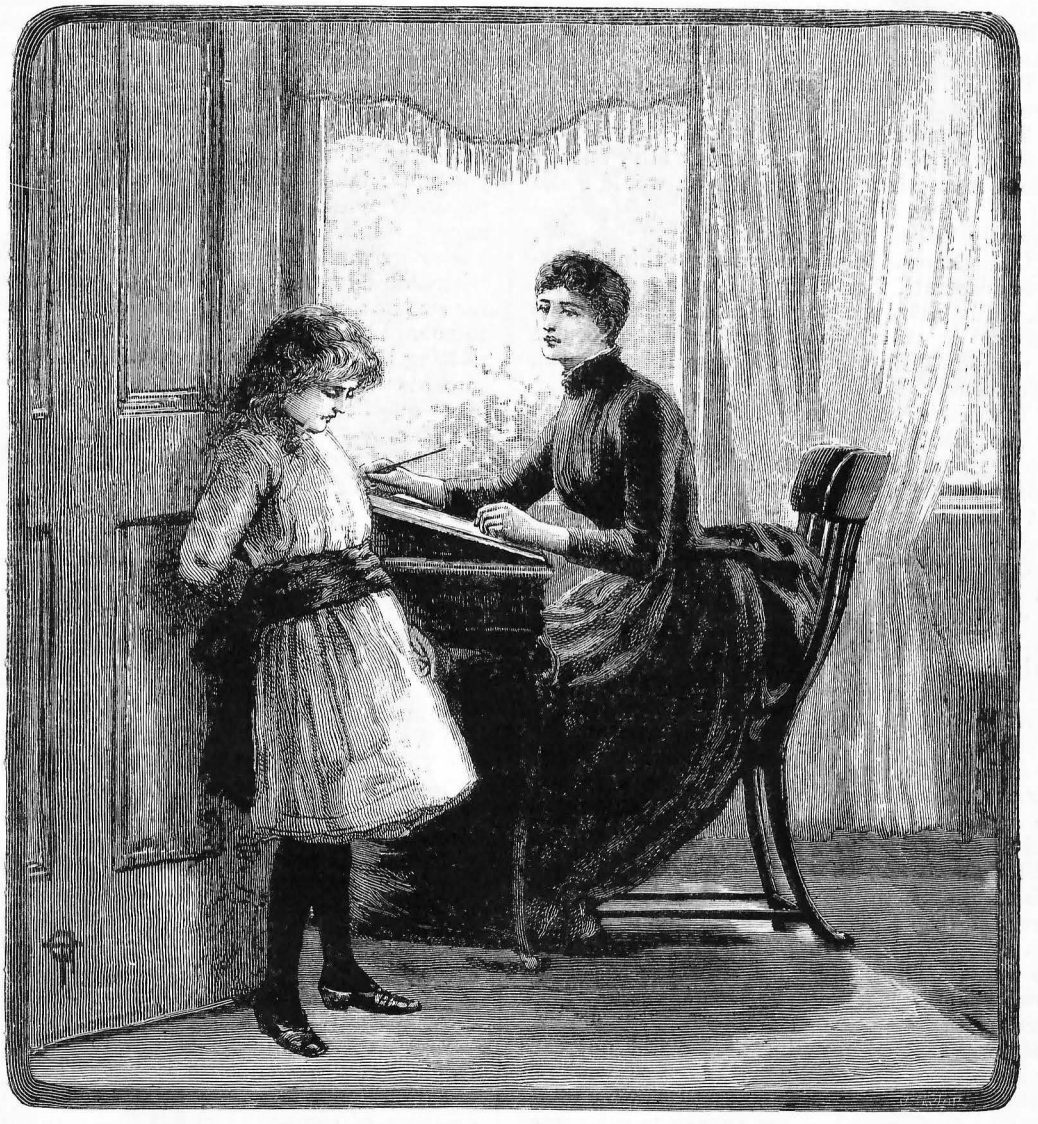
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XXIX.—WHAT TO THINK OF IT.



HERMIONE IS TOO BUSY TO ATTEND.

MRS. TREVOR was still at the cottage, joint-nurse with Mrs. Ogilvie to the two invalids. It was the natural thing that she should be there, helping to care for her own sister. But Mrs. Trevor soon grew heartily weary of that lonely dwelling. To a genuine lover of chimney-pots, absolute country is merely a bore.

"For my part, I think the sooner we get back to Westford the better," she declared one day to Harvey. "I can't see why you should not go at once. Mr. Pennant says you could bear the drive. There is only the question of Julia; but, she would be all right with Mrs. Ogilvie, and she could follow a few days later. It really is

too bad to burden Captain Woodthorpe longer than need be, with such a posse of us. There is poor unfortunate Mittie in a state of utter dismals, left to Hermione's mercies. I'm in constant terror of something happening to the child. Besides, if you can stand this place much longer, I can only say that I can't. Westford is bad enough; but here we are in a perfect Arabia Deserta. A wheelbarrow going by makes as much stir in one's mind as the explosion of a powder magazine would in London. Now, do agree with me, there's a sensible man. Of course, if you go home, I must too, if only to look after you. Mrs. Ogilvie and I have talked over the plan; and she is quite willing 'when the right time comes.' It's my opinion that the right time has come."

"But I have not seen Julia yet," objected Harvey.

"Well, you can see her any time. There's no difficulty. Of course, you feel weak still, but it's no such tremendous exertion, if you would make up your mind to it."

Harvey looked listlessly unwilling.

"Oh, I know. You men always think yourselves desperate, if anything is wrong with you. But, really now, you might. And I believe the change to Westford would do you all the good in the world. Then the next thing will be to go on to Eastbourne."

"It will be getting too late."

"Too late? Nonsense! That's the mistake people make. Eastbourne is like Brighton, at its best in the autumn and early winter. Not that I've the least objection to going to Brighton, if you choose. That has been my wish all along, for the bigger the town, the better for me. I've had enough of grass and trees lately to last me all my life; and there are trees and grass in Eastbourne, but one hasn't much chance of them in Brighton. However, it doesn't matter; either will do. Just imagine that girl settling to stay with the Daltons while we are away!"

"Hermione? No!" Harvey said, starting.

"She did! I have heard nothing from herself, of course; but it came round to me. I dare say the arrangement will hold good for the future. And she knows them to be people whom you can't endure, not to speak of her old grandfather's dislike to them. But that is Hermione Rivers all over! Oh, she is equal to anything, if it is a question of having her own will. I think she wants looking after, just as much as Mittie. Now, what do you think? Home, the day after to-morrow?"

Harvey was not unwilling. He did not care for his present surroundings; he had grown tired of the Captain: and he was heartily weary of an invalid life, though lacking energy to get out of it, even so far as he might. Nothing pleased him that anybody did, and no suggestions were to his mind. Mr. Pennant privately decided that "something was weighing upon" Mr. Dalrymple, and Mrs. Trevor, not privately, declared him to be "fearfully cross."

She had her way, however. Going home in two days became a settled plan; and on the morning of the last day, an hour or two before starting, Harvey saw Julia.

The interview came about suddenly, so far as she was concerned. Till that morning she had not been told of this new arrangment. It was something of a shock to find that Harvey was willing to go and to leave her behind; yet this she know to be unreasonable, and she controlled herself resolutely. "I shall be able to go too—soon!" she said in a wistful tone; and when Harvey came in, walking more invalidishly than was quite needful, she met him with the peaceful smile which had of late characterised her.

He was aware of a difference which he could not have defined, which he did not try to define. His one wish was to get through the interview without the remotest allusion to Hermione, and the moment he came in he saw "Hermione" written in Julia's eyes.

Mrs. Ogilvie was working in the room beside Julia's sofa; and he said "Don't go!" most earnestly. But Mrs. Ogilvie rose at once. "Yes; you must take this chair," she said. "I have promised ten minutes to Mrs. Dalrymple—not more, I think."

Harvey wanted to get through the ten minutes with nothing more than chit-chat. Julia submitted for two or three minutes; answering questions as to herself, and asking how he was. Then, putting both her hands on one of his, and looking into his face with earnest eyes, she broke into other questions.

"Harvey—can you guess how much I have thought of something you said to me, just before it happened?"

"It"—the accident, of course. No need to ask. But this had come even sooner than Harvey expected, and he wanted time. "It?" he said enquiringly. "Oh—ah—yes, the smash, you mean. Poor Emperor! It is a serious loss. I never had a better horse. And Prince will never be worth anything again. I shall have to get rid of him."

"But, Harvey, about Hermione?"

"Well?" he said irritably.

"You know what you told me. I have been so longing to ask more. Did you really mean what you said about Mr. Selwyn, and twenty thousand pounds?"

She remembered the whole, then! He was much annoyed, for he had hoped that her recollections might at least be indistinct.

"My dear, I really cannot be responsible for any nonsense I may have talked at such a moment."

"Nonsense!" she repeated.

"Yes, certainly; one is apt to get off one's balance, and to say foolish things—things which one would not say in a calmer mood. It was exciting, of course. You felt that yourself?"

"But I am not jesting," she said gently, tears filling her eyes. "It was real, you know, not mere nonsense or foolishness. You said to me so plainly—don't you remember—that if anything happened to you, I was to be sure and let Hermione have her rights? What are Hermione's rights?"

"She has none. If I had not been upset and off my balance, I should not have made use of so absurd an expression."

"You did not think it absurd *then!*" she said in a low voice.

"No. It was a moment of agitation. The expression is none the less absurd. Hermione has no legal claim upon me whatever. Of course, there is the question whether, as a mere matter of kindness—as a matter perhaps of what may have been my uncle's intention, whether it would be well to settle upon her a small sum. I am quite prepared to do what seems right. We will consider it together by-and-by. Not to-day, however."

"Ought such things to be put off?" asked Julia. "Harvey, please answer one question. Does Mr. Selwyn know what your uncle intended to do for Hermione?"

"If he does, my uncle's wishes are not binding on me. My position is altogether different from his."

"But——" and she looked at him with sorrowful eyes. "I am so disappointed," she breathed.

"There is no need for any kind of disappointment. Hermione shall have whatever is her due. Her due, as a matter of kindness, I mean. That is the word I ought to have used. She simply has no rights."

The distinction seemed to Julia to be void of difference.

"Will you not consult Mr. Selwyn?" she asked, with eagerness, as the idea came. "He is a very dependable man, is he not? I have heard you say so."

"Quite dependable, on any point of law. But this is no legal question, my dear. I am legally free. All I have to do is to act a brother's part to Hermione,—which does not mean that I am to impoverish the estate."

"Would twenty thousand pounds impoverish the estate?"

"Given away in the lump? Yes, certainly."

"And yet—yet you said that. You meant it at the moment, did you not?" she enquired gravely. "There is one thing you have not answered, and I want so much to know. Will you not, please, tell me, does Mr. Selwyn know exactly what Mr. Dalrymple intended to do for Hermione? Did Mr. Dalrymple intend to leave Hermione twenty thousand pounds?"

Harvey was on the verge of being very angry. He could have been so. Julia's persistency was most amazing. If she had not looked so thin and changed, and if this had not been his first glimpse of her, he would have got up and walked out of the room. Somehow he could not resolve on this step, neither did he dare to agitate her by any marked show of displeasure.

"My dear, do you know that you are meddling in business matters? Women know nothing about business."

"Perhaps not. Still, you will tell me," she pleaded. "Did Mr. Dalrymple intend that?"

"He wrote a note to Mr. Selwyn just before his death, stating some such intention. It was merely a passing fancy. The truth is, he had been a good deal agitated—altogether upset."

"What about?"

"About my marriage, if you will have it. He was in a weakened state already; and I have not the slightest doubt that the agitation slightly affected his brain." Harvey did not add that whatever might be thought about that particular note, and the particular sum mentioned therein, no possible doubt existed as to Mr. Dalrymple's fixed intention to provide amply for his granddaughter.

"Why should he have minded your marrying so much?"

"He had had a dream for years that I should marry Hermione. Most absurd and impossible; but that was partly my reason for staying so long abroad. I foresaw a collision, and I wished to avoid it. Mind, all this is in confidence. Hermione knows nothing of her grandfather's fancy, and she must not know. When he found that I was actually married, and that his favourite idea could never come to pass, he was—well, certainly much vexed and very much over-excited. The news had the effect upon him of a shock. If I could have foretold this, I should have broken it to him more cautiously. He wrote to Mr. Selwyn, under the moment's impulse, speaking of a twenty thousand pound settlement upon Hermione. Highly ridiculous; as he would have known himself in cooler moments, if he had lived."

"I thought everything was entailed."

"The landed property; not the money property. He had, I suppose, as much as that at his disposal. You see you do not understand these things, Julia. It is much better not to try. The last thing the poor old gentleman would really have wished would have been to wreck the property. You may depend upon me to do what is right for Hermione."

"To do justly!" she said in a low tone.

"Yes, certainly; I hope so."

Then Mrs. Ogilvie came in, and no more could be said. Julia did not look satisfied, however. Tears were again in her eyes, when Harvey bade her good-bye.

But if she was not satisfied, neither was he. He felt that his arguments had not been conclusive; and he knew that Julia was not convinced. Worse than this, he was not convinced himself. Say what he would, he could not lay the matter to sleep. Hermione's claims—Hermione's due—call it what he might, rose perpetually before him, over-shadowing his peace. The talk with Julia had only weakened his own side of the question. He could not forget how things had looked to him, seen in the scathing blaze of desperate peril.

Legally, of course, it was a very simple matter. Legally, he was not bound. Nobody could call him bound. All Mr. Dalrymple's property had descended to him. All the property was his. Hermione could not legally claim from him a single penny as her due.

But there was another side to the question. How might it be in the sight of God?

CHAPTER XXX.—FROM MISS DALTON.

"COUSIN HERMIONE, what time will mother and uncle Harvey come home?"

Hermione was writing letters at a davenport, when the little voice timidly invaded her absorp-

tion. Somehow, Mittie had grown timid lately. She always had a sense of being "in the way" with Hermione.

"I don't know exactly. You can ask Milton."

"I did ask Milton, and she thought it would be rather early. But I don't know what 'rather early' means; and she's so busy, she says she can't be bothered. May I get some flowers for mother's room, out of the conservatory?"

"No, certainly not," Hermione answered. "You will spoil the whole look of things."

"But I do want it so much," sighed Mittie.

Hermione wrote on, unheeding.

"Then if I mustn't get any flowers out of the conservatory, I think I'll try to find some pretty leaves in the fields," murmured Mittie. "I'm sure mother would like them. If Marjory wasn't away all to-day, I'd ask her for some. But I dare say some nice red and yellow leaves would do. Do you think mother won't come for half-an-hour, cousin Hermione? Because I don't want to be out when she comes?"

Hermione looked up vacantly.

"Half an-hour? No, I dare say not! Do run away, child. I am busy, and I cannot attend to you just now."

Mittie stole off without another word, and Hermione finished her letter, having no further interruptions. She closed, addressed, and stamped it. Then leaning back with a grave and worried air, Hermione drew from her pocket the scrawled note which she had received from Mrs. Trevor the day before. It was as follows:—

"Briery Cottage.

"DEAR HERMIONE,

"HARVEY has decided to go home to-morrow, as he is quite equal to the drive; and I shall come also. Julia will have to wait, probably for another week—not longer we hope.

"I don't suppose we shall get to Eastbourne for another fortnight.

"Harvey wishes the brougham to be here before three o'clock; as he would like to start early.

"Yours sincerely,
"F. TREVOR."

"What made her say that about Eastbourne?" murmured Hermione. "It was unnecessary. They will not get off in a fortnight. If Julia cannot stand this short drive for another week, she will not be fit for a long railway journey only one week later. But Mrs. Trevor cannot rest without making me feel her power. That is to say, her power over Harvey and Julia. How Harvey can be so weak is astonishing. But she has not power over me. When they go to Eastbourne, I will go to the Daltons. Not for enjoyment, certainly! It is not a friendship I would choose. But if the Fitzalans fail me, and if I am driven to it by Mrs. Trevor——"

Hermione's fair brow was contracted, and a flush rose in her cheeks.

"Anything rather than to be under Mrs. Trevor's power! Right and wrong! I do not see that I should be wrong." This was in answer to a distinct whisper of remonstrance from within. "I am not bound to go to Eastbourne."

Then it struck her, with a passing sense of compunction, that she might after all have answered Mittie's question, if she had taken the trouble to look at Mrs. Trevor's note.

"That child leaves one no peace!" was the self-excusing comment. "The brougham to be there before three; yes, of course, that was what I told Slade. But I did not remember at the moment. One cannot always remember. Three o'clock! They ought to be here by four."

The clock struck four as if in response, and Slade came in with the letters, three for Hermione.

"Thanks!" Hermione said, with the gracious manner she always put on towards the servants. "I suppose Mrs. Trevor and Mr. Dalrymple will arrive directly. Better have tea up as soon as they come. I will ring when I want lights. Do you know where Miss Mittie is?"

Slade did not know. Hermione went to her letters, without troubling herself to enquire further, and Slade disappeared.

Two were lengthy epistles from distant friends. Hermione went through them sheet by sheet in leisurely style, paying small heed to the flight of time. Then she opened the third; finding, to her surprise, that it was from Miss Dalton. What could Miss Dalton have to say?

"She need not suppose that I am going to get into a correspondence!" thought Hermione, with a touch of something like resentment.

But the letter had to be read. It covered two sheets, and the writing was not peculiarly legible. For a while Miss Dalton appeared to have nothing particular to say. There was a good deal of chit-chat about her own doings, about the parish and about the neighbourhood; and there was a certain amount of sympathetic gush about Hermione and Hermione's trials. Miss Dalton was past girlhood, but not past girlish gush. She seemed to be eagerly expectant of Hermione's visit, when "the rest of them," as she tersely expressed it, should be gone to Eastbourne.

So far the letter was only common-place and wearisome. On the third page of the second sheet, however, Hermione came upon something stirring and unexpected.

"I've only just come back from a week in London, and only think—one evening I met at dinner a very old friend of your dear grandfather's. His name is Ogilvie—Mr. Ogilvie—and I believe he is some sort of relation of the Mrs. Ogilvie at Briery Cottage; not that I know Mrs. Ogilvie, for I never even met her: but just now, of course, her name has come up in connection with all of you. Mr. Ogilvie said something about a 'niece by marriage' living near Westford. But we did not talk of her; we talked about you. He seems a very frank kind old gentleman, and he said you were the prettiest and sweetest child he had ever seen, about six or seven years ago.

"Then he said how he regretted hearing of the death of his dear old friend, Mr. Dalrymple; and how he hoped you had been left properly provided for. I hope you will not think it very interfering

of me to say all this; but, really, I think you ought to know exactly what passed. I said I was afraid things were not at all as they ought to be: and he said he was afraid they were not either; for the fact was, he had received a letter from old Mr. Dalrymple written just before his death, speaking of what he meant to do for you. Mr. Ogilvie was almost sure from the date of the letter, and the date of Mr. Dalrymple's death given in the papers, that very little could have been done.

"I said that I thought he really ought to make Mr. Dalrymple's letter known, for your sake; and he said he would be very willing to do what was right. He had kept the letter, as being the last written by his old friend. Of course, he had not got it with him that evening: but he quoted it from memory. He said it was written in a scrawled weak way, not like Mr. Dalrymple's usual hand; and it spoke of the writer feeling very unwell. Then the letter went on something like this, 'You will remember my sweet grandchild, Hermione Rivers. She is lovelier than ever. I can feel no real fear about her future,—so attractive as she is, so sure to make friends wherever she goes. But I have to provide for her future. The Westford estate is entailed; I have this morning resolved to leave ten thousand pounds to her!'

"Now, my dear Miss Rivers, you see!! You see what ought to be yours. The letter was written on the Saturday, only two days before Mr. Dalrymple's death, so, of course, nothing was or could be done. And you are actually defrauded of this ten thousand pounds! Whatever you have of your own, this ten thousand pounds ought to be yours also. My father and my mother and myself feel most strongly on the subject, I assure you. We feel that it ought to be made known. We feel that if Mr. Dalrymple is made acquainted with his uncle's intention, and if pressure is brought to bear upon him, he surely cannot—as a man of honourable sentiments—he surely could not refuse to carry out what his uncle would have done, had he lived long enough."

Hermione read so far, and neglected the effusive wind-up. She sat long, still as an image, lost in thought. The room grew darker, but she did not notice it. Her whole mind was bent upon this information which had so strangely come.

Ten thousand pounds! That would mean complete independence! It would mean being able to go where she would, to live with whom she chose. It would mean freedom from control, from Harvey, from Mrs. Trevor!

Mr. Dalrymple had fully intended this sum to be hers. He had that morning resolved it—only that last morning! Extraordinary! Why had he come to no such resolution earlier?

Hermione could not solve the puzzle. It was only another form of the old perplexity—why he had let all those years go by, and had made no provision in them for his darling?

She was more struck with another aspect of the matter, with the simple fact that so soon as he had come to a resolution to act, death had intervened, and the resolve could not be carried out.

With all Hermione's faults, she had been trained up into a very simple and child-like belief in God's over-ruling and absolute power. What came, was sent. She might not always or often will to have things exactly as God willed them; but she did always acknowledge unhesitatingly that things, however they were, had come from above.

And this seemed to her, very strikingly, very forcibly, like His interposition. Mr. Dalrymple had willed to leave her ten thousand pounds: and the Divine controlling touch had come, withholding from her what she might have had.

Was she now to grasp at the thing withheld; to condescend to the use of such means as Miss Dalton advised, for the possible attainment of that which had been withheld?

"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH."

BY THE REV. JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne."—*Rev.* iii. 21.

THERE are few parts of Scripture more interesting and important than the letters to the seven churches of Asia, written as they are at the express dictation of the Lord Himself. Each of these seven messages concludes with a promise, and each promise is addressed "to him that overcometh." In every case conquest is the condition, and the sole condition of obtaining the blessing promised. This seven-fold repetition shows the importance of the subject, and justifies our selecting it for special consideration.

The most obvious thought suggested, is that the Christian life is essentially a conflict. Had the condition been mentioned to only one of the seven churches, we might have supposed something peculiar in its circumstances. But it is laid down with equal emphasis in addressing all the seven. It will be observed that the particular promise varies in each case, and yet the condition is always the same, which shows that, however varied the experience of different Christians, they are all alike in this, that they must fight their way to victory.

It would seem also to be a life-long conflict

that is indicated. This appears to follow from some of the expressions used, especially in the message to the church at Thyatira (ii. 26): "He that overcometh and keepeth My works unto the end;" and it is confirmed by the experience of the very noblest and best of men. Even the Apostle Paul himself cannot say, "I have fought the good fight," until he can also say, "I have finished my course;" and when we hear, as we sometimes do, of those who claim to have already reached a perfection which is maintained without a struggle, we can but wonder how it is that they should be so far in advance of the Apostle Paul, and yet no one know it but themselves. No, no, "there is no discharge in this war." Here are our standing orders: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Observe, it is not, having done all, to lie down; it is, having done all, to stand, ready for the attack till the end.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We do not say that the Christian life is all conflict. There are other elements in it. There is rest: "Come unto Me" (says Christ) "and I will give you rest;" and again: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." There is no inconsistency here. We must remember how very complex our natures are, and how very intricate are the problems of human experience, especially of Christian experience. The soul of man is a great deep, and there may be agitation on the surface with perfect calm below. The two apparently discordant elements are combined by our Saviour Himself in these remarkable and beautiful words: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace." And then, there is not only rest in Christ, but work for Christ; and the work must be done as was the work of the builders in the time of Nehemiah, who tells us that "They that builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded . . . . every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon; for the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so he builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by."

While we belong to the church militant, our work for Christ must be done sword in hand, and our rest in Christ must be defended sword in hand. To the end the promise is "to him that overcometh." True the promise is to faith, and faith, in one aspect of it, is of the nature of rest; but the faith to which the promise is given is not a merely resting faith, it is a living, active, fighting, conquering faith: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." So that the promise to faith is after all but another form of the promise "to him that overcometh."

One important qualification may be needful. Though the conflict is a life-long conflict, it need not be equally severe throughout. Those who fight well in the early part of their course will have easier work afterwards. In the war of 1870 it was because the Germans fought so well on the banks of the Rhine, that they had such easy work of it in the heart of the country. And so is it in the Christian warfare. Every victory gained makes the rest of the campaign the easier; and so it comes to pass that many a saint, especially of those who are advanced in years, and who were faithful and strong in the days when the battle was fierce, enjoys a large measure of rest after conflict, a foretaste of the perfect rest that remains for them when they shall have finally exchanged the battle-field below for the throne above.

In the main then, and essentially, the Christian life is a life-conflict. From this it follows of course that where this conflict is unknown, the Christian life is unknown. It is no evidence of Christianity to practise those virtues which come easy to us. There are virtues which come easy to us, and there are sins which are so repugnant to us, either by nature or from training, that it requires no self-denial whatever to abstain from them. So far, of course, there need be no conflict. But even those who have the best natural disposition to begin with, and who have had the very best training from their youth, are not prepared, without a struggle, to display all the virtues and to triumph over every sin. Now a person in this position may take one of two courses. He may take note of all the good points in his character and conduct, and flatter himself that he is an excellent person; and as for his failings and short-comings, he may comfort himself with the reflection that everybody has failings and short-comings; and so he acquiesces, takes it easy, and there is no conflict. God has no promise for such a man. There is no hope for him in the great conflict between good and evil.

A fortress may be lofty and commanding. It may have the appearance of being impregnable to those who look at it from a distance. But if, when examined closely, it shows little openings here and there with none to guard them, it is worthless. Its capture is only a question of time. If it is not guarded at every point, and especially at the weakest points, it is practically in the enemy's hands. And so is it with the fortress of the human heart. If there is a single entrance unguarded, all is lost. Here is the point of that solemn word of the Apostle James, "Whoso shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." If a man has only a single besetting sin, by yielding to that one sin he is virtually surrendering himself to the enemy. As a matter of fact, sins are not found alone. One sin soon prepares the way for others. But we could imagine a person perfect in every other respect and yet addicted to one sin to which he deliberately yielded, and of such an one we should be constrained to say that it was impossible for him to enter the kingdom of God. Far, far better for a man to have a nature exposed to all kinds of temptations and be found fighting against them all, attempting even amid many failures and discouragements to "bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ," than, being so constituted as to be tempted only in one direction, to surrender himself to that one temptation.

Now let us with all respect, and at the same

time with all earnestness, put the question to any of our readers who may be tolerably well satisfied with themselves, who do not find it hard to live right, who have no experience of this great conflict about which Christian people talk, whether they have ever fairly tried to live in all respects as they ought to live. Is it not the case that you just practise the virtues that are easy to you, and avoid the sins that offer you no particular temptation? Have you ever fairly tried to bring all your thoughts and desires into harmony with the holy will of God? Do you try to live such a life as the Lord Jesus would approve through and through in all its secret motives as well as in its outward acts? Certainly you have not, or you would know something of the conflict we are speaking of. We would especially press this on professing Christians. Do you find it an easy thing to be a Christian? Then beware lest you be not honestly trying to live the Christian life. "If any man come after Me," says Christ, "he will deny himself." Now it is not an easy thing to deny oneself. Wherein are you denying self? Perhaps you have passed through the time of struggle and self-denial, and know more of rest now than you do of conflict. If so, well. If yours is already the rest of the conqueror, we congratulate you. But if it is the rest of indifference or thoughtlessness, we fear there is no promise for you. The promise is "to him that overcometh."

But we must not close without a word of encouragement to those who are in the midst of the struggle. Do not be discouraged. Be thankful that you know something of the conflict, even if as yet you know but little of the victory. Far better be fighting even against odds and amid many discouragements, than just giving way to the enemy. Sometimes in the midst of the conflict, and especially in the darker hours of it, we are apt to mistake the Lord's dealings with us. We look perhaps to former times of ease and tranquillity and think how much better it would have been if those happy times of ease had continued, forgetting perhaps that the peace we had was a questionable peace, and that it was necessary to lead us out of it, into our present state of conflict in order to prepare us in due time for the blessing promised "to him that overcometh." Say not then, "The former times were better than these"—but see to it that, by your courage and perseverance and patience in the time of trial, you prepare the way for far better and happier days than you have ever known or even imagined. It is through fire and flood oft-times that the Lord leads His people to a wealthy place.

There may be those among our readers who have recently entered on the Christian life. To such we would say: See that you be not discouraged when the combat thickens around you. In the first enjoyment of the life of faith, your old enemies may have retired to such a respectful distance that perhaps you may have imagined you had seen the last of them. There are those who cherish such fancies in the beginning of their Christian career, in the warmth of their first confidence and in the flush of their first love. But it is not long till the sad mistake is discovered. Have not some of you been disappointed in this way? Have you not been surprised to find what power the enemy has over you yet, and how many allies he has in your heart still? But you need not be surprised, you need not be mortified, you need not be discouraged. It is what all who have gone before you have had to encounter, and what all who come after you must face.

Some of you may even think that because you find it such hard work to live the Christian life, you are not on the right road at all. Do not think so. Generally speaking it is better to find it hard than to find it easy. And be not discouraged if you should find your experience in this respect different from that of others. I may start on an ocean voyage this week, in a clear sky and with a favouring breeze, and with the prospect of a speedy passage. You may start the week after, and the winds may be contrary, the sky lowering, the tempest rising, and everything dark and dreary. Does it follow from this that you are off your way? A person who had never crossed the ocean before might fear; but an old sailor would be much less affected by the kind of weather encountered at the first. The ocean is the place to expect storms, and if the weather be adverse at the beginning, it may be favourable by-and-by—and at all events, through storm as well as calm, in darkness as in sunshine, the good ship keeps on her course, and sooner or later will reach her destination. And in the Christian life one may have sunshine at the beginning and another storm, and yet both be on the same track, and bound for the same haven. Then let no one be discouraged when the combat thickens around, and besetting sins beset again with even greater force than ever. Rather, "take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand." Remember, the promise is "to him that overcometh," and without a contest there cannot be a victory, and the harder the conflict, the more glorious the victory. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him,"—hath promised "to him that overcometh."

Do not be discouraged even by defeats. It is a bad thing to be defeated. It is humiliating, and much to be deplored. But defeat is not destruction. Who ever heard of a long-continued war without defeat? When a professing Christian falls into sin, there are those who will charitably conclude that he must have been a hypocrite all the time, and that therefore there is no hope for him now. And yet, perhaps, the poor man himself feels almost as hopeless as they do; and in the bitterness of his spirit he is apt to yield to despair. Now why should such a case be looked upon as hopeless? Even a series of defeats is no reason for despair. Has not many a glorious victory been gained after a series of defeats? Read the wars of Frederick the Great, and see if it be not possible for a great general to change a long series of defeats into glorious victory in the end. And is our General less skilful, and is less

to be expected of Him? There is much to be learned from defeat—and this in particular—that our strength and our hope of victory is not in ourselves, but in our glorious Leader. While then we do all in our power to gain continual victories, let us not be discouraged even by the most humiliating defeats; but let us still press forward in faith and hope to the final victory and the enjoyment of those priceless blessings which are in store for "him that overcometh."

But while defeat *is* not destruction, it *may* be. Let us then by all means lay ourselves out for victory at every point, even in the smallest things. Forget not the importance of every inch of ground. The battle is often lost or won in the small skirmish by which it is preceded. This is the case in ordinary warfare, and much more so in the Christian warfare. As a general thing, if any ground is lost in the contest with sin, all is lost. Hence the warning; "Never give place to the devil." On the other hand, if you gain the advantage at the outset, you are quite likely to keep it. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." And, oh, what a blessed thing it is to find the hold of sin upon us loosening, to gain position after position, to realise our growing strength, and to catch the shouts of victory, to hear as from afar the voice of Him who calls from the right hand of the Majesty on high; "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne."

AN EPISODE OF THE DRAGONNADES.

JULES GIRARDET, in the picture we reproduce, portrays in a language all can understand the cruelties inflicted on the Protestants of the south of France during the Dragonnades in 1685. There is nothing in it which the history of the times does not far outdo in cruelty. Why we, human beings, should so easily fall into hardness of heart, be so ready to persecute and destroy each other, is one of the saddest problems of life, and we can never too often recall the fearful lessons of history so that we may be on the watch against those states of mind which may land us in deeds, the memory of which will embitter all our future existence.

Many causes, doubtless, were at work in producing the miseries of which this picture gives us but one little episode, but we may safely say that chief among them was fanaticism. This word has been so often levelled against the best men that we are all afraid of it lest in reproaching others we condemn ourselves. But this is just the benefit we ought to desire, for the chief end of the study of history is, as the apostle teaches, to warn men of the common dangers to which humanity under all circumstances and in all ages is liable. "Now these things happened to them (our predecessors) by way of example and they were written for our admonition on whom the ends of the ages are come."

We need not go deeply into the derivation of the word fanaticism to find out that it is essentially a religious word. It pertained to those who in the heathen fanes worked themselves into a fury as they uttered the oracles. Thus it may be applied to all who, in serving great causes, lose control of themselves and give themselves up to passion. It is a disease to which enthusiastic, religious populations such as those inhabiting the south of France are peculiarly liable. A curious proof of the religious nature of this district may be found in comparing the maps of Protestant France with those of Catholic France as made in our own day. It will be seen at a glance that it is just where Protestant churches are most numerous that Catholicism is most fervent, and again that these have been the very parts where their corresponding political factions have been most liable to violence. These peoples have lived nearer the heart of humanity than others and have felt its passionate throbs more violently.

Thus each of the parties in the struggle in the south of France represented a great cause or an important idea; each conceived itself the champion either of the unity of the church, the authority of the state, or of the truth in religion. But the naturally limited faculties of man, obscured by intensity of feeling, caused each party to see all things in the light of the one idea which possessed it, and led the champions of the unity of the church and the authority of the state to perpetual acts of inhumanity. In former times, extenuating circumstances might have been pleaded for this horrible method of maintaining social order, but no excuse could be made when exthority was in the highest degree stable, resting at once on overpowering military force, and the universal loyalty of the people. Far from excuse, there is everything in the circumstances to aggravate the crimes committed by the government of Louis XIV. and supported by the public opinion of the country. France was then, beyond what it had ever been before or ever has been since, recognised as the centre of civilisation and the law-giver on all that was supposed to represent culture. It was the age of Bossuet and Fenelon, of Moliere and Corneille and Racine. Society, as we may judge from Madame de Sevigné, was graceful and polished and wonderfully agreeable, yet in the very age and country in which "Telemachus" was written, and in which Madame Guyon was followed by great court ladies, and pulpit eloquence reached its highest point, in this very age and country horrible barbarities were committed in the names of the idols all these enlightened people wor-

Paris Salon. By permission.] [*Jules Girardet.*

AN EPISODE OF THE DRAGONNADES IN 1685.

shipped—the authority of the state and the unity of the church.

In 1683 and again in 1685, Frenchmen and Frenchwomen following the Protestant religion were treated by the government of Louis XIV. in a way conquerors would now be ashamed to treat enemies who had slaughtered their countrymen by thousands. The war minister, Louvois, ordered regiments of soldiers to occupy the more Protestant districts, and taking possession of a town, to be quartered on the Protestant inhabitants, to the number of four to five in each house, with instructions to worry their hosts into abjuring their religion by every means short of absolutely killing them. What the soldiers of the time were may be gathered from any history of their doings in the Palatinate under Turenne, and their still more horrible cruelties in Savoy. From burning villages and slaughtering the inhabitants, pitching old people and children over the rocks, they were turned by the government into church missioners and their style of effecting conversions was in harmony with their education.

A letter dated the 5th of September, 1685, found in the Walloon Library, at Leyden, in Holland, describes some of the brutal violences of this "Booted Mission." In Bearn they pulled down the houses, broke up valuable furniture, knocked down old men and dragged respectable women to church. They pinioned persons guiltless of any fault, hung them up by their heels until they were at the last gasp, applied to their bare heads or to other parts of their bodies, burning coals, or shut them up between four walls, where they allowed them to perish of hunger and thirst. Constancy in the victims caused the soldiers to increase their cruelties until at last the greater part of the Protestant population yielded, only a very small number preserving their integrity and that mostly by flying and seeking refuge in a foreign land.

The city of Montauban shared the fate of the province of Bearn. Its great church was completely desolated; and the Protestants in the neighbouring towns were subjected to the same intolerable cruelties.

The fate of the churches of the Lower Garonne was not less sad than those of the Upper Garonne. Two great officials divided the region between them, and the troops that they commanded desolated every place they passed through, leaving behind them mourning and despair, while before them marched terror and fright.

The Government which had succeeded in so many great wars, and had such illustrious generals, knew the importance in a military sense of the maxim: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," for they quartered as many as seventeen companies of soldiers in one town, and fifteen in another, and elsewhere in like proportion; and these, soldiers accustomed to all the licence and brutality then allowed in warfare.

In the town where the most constancy was shown, short of actually killing their victims, the soldiers left no cruelty unpractised to secure the religious submission of the inhabitants. For three years, Bergerac, an important town in Perigord, had suffered such bad treatment that it was, so to speak, reduced almost to skin and bone, for, besides the continual passage of troops, eighteen companies of cavalry had been quartered on it for the winter. Yet only three conversions had taken place, and in each case they were in receipt of alms. Now the soldiers in the town were augmented to the number of thirty-two companies, and a posse of dignitaries, the commander-in-chief of the troops, the intendant of the province, the bishops of Agen and Perigueux, &c., arrived. Two hundred of the citizens were summoned before these great people and informed that they must go to Mass, and that if they did not go voluntarily, they would be made to go by force. The miserable people could only say that their persons and property were in the power of the king, but not their consciences, of which God alone was Master, and they had made up their minds to suffer all things rather than yield. "Prepare then," said the authorities, "to receive a punishment worthy of your disobedience." Thirty-two more companies were then sent for, which with the thirty-four already in the town, were quartered on the Protestants, with orders not to spare them, but to exercise against them every kind of violence until they had extorted from them a promise to do as they were told. These orders having been carried out, the unhappy victims of this wholesale torture were anew summoned to the Hotel de Ville, where, with tears in their eyes, and with all the humility and respect possible, they still said they could not yield. More soldiers were then sent for until the number was so great in the town that they quartered a whole company on one single Protestant, so that even comparatively rich people were nearly ruined, and had to sell their best pieces of furniture to raise the means to pay for these crushing expenses. Their tormentors would sometimes bind and pinion a whole family; four soldiers keeping guard to prevent any one entering to succour and console them. And in this state they had sometimes kept them for two, three, and even six days, without food or drink, and without sleep. Thus these unhappy beings could neither live nor die, and what was perhaps the worst part of their torture was that, after having endured all this, they had finally to give in and to do what their soul abhorred. It became at last enough to speak of the dragoons to bring every one to his knees. Louvois wrote to his father, the chancellor, Le Tellier: "16,000 conversions have been made in the whole of Bordeaux, and 20,000 in that of Montauban. The rapidity with which the affair proceeds is such that, before the end of the month there will not remain 10,000 religionaries in Bordeaux, where there were 100,000 the 15th of last month."

The open country was hardly safer than the towns, the country-seats of Protestant gentlemen were occupied in the same way, whole companies being quartered on one house. There was no escape, except to fly into some desert place, and to live as the ancient faithful people of God, in the holes and caves of the earth.

It would seem as if this were the sort of

incident M. Girdaret wished to depict. The people here driven out of their house are evidently persons in good position. Some frightful insult has been offered them, and they are quitting the house not knowing where they shall lay their heads, anxious only for the moment to escape the brutal degradations that await them. They might fly into the woods, they might ascend high peaks, live on desolate plateaux, but nowhere could they find security from their persecutors. Madame de Sevigné commiserates her nephew the Marquis de Trouss, who was engaged in the "dreadfully fatiguing" work of shooting down "miserable Huguenots." He beat the country with armed bands, and wherever a group of Protestants were found praying or singing hymns, the soldiers fired on them and cut them down.

Yet all this was done with a view to maintain and consolidate the unity of France. The Protestants were looked upon as a sort of state within the state, as a people naturally inimical to Catholic, monarchical France, who had been and might at any time again become an entrenched camp in the heart of the country in league with England, Holland or any other enemy.

The ruling classes in the days of Louis XIV. were no blundering bigots. There were among them those who exercised the greatest influence on the minds of their contemporaries, men of powerful intellect and even genius. Bossuet was a great historical philosopher who saw clearly that religion is the basis of everything, and he sought the unity and independence of France in the most thorough way; by rendering the people all of one religion, and rendering that religion independent of all foreign influence, even limiting the power of the papacy as far as France was concerned to that of a simple primacy.

No one can deny that this was a grand idea, or that Bossuet was a master-mind, but the moment he was willing to do evil that good might come, that moment he became a fanatic and fell into the same error as Jan of Leyden and Robespierre.

Madame de Sevigné appears to have been a very amiable person, and a pattern of respectability and good sense. But she wrote to the Comte de Bussy, in the very year to which this picture refers, "You have doubtless seen the Edict by which the king revokes that of Nantes. Nothing can be more admirable than its contents, and no king has done or ever will do a more humane act." And the Count replied: "I admire the conduct of the king in destroying the Huguenots; the wars which have been waged against them before, and the St. Bartholomews, have multiplied and given vigour to this sect. His majesty has gradually undermined it, and the edict which he has published, supported by dragoons and Bourdalone has been its *coup de grace:*"—these refined gentlefolks were as truly fanatics as the Cameronians who slaughtered Archbishop Sharp.

Remorse surely follows all such deeds, even when they are done in common-place blindness and hardness of heart; and, as surely as remorse, only sometimes longer delayed, comes judgment.

Even the conscience of Louis XIV., rendered almost impenetrable by the extraordinary blaze of glory in which he had lived for fifty years, began to trouble him. It is related in Madame de Maintenon's Memoirs that the king, taking a carriage drive with that lady and his physician, Fajon, the conversation turned on the vexations which had been so uselessly inflicted on the Huguenots, and Fajon related several instances, Madame de Maintenon being much moved, and the king appeared touched at the account. "If," said he, "they have been maltreated in their persons or their goods, I hope that God will not impute to me violences that I have not ordered."

In a letter written to a Mademoiselle de F—— Madame de Maintenon wrote:

"All things are carried to deplorable extremities. The king is much concerned at what he knows, but he knows not the whole."

Fenelon wrote to her in 1687: "You ought to make it your business to touch him (the king) to instruct him, to open his heart, to give him views of peace, of relieving the people from their burdens, of moderation, of equity, of distrust with reference to hard and violent counsels, of horror for acts of arbitrary authority; in a word you ought to be the sentinel of God in the midst of Israel."

But the slight spasm of remorse, if ever felt, was not allowed to work repentance, for Louis reconfirmed all he had done in 1685 by again solemnly confirming, on the 13th of April, 1698, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Many people have wept over the sufferings of Louis XVI. and his family, and well they may, but have they considered that those sorrows were a very exact repetition of the sufferings Louis the Sixteenth's ancestors and predecessors inflicted on hundreds of families very similar in character throughout France? When during the two days of October, 1789, the people invaded the palace of Versailles, terrifying its inhabitants, and compelling them to come with them to Paris; when, in June 1791, Louis XVI. tried to fly, and was ignominously arrested and brought back to Paris; and when, finally the Tuileries was besieged in August 1792 and the king and queen had to take refuge in the National Assembly, and from thence were sent to prison, Louis XIV. suffered in his representatives and children exactly the terrors he inflicted on many Protestant families in 1683 and 1685.

RICHARD HEATH.

Violets in London.

A SUBTLE odour, purely sweet,
Breathes sudden fragrance in the street;
Whispers to many a passer-by
Of spring and hope in earth and sky;
Speaks to some tired and doubting heart,
Of hidden power, not far apart,
But close behind the veil of sight.
Break, sunshine, through our clouds of night.

MARIAN SAUNDERS WRIGHT.

CHINA: PAST AND PRESENT.

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION, which is as ubiquitous as the race, and penetrates to the lowest classes, has been hitherto entirely classical. Even the three years during which a sufficient knowledge is acquired for commercial purposes are devoted mainly to memorizing some of the ancient books. The main purpose of all these classics, whether odes, annals or analects, is to teach moral and political philosophy. Besides accuracy and fulness of knowledge of the classics, the essential elements for degree examinations are literary style, penmanship, and ability to compose a poem on any given subject. There are village schoolmasters and family tutors, while every city has a full supply of teachers of all degrees of talent, but there is no university with its staff of teaching and examining professors.

The examiners for the lower degrees are the district judges, while for the higher, men of the greatest literary attainments and high civil rank are nominated by the emperor. The object of the examinations, which are spread over a series of years, is not to ascertain how or where the scholar has attained his learning, but whether he possesses the knowledge requisite.

Thus among the Chinese, who are, notwithstanding their absolute form of government, one of the most democratic of existing nations, though wealth and social status have their necessary advantages, the full benefits of education percolate down to the very poorest, and, as sometimes happens, the son of a common labourer may become prime minister of the most populous and one of the most wealthy of all empires.

But the exclusive reign of Chinese classics over the literary arena, and their monopoly of official rank, are about to cease. For years thoughtful men among conservative officials, while their feelings are opposed to all change, have been compelled to acknowledge that the education hitherto imparted in China has been defective.

The Viceroy Tso, who successfully conducted one of the most extraordinary of modern campaigns, that against Central Asia and Kashgaria, and who, as opposed to Viceroy Li, was regarded as conservative leader, on his death-bed drew up a memorial to the emperor in which he prayed his majesty for the welfare of the country to take immediate steps to remedy the defects in Chinese education by the adoption of such western learning and methods as are calculated to supply the acknowledged deficiencies. Whatever may be thought of the variously-judged Viceroy Li, it is well known that he has for many years, indeed we suppose ever since his connection with Chinese Gordon, favoured the introduction of western methods into Chinese life, especially into the military. He is probably one of the best customers, beyond Germany, of the Essen works. He fostered in every way the medical mission of the late lamented Dr. Mackenzie in Tientsin, under whom he supported a number of English-speaking Chinese students of medicine, whom he has employed, or will employ, in his army or somewhere under his widely-extended jurisdiction. He has also established a school in Tientsin for naval cadets, whose rapid acquisition of mathematics and theoretical navigation has been cause of wonder to local Englishmen who declare that English youth would not have acquired the same knowledge in the same time. It is at once conceded that all this is of a piece with the establishment of a well-equipped navy under English officers, and is intended to defend the empire from external attack.

For a considerable number of years the British government in Hong Kong has provided schools to impart a good English education to Chinese children. These schools have been largely patronised, so that now in every open port in China are found not a few Chinese who speak and write English accurately, and who despise the hybrid and uncouth "pidgin" English. Some missionaries in Shanghai have for many years devoted part of their time to educating Chinese youth, and several of the most noted Chinamen of the day thus received an English education. More recently a college with a competent staff of teachers was established by the Chinese government in Peking for instruction in English, mathematics and other useful knowledge. Under the able superintendence of Dr. Martin, formerly a missionary of the American Presbyterian Board, this college has turned out many well-trained men who are now occupying important official positions, both within the empire and among its representatives abroad. Another school, still younger in years, was initiated in Tungchow, Shantung, by Dr. Mateer, an American Presbyterian missionary, who has been supported not by imperial funds, but by his missionary society. By him a thoroughly good Chinese education is given as well as excellent instruction in western science. The fame of the school has already spread over the land, and numbers of its graduates are now employed as teachers. The youngest of all the schools is one just started, or about to be started, in Canton. A society countenanced by official authority exists for the purpose of translating scientific and educational works for the use of schools. All these have done and are doing capital service in the way of slowly leavening the reading people of China with the modern knowledge of western nations.

Yet these hitherto isolated attempts, valuable though they are in themselves, were but tiny specks of detached nebulæ among the huge inmensity of darkness enveloping that extensive land, with its swarming crowds of intelligent men and women. Now, however, every one interested in the "Progress of Humanity" may join the more far-seeing Christian believer in anticipating a radical, rapidly increasing, and widely-extended change; for the whole question of education as the key to civil service and official employment has entered upon a new phase.

Even though the emperor should privately wish to issue an edict upon a particular matter he must

be memorialized to do so by some of the highest officials before any measure is made the subject of imperial enactment. Thus, the Emperor Kanghi, who was anxious to promulgate a decree favouring the Roman Catholic religion, was compelled for a time reluctantly to abandon his design, because the proper officials refused to memorialize for such legislation. So in regard to this matter of education.

From the very memorial presented to the emperor, giving numerous and cogent reasons why he should permit the introduction into Chinese study of western science, we learn that the emperor was already favourable to the innovation. This remarkable memorial, which forms a new starting point in Chinese history, was presented little more than a year ago by Prince Kung, uncle to the emperor, as the spokesman for a number of the highest officials in the land. The memorial was "in regard to regulations for teaching astronomy, and mathematics, and the selection of students." Desiring it to be understood that they had been impelled to take this step, not by the love of innovation but from the consideration that the mechanical arts of the West have all their source in the science of mathematics, this memorial goes on: "But among persons who are unacquainted with the subject, there are some who will regard this matter as unimportant; some who will censure us as wrong in abandoning the methods of China for those of the West; and some who will even denounce the proposal that Chinese should submit to be instructed by people of the West, as shameful in the extreme." Each of these three objections is treated at length. The answer to the first begins thus: "It is high time that some plan should be devised for infusing new elements of strength into the Government of China." The second is met in the following interesting and charactistic manner, intended to smooth down the opposition of the proud conservatism of the literates. "On enquiring, it will be found that Western science had its root in the astronomy of China, which Western scholars confess themselves to have derived from Eastern lands. If, therefore, we apply ourselves to those studies, our future progress will be built on our own foundation." The last objection, in reality the most serious, is declared to be the "most absurd" of all, "For under the whole heaven the deepest disgrace is that of being content to lag in the rear of others. Of the jealous rivalry among the nations of the Western ocean it is unnecessary to speak; but when so small a country as Japan is putting forth all its energies, if China alone continues to tread indolently in the beaten track, without a single effort in the way of improvement, what can be more disgraceful than this?... The object which we propose for study to-day, is the principles of things. To invite educated men to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge by investigating the laws of nature is a very different thing from compelling them to take hold of the tools of the working man.... In conclusion, your servants have considered this maturely. As the enterprise is a new one, its principles ought to be carefully examined. To stimulate candidates to enter in earnest on the proposed curriculum, they ought to have a liberal allowance from the public treasury to defray their current expenses, and have the door of promotion set wide open before them.... We are of opinion that the junior members of the Hanlin Institute, being men of superior attainments while their duties are not onerous, would find the sciences of astronomy and mathematics an easy acquisition." Then follows a list of other grades of learned men who should be examined as to their fitness for becoming students.

No very great interval elapsed between the publication of this memorial (which was translated in the "Chinese Times") and the promulgation of an imperial decree adopting its chief recommendations. While, therefore, the old subjects will be as heretofore adequate for the possession of a degree, the new subjects are introduced into the Examination Hall on an equal footing. Indeed, if we are to judge by recent events, a preference is to be given to those students who are acquainted with western science. Some Chinese of considerable culture and influence are still doubtful whether the conservative party will not indirectly stultify the measure. But it requires no very deep insight into Chinese life to know that the conservative is not a growing party. Sooner or later we may expect to see, not wholesale external changes, as in Japan, but a very substantial mental improvement by the ingress of knowledge, which will at a subsequent period introduce improvements in social life. This measure will doubtless give a fresh impetus to the very general interest existing now over China in regard to pure Christianity, and will add another to the powerful forces already bending the mind of China towards the "true light which lighteth every man coming into the world."

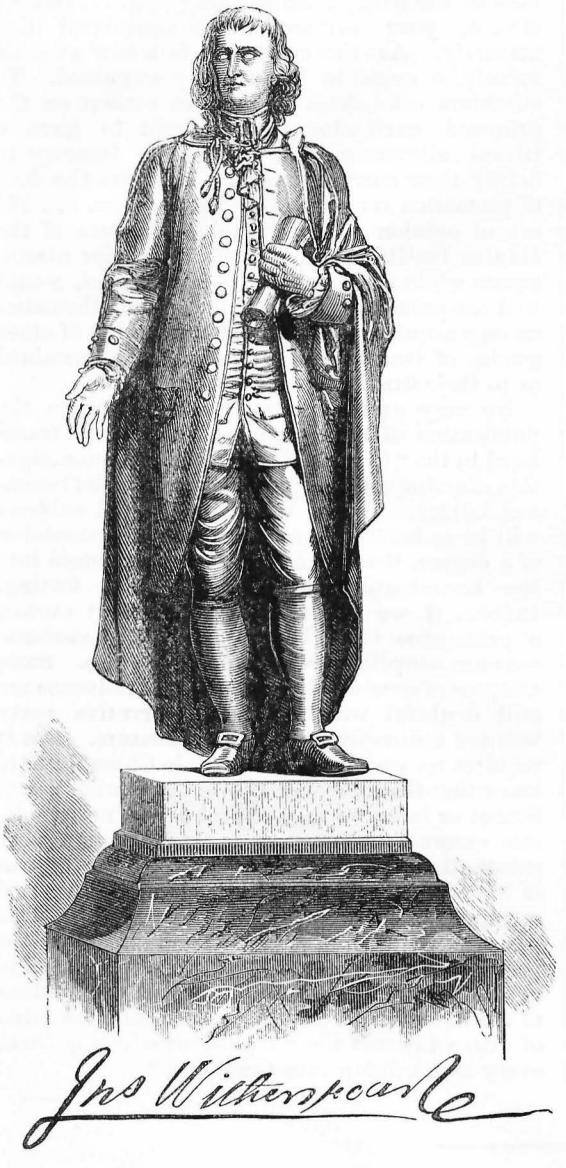
JOHN ROSS.

JOHN WITHERSPOON, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, NEW JERSEY.

AMONG the memorable incidents connected with the centenary celebration of American Independence, was the inauguration of a statue at Princeton, New Jersey, to John Witherspoon, one of the founders of the Republic. Of him, emphatically, the word is true, "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." Witherspoon was long a minister of the Church of Scotland, and in English literary history he is known as the author, not only of books, still valued by theologians, such as his treatise on "Regeneration," but of a polemical

treatise, which for keen wit, and delicate satire, applied to the highest uses, is second only to Pascal's Provincial Letters. This work "Ecclesiastical Characteristics," published in 1751, was written when its author was minister in Paisley, and one of the leaders of the evangelical party of the Church of Scotland. Bishop Warburton was delighted with the book, sought the friendship of the author, and expressed his "wish that the



Church of England had such a counsellor and corrector." Yet, strange to say, the name of John Witherspoon is not found in the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica! The editors of that work might have little sympathy with the divinity of Witherspoon, but Professor Robertson-Smith is a man of too liberal a mind to have omitted him on that ground. We can only conclude that the name of Witherspoon was unknown to him, as it is almost forgotten in his own country. There is the more satisfaction in knowing how highly his name is honoured in the land of his adoption. A brief notice of his life will be acceptable to many of our readers.

John Witherspoon was born in 1722, at Yester, in Haddingtonshire, of which parish his father was minister. He was lineally descended from John Knox, whose connection with that part of Scotland is well known. His early education was at the public school of Haddington, from which he went to the University of Edinburgh in his fifteenth year. In his 21st year he was licensed as a preacher, and invited to be assistant and successor to his father at Yester. He chose rather to begin his ministry among strangers, and accepted an invitation from the parish of Beith, in the west of Scotland, where he was ordained, and inducted by the Presbytery, with the unanimous consent of the people. From Beith he soon after received a call to the town of Paisley, then rapidly rising in reputation for its various and excellent manufactures. During his incumbency at Paisley, his fame as a learned man and a preacher caused him to be invited to a large church in Dublin; to one of the parishes in Dundee; and also to Rotterdam, where many Scotchmen were then settled. He was invited about the same time by the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, to accept the Presidency which had been held by Jonathan Edwards.

All these invitations he declined, being much attached to his people at Paisley, and being unwilling to leave the post of difficulty and of honour as a leader of the evangelical party against the new school of freethinking ministers, known in those days as "moderates." This was the name assumed by themselves as distinguished from the "wild" and "highflying" supporters of the old divinity of the Reformation. The moderates gradually obtained the supreme rule in the courts of the Church, and carried matters with a high hand, especially in forcing settlements of ministers, sometimes with the aid of the military against the opposition of the people. This was the beginning of the divisions and secessions which mark that period of the Scottish church. Witherspoon was one of those who resisted the oppressive proceedings arising out of the abuse of the legal rights of patrons—a grievance which remained down to our own times, and led to the formation of the Free Church of Scotland.

When Witherspoon found that further efforts to defend the evangelical side of the church were unavailing, and the godly ministers expelled, with the result of founding secession churches, he accepted a second invitation to go to America. Two successors of Jonathan Edwards had died after brief tenure of office. He went in the spirit of the old Pilgrim Fathers, and with hope of seeing in the New World better times both for freedom and religion.

Dr. Witherspoon arrived with his family at Princeton in 1768. His accession to the Presidency was of immense advantage to the Princeton College. He introduced all the most modern and liberal studies of European Universities. He made the philosophical curriculum embrace the general principles of policy and public law, as well as the routine studies of former times. He is said

to have first introduced to America the system of teaching by class lectures. Under his auspices not only a large number of the clergy were trained, but also many of the men who took the leading part in public affairs. When the differences arose with the British Government, some of the most prominent politicians had been his pupils. When hostilities commenced, the college at New Jersey was closed. The citizens then chose him as their delegate to the first Congress of the united colonies. He served for several years as a member of Congress, and his influence was widely recognised. In times of danger he was always hopeful and cheerful. On some points his views were opposed to the majority of his brethren in Congress, but in most instances his principles were afterwards found to be just, and his advice ultimately was followed. Many abuses were removed through his influence, and good measures carried. He lived to see the Republic safe and prosperous.

On one point his political sagacity has been justified by events of our own time. He strongly urged the peril of leaving too much independent power to legislatures of the separate States of the Union, and urgently advocated the strengthening of the authority of the Central Government. He was over-ruled in this, and it was only amongst the troubles that culminated in the Civil War that the foresight which had given warning of danger was seen to have been well-founded.

Once only did he revisit his native land: his chief object being to obtain help for the library of the college at Princeton. We have before us a paper dated, Edinburgh, 18th Feb. 1773, which runs as follows:—

"We Underscribers, from personal esteem of the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, President of the College of New Jersey, and from conviction that the encouragement and support of said College is of great importance for promoting the interests of religion in North America and for spreading the Gospel among the neighbouring heathen Indians, do promise to pay to Mr. Robert Scott Moncrieff, merchant in Edinburgh, the sums annexed, which we incline should be employed in purchasing such books of divinity or books useful for young men training up for the ministry, as the library of that College is not provided with.

"Dr. John Erskine, five pounds, sterl.; William Dickson, two guineas; W. Glenorchy (Lady Glenorchy), ten guineas; F. Lothian (Marchioness of Lothian), one guinea; R. Scott Moncrieff, two guineas; and from Mr. Allan Maconochie, one guinea."

Dr. Witherspoon died in November 1794, in the seventy-third year of his age. The college of New Jersey lost in him a most distinguished President; America, one of her ablest statesmen, and the Church of Christ one of her best and most useful ministers. His memory is still honoured, as the writer of this notice found, when, in 1870, he visited Princeton, where another distinguished Scotchman Dr. MacCosh, was then President.

For some years before his death Dr. Witherspoon was blind. Like Milton, he had lost his sight in the service of liberty and of learning. Like him, too, he had kept his mind clear, though bereft of outward light—

> Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope· but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.

The college in which he took such pride is now one of the most prosperous in the New World. It has about 600 students, and 40 professors. This is independent of the Theological Seminary, with 100 students. The college has a library of above 70,000 books, and an income annually of over a million and a half dollars. Many buildings and halls have been endowed by old pupils, one of which bears the name of Witherspoon Hall.

J. M.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

II.

IT was a wild evening in January. The wind came in fierce gusts of sudden fury, and then died moaning away only to return with increased fierceness. Clouds of dull, leaden hue surged along in dense masses; the air was full of spray dashed from the sea, and the rain fell in torrents.

Job was sitting close to his fire lost in thought, his head sunk on his chest. For weeks he had scarcely left his cottage. Strong man though he was, the double shock of Henry's loss, and the sudden death of his wife, had utterly prostrated him; and for a time he was almost beside himself with grief.

This evening he felt strangely drawn to go out. The violence of the weather was nothing to him. A great part of his life had been passed amidst storms and gales; tempestuous weather only served to rouse his energies.

He got up and put on his hat. As he walked slowly along the rocky shore he looked pale and worn with suffering. His strong figure had lost much of its erectness, and the lines were more marked on his rugged face; his deep-set eyes were as full of fire and as dauntless as ever, but they had a harder expression in them than of old.

He walked sadly along looking on the ground. His thoughts were full of his wife and boy, and he hardly thought or cared where he was going.

All at once, an unusually violent gust of wind made him look up, and he saw that he was close to a group of sailors

and fishermen. He went up to them. They were watching a ship which seemed to be in imminent danger; the sea was running very high, and not a man would venture on it to go to the help of the ship which was drawing nearer and nearer to the fatal rocks. It was clear that it could only be saved by one who thoroughly knew the coast.

Job roused himself and became at once the fearless old pilot of the Pointe du Raz. He went to his boat and called to Matelinn, who was standing amongst the others, to come and help him.

Matelinn demurred.

"The sea is too strong," he said. "It would be folly to launch the boat."

"What," shouted Job, "are you afraid? you, a hale young fellow. Are you afraid to go where an old man will venture?"

At this taunt, Matelinn came forward and helped Job with the boat, and, after great risk of being capsized by a big wave at the outset, they rowed off.

It was severe and dangerous work; several times they thought they must put back, but they persevered, and gradually they drew near to the distressed ship. At last they came alongside, and, after some difficulty, got on board.

The crew numbered about a dozen, and they all seemed thoroughly exhausted and hopeless. They had been fighting against the storm for hours and they were at the end of their resources.

Job went to the helm, turned the ship's course, and thus prevented her from going on to the deadly rocks for which she was directly making.

"Where is the captain?" cries Job, out of the blinding spray.

"I will rouse him," says one of the sailors, and he goes below where he finds the captain lying half drunk in his cabin. He had given up all hope of saving the ship, and had been consoling himself with brandy. He comes staggering up to see the man who is rescuing them from destruction.

At first Job intent upon the management of the vessel does not notice the captain's approach, but when he is quite close, the pilot looks at him, and their eyes meet—Job utters a loud cry.

"It is he," he says. "It is the villain who murdered my boy and killed my wife. I will have vengeance!"

The captain does not recognise Job and stupefied with drink he stands aghast and helpless. But Matelinn is not inclined to risk destruction.

"Job," he cries, "it is not right; what have I and these others done that you should murder us? Believe me, I did all I could to save your boy, and I suffered in consequence, as I told you. Job de la Mer, you are wicked and ungrateful. Would you sacrifice the innocent to gratify your revenge?"

The other sailors join with Matelinn in pleading with Job, and at last his stormy anger abates.

"The ship is doomed," he says, "but I will save you, Matelinn, and the other sailors—as for you," Job turns to the captain, "come not near me! Oh, my boy, my boy, and my beloved Marie!"

As Job speaks, the terrible black rocks come once more into sight, and the sailors renew their outcries. The captain joins with them, for Job appears to be steering the ship right on to the rocks. "Only do what I tell you," says the pilot, "and you will be safe."

"And the ship too?" puts in the captain.

"Stand back, murderer!" yells Job. "Your ship shall not escape destruction. Its timbers shall float in the bay of the departed as a warning to others who break the laws of God and man! Matelinn! Matelinn! I say, come and help me!"

Matelinn goes to Job's assistance, and the two, by great exertion, steer the ship clear of the death dealing rocks. A little bay appears in front, and all looks well, when, with a grinding jar, the ship strikes violently on a sunken ledge of rock—the mainmast falls with a loud crash across the deck, and the ship begins to sink.

"Forward, all," cries Job, "forward; the sea is calm and shallow in the bay; leap overboard, and you can easily save yourselves. Good-bye, my friends, I have saved you as I promised."

But the captain over-awed by the fierce bearing of the man shrinks backward, trips over a rope—staggers—and, in a wild effort to regain his footing, he pitches head foremost over the edge of the rapidly sinking ship, and disappears in the midst of the furious waves.

All the crew were saved; they had rushed forward at the old pilot's command, and had managed to get into the shallow water of the bay before the ship heeled over, and sank in the deep water outside. Nothing more was seen of the ship or the captain. It was supposed that he had been dashed to death against the rocks.

So runs the legend. As with many another tale of evil passion, its moral takes a superstitious form, but is not less terribly real. Job de la Mer was never seen again, but strange stories were told by the peasants; they said his voice was heard in stormy weather above the noise of the tempest and that he was condemned to row up and down in his boat as a punishment for his revenge. It was also said that whenever the form of Job de la Mer was seen by a ship's crew it was a token that the vessel was doomed to destruction.

GILBERT S. MACQUOID.

A CITY OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. II.

1. A fugitive passed through this city, when flying for his life.
2. Another fugitive started from it.
3. It was in the inheritance of Simeon.
4. Two defenceless travellers were once in great distress close by it.
5. A large party of travellers came there and offered sacrifices to God.
6. A grove was planted there.
7. A patriarch lived there.
8. Another patriarch saw a vision there.
9. A well was dug there.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.—P. 144.—AHAB.—1 Kings xxi. 25, 26. AHAZ.—2 Chron. xxviii. 19–25.

A-mas-A	2 Sam. xvii. 25.
H-anna-H	1 Sam. i. 13–17; iv. 18.
A-hav-A	Ezra viii. 21–23.
B-oa-Z	Ruth iv. 9.

ANSWER TO A CITY OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. I.—p. 176.—BETHEL.

(1) Judges i. 23, 26; (2) Gen. xxxv. 1, 5; (3) Judges xxi. 19; (4) 1 Sam. vii. 16; 2 Kings ii. 1, 2; (5) Gen. xxxv. 14, 15; 1 Kings xii. 32; (6) Judges i. 22, 24, 25; (7) Gen. xxviii. 19–21; (8) xxxv. 8; Judges iv. 5; (9) 1 Sam. x. 3; (10) xxx. 26, 27; (11) 1 Kings xiii. 4, 5, 6; (12) 2 Kings xvii. 28; (13) 1 Kings xiii. 14; (14) 2 Kings ii. 23, 24; (15) 1 Kings xiii. 1, 2; (16) 24; (17) 2 Kings xxiii. 4.