

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE WORDS OF THE WISE.



AN OLD MAN'S LESSON FROM THE SEA.

HUGH MILLER, the famous geologist, has told us that, when as a boy he had exhausted the slender library of his Highland home, and of such neighbours' houses as were hospitably opened to him, he began to prey on his neighbours themselves. "Old grey-headed men, and especially old women, became my books; and it was not long before I at least thought I discovered that

their narratives had only to be translated into the language of books, to render them as interesting as even the better kind of written stories." He goes on to assert that he fears the new order of things in society is not favourable to this form of instructive enjoyment: "For though the young must still learn, the old need not teach, and even that wise provision of nature

which implants curiosity in the young, while it renders the old communicative, seems abridged of one half its usefulness."

But though we admit certain of the tendencies he alludes to, we incline to think that, despite "standards" and "exams.," despite the masses of cheap specialised literature, and the multiplication of specialised forms of social amusements, such as "guilds," and "clubs," to say nothing of chronic tennis and athletics, there are still quiet corners in shady city houses, or snug seats on sunny hillsides, where good old patriarchs and dear old grannies pour forth their stories into the ears of greatly favoured youth!

It is interesting to notice how inspiration recognises this instinct of youth to enquire, and of age to communicate. "The stones of remembrance" were to be put up on the banks of the Jordan, expressly "that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off; and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel for ever."

We may be sure these "elders of Israel" would not tell such a story without pointing out its moral; how, "If the Lord had not been on our side, the waters had overwhelmed us," how the appointed path of duty is always made clear and possible, as we advance step by step along it. Very likely they would add corroborative experience of their own, saying, "Here and here the Lord led me," or "There and there He crossed me, because I was not walking according to His Will."

It is really this which gives supreme value to the narrations of old people. They have lived; they have seen; they know. From the pages of the past which they have turned over, they may predict the still unopened book of the future. It has been wittily said that, however we may dispute over the visions and prophecies of Ezekiel or St. John, there is no difficulty about the prophecies of the Proverbs, which are fulfilled every day in everybody's life! He does become poor, who "deals with a slack hand;" "the companion of fools" is destroyed; "a little with righteousness proves better than great revenues without right." Poverty does "come upon him who makes haste to be rich," and many a martyred life can bear witness that it is "better to meet a bear robbed of her whelps," than "a fool in his folly." As a shrewd French writer has said, "If the past leaves traces, the future has its roots;" and when the old and wise see these roots they know what the blossom and fruit will be—whether it be good, or whether it be evil!

All the wise men of old have dwelt strongly on the value of words of experience. "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes," says the Scriptural proverb; "but he that harkeneth unto counsel is wise." From all quarters of the world comes the same testimony. A Hindoo sage declares, "The words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place." A Norse writer warns his rude countrymen: "At a hoary speaker laugh thou

never; often is good that which the aged utter." Even the wild Tartars say: "The knowledge of the parents ought to be the inheritance of the children."

Such sentiments could be multiplied indefinitely down even to the quaint Roumanian legend recently recounted by the author of "The Land beyond the Forest."

These Roumanians say that in their pre-historic times, there was a custom of killing old people as useless encumbrances. There was, however, one son, so devoted to his father that he could not bear to do this, but hid the old man in a barrel in the cellar, and every day brought him food.

It seems that some terrible dragon was desolating the land, and all the arm-bearing men were summoned forth to destroy it. Among them was the dutiful son, heart-broken to think that if he never returned, his beloved parent must die of hunger. He told his fears to the old man, as he took him all the supplies he could finally muster.

The patriarch answered that if his son was never to return then he would be quite willing to die himself, but with the usual cheerfulness of that "experience which worketh hope," he saw no reason to prepare for such a contingency. He told his son that the cavern into which his destroyers would have to pursue the monster was a vast dark labyrinth, so that even when the creature was slain, his slayers would be unable to find their way back to the light. Therefore his advice was to enlist on their side an instinct stronger than their own. Let his son take the mare now going to pasture with her foal. Let him lead both animals to the mouth of the cave, there kill and bury the foal, but lead on the mother with the warriors until their task was accomplished, when they should release her, and she would be sure to trot back to her foal's grave.

The son carried out his father's instructions. He did not reveal them until the dragon was slain, and the warriors were in dismay to find that their conquest meant imprisonment in a living tomb. Then the dutiful son stepped forward with his neighing mare, whose maternal instinct soon hit on the right track and brought them all out.

When he was asked who taught him this wise scheme, he feared lest his father's life should be sacrificed, and also his own, for having broken the laws of the land. But when the grateful warriors heard the truth, they very sensibly remarked:

"Our ancestors did not do wisely in teaching us to kill the old ones, for these are more experienced than we, and can often help the people with their sage counsels when mere strength of arm is powerless to conquer." And henceforth, runs the legend, the foolish law was abolished.

A keen observer has shrewdly remarked, that in whatever direction we find wise men of old pointing their admonitions and warnings, there we may be sure that human nature and human ways specially need them. We see this illustrated by the many arguments the sages urge against fear of poverty, and contempt for the poor, by their denunciations of injustice to widows and oppression of orphans and strangers, by their

exposure of sham friendship, and self-seeking lip service; all of which we instantly recognise as among the commonest evil tendencies of ordinary mankind. By the same universal recommendation of good counsel, we must infer that there somehow exists an inclination to spurn or neglect it.

How strange this is! Nobody thinks of refusing instruction in a trade, or hints in a profession. One may not have skill or wit, or steadiness, to follow these out; but he would never make a boast of disregarding them, or publicly mock at those who tendered them. The little sailor-boy sits down beside the old skipper, and listens to his commendations or condemnations of the management of the ships and boats coming in and out of the little port. So he learns in time to manage his own. Nobody would willingly start on a voyage without studying the charts of those who have gone that way before, and have marked down the shoals and sunken rocks on which they nearly made shipwreck. And yet when the great voyage of life is in question, how heedlessly many of the voyagers set forth! There are to be no dangers for them. All dangers exist only in the cowardice or weakness of those who tell of them. It is to be all smooth sailing and summer breezes, or if storms come they will only bring out their prowess. They will reach the haven of their desire with spread sails and flying pennons. Ah me! They go out, leaving the old folks shaking their heads and wiping their eyes. But how many reach their destination? Well if they put back in time, even with

Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short; and only not a wreck.

But what of those whom Life speedily engulphs; or of those who linger for a while, water-logged vessels, buffeted on the waves of circumstance and temptation, till the night of some dread storm darkens over them—and they are gone?

Learn to be wise by others' harm
And you shall do right well,

says the old proverb. Each life is sure to have dangers and temptations which it cannot escape, however scrupulously it may avoid those against which it can be forewarned. By the reverence with which it listens to the external voices of wisdom, it trains its own soul to catch those inner intuitions which will best guide it round difficult corners, when no mortal eye can see and no mortal hand uphold.

Perhaps the greatest difference among young people is the way in which they receive counsel. Surely it should receive respect and attention, for he who tenders it is giving of his best, the wisdom which he himself has bought with a high price, perhaps with many tears. The young man should not be so absorbed in any pre-conceived plan of his own as to give no consideration to the words of experience. Sometimes the old man or the old woman says sorrowfully, "At this point I failed; there was nobody to warn me, and I fell into the snare against which I would caution you!" or it may even be that in their loving yearning

over the thoughtless young creature, they will open the very inmost shrine of their hearts, and whisper: "This was where I saw my best and dearest fail, when they took this turning, or that, they little knew where it would bring them out." They are seeking only "to care for others that these may not suffer what they have suffered."

But what is the reward they sometimes get for this effort at "divine well-doing?" The pert youth assures them that he knows what he is about, he will go so far and no farther. He is not weak like some people; he is not to be led a step beyond where he wills to go. The counsellor turns away silenced and sad, feeling that he has bared his scars and opened his graves in vain! But the end is generally one more verification of the old truth that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

There is another bad way of receiving advice when the counsel, to use the common phrase, "goes in at one ear and comes out at the other." While the youth remains under the influences of experience, he professes—and firmly believes—that he is in sympathy with them. Nay, he may echo them so loudly that he may gain credit as their most zealous disciple. But wait till he is in circumstances where he could embody these wise counsels in deeds of his own—the very circumstances for which such counsels are given.

What happens? Well, he begins to see a great many exceptions to general good rules—every temptation to break them seems such an exception. He begins to talk a great deal about "different standpoints." When he comes across anybody who holds strenuously to his own former views, he feels sure that "if they were in his place" they would relax as he does. He forgets that, if so, this is only the question of human strength or weakness, and does not affect the truth of any moral axiom. Many of us, if reduced to the conditions of dirt and misery which surround most drunkards and thieves, might also become drunkards and thieves, but the possibility of such lapse on our part does not save drunkenness and dishonesty from ranking as vices! And the same holds equally true of worldliness, extravagance, or frivolity.

Perhaps it is well when such an one frankly abandons his old standards, and goes over openly to the enemy, candidly asserting that, according to his own lights, he is "wiser than he used to be." But, alas, he seldom does this; he generally remains something of a traitor in the camp, shouting the old battle cries and waving the old flags, but always standing aside while the enemy creeps up to the citadel until the bewildered neutral world cannot understand who is really in possession. Such is the young man who cries out against theatres and balls, but goes to them when he is thrown among their patrons. These are they who puzzle people by talking "temperance," and yet set champagne on their festive tables as a "courtesy" to guests who have a known proclivity in that direction,—the very guests, of course, from whom it should be most stringently withheld. These are they who are loud in the praises of a simple life, and

yet wilfully multiply about themselves all the conventionalities and complications of modern luxury as fast as they can. These are they who profess to honour the philosopher, the poet, and the Christian, but whose friends are the financier, the flirt, and the mocker.

Oh, it is bitter for the old friends and counsellors to watch the slow declension of those who hide it from themselves by a screen made of the very principles they are deserting. Perhaps they venture on a remonstrance, alas, sure to be pointed in exact proportion as their disappointment is keen! Then they are told that they are too hard, too narrow, or that they are merely "insisting on their own ways." It is quite forgotten that they do but urge on their younger friends ways which those friends once proclaimed as theirs, and which as a matter of fact they still "profess with their lips." Presently, a subtle atmosphere warns the old people that counsel or expostulation is resented as "interference." The old friends feel with a keen pang that they have indeed no "right" to proffer more of the counsels that were once eagerly sought and apparently followed in those old times when the friends of to-day were not even heard of—when probably such people would have shrunk from those they now court, fearing them as possibly dangerous, troublesome, and altogether ineligible subjects! The old friends, whose old advice was backed by costly patience and effort, feel themselves silenced. They make a vain effort to continue tender to the former friendship, and yet true to their own convictions. It is seldom possible, the strain on both sides is too great. They have come to "the parting of the ways," to that subtle change which the American poet has so beautifully expressed—

When lives henceforth have separate ends
And never can be one again;

The old spiritual communion is ended, the mental sympathy is broken. Perished lie the high hopes of the old folk, who had thought,

All their lost dreams and what they might have been
To have in him again;

who had looked forward to see

His beauty reared upon their piled-up lives
And they quite satisfied.

He who has inflicted the disappointment feels injured by it. He says "too much was expected of him." Yet he has a restless sense that this "wrong" was the noblest honour ever shown him, and that some day, sooner or later, he will have to live up to it, or it will be the worse for him. The old friends fade out of his heart's inner circle. Kind words, and gracious courtesies, and substantial favours may still go to and fro; yet in reality, they live in "that silence of life more pathetic than death's." Souls touch no more. The young man says he cannot "get on" with people who make such vigorous search between right or wrong, who are not content to do as all the world does, and to rub along as other people rub. It might shock him to hear

that he does but paraphrase the soliloquy of the bad king Richard III. :—

I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes.

The old friends blame themselves bitterly; they must have made a mistake somehow, or he never could have failed them thus. (It is very likely they did, for mistakes flourish everywhere.) It is he who is in their minds as they sit musing, and yet reply "nothing," when asked what is the subject of their meditation. The human heart can never grow reconciled to disappointment. The wound is as fresh twenty years after, as on the first day. Touch it, and it bleeds anew.

May not this be because often what we call disappointment is but delayed hope. That "hope deferred" which we know will make the heart sick, though all is right again the moment desire is fulfilled. God's ways are always justified.

Let us look into this. Who is it who loves to quote and to obey the wise advices of father, mother, or ancient friend. It is seldom the young people, in whose ears the good words are still ringing. No, it is those with the frost of time upon their brows, whose own children are already growing up. These delight to say, "My father always said;" or, "My mother bade me;" or, "I had an old friend who told me." Perhaps the good old people did not always feel themselves heeded, perhaps they saw themselves disregarded, and disobeyed. But let us hope that they went down to their graves in faith, and that some day they will know how their warnings came back to the thoughtless rebels after their truth had been proved by many a bitter lesson and hard knock which taught the value of the love that would have spared such pain.

Sometimes, some of us are privileged to get a glimpse of this hope, which encourages our faith in its larger horizon in longer stretches of time and change. We will take an instance. Some years ago, there was a young man, bright, kindly, enthusiastic, but terribly wrong-headed in one important detail of the conduct of life. In vain a faithful friend pointed out the disasters to which this must lead. Persuasion, exhortation, warning, all alike fell fruitless. Some of the disasters did come, and only the friend's own efforts saved the rebel from bitterest suffering. Then he passed to a distant country, and to an entirely new sphere of life. There was no sign of changed views. The friend grew despairing on the subject, and allowed it to drop from the few brief communications which passed between them. It was only when some fresh changes were imminent that he ventured to broach the matter again, with repeated apologies for his intervention. With some trepidation he awaited the reply, fearing there might be none at all.

What came? This. "Many thanks for your kind letter. You will think I am learning wisdom at last, and you need not apologise for your advice. For I had actually carried out your latest counsels, before they reached me. I was very glad of your letter."

We have said so much about the value of advice and the duty of regarding it with gratitude and reverence, that we must add one word of caution. Advice must be weighed by the disinterested affection of the giver. We know that "every fool will be meddling." Let us give heed rather to the words of those who have already proved their goodness and their love, and who are prepared to support us under their counsel by every means in their power. There are plenty who are ready to advise this or that, but who would not put out their hand to help forward their own advice, and who, if it failed, would shake off the unfortunate sufferer with the remark that "everybody ought to know his own business best."

Again, there are those who at some time of their lives are left without a trusty counsellor, or whose deepest trials and difficulties are such that they cannot open to mortal eye. It is at such seasons and in such circumstances that we learn the depth and breadth of the sympathy and

wisdom incorporated in the Bible. It is then, too, that we find out the value of these great and good books which, coming warm and glowing from tried and triumphant hearts, have remained for centuries the solace of hearts that are also tried, and are not yet triumphant! But, above all, it is then that we may best learn that out of our own weak, sinful, foolish hearts there is a way straight up to the one source of strength, and goodness and wisdom. Does any crave counsel, and find no counsellor? Let him cry out to God, and await His answer, given gently, without upbraiding, in due proportion to the suppliant's needs and nature. As sweetly sings the sacred poet :

Who uses prayer, a friend shall never miss;
If he should slip, a timely staff and kind
Placed in his grasp by hands unseen shall find;
Sometimes upon his forehead a soft kiss,
And arms cast round him gently from behind.

ISABELLA F. MAYO.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, EDITOR OF "PRESENT DAY TRACTS."

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—*Isaiah liii. 3.*

THESE prophetic words refer to the man Christ Jesus—to Him to whom Pilate pointed when he said, **BEHOLD THE MAN!**

They are pre-eminently true of Him. Never was sorrow like His sorrow. Never was grief like His grief. Alike in kind and in degree, they were unexampled in human experience.

In many respects the sorrow and grief which He experienced from merely human causes were the same in kind as men in various circumstances have passed through; but the grief to which Jehovah put Him was quite peculiar to His own experience. He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him when the LORD put Him to grief.

Let us meditate on the main elements of that sorrow and grief which He endured in both aspects, and which together constituted Him

A MAN OF SORROWS, AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

Let us look at His experience in the family. He early began to taste the cup of sorrow.

You remember His first visit to the temple, when He remained behind in Jerusalem and was found by His sorrowing parents disputing in the temple with the doctors. His mother then reproached Him, saying, "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

It must have caused the holy Child a pang of sorrow to be reproached by His parents when He was blameless; when He was in the path of duty; when He was about His Heavenly Father's

business, or in His Father's house. It must have caused Him a pang of sorrow to have discovered that even His mother did not understand or was unmindful of His true character, His higher relationship and His appointed work.

These things must have troubled the sinless soul of the Child Jesus. To any dutiful and loving child unjust reproaches and misunderstanding of motives and character on the part of parents must cause pain. How much more must they have done so to the holy Child Jesus!

The veil is drawn over the eighteen years that intervened between this visit and His showing unto Israel. We do not know anything in detail of this period, but we are warranted in supposing that Joseph's death took place during the course of it, and Jesus would be profoundly affected by that death. He would be personally afflicted by it, and would suffer sympathetically with His mother. He would be the witness and sharer of her grief. Joseph was a man worthy to be loved and entrusted with the guardianship of the Virgin mother, and her sinless Son—the Saviour of the world; and, Jesus, who knew no sin, could not fail to love him for his own worth, and mourn for him accordingly. Jesus, who fulfilled all righteousness, who kept the fourth as well as all other commandments perfectly, in the spirit as well as in the letter, could not fail to regard him with filial reverence during his life, and mourn for him with filial grief when he died. There would be no truer or more genuine mourner in Israel that day than Jesus was when Joseph died.

Another source of sorrow to Him during this period must have been the unbelief of His brethren, the children of Joseph and Mary. These brethren, we are told, in John vii. 5, did not believe in Him. This was after His entrance on His public ministry. They must have grown up side by side with Him, in daily intercourse with Him, without perceiving His real character, without understanding Him and believing in Him. This must have been a source of unutterable grief to Him. The unbelief of any one was a grief to Him. How much keener must have been the grief caused by the unbelief of His brethren. How it might manifest itself during their secluded life at Nazareth we cannot tell. There would probably be little or nothing to call forth active manifestations of it; but the existence or it must have been known to Him and have pained Him exceedingly. He must have observed and felt keenly many signs of their insensibility to the revelation daily given in His whole character and life of His higher nature and origin.

When they taunted Him on the occasion referred to in John vii. 5, they not only displayed unbelief, but endeavoured to interfere with and dictate to Him in His work. "Depart hence," they said, "and go into Judaea, that Thy disciples also may see the works that Thou doest. For there is no man that doeth anything in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly."

"If Thou doest these things, shew Thyself to the world."

Such words as these must have been as a knife to His soul. The well-intentioned but unseasonable suggestion of His mother to Him at the marriage of Cana, founded as it was upon, and revealing, as it did, ignorance and misapprehension on her part, must have been in so far a grief to Him. However needful the reproof which He administered to her was, it would be a pain to Him to have to administer it. The changed relationship subsisting between them after He began His public work must have brought sorrow and grief to mother and Son. In the circle of the family, then, in His family relationships, the Saviour early, and through nearly all His life, experienced sorrow and grief.

In the circle of His disciples and His friends, too, He had experience of sorrow and grief. As Master and Lord of His disciples He was peculiarly tried. To any teacher whose heart is in his work, the intelligence and progress of his scholars are a source of joy and happiness. Their dulness and backwardness are a source of grief and sorrow. He is a mere hireling, and unworthy of the office of a teacher, who cares nothing for the character and advancement of his pupils, but only or chiefly for his own ease and advantage. Not such was Christ. His full measure of a teacher's peculiar trials He had to encounter.

How often was He afflicted by the misapprehensions, the unbelief and ignorance of His disciples whom He was training to be the heralds of the Gospel throughout the whole world.

After His resurrection He had to reproach the two disciples with whom He walked to Emmaus, as "fools, and slow of heart to believe all that

the prophets had spoken." They were doubtless samples of the whole body, neither better nor worse. The defection of pupils from a teacher because they are offended at his doctrine is a severe trial to him. This trial Jesus had to encounter.

"This is a hard saying, who can bear it?" said many of His disciples on one occasion, who "turned back and walked no more with Him." Such a trial would be severe to any man deeply convinced of the truth of his doctrine and its importance to men's temporal well-being. How much greater must it have been to Jesus, who was the Truth, and whose doctrine was of vital moment to men's everlasting well-being. What unutterable sorrow must He have felt when He was forsaken by these backsliders. "They went back," we read, "and walked no more with Him." They went back to the world and walked henceforward according to the course of it, and reaped the doom of it. They turned their backs on the Light of the world. They entered once more into the darkness of this world which, unless grace interposed, deepened at last into the blackness of darkness for ever.

This was not a spectacle which Jesus could witness unmoved. None the less profoundly would He feel it, albeit "He knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him."

As Master and Lord of His disciples He had further trial—He had trial of waywardness, ambition, presumption, denial, betrayal, desertion, among His servants.

These are trials which would afflict any right-minded master's heart when caused by his servants, and would the Lord Jesus Christ feel them less than another? Nay rather, incomparably more. How wayward was Peter on more than one occasion, swaying from one extreme to another in his impulsiveness! How ambitious were the sons of Zebedee, who desired, and sent their mother to beg the chief seats in the kingdom for them. How ambitious were they all, indeed, for did they not strive among themselves who should be accounted the greatest?

How presumptuous was Peter on more than one occasion, taking it upon himself to rebuke his Master! How vehement, repeated and profane were his denials of his Lord! How dark and aggravated was the betrayal of Judas! How terrible the desertion of all of them in the hour and power of darkness! Could any master or lord be subjected to greater trials than these from hired servants or dependents? But Jesus suffered thus from those whom He was serving although he was their Master and Lord, from those for whose sake He took upon Him a human form and assumed a servant's place, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, from those whom He had loved from the beginning, and whom He loved unto the end. Jesus, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the meek and lowly One, suffered these things at the hands of those who were the objects of His love and favour, the recipients of His grace, the destined heralds of His kingdom and assessors in it with Himself. Sorrow and grief enough and

to spare Jesus had in the circle of His chosen disciples.

He also suffered bereavement in the circle of friends. He wept tears of personal sorrow as well as of sympathy with the mourning sisters at the grave of his friend Lazarus.

Further, in His intercourse with His own people to whom He was more especially sent, He experienced sorrow and grief.

"He came unto His own," we read, "and His own received Him not!" These words reveal the whole extent of the sorrow and grief brought upon Him by His nation. He, the promised, expected, predicted, long and ardently desired Messiah, came to the chosen nation in the way foretold, and they received Him not!

Imagination can hardly conceive the sorrow and grief that must have wrung His heart in consequence of this rejection. The treatment He received at the hands of the nation, the contradiction of sinners against Himself which He had to endure, together with His unceasing prayer and toil, and His unwearied diligence in well-doing, had such an effect on His appearance that He looked nearer fifty when not much over thirty years old.

We have a condensed expression of the feelings of His heart in view of the national unbelief and rejection in the words which He uttered over impenitent Jerusalem:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

Language could not express in a more affecting manner the sorrow and grief of a loving and patient, a long-suffering and patriotic heart.

The Word made Flesh was the Creator of the world in which He tabernacled, and the world knew Him not.

He was the King of the people who disowned Him; the Saviour of the sinners who would not come to Him—the Light of the world that hated Him without a cause. He was the Prophet to those who would not hear Him. Such grief and sorrow as He felt in consequence no heart can ever conceive, no tongue can ever express. It culminated when He was taken, and by wicked hands was crucified and slain.

What must the holy, harmless, and undefiled One have felt, when He was numbered with transgressors, when He was accounted and treated as a malefactor, when He became "the song of the drunkard," the butt of a ribald soldiery, the scorn of an infuriated mob!

What must the Holy One and the Just have felt when He was condemned on the evidence of suborned witnesses by the civil and ecclesiastical

authorities, when a robber was preferred to Himself by the people?

The last source of sorrow and grief which He experienced was *peculiar to Himself*. It was when it pleased the LORD to bruise Him, when the LORD put Him to grief, and laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. None can share this grief and sorrow, even in degree. All the grief and sorrow which we have so far reviewed may be shared by His disciples, in degree at least. Much of it is such as is common to man, and such as those specially know something of, who have earnestly striven to publish unpalatable but profitable truths to an unwilling generation, or who have striven to elevate and emancipate their people.

But the sorrow and grief which the Saviour felt in Gethsemane and on Calvary, being the infliction of the penalty due to the sinner, upon the sinner's Substitute, never have been, and never can be, shared by another.

This is the last element of grief and sorrow which Jesus Christ had to endure.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," were His words, as He entered the hour and came under the power of darkness. The agony He endured on that occasion caused Him to sweat great drops of blood. This was at night, in the open air, and was the result of nothing but soul-anguish. Strong crying and tears were wrung from Him on that occasion. This agony, these tears, this bloody sweat, were all caused by the sin of the world, which was laid upon Him. He was feeling its full weight—He was realising what it was to be made a curse for a sin-laden, guilty, dead world. Thus did He foresee what awaited Him on the cross.

On the cross pre-eminently the LORD put Him to grief. Then He poured out His soul, even unto death. Then He made His soul an offering for sin. "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" are words which reveal the bitterest element in the cup of sorrow and grief which He had to drink. The darkness which came over the world, and which lasted from the sixth even to the ninth hour, was but a faint image of that darkness which overwhelmed His soul when the pains of hell got hold upon Him, and He found trouble and sorrow. This trouble and sorrow came upon Him because sin was found upon Him; sin, the responsibility of which He freely assumed, but in the commission of which He never shared. Truly, never was sorrow like unto His sorrow—this sorrow in the garden and on the tree—indeed, all the sorrow and grief which He endured was for thee, sinner.

Let the sorrow, then, that thy sin caused Him, cause thee sorrow for thy sin, and move thee to put it away from thee.



THE MARYS RETURNING FROM THE SEPULCHRE.

THE picture bearing this title belonging to the Comte de Paris, is a type of the work of an artist of genius, one of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century. Ary Scheffer was born at Dordrecht, in Holland, in 1795. His father was a painter; his two brothers were painters, and he himself was a kind of prodigy in Art, for, at twelve years of age, he exhibited a painting at Amsterdam which was more like the work of a man than a boy.

Happily, this infant prodigy had a wise and good mother, who never allowed him to believe there was in Art, more than elsewhere, a royal road to true excellence. All must attain perfection by assiduous work under right direction. Losing her husband, she took her three sons to Paris, and Ary, who was the eldest, entered the studio of one of those inspiring men of which France has been so prolific since the Revolution. Guerin was a teacher who put everything on a high and noble basis, and from his *atelier* proceeded anumber of painters, who, whatever their artistic merits or demerits, will live as genuine types of their time. Such is Ary Scheffer, and he who would understand the spiritual history of the middle of this century must, among other studies, comprehend Ary Scheffer: the man and his work.

To claim a position of this sort for any one is in some degree to claim for him unending fame. Judged simply as a painter, this would be far too high an estimate to put on Ary Scheffer's work. It is of its time and no other; will soon be, nay, already is, out of date. The age of romanticism has passed away, and we are in the full tide of realism. This, too, will have its turn, and only those of its artists who have been most profoundly and most sincerely under its influence will be regarded in future times as its representatives. Sincerity appears to have been prominently a characteristic of Ary Scheffer; a truly transparent soul, he could not hide his feelings when truth or justice, as he conceived them, were in question. In 1821, he was appointed drawing master to the princesses of the Orleans' family, and the friendship then commenced never ceased until death. Yet he was no courtier, as the following story testifies. Louis Philippe one day criticised the way he had arranged the hair in a Henri IV. he had painted. Scheffer maintained that it was right; the king persisted that it was wrong. "My dear Scheffer," at last said Louis Philippe, "were it only to please me, will you make this alteration?" "Well, then, Sire," cried the painter, unable to restrain himself, and dropping his brushes, "do it yourself!" The king smiled, and gently touching the painter's arm, said: "Don't be angry; you will think about it!" Other such stories are current, evincing the true honesty of the man.

This understood, we do not judge his work by any standard of our own day, or of any time prior to that in which he flourished, but its interest lies entirely in its representative character. It is profoundly melancholy; the sufferings of this life

seem to have so oppressed him as to render it impossible for him ever to paint in any other key. To judge from the subjects of his paintings, Byron and Goethe influenced him deeply and, one would hope, though perhaps vainly, that humanity has no sadder depths to traverse than those the German poet unveils in his Faust. This was a subject on which Ary Scheffer dwelt much, for he returns to it again and again. His whole thought is given in what is perhaps his finest picture: *Francisca de Rimini*. After this, painted in 1835, he began to attach himself much to religious subjects. In 1837 we have his well-known picture, *Christus Consolator*. Next year we may note his *Mignon Aspiring to Heaven*, both showing the hope he retained in the midst of all his sadness. Yet his religious subjects, which now become by far the more numerous and important of his works, have in them no gleam of joy. The utmost to which they rise is religious hope: this attains its highest point in *Saint Augustine and his Mother*, which is a really great work, since the religion it displays was one Scheffer understood better than that of the Gospels.

Nothing indeed can be more depressing than his pictures connected with the central fact in the world's history. They want the glory of divinity. It is the human side alone, and of that the weak forms which belongs to an age of culture and comfort. His figures are the expression of a drawing-room Christianity, incapable of affecting, except to enfeeble the men and women who really have to battle with life. But this was in no sense Ary Scheffer's fault; it was due to his sympathy with the thought of his age and the sincerity with which he expressed it.

In his own time, and even now, to those to whom they appeal, there is a certain grandeur in his composition and effect which show him to have been a master in Art. It is seen in the severe simplicity of the picture we reproduce. The three heads suggest three different phases of feeling produced by the sight of the empty tomb and the vision of the angels. The two faces in front express the more heavenly forms of wonder, that behind the more terrestrial. The full face looks upward in a transport of adoration, the one in profile, as one who has had a stone lifted from off her heart. The gloom of the background hill, intensified by the streak of coming dawn, contrasts with the brilliant light which illumines the open sepulchre.

Ary Scheffer's final pictures, painted in the year of his death, seem to have become more luminous, more full of joyous life and light. *The Angel Announcing the Resurrection*, left incomplete at his death, is the one we should of all his works desire most often to see. It seems as if he had suddenly bathed in the light and grace and perennial youth of the early Italian School. And with this bright gleam, and in consequence of performing an act of devotion and love, Ary Scheffer quitted the world. RICHARD HEATH.



THE MARYS RETURNING FROM THE SEPULCHRE.
AFTER ARY SCHEFFER.

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SEEN LAST.

“NO!” Hermione said aloud, as this question came strongly into her mind. “No, I could not do that! And to stoop to what Miss Dalton proposes! To make it a matter of county gossip, under her leadership! No, indeed! I would rather be penniless all my life.”

Pride and principle had both a share in this decision. She struck a wax match, lighted one of the small green candles affixed to her davenport, and wrote a brief note without hesitation.

“Westford Hall

“DEAR MISS DALTON,

“THANKS for your kind letter just received. I am interested, of course, in what you tell me about my dear grandfather’s intentions; but I must beg of you *on no account* to let the matter go farther. I should be distressed if it were generally known. The letter to Mr. Ogilvie was, of course, written in confidence.

“Excuse haste, and believe me,

“Yours truly,

“HERMIONE RIVERS.”

Hermione read her note through. “Yes, that will do,” she murmured. “They are the sort of people that one has to be very decided with. And all this in consequence of one call, and one favour accepted! Should I find myself frightfully in their power, after weeks in the house? I wonder, if after all, it might be better not—”

She did not finish the sentence even to herself, but went to place her note with other letters in the hall, ready for the post. Then the carriage drove up, and she waited to welcome her cousin.

Harvey came in listlessly. His altered looks did not strike Hermione, since she had been to the cottage two or three times since the accident. Her greeting was kind but pre-occupied; so much pre-occupied that she even forgot to ask how Julia was. Mrs. Trevor extended three gloved fingers, with a careless “How do?” and preceded the others into the drawing-room, exclaiming, “No lights! Well, that is cheerful, I must say. Only a single farthing dip! You seem to be doing things economically!”

This was addressed to Hermione, and Hermione answered—

“I have been busy. I do not know why Slade has not brought lights.” Slade, following with an armful of wraps, cast one reproachful look. “Yes, I remember, I said I would ring,” continued Hermione. “But it does not matter. We will have lights now.”

“It may not matter to you. It matters a good deal to me,” Mrs. Trevor responded in aggrieved tones. “After a dismal drive in the dark, to come to a room looking like a tomb! I declare it gives me the cold shivers all over. Do make a blaze with the fire, Harvey. And not a

sign of tea! I suppose we are not expected to care for creature-comforts. You had yours, no doubt, an hour ago.”

“No; I have waited,” was the frigid reply.

Mrs. Trevor showed no gratitude. She shrugged her shoulders, muttered “Economical!” and sat down with her feet on the fender. “Where is Mittie?” came next.

“I do not know.”

“Banished to the housekeeper’s room, no doubt!”

Hermione really was trying to be patient, in consideration of Harvey’s tired and tried look. Somehow, that which went before had drawn her nearer to her cousin. She felt as if a conspiracy were afoot to rob him for her benefit; and the better part of her nature was called up. Whatever old Mr. Dalrymple ought to have done and had not done, Hermione did not feel that Harvey was to blame for the state of things. But Mrs. Trevor’s manner was exasperating to the proud girl.

“I do not know,” she repeated. Mrs. Trevor turned to Slade who had brought in the lamp, and was drawing the curtains. “Tell Milton to send Miss Mittie here,” she said.

Slade responded with his usual composure; but in three minutes he returned alone.

“Mrs. Milton has not seen Miss Mittie all the afternoon, ma’am.”

“Then where has she been? Who has seen her?”

“Mrs. Milton was under the impression, ma’am, that Miss Mittie was with Miss Rivers.”

“Under the impression! Why couldn’t she make sure?” cried Mrs. Trevor indignantly. “She might have known better than to suppose anything of the sort. I’ve no doubt the poor child has been upstairs in one of those fireless rooms, catching her death of cold. Do, pray, find her at once, and send her here. I’m too chilly to stir.”

Slade quitted the room with evident intent to obey, and she called after him: “No, you had better bring up the tea, and send somebody else to look, for we are half-famished.”

“If I had known when you would really arrive, I could have had the tea waiting,” said Hermione.

“I told you as much as I knew myself. Slade might have had the tea-things here ready, at all events. But, of course, that was too much trouble for anybody to think of. I should have fancied that the child’s existence might have been remembered by somebody.”

Tea came in, and Hermione began to pour it out in silence. Slade put down the silver cake-basket in its right place; then said—

“Miss Mittie is not upstairs, ma’am.”

“Not upstairs? But she must be!” exclaimed Mrs. Trevor, aghast. “Where else can she have gone?”

“Mrs. Milton and the maids have looked into

all the rooms, ma'am, and Miss Mittie is not to be found," maintained Slade.

"She can't be out of doors. It is absurd, at this hour. Of course, she can't. When did anybody see her last?"

"Mrs. Milton saw her for a minute after luncheon, ma'am—some little time after. Mrs. Milton was very busy; and Miss Mittie said she was going to speak to Miss Rivers."

"Yes; she came to me," Hermione observed calmly. "She asked when you were expected to arrive, Mrs. Trevor."

"Was that all?"

"Not quite. I was busy, and could not attend to her. She said something, I think, about going out to get some flowers,—I did not exactly hear what."

"Didn't hear, and didn't care! What o'clock was that?"

"I am not sure. It may have been about half-past three."

"Mittie is most probably at the Rectory," said Harvey.

"No, sir; I thought of that. But Mrs. Milton says that Mr. and Miss Fitzalan are absent for the day. Miss Mittie told Mrs. Milton so; and also Mrs. Milton knows that Miss Mittie intended to be at home when Mrs. Trevor should arrive."

"She may be at the Rectory all the same," said Harvey. "Somebody had better go and enquire. Yes—you will be the best. If not there, you may hear of her elsewhere; unless she has gone to sleep in some corner of the house. That is as likely as anything. Another cup of tea, please."

Hermione complied with the request, trying to conquer a sense of uneasiness. Why had she not attended to the little one's wants, instead of so curtly repelling her? That brief scene did not look beautiful now, seen as a thing of the past. She felt half disposed to go and search for Mittie herself, only Mrs. Trevor's manner was so annoying. Pride protested, and she sat still. Mrs. Trevor muttered something and vanished; and presently Harvey followed her. Hermione could hear the sound of feet on the stairs, passing up and down; of doors opened and shut; of Mittie's name loudly called. It did not seem kind or gracious that she should remain here alone, taking no share in the search; and Hermione, suddenly ashamed, stood up, purposing to help.

But it was too late. Mrs. Trevor came in alone, walked to the rug, and turned upon Hermione a flushed face of disquiet.

"Mittie is not in the house or at the Rectory," she said in a hard hoarse voice. "Slade can hear nothing of her. Not a soul in the place has seen or spoken to the child—since you!"

Hermione's heart sank. "It is extraordinary," she said.

"Extraordinary! Is that all you have to say?"

"No—I am sorry——" Hermione began, forcing herself to be composed. She was going to say, "I am sorry I did not look after her more."

"A nice sort of sorrow! When you can sit here amusing yourself, not even taking the trouble to walk upstairs and look for her. Oh,

you needn't go now. She is not there. Nobody knows where she is, the poor little darling! Unless you do!"

Hermione kept cold silence.

"I'm not sure that you don't. I believe there's something more in it than any of us know. She spoke to you last. Why should she have gone away and hidden herself directly after? What did you say to her, pray? Speak, girl! What have you done to my child?"

Mrs. Trevor stamped one foot angrily. She seemed to be almost beside herself with grief and wrathful suspicion. Hermione grew pale.

"I have done nothing to Mittie. You are wrong and cruel to accuse me. She wanted flowers from the conservatory, and I was too busy to see to it. She said she would go out. Nothing more passed."

"Nothing more than an ordinary snubbing, I suppose. Poor pet! she wasn't used to snubbings before she came here. It was left to a saintly being like yourself to teach her what that sort of thing means."

"You are hard upon me—for what I cannot possibly help," Hermione said with difficulty.

"You could have helped it! Common attention to the child was all that was needed. Hard upon you! As if this were the only time! As if it had not been going on ever since we came to Westford! Oh, you count yourself an immaculate being, I know; but I can tell you other people don't hold the same opinion. You may be an angel among the cottagers, but you're not at all an angel in your own home. Talk of religion! I'm sick of the word. You just care to please yourself, and that's all. Your religion is to do what you like! It's selfishness out and out! You haven't even the bare kindness to look after a poor forlorn child, left in your charge. Oh, you were too busy, of course—about your own concerns—and my poor Mittie just had to take her chance. All I can say is, that if ever I want religion, I'll not come to you for it. I'll go to somebody who acts instead of talking. I don't believe in such saintliness as yours. It's all a sham and a delusion, nothing but show! There! I've told you plainly, for once, what I think. I don't care whether you like it or not."

Mrs. Trevor hurried away, and Hermione stood as if stunned, white to the lips; shuddering all over with long shivers as if of bodily pain.

For the arrow had struck home.

CHAPTER XXXII.—BELEAGUERED.

MITTIE did not mean to be half an hour absent when she started on her little excursion.

Hermione's "snubbing" had an uncomfortable effect, as such snubbings always had upon Mittie. It was true, as Mrs. Trevor said, that she was not used to them. Much spoiling and very limited scolding had fallen to Mittie's share, before she came to Westford. An occasional sharp word from her mother had meant little, and had been always manageable by a tear from Mittie. The child had really been never allowed to feel herself in the way; and her

loving sensitive nature suffered keenly from this novel sensation under Hermione's rule.

It was an intense delight to Mittie to think of having her mother back. Other people might count Mrs. Trevor no wise mother, and no very estimable person in some respects, but she was Mittie's mother, and there was very genuine and hearty affection between the two.

If only Mittie might have rigged up a big flag of welcome! She confided the notion to Milton, however, and Milton quashed the scheme at once. "Miss Rivers wouldn't like it."

Mittie thought it "funny" that cousin Hermione never seemed to like anything that she wished to do. But she was far too simple and childlike to bear malice. If anybody had asked her within five minutes after, if she loved cousin Hermione, she would have answered unhesitatingly, "Oh, yes! 'course I do—only not like my Marjory, you know!"

Failing the flag, she thought of the flowers; and here an appeal to Hermione, as present head of affairs, was needful. Poor Mittie was sorely disappointed to fail anew.

One resource remained. Once or twice lately in a walk with Marjory she had found prettily-tinted autumn leaves, yellow and red and golden-brown. "Mother" would surely like some of these placed on her dressing-table.

Hermione did not forbid her to go out; therefore Mittie felt free. She was accustomed to a good deal of liberty for so small a person.

It did not take long to get ready. Hat and jacket were soon donned; and Mittie skipped away through the garden, gloves in hand, bent upon reaching the meadows behind the Rectory. Tinted leaves might be nearer; but there she knew they could be found without doubt.

There they were too; only, as it happened, all the best and prettiest were out of Mittie's reach. She stood beneath tempting branches, and looked up with longing eyes, before resolving to go farther.

The next meadow might afford what she wanted. Mittie resolved to venture so far. If she ran fast going home, she would certainly be in time.

A stile had to be climbed, and Mittie found herself in a large field, covered with a succession of long rounded ridges of grass, like petrified earth-waves. Near the encircling hedge, grew in one spot a good many scattered small trees; and about half-way between this spot and the centre was a very fine young Wellingtonia, surrounded by a brick wall. A fence had formerly enclosed the Wellingtonia, but the fence having been repeatedly broken down, a wall had been substituted by the owner, who was very proud of his American specimen.

Mittie stole along by the hedge, breaking off here and there a tinted twig which caught her fancy, till she had quite a bouquet of variegated colours. Then she resolved to return home, but she thought she would take one look in passing at certain small bushes, growing just inside the wall which protected the Wellingtonia. So the little feet set off thither at a light run.

Suddenly some sound, or perhaps a vague in-

stinctive sense of danger, made Mittie turn her head and look back.

To her horror she was being chased. A large bull with lowered horns was rushing at full gallop straight towards her.

Mittie had not known before that any creature beside herself was in the field. Had she seen the animal she would have retreated at once, for years of town-life had made her timid in this respect. Probably, he had been browsing behind a group of trees at a short distance, till attracted by her running.

One faint shriek burst from the child's lips; but she did not pause. At her utmost speed she fled wildly over the grass, towards the Wellingtonia. Happily, she was a fleet runner, as well as a good climber. Many a wall and small tree had Mittie learnt to mount since Westford had been her home. Whether the bull really meant to hurt her, or was merely trying conclusions as to speed, might be questioned; but Mittie had no doubt whatever as to his murderous intentions.

Not a dozen clear yards lay between pursuer and pursued, when Mittie gained the enclosing wall; but that was enough. She knew of the one rugged and broken corner where she could ascend; and in another instant she had gained the summit, safe, but gasping for breath, blanched with terror, her poor little heart beating so madly that she could scarcely see what lay before her eyes. She dared not drop down within the wall, since it might not be possible to get up again on that side. There was nothing for it but to sit on the top, which happily offered a fairly broad and secure surface, and to watch with fascinated eyes her terrible foe.

One thing became at once apparent, that the bull had no notion of scaling a wall. Mittie had had her doubts on this head, and was consoled. Finding his prey out of reach, he stopped running, and seemed disposed to take the matter coolly; but he showed no intention of taking himself away. He browsed about carelessly here and there, always within twenty or thirty yards of the enclosure. It would have made little difference if he had gone to the utmost verge of the field. Mittie felt that she could never venture to descend alone, or to cross the wide space between the wall and the stile, while the enemy was anywhere within reach. She was on a fortress, practically invested, hopelessly cut off from the rest of the world.

For a while Mittie bore up pluckily. She was accustomed of late to rove about much alone, and to depend upon herself; and she felt no doubt that somebody would soon come to the rescue. Only it did seem very hard not to be at home to welcome her mother; and tears rose with the thought.

The wall seat, though tolerably safe since Mittie was not given to giddiness, could not be called comfortable. Mittie debated several times whether she might not venture to descend inside. But it would not do. She would be out of sight there; and getting up again might prove impossible, so smooth was the inner surface of the wall.

As time passed and no human being approached,

Mittie began to realise that things were growing serious. Light faded fast, and soon her little figure would be invisible, even if somebody did pass near. It grew very cold too, and Mittie felt chilled and stiff with long exposure. The idea of being all alone here after dark was terrible to the sensitive child. Fortitude failed at last, and she broke into bitter sobs, crying out for help.

In an interval of crying her eyes were caught by a faint light, beyond the first meadow. Mittie knew it to be a Rectory light; and the very sight brought a thrill of hope. "O Marjory! Marjory! do come!" wailed Mittie at first; and then—"But Marjory would tell me to ask God," she thought. And with the wailing sobs, which she was too cold and frightened to check, were childish murmurs of prayer and trust. Was ever such pleading unanswered?

CHAPTER XXXIII.—NOT MARJORY!

"MISS RIVERS, if you please—there's a woman just come."

Hermione turned upon Slade a face of such marble whiteness, that he stopped, dumbfounded. She looked like one who has received some sharp blow. But she said only—

"Yes, go on. A woman has come."

"The one who sometimes does a bit of weeding, Miss. She said her little boy saw Miss Mittie go into the meadows behind the Rectory, this afternoon."

"She would not be there now, of course. Has any one been to look?"

"I don't know, Miss. I thought I should find Mrs. Trevor here. It did just come to my mind as Miss Mittie might have got hurt or been frightened. The banks are slippery down by the stream. And besides—"

"Yes?" Hermione said enquiringly.

"Mr. Haye has taken to putting that big bull of his in them meadows the last three days, Miss Rivers. And Miss Mittie's mortal afraid of cows. I don't know as he'd hurt anybody,—they say he isn't so fierce as he looks. But he does run; and if Miss Mittie saw him coming, she might get a fright and tumble down somewhere."

This was a long speech for Slade to make. Hermione listened with her face turned towards him.

"Yes—it might be something of that sort. I don't see how she— But we can find out. Don't say anything to anybody, Slade. You and I will go."

"Yes, Miss." Slade's manner showed none of his surprise.

"I must do something. I can't rest," said Hermione in a low voice. "Dinner is put off, is it not? There will be time. Besides—it does not matter. She must be found. Wait one moment, and I will come."

Slade obeyed, with only a look of sympathy. In two minutes Hermione appeared, wearing hat and ulster. Milton alone was told of their expedition. Hermione set off at such a pace that Slade could hardly keep up with her.

It was by this time quite dark, and many

others were out searching. Even Harvey ventured a short distance, though very unfit for the exertion. Mrs. Trevor stayed in doors, with despairing tears and complaints.

Nobody seemed to have thought of the meadows behind the Rectory. Probably Marjory Fitzalan would have done so, but she and her father were absent still. None knew so much as Marjory of Mittie's favourite resorts.

Slade had procured a lighted lantern during his two minutes of waiting, one used already in the search. But for its help, they could hardly have followed the meadow-path.

An examination of the muddy bank of the stream proved fruitless; and they went on till the stile was reached, leading into the next large field. "You'll catch cold, Miss," Slade said solicitously, noting a shiver. "I don't know as it's much use going farther. Miss Mittie isn't likely to be there."

"Hush! Oh, hush!"

Hermione stood like a statue, listening.

"I can't hear nothing"—Slade declared. He was too much excited for his usual careful choice of words.

"Oh, hush!"

Slade obeyed, and there was another pause.

"Yes, it is her voice! A child crying! Oh, make haste!"

"Are you sure, Miss?" Slade's voice was more than dubious.

"Quite sure. Quick, Slade! she is somewhere near!"

Hermione sprang over the stile and took the lead. She pressed forward eagerly, pausing from time to time to study the direction of the sounds which grew more distinct as they advanced. Slade was soon obliged to admit that "there was something!"

"Not as I don't know that it isn't some sort of a creature caught in a trap," he added. "They do cry, some of 'em, wonderful like a child."

"But that is Miss Mittie's voice! Slade, can't you hear? She is sobbing and calling for help."

Slade's doubts were silenced. There could soon be no hesitation as to the nature of those wailing cries; and the very words became distinguishable. "Mother, mother! O Marjory, do come!" But no mention of "cousin Hermione!" A few hours earlier Hermione might not have noticed the omission. She did now, with a sharp pang.

"Hallo! That's the brute!" exclaimed Slade, with positive exultation over his own foresight, as a great creature retired promptly before the blaze of his lamp. He had not breath for much more. Hermione led at a run.

"The bull! Is it, really? Then you were right. Slade, come quickly. He will not touch us—and just hear that poor child! Mittie! Mittie! we are coming!" she cried cheerily, and her voice rang far ahead.

"Marjory! Marjory!" was the answering appeal. Poor little Mittie could hardly picture such an event as cousin Hermione coming to the rescue.

Half a minute more, and the wall was reached. Slade swung up his lantern. "She's on the top—" he panted. "I'll get her—down—"

"O Marjory! that dreadful, dreadful bull!" sobbed Mittie. "Slade, hold me tight, don't let him come! O Marjory——"

But Hermione's arms, not Marjory's, received the little shivering figure, lifted to the ground by Slade, folding her round in a protecting embrace; and Hermione's voice, not Marjory's, said pityingly, "Poor darling! No, he shall not hurt you—he shall not touch you! Mittie, dear, you are quite safe now. Don't be frightened! Don't sob so! Slade, she is so terribly cold; I don't think she can stand! What can we do? Oh, there is this!" and she drew off a small shawl which she had thrown over her own shoulders, putting it round Mittie. "Poor little thing! but don't cry, darling. Try to walk, because it will warm you."

"Is it cousin Hermione?" came with an amazed gasp: and then Mittie put up her face. "I'll try—try not to cry. I don't want—want to be naughty. But, oh, don't let the bull come!"

"He shall kill me first, Mittie. But you needn't be afraid. Slade is here, and the bull is frightened of the light."

"God sent you, didn't He?" came in an unexpected whisper, amid the sobs and shivers which the child had no power to control. "I thought—thought He would! Sweet cousin Hermione—you are so—so kind!"

"You'd best let me carry her, Miss," Slade said gravely.

No: Hermione could not resolve to unloose those little clinging arms. Her heart ached with bitter self-reproach at this loving response, after all her past coldness. Hermione lifted her off the wet grass. Mittie's cold face lay on her shoulder, and more than one tear fell upon it.

"Cousin Hermione, are you crying?" asked Mittie wonderingly. "Oh, I know you're tired. Mayn't I walk? Why, cousin Hermione—I didn't ever think you cared one scrap for me. Sweet cousin Hermione, I do love you so."

Hermione almost felt as if her heart would break under the childish tender words, coming so soon after the sharp stab of terrible truth given by the mother.

Easter Thoughts.

SADLY came the thought intruding—
Vain is all our earthly life,
'Tis but all a passing glory!
'Tis but all a passing strife!

Oft the child for life preparing,
Dies ere work has yet begun,—
Scarce the old man learns his lesson
Ere his work on earth is done!

All our strivings, all our victories,
Must they all thus pass away?
All our efforts,—all our learning,
What are all but children's play?

Thus I mused when Easter morning
Brought some flowers of faith and love,
Soon methought I saw a meadow—
Reaching to the life above.

True it is that children's playthings
Have no part in manhood's strife—
Yet their games were all a forecast
Of the larger, fuller life.

As the child was trained and tutored,
As his daily habits grew,
Till he understood in manhood
What before he dimly knew:

So it is with all our struggles,
All our learning,—all our play,
All we do in this world's morning
Fits us for a larger day.

And how sweet to God's own children,
In the darkest, dreariest hour,
Is the thought that He is teaching,—
Training by His love and power.

That the lesson dull and plodding,
Or the sharpness of the rod,
Or the grace of life and beauty
All are leading on to God.

In the glorious resurrection
When our spirit-bodies rise,
We shall leave behind our trifles,
Shall not need them in the skies.

But each plodding, half-learn'd lesson,
Every struggle for the right,
Every thought of praise for beauty—
All are germs of joy and light.

E'en the playthings and the habits,
All have found a meaning now;
And our crowns will shine the brighter
For the scars upon the brow.

Hard, indeed, have been the struggles,
Failures, disappointments here;
But we wait the full fruition
Which "hereafter" will appear.

When we cast our crowns before Him
We shall thank Him for the past,—
Thank the Saviour for His guidance,
And the Perfect Life at last.

S. LYDIA EWEANK.

Things New and Old.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.—A correspondent in Paris writes: "How horribly cruel it is of the English holiday people to write, as they so often do, harping on the old string of triste 'English Sundays,' and 'delightfully bright happy ones abroad.' One man writes to a newspaper describing how he passed his Sunday afternoon in the Champs Elysées, so bright—Yes, he went amongst the idlers: they are always holiday-making. I see a good deal, having open eyes, of the working side of these fine foreign Sundays. On two Sundays, during the few weeks I have been here, there have been house removals (whole flats as we should say), and nearly all day tired, weary-looking men, women and horses, toiling and working; and the general staircase of the whole great place is a most dismal, dingy litter. Go out for a walk on the Sunday, and you see the same thing in any number of places; walk along the Seine, see the weary all-the-week-round labourers; pass along the streets, and see the Bon Marche and Louvre drapery carts piled up with goods, dashing about. Oh, yes, foreign Sundays are very fine, truly; free, but with what freedom?"

DENA'S DISOBEDIENCE.

CHAPTER I.—DENA.



GOOD many years ago a little girl of about nine years old was standing on the stone steps of her Jersey home. She was not dressed in the very least as children nowadays are, for fashion rules the garb of youth as rigorously as it does that of more advanced age; and a little girl dressed in a Greenaway costume, or a prettily-smocked frock, would have a very different appearance to what Dena Gray presented on this June morning.

Above her little grey stuff boots were the frills of her long drawers, and above them was her full, white, muslin frock, with its many tucks and insertions of embroidery. She had on a white cape, too, made of some thick material, called *piqué*, and she had a bright green sash tied round her waist.

But from earliest ages to the present time childhood is pretty much the same, however the outward appearance of it may alter; and children's joys and sorrows are very similar, whatever the age and whatever the country.

And Dena, that morning, as she waited for her nurse, was not at all happy.

It was a glorious June morning, and the blue sea before her sparkled and glittered in the sunshine, and the little white-sailed boats off against the horizon seemed circled in brightness. It was all so beautiful—the sky was intensely blue, and across it sailed small armies of white cloudlets, and the birds were singing blithely, and it was holiday time; yet, spite of all this, and the prospect of a whole morning on the sea-shore, Dena's heart was very heavy, and her big brown eyes were filled with hardly-repressed tears, and a look of sorrow shaded her pretty little face, which was none the less charming seen under the very ugly white hat she wore, with its green bows and bundles of gas-green grapes fastened over her ears on the strings which nurse had tied tightly under her chin. Her brown ringlets were in excellent order, as nurse saw at a glance as she appeared on the scene. Had they been untidy, I fear Dena would have been made aware of the fact.

"Come, Miss Dena, are you ready?"

"Yes, nurse, quite; I have been waiting here for you ever so long," said Dena, hastily blinking away those troublesome tears.

"Have you got your spade and your bucket, Miss Dena? Don't you forget them as you did yesterday."

"I don't want them, nurse. I am going to look for shells, and this little basket will do."

"You may as well take your spade and bucket too," said nurse, who herself was armed with a basket; "because we are not coming back for dinner. We shall have our lunch down on the beach, and we shall be there all day."

Dena did not answer, and trotted along by her nurse's side as they wended their way to the beach.

The tide was low, and the brown rocks at Havre des Pas

looked most enticing, with their treasures of limpets and seaweed, and a possible anemone here and there.

Nurse settled herself with her knitting on a dry boulder just under the shelter of a high rock, which shaded her from the sun, and Dena amused herself looking for shells, and picking out bits of seaweed for her collection. She was an only child, and accustomed to play by herself and invent her own games, and as her parents led a very quiet life on account of Mrs. Gray's delicate health, Dena had rarely any young companions.

But that morning she found it hard to interest herself in what she was doing; for her thoughts were very busy, and, child as she was, she was going through a great deal of mental suffering.

Dena was a reserved nature and somewhat shy, and she could not have spoken to nurse of her trouble. Once or twice she looked up from her researches in the brown pools, and wondered if anybody could talk confidentially to nurse, who certainly did not look a sympathetic individual. Her cast-iron face, guarded on both sides by grey curls, fastened with a comb, her straw bonnet above which was what was then called an "ugly." In case some of my readers may not know what an "ugly" is, I may explain that it was an arrangement of silk—generally blue—stretched on wires which formed a kind of awning or shade to the face when fastened on to the bonnet. That it was rightly named no one who has ever seen one will dispute.

No, she could not tell nurse, that was certain; and mamma, dear, dear mamma, she had not seen for ten whole days, she had been so ill. And papa, her tall, grave father, whose chief interest in life was his music, how could she tell him? Why, her heart beat high at the very thought.

The trouble was that Dena had been disobedient, and, so far, no one on earth knew of it but herself.

She had been forbidden to go up into the granary of the house in which they lived. Dena had been trained to obey implicitly and unreasoningly, and, generally speaking, she was obedient; but the temptation one day to go up to the forbidden granary had been very strong, and she had yielded.

The house the Grays lived in was one which they had taken furnished from some friends of theirs, as, until lately, they had been living abroad, moving about from place to place, to suit Mrs. Gray's health, and only the month before Mr. Gray had bought all the furniture as it stood in the house, the Grandisons having written to offer it to him if he wished it. It saved Mr. Gray a good deal of trouble, and, as trouble was a thing he especially disliked, he was very glad of the offer.

This is a digression, but one which my readers will forgive, as it is one which is necessary.

To return to Dena. One day, having an idle time, she felt strongly desirous of going up to this large granary. Many a time, as she was returning home from her walks, and she looked up at the house, she had looked at the glass door which opened off it, and wondered what kind of a place it could be. From the road she could just see the glass door, or rather part of it, for the parapet of the house hid all of it from her sight. She longed to go and explore it all, and felt that the prohibition was a very hard one.

"Remember, Dena, you are not to go up to the granary

at all. The door is locked, so you could not go in if you tried; but I do not wish you to go farther up that staircase than the window," so Mrs. Gray had said one day, and Dena said she quite understood, and promised to remember, and to obey. It seemed all the more difficult to obey for two reasons.

One was that there was great novelty to Dena to be in a house entirely to themselves, as abroad, ever since she could remember, they had lived in apartments or hotels; and so to have a house all their own seemed very charming, and to be restricted in exploring it was a heavier trial to Dena than many will perhaps understand.

Another reason was that from that particular window, half-way between the bedroom floor and the attics, was a window from which you could see the signal post on Fort Regent.

Mr. Gray was constantly sending Dena to see if the packet was signalled from England or France, and if there was a storm-signal up. It was a great pleasure to Dena to go and look for the signal, but the pleasure was alloyed by the sight of that closed door, and one day not long before, as I tell you, Dena yielded and went up to see it closer.

Curiosity and disobedience. They were two things—were they not, children?—which had very terrible results years and years and ages ago, as across the centuries we read of Eve's curiosity and disobedience to God's command leading her to taste and eat of the forbidden fruit?

Dena went upstairs and tried the door. To her astonishment, it opened at once; it had been unlocked, and the key was in the door.

This June morning her disobedience was very much in her mind, as she played about the sunlit pools and watched the little crabs scuttling about in all directions. It had gone out of her head very much, as after a good quarter of an hour spent in the granary, she had come down again, and to her relief found no one had noticed her absence; but the evening before the still small voice of conscience had spoken very strongly to Dena, and she had risen the next day feeling oppressed and sad.

She had been very naughty, there was no doubt about that, and she longed to see her mother and tell her all about it. She wanted to tell her everything, and she knew she should never have rest until she did so.

Her little brain was very busy, and she suffered intensely that morning, as she wandered about, until a familiar voice fell on her ear, and she found she had wandered to exactly behind the rock where nurse was sitting.

"Yes; the mistress hasn't been well; worse than usual, this ten days or more, and they can't make out what's the matter with her," said nurse, evidently talking to a friend.

"I'm sorry, I'm sure I am," said another voice, and Dena recognised that of the Bath-chair man who drew Mrs. Gray about sometimes.

"There's another doctor coming to see her to-day," said nurse; "and we've come down here to be out of the house, so that she may be as quiet as possible. Indeed, master is that anxious he can't bear a sound, and fancies he hears us even in the wing we are in."

Afternoon glided on, and later on nurse and Dena went home, after having a rather silent and by no means cheerful lunch on the rocks. Nurse tried her best to talk to Dena, and tell her some stories, but Dena could not be roused to any interest, and since she had heard how ill her mother was, her fears were redoubled. If she could not see her, what was she to do?

When they reached the house, Mr. Gray, who had been on the look-out for them, threw up the drawing-room window and beckoned nurse to him.

Wondering what was wrong, nurse, followed by Dena, stood under the window.

A CITY OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. III.

This city's streets a holy prophet trod,
And one went out to meet the man of God
With camels bearing many a precious thing
Sent as a present from a dying king.
And here dwelt one, head of a soldier-band,
The Lord had given deliverance by his hand.
This was the home of him who knelt to pray,
"Oh Lord," he said, "send me good speed this day;"
His prayer was heard, and then he bowed his head
Low to the ground in gratitude, and said,
"Blessed be the Lord of mercy and of might,
I, being in the way, He led me right."
A conquering king brought down this city's pride
When two and twenty thousand warriors died;
He placed there garrisons of fighting men,
And all its people were his servants then.
But, later on, another monarch rose
Who found the people there his fiercest foes,
Rezon was king, and all the time he reigned
An enmity to Israel he maintained.
Here, afterwards, a king of Judah came
And served its gods, his ruin and his shame;
Copied its altar; then high places built,
And brought his kingdom low with all his guilt.
But judgment is pronounced against this place,
Glory departs, and sorrow comes apace.
Though once she bought the costly wares of Tyre,
Yet in her walls must burn consuming fire;
Saith God, "For three transgressions, yea, for four,
I will not turn away My vengeance sore."
Yet here a soul was filled with heavenly light,
And heard the gracious words, "Receive thy sight."

L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.

Who sold a field, with all that it contained?
Where, by St. Paul, was sacrifice restrained?
The second name of him who sold his Lord?
Who, in a storm, said Cast me overboard?
What woman's prayers went up by day and night?
City where Caleb did with giants fight?

Initials letters, now, and finals, name
Two prophets who with heavy tidings came,
A prophecy of punishment to bring,
One to a good, one to an evil king.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. III.

1. He received many commands from God, all of which he faithfully obeyed.
2. He and his family left their home, to which they never returned.
3. He was "just" and "perfect."
4. His father spoke of "the ground which the Lord hath cursed."
5. We are told the names of his children, but not of his wife.
6. He was "moved with fear."
7. His name is mentioned by Isaiah, Ezekiel, Paul, Peter, and by our Lord.

L. T.