THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE DALRYMPLES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—GIVING IN.

HIS STATEMENT WAS THAT OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

A WEEK later Julia came home. The day before she had a letter from Francesca, which she re-read carefully in the carriage on her way back. Part of it ran as follows :—

"You will find things different in certain respects; not altogether disagreeable respects. I told you about Hermione finding poor Mittie on the wall, and actually carrying her part of the way home, with Slade there by her side. Why she couldn't let Slade do it passes my comprehension; but I suppose Hermione always must do things after her own fashion, unlike other people. Anyhow she is oddly changed since that day. I must confess that I did for once speak out, when I found how she had been neglecting that poor child, and I gave her a good piece of my mind. She didn't say a word in answer, only turned so pale that really I almost thought she meant to treat me to a fainting fit, by way of mild revenge.

So perhaps the shot told. If so, I'm sure it is not to be regretted.

"Anyhow, whatever is the cause, I am glad to have her moderately civil to myself. More than civility I don't ask. As for the devotion which has sprung up between her and Mittie, I suppose I might be jealous if I were disposed to jealousy; which happily I am not. It is too much trouble. Mittie is better, but we can't let her come downstairs yet. She has had a narrow escape of rheumatic fever. Hermione sits with her by the hour together, reading and telling stories, which saves me trouble, so I don't object. Mittie's raptures are about equally divided now between 'my Marjory' and 'sweet cousin Hermione.' So long as the child is amused I really don't care what amuses her.

"I am giving you this little hint beforehand as to the present posture of affairs, for fear you should blunder. Hermione evidently objects to remarks on her proceedings.

"Harvey is getting impatient to be off to Eastbourne, I can see. I haven't an idea what Hermione will do. Miss Dalton paid her an immensely long call two days ago. Yesterday I told her that we should most likely be off before the end of next week; and she merely said 'Yes,' in her most composed tone. Harvey is by no means lively just now, but I dare say you will put him right. He gets nervous about himself, I suspect—wants a thorough change. I doubt if he will drive over for you to-morrow; as you say that it is not necessary. The distance both ways is really rather much for him just now; and I am sure I cannot possibly spare the time. Hermione might; but she will not think of it."

Prepared by Francesca's letter, Julia showed no surprise when told that Hermione had spent the afternoon with Mittie. She said only—"How kind!" and a softened look in Hermione's eyes showed that she had said the right thing.

After some hesitation, Thursday in the following week was fixed upon for the journey to Eastbourne. Julia begged her sister to say nothing about it either to or before Hermione. She had a keen recollection of Hermione's passionate outburst, and no less keen a recollection of her husband's desire that she should "manage" Hermione's going with them all to Eastbourne. Julia felt that her only hope of success lay in preventing further collisions between Francesca and Hermione. Fortunately, Mrs. Trevor was so far gratified with Hermione's attentions to Mittie as to fall in with Julia's wishes.

For more than a day and a half Julia put off speaking—not on principle, but simply because she lacked courage, and could not find a good opening. Sunday came, and she had said nothing. Directly after early dinner Hermione disappeared as usual, for Sunday-school work: but later in the afternoon, when she came home, Julia happened to be alone in the drawing-room.

"Julia—oh, I thought I should find Mittie here," Hermione said, with a touch of embarrassment, and an evident intention to retreat. She seemed to dread anything in the shape of a *tête-à-tête* just now with anybody. Julia rose to meet her.

"Francesca called Mittie away. I think they are in the morning-room till tea-time. Won't you stay with me? I want to speak to you."

Hermione stood still, two or three yards within the door, not approaching any nearer. "Yes. What do you want?" she asked.

"Won't you come and sit down, just for a minute or two?"

Hermione seemed unwilling to comply, but Julia's pleading eyes prevailed, and she came slowly to the sofa beside Julia.

"I must not stay," she said in an uneasy manner, not like her old self-confidence, "I have to take off my hat and jacket before tea,—and it is getting rather late."

"Half-an-hour before tea—isn't it? I want so much to say something."

Julia's cheeks were flushed, and her hand was unsteady. "Ought you not to be lying down?" asked Hermione.

"No: it doesn't matter. I have been resting, and I am so much better now. Isn't it wonderful to think how different things might have been in that dreadful accident?—and now both of us are getting on so well."

"Yes," was Hermione's response.

"I can never forget it. A time like that must make a difference to one, all through one's life. At least I hope so. I don't feel as if I could ever take things lightly and carelessly again. Won't you help me, Hermione? I know you can—as so few could."

Julia spoke with a grave truth and naturalness, which showed that she thoroughly meant what she said. But Hermione seemed to shrink under the words, and she drew her hand away from Julia's touch.

"Won't you?—when there is so much that I want to learn, and you can give me just the help that I need?"

"No, no!" The words seemed wrung from Hermione, and she turned her head away. "I can't! Not I. Mr. Fitzalan ——"

"Yes, indeed, he does help me, more than I can tell. I am always learning from his sermons. But still—you and I live together, and it does seem as if we ought to be friends. Your training has been so different from mine. Couldn't you teach me the things you have learnt all your life—the things I have only just begun to know?"

"O no! I don't deserve ——"

The utterance was scarcely audible. Julia could not be quite sure what Hermione said; only there was no mistake about the accompanying sob.

"Then shall we help one another?" she asked affectionately.

Hermione made no answer to this, and her face was still turned away; but she did not repel the arm which came softly round her waist.

"That was not all I had to say. There was something else," Julia began after a little break. She was afraid of interruptions. "I have been wanting to tell you all yesterday and to-day. About going to Eastbourne——"

"Yes. Mittie says it is to be next Thursday."

Julia augured ill from the cold tone, but she went on: "Yes; I think so. There seems no reason for putting off longer, and we all need a change. Will you come with us, Hermione?"

The response was delayed. Julia began to tremble.

"Please do. I want it so much, and my husband too. If you knew how anxious he is that you should——"

"I have decided not to go to the Daltons."

"And you will come with us?"

"Yes. Mittie begged it, and I have promised."

"Dear little Mittie!" Julia murmured. "Thank you so much! It is very good to do what we wish. We will try to make you happy there."

"I must take off my hat now."

And Hermione was gone. She could not resolve to unbend farther just then, though not insensible to the kindness of those loving and humble words which made yielding so much easier for her. The contrast between Julia and herself smote her painfully; and at the same time her pride writhed beneath the pain of having to give way, when she had so repeatedly declared that she would not.

Another grief lay below; the grief of a sorrowful new self-knowledge, following upon long self-deception. Hermione had only endured it hitherto, refusing to face it bravely. But Julia's words had taken effect. Hermione did face it that evening in church, solemnly, silently, with many tears.

Mr. Fitzalan went home after the evening service, counting his day's work done, and was met by Marjory, who had arrived first. She said —"Father—Hermione is in the study."

"Yes?" Mr. Fitzalan answered questioningly.

"Hermione wants a word with you. Slade was to see her home, and he is waiting in the kitchen."

Mr. Fitzalan made a sign of assent, and went to his study, closing the door behind him. Hermione stood near the table, her head bent, and traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Well, my child?" he said kindly, speaking as a father might have spoken.

Hermione put her hand into his. "I am going to Eastbourne," she said brokenly.

"That is good news. I am sure you are wise."

"Mittie—wants it——"

"Yes. She is a dear little child."

"I told her—But it is not only Mittie. I know I—ought."

"I think you are right. By-and-by you must come here for a long visit. After Eastbourne."

Hermione's head drooped lower, and she clasped her hands, resting them on the table.

"Mr. Fitzalan, is it——"

"Yes?"

"Is it—has it been——"

"Yes?" he repeated.

"Has it been—all—self-deception?"

"What makes you ask?"

"Mrs. Trevor said——" Sobs shook her frame, and she could not go on.

"One cannot judge another. Nay, more—we cannot judge our own selves fairly. You must take that question to your Master and Lord."

"Is He that—to me?" she asked, as if broken-hearted with the doubt.

"Yes, He is that to you by absolute right, and you are bound to His service by promise and vow. He *is* your Lord and Master! And if you have been untrue to Him—devoted to your own interests rather than to His—is not that it, Hermione——"

"Oh—yes!" she moaned rather than said.

"Then, dear child, what is there for you—what is there for any of us—but to go back to His feet, and tell Him all? Never mind how often you have or have not been to Him truly before. He is waiting to receive you to-night—whether for the first or the hundredth time. He will give the help you need. He is your Lord and Master, and you are His bounden servant. But let the service in the future be true and thorough—not half-hearted. Not 'Some of self, and some of Thee!' but 'None of self, and all of Thee!'"

"Thank you! Oh, I will! Only pray for me;" Hermione whispered, with a burst of gentle weeping, such as had scarcely been seen in her before.

CHAPTER XXXV.—"DOING JUSTLY."

"THREE Parades, mother! One at the top of another!"

"One above another, I suppose you mean."

"Yes. And lots of green growing all along. Hermione says it's called tam—— something. And there's a Splash-Point, only it's ever so far off right along the Parade, beyond the pier, and the waves do splash up there. Cousin Hermione and I could only just race round between the waves. And cousin Hermione got such a lovely colour in her cheeks. I saw lots of people looking at her. And cousin Hermione says I needn't call her 'cousin,' 'cause it's so long—all that lot of it! Hermione is four whole syllables, you know. Oh, I do like going out with her, it's such fun. And I'm sure cousin Hermione—no, I mean Hermione—likes it too."

"She is very kind to take so much trouble with you," Julia remarked.

"But she says it isn't trouble, one bit. She says it's fun. I didn't know Hermione liked fun before, and she does. We went up to the Wish Tower, mother, and there's a moat, and a bridge, and a gun, and a man. Oh, and down below there are holes in the great high wall, and I saw birds going in and out. Wasn't that odd? Cousin Hermione couldn't tell me why they went in. I thought grown-up people knew everything. But they don't. And, mother, we saw Beachy Head, ever so far off, you know, and high up. Three miles away cousin Hermione says. And I do want to go there some day, 'cause you know it's in the poetry about the Spanish Armada that my Marjory read to me. I've learnt bits, and I know that part. Oh, and mother——"

"Have pity, do, child! The way you chatter!!"

Mittie came to an abashed pause.

"I'll tell you the rest by-and-by, I think," she said sedately. "Only I do think Eastbourne is the very most delightful place I ever saw in all my life! And now I'm going back to Hermione."

This was their first day in Eastbourne, so a little excitement on Mittie's part was certainly excusable. Despite it's being the month of November, they had soft, mild, and clear weather, without rain or fogs, and with many gleams of sunshine.

Nearly a week after their arrival, Julia had one afternoon to take a note to her husband in the small sitting-room which he here used as a study. He received it with a slight detaining gesture, and she stood waiting while he read.

"No answer needed," he said, glancing up. "Sit down, Julia. I don't often get you alone for five minutes."

"We seem generally all together," she replied, with a quick throb of pleasure at the words.

"Why do you never speak to me now about Hermione's ——" he hesitated, and at length the word "claims?" followed.

"You told me that she had none."

"And you were satisfied?"

Julia lifted her black eyes to his, answering truthfully, "No!"

"Then why not speak?"

"I thought you might not like it. You told me I must depend upon you to——" and a pause.

"To 'do justly,'" her husband said.

"Yes."

"And," there was emphasis in Harvey's voice, "And, 'to walk humbly with thy God!' Is not that it?"

"O Harvey—yes," she said, with trembling lips, "I am trying. If you would but—too!"

"How do you know that I do not?" The question came as if in reproach, and Julia's eyes filled.

"I don't know, indeed," she faltered. "I haven't to judge about anybody—least of all, you!"

"Well, you might fairly doubt, since I never have made any particular profession of religion. However, I confess I have had those words in my mind lately. It seems to me that a good deal is implied by that walking!"

"Mr. Fitzalan said so one day lately. He said that 'walking with God!' meant oneness of aim and will with Him,—that it meant obedience, trust, acceptance, taking all He offers, and giving up pride and wilfulness."

"Ay! But before all this comes the 'doing justly.' Does that mean that a course of doing unjustly would make the rest impossible?"

She bent her head, and answered very low, "I think so. I am afraid so."

"And I—have found it so!" he said.

Julia's hand came on his arm. "Harvey, will you not," she pleaded, half choked, "—will you not do it—do what seems right—be on the safe side?"

"I cannot make up my mind. Not for want of thinking. It has been before me constantly. But there are difficulties. Something must be done, undoubtedly. The question is—what?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," Julia breathed.

"It would mean a certain amount of pecuniary pressure for years—for you and me."

"Ought we to think of that—if it is right—if your uncle meant her to have so much?"

"If? That is the question. Did he mean it calmly, or was it a sudden impulse? Should I be right to part with so much? There are certain duties which I owe to the estate, to those living on the estate. How if I could not fulfil those duties?"

"But have we not to 'do justly,' not thinking of consequences?"

Harvey smiled a little. "Yours is a very straightforward view of the matter."

"Is it the wrong view?"

"Not abstractly—it could not be. Practically there are complications which make decision not so easy. You must remember that I am not bound to give any particular sum. We may have a sense of what is morally right or wrong in such a matter; but legally I am free. My uncle's mere wishes have no binding power over me."

"No. But still——" she said.

"But still I agree with you that something should be done. I shall not be at rest, till it is settled one way or another?"

"Cannot you now—— Why put off?"

"I am not able to come to a decision."

"Then, why not speak to Hermione? Tell her plainly how things stand, and see what she will say. Would not that be a help? She is so kind and loving lately—so different—I do think she would help you in seeing what to do. Anything is better than to put off. Suppose you changed your mind again!"

"You have small trust in me!"

"O no; it isn't that! I only know what I am myself. May I call Hermione?"

"At once!" Man-like, he distrusted impulse in a business matter.

"Yes; at once. She is indoors. Isn't it best to be open?"

And after a little more hesitation, a little more pleading, Harvey actually said—"Yes!"

Hermione listened to her cousin's statement with an air of calm attention, sitting opposite to him, her hands folded on her lap, and her blue eyes glancing from him to Julia. His statement was that of a man of business, though gleams of personal feeling came in now and then. When he had mentioned the letter to Mr. Selwyn, and the "twenty thousand pounds," she said in surprise—"No, no! that must be a mistake!" When he spoke of his difficulty in parting with so much in a lump, she said—"No! it would not do at all."

"Now you see exactly how things stand," were Harvey's concluding words. "I wish to do what is right and fair; but the estate will not stand unlimited pulls upon it. Julia advises me to consult with you. I do not fancy that my uncle would have wished to injure the property."

"I know he would not. I can help you here," she said, with her sweetest smile. "If only I had known before that you were worried!"

"Then your grandfather spoke to you of his intentions?"

"No; he never talked business to me. It was not his way. But that Saturday, the very same day that he wrote to Mr. Selwyn, he wrote to an old friend, Mr. Ogilvie, a relative of your Mrs. Ogilvie, Julia. You must see the letter. I only heard of it lately—through the Daltons at first; and some days ago Mr. Ogilvie sent it to me. I have not liked to mention it to either of you. Of course the Daltons had no right to interfere, and ——But I will get the letter."

She sped lightly away, and Harvey looked towards his wife with a quiet—"You were right!"

Almost immediately Hermione came back, flushed and eager. She gave the sheet to Harvey, saying—"It is there on the second page. Read to Julia, if you like."

And Harvey read:—"'You will remember my grandchild, Hermione Rivers—a child when you saw her last, but now a young woman. She is dearer to me than ever. I can feel no fears about her future; she will never fail to win friends. But, as you are aware, the Westford estate is entailed; and I have to-day resolved to leave to her, absolutely, the sum of 10,000*l.* I wish I could make it 20,000*l.* but I doubt if the estate would stand so great a loss, and I do not feel that I have a right to cripple my successor. You will think it strange that I have not provided fully for my Hermione sooner. Blame an old man's procrastination. It shall be delayed no longer.'"

"Strange!" Harvey uttered.

"You see! The most he thought of was ten thousand," said Hermione. "And I shall never want so much."

"When was it written?" Julia enquired. "On the Saturday? The same day that he wrote of 20,000*l.* to Mr. Selwyn?"

"Probably at the same time. That must have been a slip of the pen," Harvey said. "His mind was no doubt confused."

"Poor grandfather!" Hermione added. "Yes; the illness was coming on even then. But there is no mistake about what he really meant. He gives his reasons for the one—not for the other."

"True!" Harvey murmured. There was a brief silence of two or three minutes, during which he bent his head in deep thought. Julia watched him fearfully, praying in her heart. Hermione seemed almost indifferent.

Then Harvey raised his eyes, a new light shining in them.

"The ten thousand pounds shall be yours, Hermione. I will take steps at once."

Hermione looked rather disturbed.

"Is that right? Is it needful?"

"I think so—both right and needful. You have made matters plain. If he had lived another week, it would have been yours. It shall be yours now!"

Hermione could only murmur something inarticulate about—"Very, very kind!"

"Only just!" Harvey answered.

Julia bent to kiss the forehead from which all puckers had disappeared, whispering—"I am so glad!—oh, so thankful!"

And Harry Fitzalan

The ten thousand pounds were no bait at all to Harry! He scouted any such considerations. He loved Hermione deeply; but he could not get over that one sight of Hermione in a rage. It "finished him off," he said. No such wife for him!

And, though he could not cease to care for her, he held studiously aloof, kept resolutely apart. Perhaps Harry's character was none the worse in the end for this long process of abstention—long, for it lasted four years. Nobody knew what Hermione thought of it. She suffered; but no human being was allowed a glimpse below the surface.

But at length, after four whole years, even the sceptical Harry was convinced of that which every one else saw plainly, the real change in Hermione. He found that she was now, what once she had only, at least in a measure, seemed to be. All hesitation quickly vanished; and the day soon came when these two were pledged to aid each other in all the worthiest aims of life.

"THE LOVE OF JESUS."

BY THE REV. R. F. HORTON, M.A.

"Abide ye in My love."—*John* xv. 9.

IT is very wonderful that Jesus should make all our relations with Himself turn upon love: His love to us, our love to Him. For love has its claims, and it brings a kind of humbling with it; when we love we in a manner submit ourselves to the object of our love, and when we let others love us we place ourselves still more under an imperious though welcome bondage. Proud natures, therefore, are apt to resist the approaches of this humbling influence: they prefer not to love others, lest they should be drawn out of themselves in tenderness; they resent any sign of others loving them, lest it should lay a yoke upon their necks. An old poet said of Love and Majesty that they cannot well accord nor share the same abode.[1] How wonderful, then, it is that Jesus—who is "Lord of all"—should choose this as the tie to bind us to Himself, this tender, submissive and humbling bond of love. When He says that He loves us, He seems to quit the

[1] "Haud bene conveniunt, neque in una sede morantur."

throne and come down to our side: when He asks us to love Him, He puts Himself as it were into our hands.

If He had proposed to us the relationship of King and subject, we might with gratitude have brought our homage to His feet, rejoicing in the thought of allegiance to such a sovereign; if He had offered us service in His household, we might with joy have taken His livery upon us, and gloried in possessing so wise and powerful a Master; if even He had claimed us as slaves duly purchased, we might have gladly recognised the right, seeing that the alternative was bondage to a tyrant and in the end a miserable death; but that He should propose to enter into a bond of mutual love—love which means submission, mutual submission—love which means the renunciation of all claims except its own, and the surrender of all royalties, masterhoods, ownerships, except such as lie in its own sweet and beautiful nature, it is wonderful, it passes knowledge! How can we remain insensible to it, unmelted?

There seem to be many even among nominal Christians who have never realised this love of Jesus; they have taken it as a matter of course; like the warm summer sunshine or the fragrance of summer flowers, it has appeared to them part of the constitution of the world into which they were born. Directly their eyes opened to anything they beheld that gracious Saviour, and they have never noticed how wonderful His love is, because it would seem to them abnormal, and almost incredible that He should not love them. How many of our choicest boons do we accept in that way, missing all the flavours because we have never been quite without the taste of them!

Our Christian life should be the deepening realisation of the great possession which at first we take for granted. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to unseal our eyes, and to unstop our ears, and to make our hearts tender. Under that softening influence the familiar facts of the coming, and the life, and the suffering of our Lord glow with a new light; the message sounds with a new meaning; and we are touched with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and wonder and love. The spiritual life is a life of realisation. It is like the opening of wells which have been choked with rubbish; there is a noise of running waters, there is a freshening in the air; with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation. O that the Holy Spirit might come upon us all, and bring these things of Christ into a moving contact with our souls!

Now I will put a question to you, every one. Have you ever experienced that love of Christ flowing towards you like a full and inexhaustible stream? Has that sweet and touching discovery dawned upon your heart that He has a personal feeling for you—such a feeling as your dearest ones on earth, your most intimate friends might have—of the same kind though stronger, purer and more unchangeable in proportion as this great lover of your soul is Himself far above all ordinary lovers? It comes to us sometimes quite gradually, like the coming of the dawn; sometimes, again, it breaks upon us like a beautiful and tender landscape when the mists are suddenly riven. But, however it comes, it is the same in its character, and the same in its results. "What!" you exclaim, as the tears rush from your opened eyes, "does the Saviour know me, me, just as I am, and actually love me? How can it be? Why, even the love of friends fills me with astonishment, yet they do not know half my faults, my inward stains, and glooms, and duplicities. And does He, Who knows all, actually love me? There are some pure saints of whom I have heard—such as these I could understand Him loving; but me! How unlovely do I seem to myself! How dull, and heavy, and cold; how earthy, and of the earth! How devoid of gifts! How rebellious and sinful! Saviour, if Thou lovest me—nay, since Thou lovest me—I give Thee my heart. It is nothing to give, but I cannot help giving it; like a flame rising up to the sun, like a fountain which mounts into the air, my whole soul flows out to Thee. Thou lovest me, dear Saviour; I love Thee."

Has such an experience of the love of Christ ever come to you, breaking your heart down in humility and unspeakable gratitude?

There are some in whom the love of Christ has become a consuming passion. They have looked upon Him until He has seemed to enter into their souls, and to take complete possession, so that they did not seem to live any more, but Christ lived in them. Nor is this strange. The human heart may be wholly possessed by other thoughts and ideals less moving than Christ is. But what is their power compared with the power of Christ over the believer? Go and take your place before Him for a while and gaze. Let His human life pass before you; mark His purity, His strength, His humility; above all, catch the tone of His indescribable compassion. Then, as the Person becomes clear to you, follow Him to the Cross, meditate on all that inward conflict, that unequalled anguish, as He goes "a lamb to the slaughter," the "Lamb of God taking away the sins of the world." Then, as His accomplished sacrifice becomes plain to you, come to Him, risen and passed within the veil, but still the same strong, patient, tender, self-sacrificing One. You come into personal touch with Him. Now you live in daily communion with Him. Ah, it is no wonder that many have felt His love as a consuming passion. The wonder is, how any of us can remain cold to it, how any lips can refuse to sing His praises and make confession of His name. Those of His saints who have passed days and nights in ecstasy before Him, ravished from things of time and sense by the power of His dying love, are in the natural attitude. Those who never shed a tear at the thought of Him who wept over them are surely in a state strangely unresponsive and dead.

While some have been carried away with a passion of love, we must remind ourselves that others are differently affected. They are naturally less emotional, less highly strung; they are affected more on the side of the understanding than on the side of the feelings; and it would not be possible for them to experience that kind of rapture which gave such a glow and enthusiasm to the spiritual life of St. Paul. To them

the love of Christ may come as a strong claim of duty; they may find themselves impelled to a life of self-sacrifice and devotion by a conviction which seems to act upon them more like a firm hand than a tender heart. It is very necessary that we should recognise these differences of spiritual constitution. Otherwise one may conclude that the love of Christ is not for him, because he does not feel it as another does, while of course the truth is that the love of Christ flows equally towards all.

Another caution may be given. Do not allow your faith to fluctuate, because the active emotion of love does not always remain the same. Our emotions play a large and important part in the spiritual, as they do in the natural, life; but all true life must be based upon facts, and not on the transitory feelings which the facts occasion. It is therefore a good rule, when the conscious love of Christ appears to fade and lose its power, not to sit idly watching the embers, or trying to fan them into an artificial flame, but to turn our eyes steadfastly to the unchanging facts of the Lord's person and work. Is your love faint or cold? Be thankful that His is strong and warm.

The records of saintly lives and the experience of spiritual joys may be positively harmful to us if they lead us to make a certain state of feeling the standard of faith and practice. "Abide ye in My love," says the Lord; and that those of us may do whose emotional nature is quite feeble, and all of us may do even in moments when conscious feeling is entirely suspended.

But now it is time to observe the twofold nature of the truth which is before us, for it seems to be in this double aspect of it that its sufficiency for differing natures and changing moods is to be found.

(1.) In verse 10, the Lord says, "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love," implying that the condition of enjoying the love is obedience to His will.

(2.) In chap. xiv. 23, on the other hand, He says, "If a man love Me, he will keep My word," implying that the condition of obeying His commandments is a personal love to Himself.

This double proof is beautifully illustrated by the facts of Christian experience. There are many people whose love to Christ has come in the way of implicit obedience to Him. And all of us have known times when our love has been kindled by simply and unquestioningly doing something which we know that He wishes us to do. Perhaps the mind has been shaken with doubt; all the established facts of the Gospel seem to be blotted out and to vanish in the dim uncertainties of the past, as the sky and the sea disappear in the blinding sweep of a rainstorm. It no longer seems possible to accept Jesus as an historic person; the testimony of His apostles seems nothing but the excited imagination of simple and ignorant men; the story of Christianity appears like a gentle dream which must depart with the awaking of a new and more intelligent age. Or possibly the doubt has come in another form, the personal interest in all the work of Christ has grown questionable; a sad fear has crept in, that while the Christian life is possible for others it is impossible for us; we feel that we have no part or lot in the matter; perhaps we have trifled away our opportunities and hardened our hearts; but the love of Christ is not a reality to us, it does not move us, it does not even touch us.

Now, in these dark moments of questioning and misgiving, the humbled heart has often been sustained, and led, and brought back into the light of His love by simply obeying with a fixed resolution the commandments of the vanished Lord. Whether the historical facts are shaken or not, the doubting spirit has said: Here is a law of life plain, and simple, and manifestly true. Walking in the way of humble ministry to the poor and needy, in the way of rigorous self-searching that the heart may be pure and the tongue true, seeking for the spirit of childlike trust and faithful dependence, we have emerged into the light, the love of Christ has flowed upon us, and with His love has come Himself.

Still more frequently has the despondency about the personal relation to Him been dispelled by obeying His plain commandment to confess Him. As our lips have opened to utter His name, as we have taken the step towards joining ourselves with His people, and openly entering His kingdom, the whole prospect has cleared, certainty has come for misgiving, tenderness for coldness, and His love has awaked in our hearts like the singing of birds. Yes, there are many to whom the injunction to love Christ sounds impossible, but the claim to obedience immediately arrests them. They obey, and in obeying they find that they have learnt to love. How often, in the honest wish to do the Will of God has, the truth of Jesus broken into the heart! And has there ever been an instance of a man walking by the commandments of Jesus in simplicity and truth, without finally stepping into the open arms of His love? What a sovereign remedy for doubt is this! What a gracious provision for our infirmities! "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love. This is My commandment, that ye love one another."

The other side of the truth is more familiar. It is very plain that if a man loves Jesus he will keep His word. Not in that sad and tentative way of which we have just been thinking, but with a fulness of unquestioning enthusiasm. When the love of Jesus burns in our hearts we delight to do His will. As the love grows daily, so does the joy of obedience grow. Have you not known sometimes that unfolding of His love which reveals in some new and unexpected way its depths and truth, so that a kind of hunger seizes you to give Him that which costs you something, so that you are glad to find that there is a burden which you may bear for Him, and a cross to which you may be nailed? When we really abide in His love, His commandments entirely cease to be grievous. Were we hugging our treasure of wealth, gloating over its beauty, delighting in the honour which it brought us, feeling that nothing on earth would incline us to part with it? He looked upon us with His eyes of love, and as His look sank into our hearts, we arose; unconsciously, we let our treasure fall

down at His feet, and we noted that it had lost its radiance in the light of His presence. Did we dread the claim He might make for its surrender, the pain it would be to give it up? Behold, He made no claim, and we never had to tear ourselves away, it all went, and we did not miss it. Such was His love.

The love of Jesus makes His yoke easy, His burden light. The service of love knows no sorrow except that it should be a thing so small, a sacrifice that costs so little. The saints, and the heroes, and the martyrs who have endured all things for the sake of their Master are quite unconscious that they have endured anything. They are only aware every day, of what He endured for them. They perpetually speak of joy, the unclouded joy.

In the days of American slavery a physician was once sent for by the owner to see a sick slave. Entering the hut, the master began to upbraid and threaten the suffering man. "By pretending to be religious and going to your meetings, you have got this sickness; but, as soon as you are better, I will cure you with a thousand lashes." "Hush," said the doctor, "he has only a few moments to live." The slave raised himself and said, "I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, my blessed Redeemer, for all Thy mercies to Thy poor servant; now receive my spirit into Thy kingdom," and expired. To one who is absorbed in the love of Christ, every condition of life, suffering, loss, disaster and death seems matter of thanksgiving.

It is a double truth, then, one which can be approached from either side. God has not pledged Himself to deal with us all alike. Sometimes He leads us to Christ by the law as a schoolmaster: sometimes He leads us by Christ to the knowledge of the law. In the spiritual world—as in the natural world—there is an interaction of forces, and you cannot always distinguish cause and effect. The lofty song has often moved the mind of man to the doing of a noble deed; but it was some high heroism that in the first instance inspired the song. The love of Jesus stirs us to a life of joyous obedience: the life of obedience brings us to the love of Jesus.

And now, as we close, we will again contemplate in wonder the fact that He should care to love us, or to ask us for our love. Is it not plain that, if you do not love Him, it is because you do not see how He loves you? For while we might feel at liberty to despise a human love, and, in our pride or folly, to drive men from us just because they love us, or lest they should be led to love us; when it is the strong Son of God, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His face, who deigns to love us, we cannot but be moved. If we are not moved it must be because we do not know.

And, therefore, I would ask that the Holy Spirit might move upon your heart, and might show you how the love of Jesus sets in a mighty stream towards the creatures whom He has saved; and that by the Holy Spirit's aid you might see that mighty Saviour going on before, with that look of untold tenderness upon His face, with that readiness of service in His hands, and that passion of sacrifice in His eyes; and that by the same Holy Spirit you might learn how He turns and speaks to you, and to you puts the question, "Lovest thou Me?"

You need not be ashamed to be stirred by these strivings of the Spirit of God. Do not try to put them from you, or fancy that the emotions are deceptive, and that a wise man must be governed only by the passionless reason! The whole gospel began in emotion, the emotion of the Father's heart: "He so loved the world," it was worked out in the very depths of feeling—the yearning, the pain, the agony, the death of Jesus, and you cannot gaze upon it believingly, you cannot accept the facts into the understanding without being moved in the heart. You are not accustomed to weep? No; but it is love like this of Christ's which brings tears to a strong man's eyes. You do not like to be broken down as if you were a woman or a child? No; but this love of Jesus does break us down. In it all our pride and obstinacy and self-sufficiency vanish away; through it we receive a new and a tender heart; as its tide sweeps over us it cleanses us from all our sins, and fills us with an emotion of gratitude, and kindling enthusiasm which transforms us, and makes us new creatures.

Hymn for a Men's Class.

KING of Glory, we Thy servants
In our worship now draw nigh:
Jesu, of Thy pity, hear us,
Hear, and answer from on high.

Condescending, Thou hast taken
Once a lowly workman's part;
Thou hast known our life of labour,
Bear us on Thy loving heart.

Heavenly comfort, peace and gladness
Thou hast promised all who pray;
Lord, on us fulfil that gospel,
Succour grant us day by day.

Send us motives, strong and holy
Truthful make us, pure and kind;
Fill our souls with Thy dear Presence,
Giving each a godly mind.

Thou hast suffered, wept, and laboured,
Bitter agony was Thine;
Toil is lightened, sorrow sweetened
By that Sacrifice divine.

King of Glory, by Thy Passion
Thine for ever we would be,
Having heard Thy soft entreaty,
"Take thy cross, and follow Me."

Though in weakness oft we stumble,
And from paths of duty stray,
Yet we follow, humbly striving
Still to tread the narrow way.

Here we offer, Lord of Glory,
All we have and all we are;
Light Eternal, Thee we worship,
Ever be our guiding Star.

C. JOHNSON BARKER.

The Soul Imprisoned.

I PASSED along a narrow noisy street,
Where, just above the hurrying crowds, there hung
A lark encaged, that yet right nobly sung,
With quivering wing and ever restless feet,
A heaven-born song towards the far-off stars;
But, ill expressing all his heart did mean,
Impatiently he spurned his patch of green,
And beat his swelling breast against the bars.
Here, said I, is a spring of worship pent
Within a faithful heart by sad mischance,
That, prisoned close in sordid circumstance,
Must needs well up and find its heavenward vent
The heaven-born soul, e'en while encaged on earth,
Oft carols forth in songs of heavenly mirth.

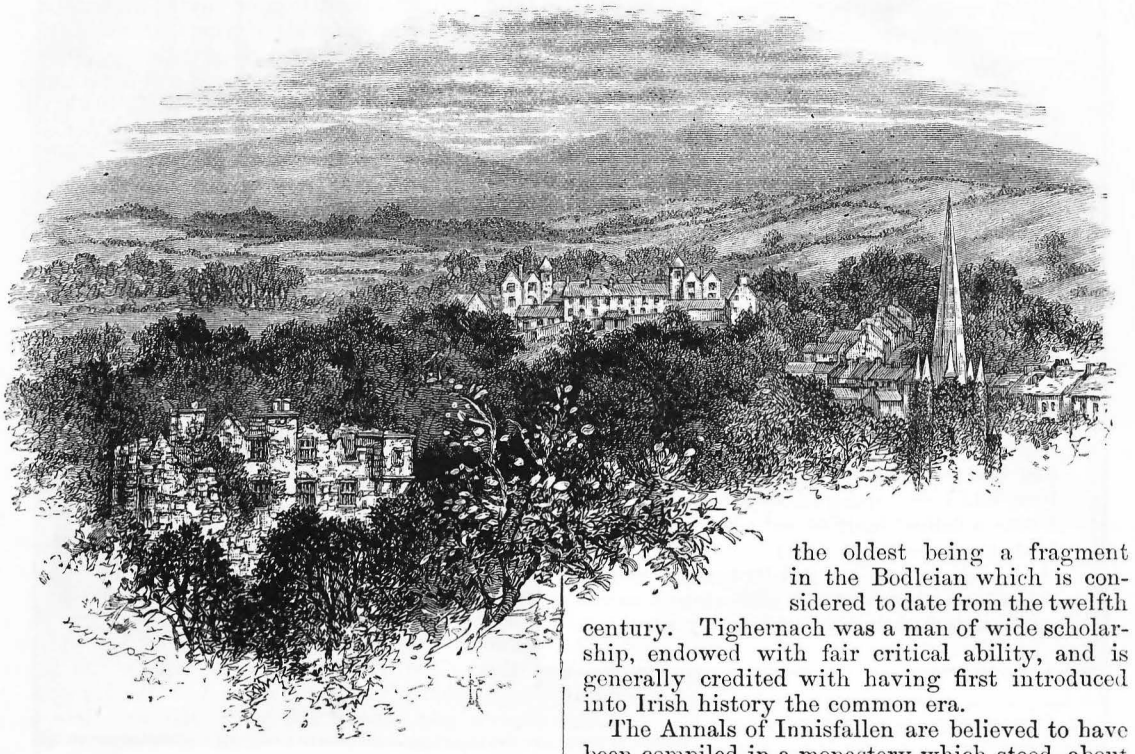
The Soul's Freedom.

I WANDERED o'er a breezy upland heath,
'Mid incense of a myriad flowers in June,
Where golden gorse unfolded to the noon,
And sloped to where the sea crawled far beneath.
Above the undertone of minor birds
The larks held high their revelry of joy,
And filled the air with one sublime envoy
Of praise, that rose to where the blue engirds
The throne; and mounting in untiring flight
They seemed to poise and rise and sing above,
In thrilling ecstasy of unspent love,
Bathed in the balm of God's eternal light.
Here, said I, surely is the gate of heaven,
And these the new-found songs of souls forgiven.

ELLIOT STOCK.

EARLY IRISH LITERATURE AND ART.

THE IRISH ANNALS AND THE BOOK OF LEINSTER.



DONEGAL.

THE ancient monasteries of Ireland were not only centres of influence and of education; they were also the preservers of the historical records of the Irish people. One very important branch of this early literature consisted of annals, many of which have been lost, a few only having come down in their entirety to our times. Those which we still possess are associated with famous monastic centres, and, where the name of the scribe is known, he can often be identified as belonging to one of the religious orders.

The most famous of these annals are those known by the following titles: the Annals of Tigherach, of Innisfallen, of Ulster, and of the Four Masters. The first on this list is associated with Clonmacnois, that most interesting landmark of the ancient ecclesiastical life of Ireland, situated so picturesquely upon the left bank of the Shannon, a few miles below the town of Athlone. Standing to-day upon that tomb-strewn hillside, worn by the changing seasons of eight or nine centuries, are two fine round-towers, two superb ancient carved crosses, the ruins of several churches, and many a stone engraved in the old Irish character. Here, in 1088, died Abbot Tighernach O'Braoin, from whose pen came one of the earliest of these brief but valuable chronological records. Unfortunately all the copies of this MS. in existence are imperfect, the oldest being a fragment in the Bodleian which is considered to date from the twelfth century. Tighernach was a man of wide scholarship, endowed with fair critical ability, and is generally credited with having first introduced into Irish history the common era.

The Annals of Innisfallen are believed to have been compiled in a monastery which stood, about the beginning of the eleventh century, upon the lovely islet in the Lower Lake of Killarney, now visited by most who spend a few days in that beautiful region. The oldest copy of this MS. in existence is also in the Bodleian. It is imperfect, some leaves being altogether wanting, and others nearly if not quite illegible by reason of time and ill usage. It is written in Irish, interspersed with Latin, and embraces in its survey the story of Ireland from the fifth to the fourteenth centuries.

The Annals of Ulster were compiled in an island anciently called Seanadh, now known as Belle Isle, in Upper Lough Erne. Under the year 1498 occurs the entry of the death of Cathal Maguire, "who gathered and collected materials for this volume from many other books." He is described as not merely skilled in many branches of learning and science, but also as having been "the person to whom the learned and the poor and the destitute in Ireland were most thankful." Trinity College, Dublin, and the Bodleian both possess copies of this MS. It is very valuable from the fact that it records a number of astronomical and natural phenomena by which alike its own accuracy and the validity of some of its dates may be scientifically tested. For instance, it gives accurately the time of an eclipse of the sun which occurred on May 1st, 664, an event which is erroneously fixed for the 3rd of May by a document usually so accurate as the Saxon Chronicle. Some later MSS. carry on the story of

these annals to the year 1604, and these had hardly been completed when the most famous of these great works was begun.

The traveller who now visits the town of Donegal is shown the fine ruins of the old castle, and the scanty remains of what was once a flourishing Franciscan Monastery. This was founded in 1474, but towards the close of the sixteenth century was almost destroyed in the struggle between the far-famed Hugh Roe O'Donnell and the English. Here in the first half of the seventeenth century, living in huts amid the ruins of the old monastery, Michael O'Clery, aided by three capable and zealous colleagues, penned the bulky and celebrated Annals of the Four Masters, so called by the Irish scholar, Colgan, from the fact that four scribes were chiefly concerned in it. In the preparation of this, the latest of the whole series, much use was made of the Annals of Ulster.

Michael O'Clery sprang from a stock famous for historiography. He was educated at the Irish College, Louvain. There a project for collecting and preserving the early Irish records was fostered by the authorities, and in Michael they found a man competent to carry it out. Skilled in Irish himself, he obtained the help of three others learned in the same language. An Irishman named Ferghal O'Gara supported them while the task was in progress. The work began January 22nd, 1632, and it was completed on August 10th, 1636. That Michael had a definite plan is clear not only from the great work itself, but also from the address to Ferghal O'Gara which he prefixed to the work when complete. In this he maintains that it is glorious, reputable and honourable "to bring to light a knowledge of ancient authors, and of the chieftains and nobles who existed in preceding times, in order that each successive generation may possess information as to how their ancestors spent their time and life, how long they were successively in the lordships of their countries, in dignity or honour, and what kind of death they met." He thus describes his method: "There were collected by me all the best and most copious books of annals that I could find throughout all Ireland (though it was difficult for me to collect them into one place) to write this book."

The MS. closes with the year 1616, but it goes back to the year of the world 2242, that is, according to the chronology it follows to nearly 3000 B.C. It need hardly be said that the early entries are brief, and that we come a long way down the current of its time before we reach firm historical facts. But these are reached at last, and the compilation is of the greatest value to Irish history. It naturally gives prominence to the affairs of Ulster, and is especially copious with regard to the events in the history of the great O'Neill and O'Donnell families in the sixteenth century.

A fine edition of this work, printed in seven quarto volumes, giving the Irish text with an English translation and copious notes, by John O'Donovan, was published in 1851.

We now pass on to the Book of Leinster as an illustration of another class of MSS. of which unfortunately only too few have survived. Just as Zeuss produced his great *Grammatica Celtica* from a careful study of the Irish glosses attached to Latin words and phrases contained in the Irish MSS. of the eighth and ninth centuries preserved in Switzerland and Italy; so scholars to-day are gradually reconstructing early Celtic life, and throwing floods of light upon the social and political condition of north-western Europe in the early centuries of the Christian era, by a careful study and analysis of existing Celtic MSS. Any reader who wishes to get a general notion of what has already been accomplished in this direction should read the article on *Celtic Literature* in volume v. of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or consult the introduction to Dr. Stokes' edition of the *Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*.

For all such researches the Book of Leinster is a mine of wealth. The most ancient existing copy of it was penned about the middle of the twelfth century; some of the records it embodies are often of a much older date, having been transmitted orally in verse form down through perhaps five or six or even more centuries. The MS. consists of nearly 200 leaves, 177 of which are in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The contents are very varied. It includes an Irish glossary which goes under the name of Cormac, king and bishop of Cashel, who was slain in 903. This is a very early, if somewhat rude attempt at comparative etymology, for Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Norse and British words are all pressed into service. In this MS. also occurs one of the most elaborate descriptions of illustrious Tara, and at the time of its greatest splendour, in the reign of Cormac MacArt, that is to say, about 250 A.D. Recent scientific examination has confirmed the accuracy of many of these very ancient references to the most noted site in Ireland. This great MS. throws light upon the standing and accomplishments of the early Irish bard. He was not considered fully up to the first rank unless he knew by heart and could use in the most effective manner two hundred and fifty main historical and genealogical verse stories, and one hundred of a less important nature. The Book of Leinster contains a list of one hundred and eighty-one of these stories, and a fair notion of the somewhat wild and adventurous life of our Celtic forefathers may be gained from a knowledge of the subjects of these tales. They deal with forays, battles of the Homeric type, voyages, abductions, banquets, etc. The longest and most elaborate story in the Book of Leinster is the *Táin bo' Cuailgne*, that is, the Cattle-spoil of Cuailgne, a place in the county of Louth. This tale sets forth at great length the events which occurred in a war about the beginning of our era waged between Conor MacNessa, King of Connaught, and his wife, Queen Mev or Mab, and Cuchulainn, the champion of the men of Ulster, for the possession of the brown bull of Cuailgne. Around these characters a whole series of tales cluster forming the chief part of an epic cycle.

Cuchulainn, the chief hero, defends single-handed a ford on the borders of Ulster against all the king's champions. One after another these are slain in single combat. At length Ferdiad, a former friend and companion, is somewhat

unwillingly constrained by Queen Mab to come to the rescue. A series of Homeric incidents followed. It is thus that Cuchulainn rushes to the fray. "Like unto a hawk swooping from the cliff on a day of hard wind; or like a sweeping gust of the spring wind on a March day, over a smooth plain; or like the fleetness of a wild stag on his being first started by the hounds in the first field, were Cuchulainn's two horses with the chariot, as though they were on fiery flag-stones, so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion."

A conversation ensues, followed in due course by a conflict. They were both experts in a kind of javelin throwing. "Each contined to shoot at the other with these missiles from the twilight of the early morning to the mean mid-day, until all their missiles were blunted againt the faces and bosses of the shields. And, although the shooting was most excellent, so good was the defence that neither of them bled or reddened the other during that time." This continued for four days, and then Ferdiad was killed at a place named after him, Ath Fhirdiadh, now Ardee, in county Lough. In connection with this central theme a considerable number of other episodes and adventures are introduced, the chief being the Borama or the castle-tribute from Leinster.

The MS. also contains an account, much more recent of course in age, of the great battle of Clontarf; fought on Good Friday, A.D. 1104, between the Northmen and the army of Brian Boru. The details of that ever-memorable struggle are set forth in gallant style, and the slaying of Boru by Earl Brodar detailed at length. In this narrative is found another of those references to a natural occurrence by which its strict accuracy may be tested. In the MS. high tide on the morning of the battle is stated to have been at sunrise, and at the close of the long day's struggle the Danes are described as impeded in their flight by the returning tide. Astronomical research has shown that upon April 23rd, 1104, it was high tide at Clontarf at 5.30 A.M. and 5.55 P.M.

The author or authors of the earlier heroic tales in this great MS. are unknown, nor has anything definite been yet ascertained about their date. But it seems clear that they are the production of the age and mode of life in Ireland anterior to all Christian and to all Roman influences. They are Pagan, and, although they centre around personalities which may and probably did have an actual existence, yet in the form we have them they perhaps bear about the same relation to the historic personages of Ireland as the heroes of Homer did to those of Greece.

A good deal has been done of late years to popularise the Icelandic and Norwegian sagas. These early Irish documents are no whit less interesting than these to which Vigfusson and Sir G. Dasent have given so much time. Irish scholars have done a great deal of quiet work. It is to be hoped that before long the Irish literature may be accessible in English dress to the increasing number of readers who are not only interested in, but who recognise the importance of, this class of literature.

R. LOVETT.

Things New and Old.

COMMON IGNORANCE OF BIBLE FACTS.—That many people live in a very small world of their own, and either do not hear or else do not pay any heed to things which take place in the great world outside it, is strikingly illustrated by the way in which quotations or references to important facts are often misunderstood. In a conversation lately heard, some mention was made of "Peterloo," whereupon one of the company asked, "Who was he?" Of course, to recognise quotations from books, one must have really studied them, and if one is never to be at fault must be possessed of a good memory. But there are some authors whose style betrays them and some books, supposed to be so well known, that every one will at once recognise passages from them—such as "Pilgrim's Progress," but above all the Bible. It is unfortunately true that passages from the Bible or facts in connection with it, are not always as familiar to people as they ought to be. It is not an uncommon thing, for example, to confuse the Apocrypha with the Apocalypse, and to speak of the latter as not being in our Bible. Stephen Grellet, in describing his interview in 1833 with the King and Queen of Spain, relates that when he alluded to Nebuchadnezzar, saying that, like him, the king had been driven out of his kingdom, and had endured many afflictions, but that now the Lord had restored him, and had instructed him to know that it is by Him that kings reign, and princes ought to decree justice, the king enquired, "But who is this King Nebuchadnezzar?" A still more amusing mistake was made by a French lady in our hearing. She invited us, whilst in Paris, to visit with her the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. The burying-places of Paris are certainly the most ugly parts of the city, and we were wandering aimlessly along, reading the inscriptions upon the graves, when our attention was called by the French lady who was gazing at one of them with great interest. Upon it were the names of some children, and below the simple, beautiful words, "Rachel pleurant ses enfants." "Rachel"? she said musingly, "I wonder who he was? evidently it is some poor man who has lost all his children in an epidemic." And then, seeing our somewhat incredulous looks, she repeated still more emphatically, "Yes, indeed, evidently some poor man who lost all his children at once." Had the words been in English, the mistake of supposing that they referred to a man could not, of course, have been made; but the real error was due to an entire unfamiliarity with the Bible.—H.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—The Archbishop of York, speaking recently at Sheffield, urged that the church and the people generally had lost a great deal by not studying the books of the Bible sufficiently as separate works, reflecting a certain spiritual state of the people and historical circumstances of the greatest importance. The New Testament had been too much treated as if it were one book. A study of the books of the Bible would not only vindicate its truths, but give us far richer subjects of contemplation. Instead of being entangled in, and puzzled by, controversies, we should find our way to a greater simplicity of belief. The rationalistic theology which spread through this country from Germany, did so largely because we were not prepared years ago to meet criticisms founded upon the study of the separate books of the Bible in the light of the circumstances under which they were written; but deeper and wider study of the Scriptures only proved to us the more strongly how the Bible contained the mind and the Spirit of God written large in sacred history.

DENA'S DISOBEDIENCE.

CHAPTER II.—ANXIOUS DAYS.

"NURSE," said Mr. Gray, "your mistress is very ill; the doctors say that it is undoubtedly scarlet fever, and you and Miss Dena must go into quarantine at once."

"Never heard of the place, sir—where is it?" asked nurse, and, in spite of his manifest anxiety, Mr. Gray smiled.

"It means that, until all fear of infection is over, you and Miss Dena must live in the wing—where you are now," said Mr. Gray. "Happily you are settled there. You must not come near this part of the house, and go in and out by that back staircase which leads up from the shrubbery. Do you know which I mean?"

"Yes, sir—but our meals, sir, and all that, however are we to manage?"

"Your meals will be brought to you and placed inside the window near the door, and you can come down and fetch them. That will be quite safe. Take care of Miss Dena, nurse. I will have plenty of books sent to amuse her, and that new doll you admired the other day," said Mr. Gray, noticing Dena's grave face.

"Oh, papa, can't I stay here and help to be with mamma?"

"No, my darling. Until all infection is over you can't come into this part of the house. It is very sad for all of us. Happily Hakin and Danvers have had it, and are not afraid of infection, and, please God, your dear mamma will recover," said Mr. Gray, who was naturally of a hopeful disposition.

"I hope she will, sir, I am sure," said nurse. "Are we to go that way now?"

"Certainly. Go round by the lane, through the back garden, and you will find the door open. The door leading to this part of the house is locked, and when you want to speak to me you can come under the study window twice a day, say at nine o'clock, and then at five o'clock in the afternoon. And as I lent you my field glass the other day, Dena, you can talk to me when I am in my dressing-room, for I can write something down and you can read it. That will be talking on paper. Now, my little girl, do cheer up, and remember mamma is in safer Hands than ours."

Dena could not answer, but her face was expressive of deep feeling, and she followed nurse into the lane and then across the garden to their wing.

Nurse did her very best to make the time pass pleasantly for Dena. She ransacked her memory and told Dena stories of her youth, and condescended to many a game with the lonely child. She was rarely cross to Dena, and the latter was so unusually grave and docile that nurse had a very easy time with her.

But as the days passed by Dena could not get rid of her burden of sorrow. She did so want to tell her mother of her disobedience, and though she had whispered the sinful act to her ever-present Saviour, whom she very dearly loved and tried to imitate, she knew that was not enough.

She and her father never, of course, met, and she could not tell him standing out in the garden, as he talked to her from his study. She thought of writing it, but still that would not be the same, and so, hard as it was, she resolved to wait.

Her anxiety about her mother was very great, and very anxiously used she to look through the field glasses at what her father wrote for her to read. On days when it rained she could not go out to hear him speak to her. Then came one day when she did not even see her father's face, except for a moment in the morning, when he briefly told her her mother was dangerously, very dangerously ill, and they feared she could not live.

All that long day Dena could think of nothing else—her dear mother perhaps dying. Afternoon came, and then in the evening nurse had to go out, and Dena was left alone.

It seemed like days, weeks, since the morning, and Dena wondered when she should hear if her mother was better.

Mr. Gray generally sounded a little gong to call Dena's attention when he was either in his dressing-room or his study, and that day Dena listened in vain.

Her nursery was a large beautiful room, filled with all the luxuries and toys of a rich man's child, and Dena had plenty to amuse and interest her, had she been able to set her mind to anything. Taking up the field-glass, Dena looked out through it. She could not go out, as it had been drizzling, and Dena was delicate and caught cold easily. She could see very well through the glasses, and she held them in the direction of her father's dressing-room.

The window was closed, but the room was lighted dimly by a shaded lamp, and she could see well into the room, as the blind was up.

To the day of her death Dena will never forget what her feelings were, as looking carefully through the glasses, hoping that she should see her father coming to the window, she saw instead what at first she had not perceived. Something black in the centre of the room. All the colour left her face, and her eyes seemed fastened to the glasses as she looked on, hope and fear alternating.

Yes, there was no doubt about it—in her father's dressing-room was a coffin—her mother must be dead.

And, letting fall the glasses, with one wild cry of pain, so sad, so agonising, that it rang through nurse's ears as she entered the room just in time to see Dena fall down in a dead faint.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

Two months after the events recorded in the last chapter, Dena was in their beautiful summer-house. She was not in mourning, and the tall graceful woman who was seated near her child was Dena's mother.

"Now, my darling, you have told me all," said Mrs. Gray, laying her hand on the brown head that was pressed against her shoulder; "and you must try and look happy again."

"I shall be happy now, mamma, dear," said Dena, lifting her grave brown eyes to her mother's face.

It was so sweet to her to look upon that face again, and still sweeter to know that her disobedience had been confessed and was pardoned.

"Then, my dear one, what made you think I was dead?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Mamma, I thought that day you were so very ill that—that—I saw a coffin in papa's dressing-room and——"

"And you thought it was for me?"

"Yes, mamma, and then I found out that it was papa's violoncello. Oh, mamma, I was so terrified—it was so dreadful to think you were dead!"

"Yes, my darling; and now you see God has spared us to each other very mercifully. You must have been shocked, dearie, and especially as you had never seen your papa's violoncello before. You must have been alarmed if you took it for what you tell me. It came, I remember, one day before I was ill, when you were out for the day, and as, shortly afterwards, you were in quarantine, it is quite likely that you never saw it. But now, my darling, I am going to tell you something that will surprise you."

"What is it, mamma?"

"My darling, you must be brave, for I am going to pain you, I fear," said Mrs. Gray hesitatingly.

"Mamma, dear, darling mamma," said Dena, holding the loved white hand in hers, and meeting the beautiful eyes full of mother love with a look full of love. "Nothing seems to matter now that I have got you back again after that dreadful fever. Oh, mamma, dear, it did seem so hard that you should be so nearly taken from me. You were, were you not?"

"Yes, my child," said Mrs. Gray gravely. "I have been on the very borderland, but I am well now, and perhaps shall be stronger than ever I have been."

"Oh, I am glad, mamma; it might have been—it might have——" and Dena could not finish the sentence, but pressed the hand she held to her lips.

"Yes, darling, I might have been taken from you. Now listen to what I have to tell you, and my Dena must remember that her mother's heart aches at having to tell her," and Mrs. Gray paused.

It was the hardest task she had ever had to do, but a necessary one, so she and her husband had decided. Necessary, because, spite of the inevitable pain she must cause her child, it was for that child's temporal and eternal good that she should know it.

"Tell me, mamma, then. I can't guess it, can I?" said Dena.

"No. Well, darling, I knew all about your disobedience in going to the granary, and ——"

"Mamma! How?"

"Listen, my child. When I was taken ill, and it was pronounced by the doctors scarlet fever, your father, as well as the medical men, were very curious to know how I could possibly have caught it, until Doctor Jardin said that the Grandisons, some years ago, had had a case of scarlet fever in this very house. He had attended them, and, to his certain knowledge, everything had been carefully disinfected. It was one of their children who had had it. Well, they knew that all the child had worn or used had been burnt, but your papa insisted upon the house being searched to see if they possibly could have left anything behind. They searched and searched, and were very much puzzled, for the granary was quite empty."

"Mamma," interrupted Dena, "now I know why I was not to go there."

"Yes, pet. It was for two reasons. One to teach you ready obedience—I mean, dear, the duty of obeying those whom God has set over you whether you understand the command or not, provided, of course, that they do not tell you to commit sin—and also, knowing what a venturesome young lady you are, your papa did not care to have you running about so close to the parapet of the house, as he feared you might be tempted to climb it."

"I should have been," avowed Dena. "Now, mamma, please go on."

"In the granary, darling, close to that locker was found a button which had come off your dress, and then I remembered having found a child's glove wrapped up in a piece of paper in that little room near mine, and I had looked at it and wondered whose it was."

"Oh, mamma, I saw a piece of paper in the locker like a little parcel, and I did not open it. I merely wanted the paper as there was a coloured picture upon it that I wanted for my scrap-book."

"My dear child, when you have such lovely picture-books!"

"Yes, mamma; but you see it was like discovering a treasure. I took down the parcel and left it, I remember now, in your little room, but forgot to look for it again."

"Now, my child, here is the painful part. The glove was belonging to the child who had died of scarlet fever. There was the mark inside. No mistake: and, Dena, it was touching that glove that gave me the fever."

"Mamma—after all these years?"

"Yes; the infection remains after the lapse of a long time, in what has been worn by people who have had the fever. Had you opened the parcel, you would have caught it."

"And you did?"

"Yes, darling, there is no doubt about it," said Mrs. Gray.

Dena did not speak, but buried her head in her mother's lap, for she had crept down to a stool at her feet.

Before her mind came, vividly realised, the terrible trial that God had mercifully spared her. Her punishment in knowing now that her disobedience had nearly cost her mother's life, and certainly resulted in her dangerous illness, was very hard to bear; but, oh, it might have been so much worse!

"Mamma, mamma," at last she wailed; "and yet you say you want me to be happy again. I never can be—never, never again."

"Yes, you will, my darling. You are very sorry, I know, not only for the consequences of the disobedience, but for the disobedience itself. You will be happy again, for you will believe that God accepts your sorrow, and that He forgives you fully; and you can best show Him how very sorry you are by acting differently in future."

All this was thirty years ago, and Dena is a married woman now, with children of her own. She has never forgotten that terrible experience of hers, and she often tells it to her children, not sparing herself the pain that it costs her.

"You see, dear child," she said, only a few days ago, to her little boy of ten, "we can never look forward to the consequences of being naughty. We must try and be good and obedient because it is right, for the results are often quite different to what we expect, and a little act of disobedience which seems so small may have very heavy punishment sent for it. One single act of disobedience caused me the heaviest sorrow I have ever had in my life."

LOUISA EMILY DOBRÉE.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IX.

Put thine hand upon the bow.
The stars are not pure in His sight.
I have done all these things at thy word.
Thou art the man.
Peradventure the woman will not follow me.
Let a gallows be made of fifty cubits high.
Thou hast sent widows away empty.
Upon me be thy curse, my son.

Find every speaker's name, initials then, alone,
Will serve to spell the name of a memorial stone.

L. T.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE London Missionary Society announces that the crisis which has been threatening the Society for several years has come at last; and that the question must now be promptly settled whether it is to continue its present work, or withdraw at once from one or more of its fields of labour. Yet in singular contrast is the fact, as stated in its monthly *Chronicle*, that there never was a time in the Society's history when its work was so prosperous and so full of promise. "The development of female missions has been most remarkable. Medical missions, especially in China, are proving to be the means of richest spiritual blessing. The missionaries in Madagascar are burdened with the care of a work which taxes all their strength and resources to the utmost. New Guinea is repeating the wonderful story of the early days of the South Sea missions. The heavy expenditure of money and of consecrated lives in Central Africa appears at length to have opened the way for earnest and effective work. And the vast mission fields in South India, and in several of the Chinese stations, are ripe for a great harvest." Is it possible, the directors ask, for Christian men and women to give up such work with clear consciences? Is it wise and worthy of them to desert the fields which as yet are hard and unprofitable in favour of the easier and more remunerative tasks? We note with satisfaction that there has been no falling off in the Society's income. "It is stationary, and a stationary income cannot suffice for a growing work. To do the present work as it ought to be done, an increase of at least 15,000*l.* in the Society's annual income is required. To provide for actual needs at present pressing, an immediate addition to the funds of fully 10,000*l.* per annum must be obtained." A careful examination of the condition and cost of the various fields of labour has therefore been made, and the directors have determined upon certain stations in different parts of the world which must be the first to be sacrificed, if this bitter necessity actually comes upon them. Yet they cannot believe that the necessity has come even now. At any rate, they are not prepared to sound the retreat without making one more earnest appeal for reinforcements.

THE revolution in Uganda is fully described in letters of much interest, now separately issued by the Church Missionary Society. Many causes combined to produce the first movement. After Mwanga's dethronement, a Roman Catholic Christian was appointed Katikiro, or chief judge; a Protestant Christian was made Mukwenda, the next high office; and both Christians and Moslems were put into other important posts. "The new king," says Mr. Gordon, "was most lavish with his words, and far too generous with his promises. He turned to the Arabs and proclaimed peace with Bunyoro and liberty to trade; no heavy customs duties or taxes upon goods imported or exported. He gave liberty for the Arabs' religion to be taught, and announced that a mosque would be built. He turned to us, and said that there was liberty to teach on our part, and liberty for the Baganda to come to be taught without restriction or hindrance." Many Christians who had been for a long time hidden, and were thought to be lost or fled the country, now boldly came forward. Many of them emerged from their places of concealment and flocked to the king's court and began to enter his service as pages and messengers. "These released Christians and seekers after the truth began to come about our Mission station in crowds on Sundays, and in great numbers on all the days of the week. Very many, indeed, were wanting alphabet-sheets, many more were asking for first syllables, then others were demanding more advanced papers and printed portions, while a large number were imploring for Prayer-books and New Testaments, Gospels, and single Epistles. For a time the Baganda came about the station like swarms of bees; from the dawn of light to the dusk of evening, they crowded both sides of the house and some of the rooms. Many chiefs came to visit us, asking and beseeching us for alphabet sheets, that they might teach their followers and slaves. Besides those who came for papers, books, and alphabets, there were many applicants for medicine, now increasing in number with the new change in affairs. On the Sundays the most noticeable change was to be seen. On the very first Sunday of the reign of Kiwewa the congregation doubled in numbers, and the number of Baganda who remained for afternoon worship was more than treble the usual attendance." But the reaction soon came; the Arab traders took alarm; the Mohammedans chafed with jealousy. Suddenly these malcontents attacked the officials in the court itself, and after a brief struggle overcame them. "They put Moslems into the high offices, and then summoned the missionaries to come before them. On arriving at court they were seized and put in prison in a miserable hut. Here they were kept seven days; but on the fifth day they were marched to the mission-house to deliver over their personal effects and goods to the new Mohammedan chief judge, and while they were there the house was sacked and gutted by the mob and everything destroyed. On the eighth day, they were taken down to the shore of the lake, and put on board the *Eleanor*, with four Frenchmen, viz., Bishop Livinhac, Père Lourdel, Père Denoit, and a carpenter. But the *Eleanor* was upset by a hippopotamus, and the voyagers narrowly escaped with their lives." Their adventures read like a chapter in some new romance. They were cast on an island with only two inhabitants, who, however, treated them with great kindness. The boat was recovered and repaired, and on the second day they again sailed. Arriving at the south end of the lake, they were received at the Roman Catholic station, whence Mr. Gordon and Mr. Walker went on to Usambiro. The king, Kiwewa, had resisted the efforts of the Arabs to induce him to become a Mohammedan, and had killed with his own hands the two chiefs who had taken the lead in the destruction of the missions. Upon this he was attacked and forced to flee, and another brother, Kilema, was made king by the Arabs; and civil war now covered the country.

A SHARP controversy has arisen respecting the conduct of missions in India. It originated in a letter sent home by Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., who has been travelling in the northern provinces. He complains not only that the results are insufficient, but that in some stations there is, instead of progress, actual retrogression. His statements have been carefully scrutinised, and his statistics shown to be defective, while the general argument has ranged over wider questions. He himself, however, since reaching England again, has returned to the charge; he reasserts his main contention, and adduces other illustrations in support of it, the drift of his letters being that, while India is "ripe for Christianity," it would require the revenue of an empire to evangelise it on the present system,—that education should not be accounted part of mission-work, and that there should be a larger employment of young unmarried men, under simpler conditions. All these points have on other occasions been under review. These frequent criticisms may be regarded as one indication of the interest felt in the question. Nothing can be more to be desired than full knowledge on the issues in dispute. At the same time such discussions bring some danger to the cause all have at heart. In more than one form does this risk appear. In any revolt from older methods there will soon be seen that the need of prudence remains,—that zeal requires to be tempered with wisdom,—and that the purest system of selection will not bring perfection. To the end of time we "have this treasure in earthen vessels."

For example, when we are told that at a large meeting in London one speaker "discoursed on the 'days' and 'weeks' and 'years' of Daniel, and announced that as the result of his studies he had come to the conclusion that at about twenty minutes to one o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 5, 1896, Christ would appear to raise the dead, and that then 144,000 believers in the Second Advent, of whom

he hoped to be one, would also be caught up in the air to meet their Lord,"—we are reminded of other influences that need to be thoughtfully weighed. Nor can some new departures be regarded without anxiety, when we find in the record of a journey of unquestionable faith and zeal such a statement as the following: "The woman who prepared us food brought us her child, recently become blind through small-pox, begging us to heal it, and saying she had seen in a vision, the night before, one coming to her, who laid his hands on the child's head, calling on God. We dared not do otherwise than pray over it, which we did with much emotion. It did not please the Lord to show us an instantaneous result, but we confidently believe the answer was not long delayed." Surely incidents of this order need more than a "belief" to warrant their inclusion in missionary narrative. Do not facts of this class show that the movement in favour of less disciplined effort has its dangers as great as those supposed to be attached to older methods?

WHILE the value of educational work for missionary purposes in India is under debate, a minute by Lord Dufferin deserves attention, though bearing date December, 1887. After dwelling on the tendency of a merely secular education to promote irreverence and immorality, the then Viceroy goes on to say: "The Governor-General in Council would be sincerely glad if the number of aided schools and colleges in which religious instruction is prominently recognised were largely increased. It is in this direction that the best solution of this difficult problem can be found."

ANOTHER Indian official has spoken on the subject of missions. Mr. Mackenzie, the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, has added his testimony as to their influence. "It may be that direct results, in the shape of conversions and baptisms, are not so startling as the church at home would like them. But this is only a superficial estimate of the situation. No man who studies India with a seeing eye can fail to perceive that the indirect results of missionary enterprise, if it suits you so to call them, are, to say the least, most pregnant with promise. The Dagon of heathenism is being undermined on all sides. To careless bystanders, the image may loom as yet intact in all its ghoulish monstrosity, but its doom we know is written. And great will be its fall. I have often given it as my opinion that, ere many years are over, we shall have in India a great religious upheaval. The leaven of Western thought and the leaven of Christianity together, are working on the inert heap of dead and fetid superstitions, and, by processes which cannot always be closely traced, are spreading a regenerating ferment through the mass, which must in time burst open the cerements that now enshroud the Indian mind. It may not be in our time; it may not be in the time of our immediate successors; but it will be, when He sees fit with whom a thousand years are as one day. My own belief is that it will be sooner than the world, or even the canons of the church, suppose. What the Indian Church will be, by what organisation governed, to what precise creeds affiliated, I for my part do not pretend to foresee. It is being hewn out now by many hands, furnished for many countries. But the main burden of the growing work must ere long be taken up by the children of the Indian soil. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the native church may in time produce its own apostle, destined to lead his countrymen in myriads to the feet of Christ."

FROM China there comes the loud cry of distress. The inundations in some of the central provinces have brought ruin to hundreds of thousands of people. Famine is abroad, hunger and death are reaping hand in hand. The missionaries are appalled by the vastness of the calamity, and appeal pathetically for help.

SENOR VILLA, the Spanish pastor whose work in Malaga and the villages adjacent, was checked by his imprisonment for publishing a pamphlet against "idolatry," has at last been released, through the earnest intervention of friends.

THE Salvation Army has still to contend with cruel persecutions in Switzerland. One decree forbade meetings after nightfall. This having failed, the Federal authorities have issued an order to leave the Salvation Army without police protection. The roughs have consequently broken into the hall at Corcelles.

MR. EDWARD CLIFFORD, of the Church Army, has been visiting the leper settlement at Molokai, where Father Daimien is still at work, though smitten by the fell disease. "He is just," says Mr. Clifford, "what you would expect him to be—a simple, sturdy, hard-working devout man. No job was too menial for him—building, carpentering, tending the sick, washing the dead and many other such things form part of his daily work. He is always cheerful, often playful, and one of the most truly humble men I ever saw. The leprosy has disfigured him a good deal, but I never feel it anything but a pleasure to look at him; and already the gurjun oil which I brought is making a manifest difference in his face and hands, and in his power of sleeping. How far the cure will reach it is of course impossible to say. He is such a busy man that I sometimes fear he will not find time to do the medicine full justice. The English affection and sympathy touch him very much indeed. Pray for him, for there must be many times when he is tempted to be discouraged and over-sad at all the terrible cases—bodies and souls—around him."

THE London Mission of the Wesleyan Methodists, which has now three centres of activity—Regent Street, Clerkenwell, and the East End—has completed another year of successful work. At its annual meeting in City Road Chapel, a debt of three thousand pounds was reported, but this apparently is the only drawback, while the enthusiasm shown gives ground of hope that this difficulty also may soon be overcome. The Rev. Edward Smith, of Clerkenwell, said that they had resolved to build by slow, sure work from the bottom, with a good foundation among the resident population, and that gradually the membership and congregation had risen from a small number to 560 and 1000 respectively, with a weekly offering of over 6*l*, and a Sunday afternoon Bible-class of 100 members. They never talked democracy or politics, but preached a plain gospel and came down to the people; and what seemed a dream of success had become a glorious reality. The Rev. Dr. Rigg dwelt on the fact that Mr. Smith had relied on the old, well-tested lines of Methodist work and had succeeded. Looking at every branch of their London Mission, East, West, and Central, he did not think that even in Wesley's day there had been a more remarkable work. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, speaking of the west-end branch, said their clergy-house, their centre of young men, their sisterhood of helpers and their social work among the abandoned and the poor, with other growing and popular developments or adaptations of their Mission, were all evidences of the elasticity of the methods by which this advance had been wrought.

THE Court for the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln's case met in the library of Lambeth Palace. Besides the Archbishop, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Oxford, and Salisbury were present, the one absentee among the designated assessors being the Bishop of Rochester, who was nominated during his absence in Australia, and has not returned to this country. The only business transacted was the reception of a formal notice from the Bishop of Lincoln that he protested against the constitution and jurisdiction of the Court, on the ground that, in accordance with the practice of the Primitive Church, his trial ought to take place before the metropolitan and the whole body of bishops of the province. It will not be possible in these brief notes to follow from stage to stage the protracted arguments which must follow, but for the convenience of reference we place the main charges on record. They are practically seven, viz.:—(1.) The use of lighted candles on the communion table, or on the re-table behind, during the communion service, when not needed for the purpose of giving light. (2.) Mixing water with the sacramental wine during the service, and subsequently consecrating the mixed wine and water. (3.) Standing during the consecration prayer at the west side of the table, with his back to the people, so that they could not see him perform the manual acts of consecration. (4.) Standing in the same position during the previous part of the communion service. (5.) Causing the hymn known as *Agnus Dei* to be sung immediately after the consecration prayer. (6.) During the absolution and also during the benediction in the communion service, making the sign of the cross while standing with upraised hands looking towards the congregation. (7.) Pouring water and wine into the paten and chalice after the communion service, and afterwards drinking up such water and wine in the face of the congregation.