there are comparatively few who can read it aright. It is "expanded unto the eyes," but not unto the understanding of all; and if it reach the understanding, the power to give it voice is often lacking. "Too feeble fall the impressions of Nature on us to make us artists," says Emerson, using another figure. "Every touch should thrill. . . . The poet is the person in whom these powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience, and is representative of man, in virtue of being the largest power to receive and to impart." In other words, the poet is the man who can interpret nature, and if in reading the "universal and public manuscript," he discerns its Author and renders Him homage due, he will become in some sense a devotional poet.

In studying the rise of American devotional poetry, it is interesting to observe that, some two centuries after the Puritan emigration, there arises a school of religious poets who make Nature their special theme. It would appear as though the beauty and majesty of the new dwelling-place for civilised humanity were at length forcing themselves into articulate speech, and as if God were being adored with new earnestness for His goodness in creation and providence. Almost the first true poet whose works are religious in tone, William Cullen Bryant, is a student of Nature. He looks through nature up to nature's God, and bows at His feet in adoration and love. Mr. Griswold says of him, "No poet has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the

Creator. He is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world." And if, in reading this eulogy, the name of Wordsworth occurs to English minds, it may be asserted that Bryant is no unworthy follower of our great poet. The first few lines of "Thanatopsis" are Wordsworthian in tone:

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

And the lesson at the close is very beautiful:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant can hardly—and indeed, few men of genius can—be described exclusively as a devotional poet, but in almost every good collection of sacred verse his productions find an honoured place. His "Forest Hymn," "The Prairies," "Hymn to the North Star," and many others, unite a spirit of true devotion with the exquisite delight in and appreciation of nature that form his peculiar charm. Perhaps the best known of his poems is that entitled "To a Waterfowl." The inspiring thought—of the trust in God's Providence to be derived from observation of the animal creation—is exquisitely embodied in the verses, some of which are as follows:

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

Such teaching does the poet gain from his
converse with the outer world; but in spite of
his passionate love for the forest and the lonely
upland, he recognises that God is to be met in
the haunts of men. His "Hymn of the City"
finely expresses this:

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity,
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment, too, is Thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

This is true poetry, and inspired by religious
feeling that pervades and sanctifies common life.

"Mors Janua Vitæ" is a striking poem. It
represents one standing outside the gate of death
—which is indeed the entrance into life—and
watching the various pilgrims for whom the
portal opens.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank
with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

* * * * *
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

Of a more exclusively devotional character are
many beautiful poems, of which one of the best
is, "Blessed are They that Mourn."

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And Heaven's long ago of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William H. Burleigh, born in 1812, 'eighteen
years later than Bryant, has no claim to be
included in this group of poets, but may be
quoted here, because his best poem is upon the
same subject as the above, "Blessed are they that
mourn."

Oh, deem not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone,
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own.
From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

As blossoms smitten by the rain
Their sweetest odours yield,
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes
Rich harvests crown the field,
So, to the hopes by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds:
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

The lesson in these lines is nobler than that in
Bryant's, though the whole scope of this author's
work is inferior. Burleigh's devotional poetry
is, however, of a high order, and will repay study.

Of less merit than Bryant, but still of true
talent and devotional feeling, are two other
workers in the same field, John G. C. Brainard,
and William B. O. Peabody. Contemporaries of
Bryant,—for all three were born in the closing
years of last century—they were inspired by the
same delight in nature, the same love and adoration
for the Creator of all; while they also are apt to see
in the phenomena of nature a reflection of some
aspects of Christian experience. Brainard had a
brief and struggling life, and seems to have been
a sensitive recluse, unfitted for the world of men,
and lacking self-control and energy sufficient to
produce great things. His lines on Niagara are
a good example of his power. A few of them may
be quoted.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from His "hollow hand,"
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters," and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

William Peabody may be recognised by his
"Autumn Evening."

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low: the withering leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree;
 So gently flows the parting breath
 When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed!
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.

Another poem, "Moonrise," is of the same character.

The Moon is up! how calm and slow
 She wheels above the hill!
 The weary winds forget to blow,
 And all the world lies still.

The poet then reverts in thought to the night of the Saviour's birth, when the hills of Judæa lay bathed in the same white radiance; and is carried on in imagination to the light that shall illumine his evening hour.

The "Hymn of Nature" by this poet, beginning—

God of the earth's extended plains!
 is too long to quote, but it well expresses his delight in the glories of the universe, and his adoration of the Creator.

The Right Reverend George Washington Doane, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the diocese of New Jersey, was not a voluminous writer, but his devotional poems bear the impress of the same love of Nature, and the same tendency to compare her manifestations with the life of the soul. So in his "Lines by the Lake Side"—

This placid lake, my gentle girl
 Be emblem of thy life,

he compares purity of spirit, reflecting heaven, with the pellucid waters before him. He will perhaps be best known to English readers by the pretty lines beginning—

"What is that, Mother?"—"The lark, my child."

As the last verse may sometimes bewilder the young student of natural history, it is as well to point out that the beautiful legend it embodies is as old as Plato, and much older. Socrates, when near his doom, says to the disciple who wonders at his cheerful courage in prospect of unmerited death, "Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the God whose ministers they are." So in this poem, the concluding verse is as follows—

"What is that, Mother?"—"The swan, my love,
 He is floating down from his native grove.
 No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
 He is floating down, by himself to die;
 Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
 Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings;
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swanlike and sweet it may waft thee home."

It is not, of course, suggested that all aspects of religious truth are represented by these "Poets

of Nature," and the teaching of many of them, while elevating and beautiful as far as it goes, is noticeably partial in its scope. Nature alone cannot supply a full revelation of the Divine; but none the less all who can interpret her aright are worthy of thoughtful attention.

American devotional poets seem to be frequently ministers of religion or editors of a periodical, sometimes both. The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a literary man of much ability and influence, appears in both characters. His compilation of hymns, entitled "Service Book," was the first introduction to Americans of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and other hymns of Sarah Flower Adams.

It is frequently supposed that this authoress was an American, and in collections of American sacred poetry published in England her hymns find a place. The fact is that she was born at Cambridge, England, and contributed her hymns to a collection for the use of the congregation of her own minister, Rev. W. J. Fox, in London. A copy of this collection was given to Dr. Clarke, by a friend, and he at once introduced "Nearer, my God, to Thee" into his "Service Book." Apart from this incidental interest he is a poet of the school we are describing. One verse is sufficient to show his style—

Infinite Spirit! who art round us ever,
 In whom we float, as notes in summer sky,
 May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
 Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

"The Violet," a charming little poem for children, is another illustration of teaching from nature; and "Christ's Presence in the House" is a very sweet interpretation of the miracle of Cana in Galilee.

But, perhaps, the most consistent example of the school of poets we are trying to describe is Jones Very. A graduate of Harvard in 1836, he was appointed Greek tutor at that university in the same year; but a religious enthusiasm took possession of his soul, which wrought upon him so powerfully that he withdrew from his post and devoted himself to writing. He is a true mystic; in the world around him he sees signs everywhere of a Father's presence, for, as he says in "The Spirit Land"—

Father! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed,
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

And, again, in "The Ark," another of his sonnets—

There is no change of time and place with Thee,
 Where'er I go, with me 'tis still the same;
 Within Thy presence I rejoice to be,
 And always hallow Thy most holy Name.

In the world of thought, as in the world of nature, God is all and in all. The soul that He has created, truly lives in Him alone, and if His presence seem withdrawn, the poet cries out in the spirit of the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul for Thee."

Wilt Thou not visit me?
 The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
 Each blade of grass I see
 From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture draw.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
 Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
 And every hill and tree
 Lends but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come! for I need Thy love
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain.
 Come, like Thy Holy Dove,
 And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

This is no mere so-called "natural religion," but the utterance of a poet beholding in nature the presence of One whom his soul already knows by intimate communion.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is too well known to English readers for any long quotations from his verse to be added here, neither is he a "devotional poet" in the same sense as those mentioned; yet, the religious teaching found in his poetry is of the same tone. He too loves to read in the Book of Nature. From the silent stars he draws power to "suffer and be strong;" in the corn bowing before the reaper he sees an image of death; in the flowers he reads a lesson of immortality—

And with childlike credulous affection
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

Perhaps the most beautiful picture of the poet who learns from nature as the Book of God, is embodied in the following verses—

And Nature, the old nurse, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying, "Here is a story book
 Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
 "Into regions yet untrod,
 And read what is still unread
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,
 Who sang to him night and day
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful song
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

Yes; the Book of Nature is ever the inspiration of the poet; but only when it is read as written by the Father, does he win the inmost sweetness and beauty of its revelation.

LILY WATSON.

* * * In the article on "The Rise of American Devotional Poetry," the term "New England" was inadvertently used as convertible with "North American Colonies" as originally constituted. Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia in 1660, had nothing in common with the Puritans, and his "Declaration" is in no sense to be taken as representing the spirit of the New Englanders, who have, from the first, led the way in the progress of free education.

L. W.

BOGATZKY'S PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

BOGATZKY, the author of "The Golden Treasury," a book prized in myriads of Christian homes among German and English speaking peoples, prepared a small manual, almost entirely in rhyme, for the instruction and training of his own family. It was published in the year 1745, and does not exist in any modern reprint, and is now exceedingly rare. It does not seem to have been translated into English. From this book we give a few samples of the prayers which he taught his own children to use. In the translations the present writer has faithfully reproduced the sense and pretty nearly, with the exception of double rhymes, the form of the original pieces.

Thy true and faithful child, my Father, let me be,
 And from my childhood's years implant Thy fear in me;
 Give me desire to pray, Thy holy word to hear,
 Teach me with docile mind my parents to revere:
 All wickedness restrain, subdue self-will in me,
 All falsehood let me hate, and truthful let me be;
 'Take sloth away, teach me with diligence to learn;
 From all Thou wilt not, my heart, Lord ever turn.

Lord, by my sins, may I Thy Spirit never grieve,
 They cost Thy precious blood, in sin how can I live?
 My every sin's a spear that pierceth to Thy heart,
 A poison of the soul, a work of Satan's art;
 Then let me every sin avoid and hate as hell,
 And in my heart let not sin's deadly poison dwell;
 Would any, in self-will, a little poison drink?
 Then let me from all sin as from a serpent shrink.

Give me thy heart, My son, Thou callest to me, Lord,
 Oh, help me to respond with joy unto Thy word;
 A willing offering may I my whole heart give
 To Thee, not to the world, nor self, Oh may I live!
 Help me o'er proud self-will the conqueror to be,
 And by Thy discipline bow my hard heart to Thee.

O Jesus Christ, adorn my youth
 With nought but piety and truth;
 In Thine own image me array,
 Ne'er let the world lead me astray,
 But let me watch and fight and pray,
 And youthful lusts subdue each day.
 By sinful joys and vanity
 Ne'er let my conscience wounded be,
 That I may not in after years,
 Receive the penalty with tears.

Jesus draw my heart to heaven,
 Joseph's heart to me be given,
 That I fleshly lust despise,
 Hold it hateful in mine eyes.
 Help me evermore to flee
 From sin's opportunity;
 Sin itself shun everywhere,
 That no net my soul ensnare.

Lord, anoint me with Thy grace,
 That I Thee, like Samuel,
 Know and follow all my days
 And may ne'er resist Thy will.

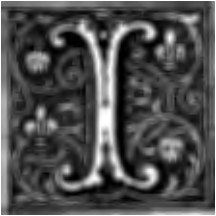
Let me, Lord, like Daniel be
 Diligent in prayer to Thee,

And Thy word before all eyes
Love, confess, and boldly prize;
That I ne'er through craven fear
Like the world seek to appear,
Let me from Thy word and way
Not a footstep ever stray.

JOHN KELLY.

Talks about Texts.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."—1 John v. 21.



READ a very interesting letter the other day from a young missionary who has recently gone out to India to tell the natives of God's love to them. He gave an account of the things that struck him as being most strange on his first landing. Of course, everything he saw was new and uncommon. The dress

of the natives, the customs so unlike what he had been used to in England; and the climate so hot as to oblige him to rest in the middle of the day. But one thing, perhaps more than anything else, surprised and shocked him; that was the sight of the natives taking home their idols. To one who had learned about God from the Bible, and who loved Him, it was indeed a shocking sight to see these poor ignorant natives believing that carved images—mere blocks of wood—were gods to be worshipped and prayed to. God, we know from His own Word, is a spirit, "and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

But, it may be asked, why should boys and girls in England be exhorted to keep themselves from idols? That is a very natural question, and the reason for my choosing this special text for our "talk" is that I can well remember when I was a child thinking it a very strange text indeed. Little children often have thoughts of their own about texts. They sometimes fail to understand them, but that is only because they are as yet very young. By-and-by they will be bigger and wiser, and then they will understand better.

Yes, this text, as I have said, was a difficult one to me. I had been shown as a curiosity an idol brought from some heathen land, and I had seen many pictures of others, all very hideous to look upon, and not at all likely to make one wish to possess them. Why, then, should we have this warning addressed to us—elder people as well as younger folk—"Little children, keep yourselves from idols"?

When I was older, I learned that it was possible to have idols in the heart just as ugly as any that the poor heathen worship. Whatever occupies the place that God ought to have in our hearts, is an idol. If you read the Epistle, or letter, as we should call it, from which our text is taken, you will have no difficulty in discovering a good many idols that shut out God from the hearts of people.

But for our "talk" to-day it will be enough for us to take one idol, which is spoken of expressly in God's Word as such, and which may be found in the hearts of little children, and older people, too, in more cases than we care to think of. That idol is covetousness—"Covetousness, which is idolatry."

Covetousness is only another name for selfishness. People who are selfish are covetous, for they want to have everything for themselves. Especially do they want their own way. Let me tell you a story about this.

There was once a little boy about twelve years of age who was very foolish and selfish, always wanting his own way. He had set up this ugly idol of covetousness in his heart, and

bowed down to it every day. His parents loved him, and did all in their power to make him happy. He went to a good school, but he wished to be his own master. He did not care to have to learn lessons continually, and he thought that if he could go where he pleased, and do just what he liked, he would be much happier than with his parents. He lived in a seaport town, where large vessels were always lying at the quays, and it entered into his mind that he would like to run away from home and live a merry life on board ship. A sailor's life seemed to him to be the easiest and happiest in the world, and so, without a word to his parents, he made inquiries of a captain of a ship lying in dock as to whether he would take him to sea with him. The captain was not a good man, and without asking any questions, he told the lad that if he wished to go to sea, and would be on board ship on a certain morning, he would take him. Accordingly he presented himself on the morning in question, and found the sailors busy preparing to sail. In a few hours he was out on the wide ocean, so free and full of happiness when looked at from the shore, but now sad and dismal enough, since he was at the mercy of a cruel captain and a rough crew. His parents were overwhelmed with grief when they discovered that their boy had disappeared. No trace of him could be found; and there was but one thing that led them to think he had run away from home, and that was that he had taken some of his clothes with him, and his mother's Bible.

His life at sea was altogether a wretched one. Ill-used and ill-fed, he soon discovered that his own way was the wrong way, and his father's house, which before had seemed little better than a prison, now to his sad heart seemed a palace.

A terrible storm came on, and the ship, driven before the wind, struck on a hidden rock, and every soul on board but the runaway perished. Before she broke up, he was able to collect some money in silver, and the only thing that reminded him of home—his mother's Bible. With these possessions, he was obliged to cast himself into the sea, to escape being drawn down with the sinking vessel.

His pockets were so weighted with the money he had hastily secured, that he found it difficult to keep afloat. He first threw away his mother's Bible, in the hope that he would be better able to swim, but he still felt the weight dragging him down. He did not like to part with the money, for his selfishness even in this hour of peril was still his curse. At length he found that he must either throw away the money or sink. Bitterly disappointed, he cast it into the sea, and just at that moment a wave bore back his mother's Bible within his reach, and he grasped it and secured it safely. He was now better able to swim, and presently reached a rock, on which he climbed, and sank down exhausted. For two days and nights he remained there without food. But the Bible he had so slighted gave him comfort, as he read from its sacred pages of God's love to sinners. His heart was touched, and he put up a prayer for pardon for all his sins and for safe deliverance from his present danger.

A passing vessel saw him and rescued him. He returned home to crave the forgiveness of his parents whom he had so wronged, and lived to prove by his upright conduct that the idol was cast down from his heart.

There are many different idols which people set up in their hearts besides this one of covetousness. Perhaps we may each have a different idol. God by His Holy Spirit would lead us to consider what our special idol may be, and if we are in earnest in our wish to serve Him and obey Him, we shall echo the prayer of that beautiful hymn:—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

Monthly Religious Record.

THE evangelical movement in Russia has found an informal historian in Mr. Stead, one section of whose recently published work, "Truth about Russia" (Cassells), contains many interesting facts bearing upon the state of religion in that country. The intolerant attitude of the Holy Synod receives temporary support from political motives. Thus the persecution of the Lutheran pastors in the Baltic provinces is in part due to distrust or dislike of German influence. So, too, the suppression of evangelical tracts might be traced to the fear of Nihilism. The Nihilists had "seized all the scanty means available for the dissemination of literature for the propagation of their doctrines. New Testaments were scattered far and wide in which only the first few pages bore the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and all the rest was the Gospel according to Dynamite! The tracts of the Society for Promoting Religious Literature were abused in the same fashion." But it is apparent that the real root of bitterness is ecclesiastical. "The ministry for foreign *cultes* has no fewer than fifteen different religions to look after. Any man or woman may worship God as he or she pleases, according to the rites of the church in which they happen to be born; but no one born a Greek orthodox is free to join their communion." "Before a man can change his creed, even to become an orthodox, he must have his conversion registered at St. Petersburg in a Government bureau." What wonder that among the educated classes atheism and indifferentism abound, and that politicians view religion chiefly as a secular instrument? Mr. Stead describes in brief the circumstances of Lord Radstock's visits to St. Petersburg—the awakening that followed in higher circles, the attempt to unite the evangelical brethren of the north and south, the exile of Colonel Pashkoff, and Count Korff, and the increase of the Pashkoffski, as those who think with them are called, which still went on. The Bible-readings in the larger houses led by degrees to Bible-readings in the humbler homes. These simple meetings were, however, suppressed. The priests found allies in the police, and many gross cases of persecution arose. Mr. Stead, for example, visiting a charitable institution on the northern bank of the Neva, was told that the gardener of the establishment, a Russian from Smolensk, who had lived for fourteen years in the capital, bearing an irrefragable character, had held a little prayer-meeting in his own house—had been in consequence arrested, with his wife and child, thrown into a crowded prison, and then sent back ignominiously to Smolensk, not being suffered to return to the home and situation in which he had spent so long a period. Many such incidents might be reported. A genuine movement of revival, however, is not to be crushed by expedients of this kind. Bible-reading spreads in Russia, and new communities are multiplying. Of these we recently gave some account on the authority of "Stepniak."

FOR nine centuries, as Mr. Stead remarks, Russia has been nominally Christian. The Greek Church, which dominates within her borders, lays stress upon the doctrine of the Trinity, yet how many of the peasantry have any notion of what is meant by the Trinity? "Every orthodox must take the communion at least once a year. No one can get married without going to confession and to mass; judge then my surprise when Count Tolstoi [with whom Mr. Stead was walking on the way to Kieff] continued, 'Not one peasant in ten—I sometimes think not one in a hundred—has the least idea of what the church's doctrine of the Trinity is. I have asked over and over again, and they usually give very extraordinary answers. I must have questioned some hundreds of pilgrims as to their idea of the doctrine of the Trinity, and of these hundreds I do not remember six who could even name the persons of the Trinity. As a rule they say that the Trinity consists of Jesus, the Virgin, and St. Nicholas; but we will ask the next pilgrim whom we meet, and you shall hear for yourself.' We had not long to wait. Seated on a little knoll by the side of the road there were three or four pilgrims;

two of them seemed mere tramps, but a mother and son were much above the average, and to her Count Tolstoi addressed himself. She said she was on the road to Kieff; her son had fallen into the river, and had been rescued from drowning; in gratitude to God she had vowed to make a pilgrimage to Kieff, and was on her way thither. She was therefore a good pilgrim—not a mere tramp, but one who was fulfilling a religious duty; but when asked about the Trinity, she replied: 'Oh, yes, I know all about the Trinity. There were three brothers who were thrust into a cave and set on fire, and in the fire Jesus came and walked with them. I have read all about it in the Gospel;' and she was going off with fresh detail when the count stopped her. 'There,' said he, 'you have a fair sample; she thinks the three Hebrew children were the Trinity. That is the net result of nine hundred years of dogmatic teaching by a church which has exclusive possession of the field.'

As regards education in Russia, Mr. Stead states that five-sixths of the population never have the chance of learning to read and write, that there ought to be twelve million children at school, whereas there are only two and a half on the school register. This fact needs to be borne in mind in its bearing on the religious question. It goes far to explain the density of ignorance among the peasantry, it limits moreover the present possibilities of instruction through the press. Yet those tracts of Count Tolstoi which have obtained the sanction of the censor, "explaining the commandments of Christ, and the duty of man to his neighbour," have circulated to the number of eight millions in three years. The pulpit meanwhile has not awakened to its duties, for in South Russia not more than one priest in ten preaches at all;

MR. ARNOT'S journey from Natal to the Upper Zambesi, and across to Benguela on the west coast of Africa, will not be allowed to remain without fruit. Another missionary expedition is under consideration. Many of the incidents of his journey invite to such a course. Mr. Arnot found Mr. Coillard and his wife, of the French mission in the Barotse country, enduring great hardships and privations. His purpose was to have gone farther northward, but finding this inexpedient he turned towards the west coast. "My idea of Africa," he says, "had been that of a land very much desert, or else marshy and almost uninhabitable. But here was a region, rich, fertile, and beautiful, well-watered, and, better still, with many people living all along the banks of the rivers. Of course we had varied kinds of receptions. At one place, among the Bakuti, it was very remarkable how the people seemed to open their ears and hearts, and gave their time. I spent ten days among them. The first five I went among their villages, having large meetings. As I could speak a dialect which many of them understood, I could explain myself quite freely to them. They became very much interested in what they heard me say, and they said among themselves: 'We are only tiring the white man out by coming day after day to our villages; we will go to him.' So, for the last five days they gathered together, and we had all-day meetings—a most extraordinary time, I might say, for Africa. They kept up the discussions among themselves, and before I left, at least two of the men stood up in the midst of their tribe, and declared for Jesus before all their friends, in their own simple language. They acknowledged that the things that we said to them were true, and they renounced their superstitions and fetish worship. Since then I have heard that they are still longing for a return visit from me, or that some other white teacher should go to their country." At another point on the journey there was a chief who had heard about the things of God. "He was intensely interested in the reports, and he came himself to see me. Before we had time to settle down to speak, he said: 'All the huntsmen have been called in; the women are in from the fields; we are all here, and we want you at once to begin your conversation with us about the

Great Spirit, and those things you have been talking of along the road.' After talking with them for some hours, the chief asked me to go with them to their village. He said there were some old people there who could not come down to hear me with the others, and he wanted me very much to go and see them. I went up to the village, and conversed with these poor old broken-down people, one after another, and it was most touching."

In the history of missions few more striking scenes can be found than that so unostentatiously depicted in Mr. Arnot's account of his reception at the court of Moshide, the ruler of the district adjacent to the Lualaba river, which is one of the main sources of the Congo. This chief had never met an Englishman before, but he had heard the Arab reports about our countrymen, and these reports were very bad. "In order to satisfy these people, I had to go into a kind of quarantine for six days, so that they might test whether my heart was as white as my skin. The doctors and medicine-men went through their ceremonies, making decoctions with a certain kind of bark in it. If they found each morning that the wood was sound, that proved that the heart of the visitor was sound. If the wood proved to be rotten, that would show that the heart of the visitor was rotten. Happily it turned out in my favour, and the order was given that the people should gather and give me a grand reception. Three days were occupied in gathering the people together. Then I had to march down through them and receive a military salute. In the centre of the court was the chief Moshong, surrounded by his five hundred wives, and the reception was very imposing and impressive. He did not receive me with his eyes blinded as to my true mission. It was one point for which I sought special grace from God, to deal faithfully and personally with him, so that he might not have me speaking smooth and pleasant things to him at first, and afterwards find out that there was deception on my part. I took every opportunity of speaking to him as plainly as possible. At one time I made a remark to him the same as I had made a year or two before to the great chief of the Barotse Valley, which so enraged that chief against me that he ordered me from his presence and would not allow me near his country for nearly two months. What I said was this: 'You great and mighty chief here in Africa amongst your own people are no greater in the sight of God than the poorest man in your empire.' I did not know how it would turn out for a few moments; it was a very hard thing to have said to him in the presence of his courtiers. At last he replied with an effort, 'It must be so; yes, it must be so. If God is so great as you say, and so high above us all, we must all be the same in His sight.' So this great chief made the wonderful confession before all his courtiers, and it had a great effect. Ever since he has taken every opportunity to come to my house. In the midst of the stress of business he would steal out in disguise and come and sit for hours with me, as I explained to him some of the precious passages in God's word. I cannot say, of course, that the man is truly a Christian, but he has opened his ears to God's word, and is willing to listen."

WHILE Prince Bismarck avows himself one with England in his colonial policy, the issue in East Africa is not yet clear. The danger caused by the high-handed action of his countrymen is not yet passed. Three German missionaries have perished; and before the alarm occasioned by their sad fate had abated, there came tidings of the death of Mr. Brooks, of the London Missionary Society. After having successfully traversed some five hundred miles on his way to the coast from Lake Tanganyika, where he had been labouring as an artisan in connection with the mission since 1862, Mr. Brooks reached the disturbed region, and was shot, with sixteen of his followers, by the natives. For many years Mkange, where this massacre took place, has been the starting-point of the missionaries for the interior, and until now they have never been molested, but rather welcomed and assisted. The appearance of Captain Wissman on the scene, as the German Imperial Commissioner, seems likely to increase the risks of the hour. In the Reichstag he avowed his opinion that the difficulty can only be surmounted by force, and that the negroes having succumbed to the Arabs must now be made to see that the Arabs are not masters of the position. The revolution, as it is called, in Uganda affords further evidence of unsettlement, but is of course a movement independent of these

out-breaks on the coast. It would appear that for a long period the violent and capricious Mwanga has been at variance with some of his chiefs. Some time since a plot to kill him was discovered. Now, it is said, he was planning on his part to convey his body-guard to an island in the Victoria Nyanza, where he could abandon them to starvation. They received warning, refused to enter the canoes, and returning to the capital, attacked the king's palace. Mwanga fled alone. His elder brother Kieveva was made king, and distributed some of the principal offices among the Christians. This, and the fact that he refused to accept the rites of Mohammedanism enraged the Arabs. They fell upon these Christians and killed many of them. The English and French Missions were then attacked by the Arabs. All the missionaries escaped in safety. The Church Missionary boat was sunk by a hippopotamus, and five native French converts were drowned. The missionaries, however, succeeded in reaching Usambiro, at the southern end of the lake. Mwanga is a prisoner with the Arabs at Magu, and he has appealed to the English missionaries for assistance.

FROM South India, the Rev. E. P. Rice, B.A., writes: "Bangalore is just now the scene of a very determined and bitter opposition to missionary work on the part of the Hindu community. About six weeks ago, a young woman of the Naidu caste, who had for some time been a zenana pupil, resolved to become a Christian, and was received and baptized in connection with the Wesleyan Mission. . . Usually the excitement among relatives and caste-people which such an event occasions subsides in a few weeks. But, on this instance, some of the most prominent Hindu Government officials took up the matter, and treated it as though the honour of the national religion were at stake. Monster meetings were held, at the first of which the Brahman judge of the chief court presided, and at the second a Brahman retired deputy-collector. Round these big men large numbers rallied; false accounts of the case were industriously circulated; and resolutions were passed binding those present to withdraw all their girls from mission schools, and to close their homes to zenana visitors. It is true that a great many of the people had no sympathy with the agitation, but they lacked the courage to speak a word against those (mostly Brahmans) who headed the agitation. Some prosperous mission schools lost, for the time being, a very considerable proportion of their scholars, and the zenana workers have been excluded from a large number of the houses they were visiting. The leaders of the agitation belong almost entirely to the class of highly-educated, English-speaking Brahmans. They have already opened, with much display, a Hindu girl's school, in close proximity to the mission school to which Brahmans have hitherto principally sent their daughters. . . Even at an out-station, twenty-two miles from Bangalore, some of the Brahman girls have been withdrawn from one of my schools."

THE ecclesiastical questions that must be raised by the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln are regarded on all hands as matter of grave moment. The possibilities of compromise have been anxiously discussed, but while Bishop King does not shrink from asking plainly, "Are the ministers of the Church of England sacrificing priests or not?" the Church Association has its own unhesitating answer. The *Record*, while careful to point out that that body cannot be regarded as the authorised agent of the evangelical party, sums up the case from their point of view in concise and vigorous words: "We should regret exceedingly if words of ours in any way hindered the cause of peace. But we should not be doing our duty if we seemed to falter or hesitate in this matter. The differences which separate us from the extreme High Church party are not matters of compromise. The evangelical position always has been and always must be that the mass is anti-Christian, that its doctrine and its ritual are subversive of a pure faith, that a system which finds in sacraments a substitute for conversion imperils the salvation of mankind, and that teaching which gives tradition a co-ordinate place with the Bible, or installs the church as the authorised interpreter of the Bible without which it cannot be safely studied, wilfully clouds the light of Divine Revelation with the fog of human opinion. . . . What will be the end of the long struggle we do not pretend to foresee."