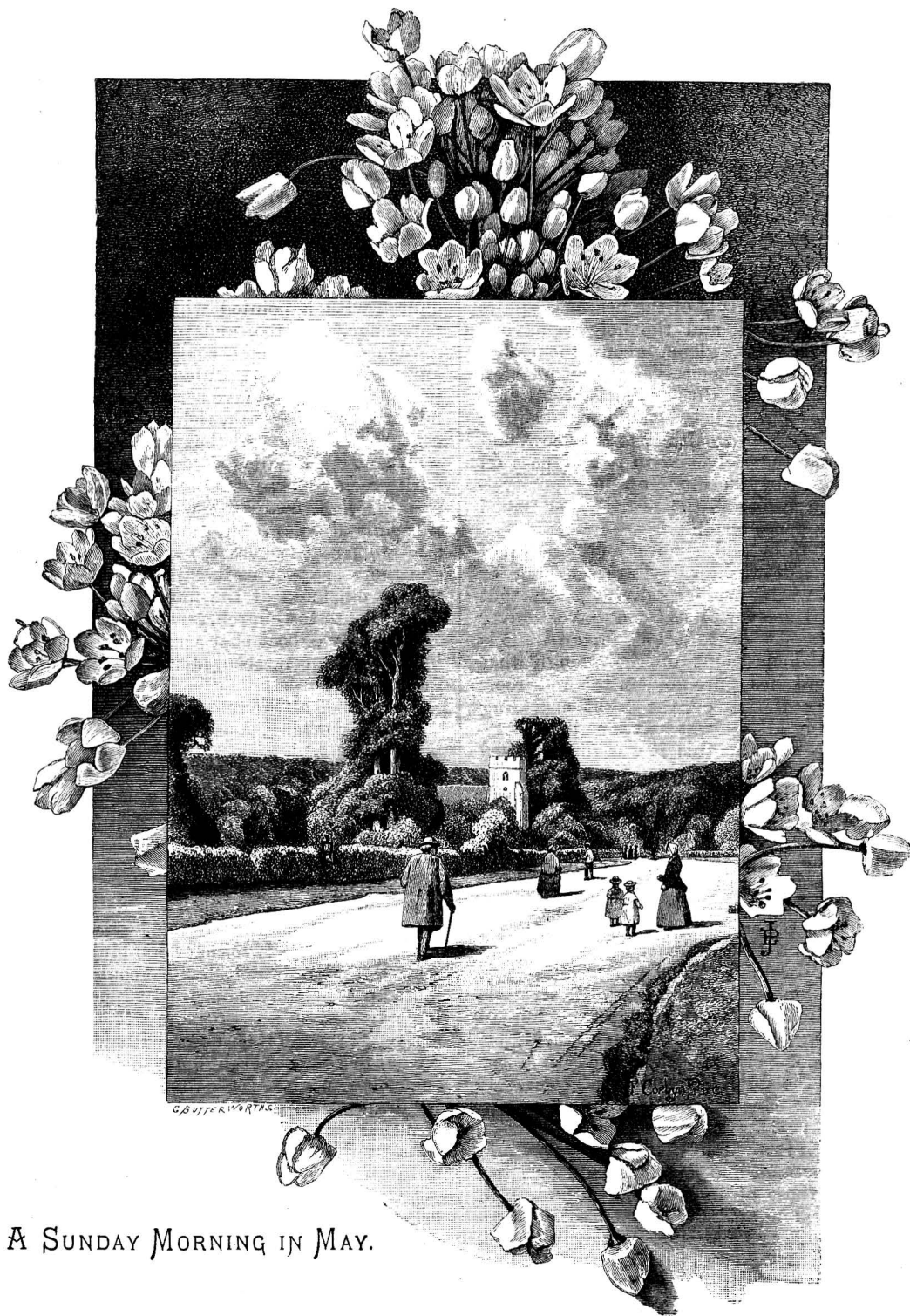


THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



A SUNDAY MORNING IN MAY.

OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER IV.—ACROSS THE WATERS.

PERHAPS, for the perfection of splendour, one ought first to see a Norwegian fjord after a spell of rain, when the mists still linger and a little confound and confuse the distances, softening the foreground, bringing out with an odd vividness the red sleeves of a woman vigorously pulling with a long free sweep across the still water.

The scarlet sleeves, the rich brown sail of a boat built still after the old Viking pattern—these things hold the eye first. By-and-by it takes a wider range, and all the noble distance is spread out to be lingered over and traversed lovingly.

Towards Vik the purple of the nearer summits is turned to blue-black and the heights have a certain awfulness and gloom about them—the storms have not spent themselves in that quarter. Up the long arm that thrusts itself westwards there is a noble struggle between cloud and shine; the mists now creep up stealthily to the snow, and try to confound themselves with it and pass off their whiteness for its unapproached purity—now are driven back and the peaks stand naked against a clean space of blue.

A thousand tints and shades and grades of colour, lost upon a brighter day, are set forth for the lover of a world made so divinely fair that one wonders if heaven itself can have braver sights to show. At Vangsraes alone the issue is decided. The long point of the plough that pierces the fjord lies pure golden, the red roofs burning among the green, the light sparkling gaily and setting all the wet leaves smiling.

Much such a world as this it was that showed itself to a younger girl who stood upon the fertile border of the Balestrand, and looked at it with grave glances turned this way and that. For eighteen years, more or less, she had looked at it with much the same simple discrimination, for she had always been a grave child, and she was a grave maiden now.

A certain dignity and rather unsmiling reserve, though without a trace of moroseness, seem to belong to the dwellers among mountains. The impress of the long winter when the life struggle is carried on in darkness, often far from human companionship, always with much inevitable loneliness, cannot be at once thrown off from the mind because the brief summer has come. It leaves its mark—an autumn-like sedateness, a subdued mood not lightly yielding to laughter, as of men much thrown in upon themselves and their own reflections, and living nearer, perhaps, to God than those of us who build houses in crowded streets and swarming city hives.

The girl wore the national holiday costume, not of her own immediate district, but of another and a more picturesque—a dark petticoat, with a band of scarlet sewn round it, a bodice of black

and scarlet with chains and ornaments of silver lacing it, full white muslin gathered to the throat, wide sleeves banded at the wrist.

Her hair, which was fair but with a warmish red tint in it, was plaited in a long tail, and tied with a ribbon, the eyes which surveyed the landscape were large and blue with lashes and brows of brown; her face as a whole was more comely than beautiful, her chin firm, her mouth large, but with a grave sweetness in its curves. She stood on a strip of green that thrust itself between the tumbled rocks of the shore and the scented pine woods that climbed the slopes behind. On this emerald margin there was room for a red church with a pointed white spire, and for the parsonage, red too, and pleasant with a shady garden about it and some rare old trees—an auracaria flourishing dubiously, a Judas-tree, a juniper that might have served as a ship's mast, a mighty spreading oak, rich in the traditions of centuries, if one had but the right ear for its whispers. The village proper lay across a slit of dark green water, a mere finger-wide fjord as it seemed when compared with the other arms of this inland ocean, but immeasurably deep and a mile long at the least. Houses dotted it here and there sparsely as it explored inland, but the village clustered at the mouth and nodded over friendly to the church.

Presently a boat shot across, and a young man jumped out of it, secured it and approached the girl.

She turned at the sound of his step.

"Good-morning, Astrid."

"Good-morning, Mr. Lindsell, or ought I to say Lieutenant Lindsell?"

"You ought to say Charlie, and you know it well enough. We are cousins, as I proved to you yesterday, and cousins always call each other by their first names."

"Not when they spring suddenly out of nowhere."

"We came by the Undine," said Charlie the practical, with a twinkle of his blue eye, "and a wretched passage we had. Boat couldn't have been more appropriately named. I suppose you would have treated us a little more decently if we had arrived in a Viking ship, with—with helmets on our heads"—Charlie's mythological lore was somewhat scanty—"and the skulls of our enemies for drinking cup, and that sort of thing."

"We don't use skulls every day, we are content with tumblers," said Astrid, who had a little vein of fun under her gravity.

"Oh, I know, you've marched with the age," cried Charlie, "you've got long English beds over there"; he nodded towards the other side of the narrow water-way to a wooden house gaily painted and stuck all over with little balconies, which rose among the green knolls. "Olsen is

proud of them, I can tell you—got them specially for the 'gentle tourist' he says."

"Isn't that right?"

"It's quite right in our case. If I weren't an awfully gentle tourist, do you think I'd be coming to go with you to church?"

"Don't you go to church in England?"

"Not often, but I stay away on the highest moral grounds. It's awfully destructive to your reverence to feel that you could make a better sermon than the curate. Allie does my church-going for me."

"Who is Allie?"

"She's my aunt, but she isn't venerable, and we've always been chums. And she is good, if you like; she's just the best sort I know. I think you are a little like her, Astrid."

"That is impossible; I am an Arnesen."

"Well, you're a Lindsell, on your grandmother's side, and that counts too. You must come and see us over there, you know, you will like the dear old man and Allie—Allie will suit you down to the ground: I think she's fonder of being in church than of any other place, but there's no sham or cant about her; she's good right through."

"Men ought to be good too," said Astrid severely, "religion isn't only meant for women."

"Well, I don't know; they manage to take it on better. But Vivian will please you, Vivian goes in for everything—says it's unfair to judge anything without testing its claims. He's an awful fellow for experiments, and he has gone in for most things—Mohammedanism, Esoteric Buddhism, Spiritualism—the whole show."

"Everything but the one thing that is worth anything," said Astrid gravely.

Charlie coloured under the reproach of her looks; he felt that he had pained her by his flippancy.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "I don't mean anything by my chaff, you know; it's a way we've got into at home. It's one of the ways you haven't adopted yet."

"And never will adopt, let us hope," said another voice.

They both turned towards the new comer.

"Good morning, Miss Arnesen," said Vivian, "I borrowed a boat from Olsen, in the hope that you would let me join the church-goers—will you?"

Astrid hesitated a moment, and then she said simply—"Yes."

Something in Vivian's look restored her trust, perhaps, at least he would not willingly wound her in her tenderest, deepest feelings. There could scarce have been a greater contrast between the two friends. Charlie, the blue-eyed and sunny headed, Allie's "bonnie Prince Charlie" of long ago, gay, light-hearted, ready for anything that meant fun—Vivian, taller, older, graver, a little haughty, perhaps, but self-possessed and courteous, he gave the impression of having himself well in hand and being equal to most emergencies, whereas poor volatile Charlie bid fair to be the sport of every chance wind that blew.

There was between Vivian and his sister that

curious likeness and yet unlikeness that so often baffles one in near kindred; the difference probably lay mainly in expression, for both were handsome beyond the common lot.

They all three turned in silence towards the church. The bell up in the little turret was sending out its thin-voiced summons and the people began to gather.

They came in boats mostly, though there were some few on foot who descended from the cottages perched on the hill slope. The boats made a brave show darting out from unexpected creeks and bays—the women's bright dresses flashing in the sunlight. It was charming in its way and Vivian found some praise for it.

They followed Astrid into the parson's pew, the women and girls trooping after them, the men, as is their way, lingering a little, holding subdued and decorous converse seated on the churchyard wall, for all as if the scene were Scotland, and each man of them an elder or a deacon of the kirk.

Something of Scotland too, there was in the simplicity of the service, the hymns slow and long drawn, perhaps not melodious, but sung with zeal, not a turn or a quaver missed.

Here Vivian's approval, which had been sustained hitherto, fell off a little. He did not find this fashion of praise so admirable æsthetically as the quiring of cathedral boys in white surplices, and it did not occur to him to think whether it might not be equally acceptable to God. He could follow neither the prayers nor the sermon with that critical watchfulness which was his habit of mind; but one does not need to know a language to detect when a man is dead in earnest. Let the message be what it might, which the old priest—a noble, venerable figure—gave that day to his people, it was evidently the right sort of divinity for the audience, hard workers all of them, and some of them pretty sore beaten, and needing a glimpse of a better future than they were ever like to compass here.

To look at the rugged, worn faces, the bent shoulders, the cast of thoughtful care and gravity even upon young faces, one might have chosen for him as his theme that most Divine and gracious invitation: "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Vivian could not miss the earnestness of the appeal, but as for Charlie he made no pretence of listening. He dismissed the church as an ugly barn, and then wondered why there weren't more pretty faces among the girls.

"A fellow ought not to be expected to worship in an unknown tongue," he whispered to Astrid when the service was over. "You see, I might be giving my adhesion to all sorts of heresies without knowing it."

"Come home with us and have dinner," Astrid said, and her grandfather joining them echoed the invitation heartily.

"Yes, come and eat with us and get to know each other, children. It pleases me greatly that Astrid should see something of her English relations." The old man seemed to include both the strangers in this category; and Vivian did

not correct him, if Astrid were minded he was willing to be a cousin for the time being too.

"I have brought her up to speak the English," her grandfather went on with some pride, "we read it much together."

"She speaks it admirably."

"Stunningly!" cried Charlie.

Astrid laughed at this exaggerated praise.

"Ah," she said, "I think I can still surprise you with a few faults."

The dinner was cheerful, and though the fare was simple it was well cooked and there was enough of it—a point this, with two hungry young men whose only fault with Norway was its inadequate conception of an English appetite.

After the meal was over, however, something happened calculated to shock their native prejudices.

Some friendly neighbours dropped in to coffee; and presently the maid who had served it, followed by another maid and two men, evidently workers in the stables and the fields, for they were redolent thereof, came into the room, and shaking hands with all present, their master included, quietly merged themselves in the family group.

There was no awkwardness about the business: the men, it is true, lingered near the door, perhaps with an eye to an easy escape, but the women sat with the others, modest, composed and unobtrusively joining in the talk. They were plainly but neatly dressed without much to take the eye, but with no badge of servitude.

Charlie's comical astonishment over this addition to the company was perhaps visible to him, for the old priest presently crossed over to his side and said courteously:

"It is our custom to meet as a family on the day of rest and to spend the afternoon together. Our work keeps us somewhat apart on other days, but on this we have time for a little friendly intercourse. We shall have some music presently, if it pleases you. Our national hymns may not be to your taste, but we are great borrowers, and we may be able to sing something that you know."

"Solweg," he turned to one of the maids, "will you sing that new hymn you have taught us? It is English, I think," he said turning again to his guest. "Solweg has not been long here and she brought it with her. It is new to us."

He sat down and played the prelude to a hymn which Charlie recognised, having heard the children sing it in the church at home while he smoked outside with his grandfather.

The girl's voice rose tunefully clear, she sang at once, simply and without any ado, and the unknown words wedded to the familiar melody struck strangely on the listener's ears.

Charlie, who had usually no lack of words, found himself dumb. He looked at Vivian, but Vivian was gravely sharing a hymn-book with Astrid. Perhaps he was making another experiment.

A beginning thus made, they sang hymn after hymn, everybody joining, the men at the door coming in with a deep, hearty bass. Their favourites were drawn from foreign sources, English

and German, but at Vivian's request they sang some of their church psalms and chants. The airs were plaintive and rather sad as if with the shadows of the mountains, and indeed the national music of the dwellers in high lands has a slow, pathetic turn.

Here was a way that was truly not a way of England.

"Well," demanded Charlie in an aggrieved voice, when they had got back to the inn and were leaning over their own particular balcony, "I suppose you will tell me you like it. You always like everything, till you tire of it."

"I can imagine a worse way of spending the day," said Vivian, as if he were weighing the matter. "Billiards, for instance, or cards, or betting, or any of the other little amusements which we find so harmless."

"Spare your sarcasm," said Charlie gloomily, "you know I never bet or play on Sundays, and no more do you."

"I suppose the alternative here would have been a Tauchnitz novel or a cast with the rod. On the whole, master Charlie, I think you did well to come along."

"It was I who took you along, if it comes to that. They don't fish here on Sundays, and you know it; don't be too virtuous, and you've read the last Tauchnitz, for I saw you shy it away last night. Oh, go on, go on," he cried, goaded into sudden irritation, "say that you liked it."

"That's easily done," said Vivian with a smile, "I did like it. It was very new and fresh, and like nothing I've seen before."

"Just you try and introduce it at home, then," said Charlie grimly, "get the stable-men and the milk-maids and the footmen and the cook and the whole crew of them up into the drawing-room at Oakdene to sit on the sofas and drink tea out of the best china and sing hymns to your sister's accompaniment, and see what your friends would look like! I'd like to see you propose it to Miss Vivian!"

"So should I. I'd like to propose it, that is, but unfortunately it wouldn't work there. We've somehow missed our chance, and we can't get it back again. I wonder," he went on in that questioning voice of his, "whether, if the habits of masters and mistresses had maintained a wholesomer simplicity, and the conditions of modern life had not set class against class, this kind of fellowship mightn't have been possible in England too?"

Charlie stared and then he burst out laughing. "I believe," he said, "you're going in for another experiment!"

But Vivian paid no heed to him.

"That was a very fine chant," he said, "something grave and stately and convincing about it. Your cousin has a sweet voice, Lindsell."

He went to the piano, and opening it reproduced the chords, for he had a quick ear.

"That's something like it, isn't it? It was set to the twenty-third Psalm—that much I could guess, or gather. Let me see, how do the words go, Charlie?"

"I don't know," said Charlie shortly.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D.

I.

THE nineteenth century has been marked by a vast access of knowledge concerning ancient life, its manners, customs, beliefs and civilisation. We are separated by two thousand years or more from the times of ancient Greece. Eighteen hundred years, or thereabouts, divide us from the earlier Roman Empire, and yet we know far more of the details and inner circumstances of such distant epochs than did the people who lived a thousand years ago. It is not, after all, very difficult to see how this happens.

The vast period which elapsed from the year 400 A.D. to the sixteenth century was a time of prolonged mental sleep. There were indeed, outbursts here and there of intellectual vigour, just as in a long night of repose a man often awakes for a few moments, only to relapse into a profounder slumber than he has previously enjoyed. But, on the whole, this epoch lasting over a thousand years was a time of intellectual rest. Men counted up their old treasures, went over them again and again, but they did not break any new ground.

Then, again, there is another reason for this intellectual phenomenon. The period of which I have spoken was a time of intellectual sleep, it was much more a period of physical sleep, using the word physical in its strict sense. The surface of nature, the soil of the earth reposed, and during its repose covered up for our inspection everything that lay upon it. I must here interpose a few words of explanation.

The fifth century was marked in the west by the irruption of the barbarians. The Goths, the Vandals, and the various Teutonic tribes, whose descendants are the modern Germans, knew nothing and cared nothing for the remains of Classical and Christian antiquity. Their trade was war, and they despised with a supreme contempt the arts and sciences which flourish amid the influences of peace. An instance or two from our own country will best illustrate what I mean.

The Roman Empire began rapidly to break up after the year 400. England was one of the first countries to suffer under this process, and being far distant from Constantinople, which was then the centre of imperial life, Britain, a despised island in the Western Ocean, an excrescence on the chin of the world, as a Pope a couple of centuries later expressed it, was left to take care of itself. Upon the departure of the Roman troops, the Anglo-Saxons, Teutonic tribes of Northern Germany, rushed in and occupied England, imposing their name and their language upon an island previously a Celtic possession. These rude conquerors cared nothing for the Roman civilisation which they found

existing in England. They neglected it, covered it up in many instances, when they could not obliterate it, and it is only in our own day that, at places like Bath and York, the processes of excavation in the development of railway enterprise have brought to light the evidences and remains of ancient Roman culture.

The Roman Museum in the gardens of St. Mary's Abbey, at York, is one of the most interesting spots for an Englishman desirous of realising the ancient history of his country. It is full of the relics of the civilisation and culture enjoyed in England well-nigh two thousand years ago; while, again, it forms an apt illustration of the advantages which our own generation enjoys. These ancient relics slept in the dust till the advance of modern industry disinterred them for our use and instruction.

As it was in England so was it all the world over. The incursions of the barbarians in the east ministered to our age just as in the west. The Turks, the Huns, and the Arabs, when they burst like a torrent upon the eastern empire between the fifth and the eleventh centuries, cared nothing either for ancient art or ancient literature. They despised the art, and they too often burned the literature. Yet their very neglect was beneficial, for kindly nature stepping in has preserved for this age the numerous remains of art and architecture which have rewarded modern investigation in Egypt, in Syria, in Asia Minor and in various other directions.

Let us briefly dwell upon a few of the most notable cases where the conservative influences of nature, following upon barbarian inroads and massacres, have served to hand down to us precious treasures illustrating the life of the old world, and furnishing in many cases wondrous and ample confirmations of the truth of Holy Scripture and of the Christian faith. In them, too, as in many another instance, the study will often provide an illustration of the Psalmist's words: "The wrath of man shall praise God and the remainder of wrath does He restrain."

Syria, for instance, has yielded a notable example. The late Emperor Napoleon III. was a magnificent patron of literature, and travel. Despotism indeed like his, where one master mind dominates the whole machine and is able to gratify personal tastes with the resources of a great nation, are often more munificent patrons of learning and investigation than constitutional states where subordinate ministers, no matter what their own special liking may be, are necessarily limited in power and authority. A great commercial nation like England is ready to vote money in millions and tens of millions for the purposes of war because she regards her very

existence as dependent on her navy. The nation at once concurs in the expediency of such a proposition and the national press applauds such a course. While a grant of £50,000, or any similar dole, for the purposes of learning or investigation, meets with but a scant support, and, unless it can secure the personal aid of some powerful minister, is certain to be rejected. This, indeed, is one of the penalties we pay for our commercial success and our parliamentary system of Government. It is a pity that it should be so, for, as these papers will show, we have often missed the renown of discoveries which should have fallen to our lot, were successive governments only a little less utilitarian and a wee bit more generous. Napoleon III. had his own grievous faults, but the scholar cannot forget that he was a noble patron of learned enterprises while he held the reins of power in France, despatching expensive expeditions to survey and investigate Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine.

M. Waddington, the present minister from France at our own Court, was the guiding spirit in Asia Minor, Count de Vogüé in Syria, while Palestine was committed to M. Renan as being a distinguished Semitic scholar. M. Waddington's investigations were rewarded with brilliant success. He is himself a many-sided man. He is a French Protestant, yet he is half English by birth, and wholly English by education, and still he is a Frenchman by nationality, and ranks high among French statesmen and scholars. He spent many years in Napoleon's service, traversing the most out-of-the-way parts of Asia Minor, and was rewarded by the discovery of many monuments dating from the earliest ages, which strikingly illustrate the truth and historic character of the Christian story, some of which will again come before us.

To Count de Vogüé was intrusted the Survey of Syria, where he was fortunate enough to discover a region absolutely unique, upon which apparently no European had ever gazed, prior to his visit. Let us listen to his own vivid words, as we translate them from a volume published in French at the imperial expense, entitled "Central Syria: its Architecture, Civil and Religious from the First to the Seventh Century," illustrated with splendid maps and engravings. "Central Syria," says our author, "is the region which extends from north to south, from the frontiers of Asia Minor to those of Arabia Petrea, bounded on the east by the great Mesopotamian Desert, and on the west by the rivers Jordan, Leontes, and Orontes. In this region we find a series of deserted cities almost intact, the sight of which transports the traveller back into the midst of a lost civilisation, and reveals to him all its secrets. In traversing those deserted streets, those abandoned courts, those porticoes where the vine twines round mutilated columns, we receive an impression like that experienced at Pompeii, less complete, indeed, but more novel, for the civilisation we contemplate is less known than that of the age of Augustus. The buildings date from the first to the seventh century, and all seem to have been abandoned as it were on one day, upon the

Saracen invasion about A.D. 700. We there are transported into the very midst of the Christian church of that time. We see its life, not the hidden life of the catacombs, timid, suffering, but a life opulent, artistic, spent in splendid houses with galleries, in balconies, and in beautiful gardens covered with vines. There we see wine-presses, magnificent churches, adorned with columns, flanked with towers, surrounded with splendid turrets."

De Vogüé's discoveries illustrated primarily indeed the life of the Christian church about the year 700, but they do much more. They bear directly on the illustration of the New Testament, and of the early ages of the Christian church, ranging, as these Syrian ruins do, from a century before the Christian era, to seven hundred years after it. He lighted, for instance, upon one of the most curious relics of the fifth century monasticism. There is no generous or fair-minded student of history but must admit the deep debt of gratitude which we owe to monastic institutions, whether in the east or in the west. We may bewail and regret the abuses which overspread them, as everything else human, but whether in the direction of civilisation, agriculture or learning, sacred and profane alike, the monks of the west and east have laid mankind under a heavy load of obligation, as in these papers we shall have frequent occasion to notice.

There has been, however, at all times a great distinction between the monks of the east and of the west. The Easterns have been more contemplative, the Westerns more active and vigorous. The difference of climate has doubtless much to say in this matter. When the usual temperature is 120 in the shade, a man is much more likely to indulge in idle contemplation varied by sleep than when the thermometer stands at or near zero, and bodily activity is absolutely necessary to health, to comfort and even to life.

The pillar saints were the most celebrated, and on the whole the most worthless of eastern ascetics. The most famous of these pillar saints was Simeon Stylites, whom Lord Tennyson has depicted in one of his poems. That man's history may seem to some persons fictitious and surpassing belief, though narrated with all due sobriety by the church historians of the fifth and sixth century, but the travels and excavations of De Vogüé have literally confirmed the narratives handed down to us. St. Simeon is reported to have spent more than thirty years on the top of a pillar sixty feet high, where, enclosed in a box or pulpit on which he supported his body, he dictated policy and doctrine to church and state, to emperors and to patriarchs. Count de Vogüé was enabled to confirm this history, enabling us vividly to realise the fanaticism into which eastern monasticism was fast lapsing just one hundred years after the triumph of Christianity under Constantine the Great. De Vogüé discovered the base and some remains of the actual pillar on which this extraordinary life—more worthy an Indian fakir than a follower of Jesus Christ—was passed.

An historian of the sixth century has described the pillar as it was then to be seen. It was

enclosed in a church where no woman was allowed to enter, and where pretended supernatural appearances were seen upon the saint's feast day. De Voguë found the pillar, or rather the base of it, in exactly the same position after the lapse of thirteen centuries, and now, in the great work to which I have referred, the reader can see a restoration of this church and thence gain a more vivid idea of what church buildings were when the ages of persecution were still a living memory.

But the travels of De Voguë yielded much richer and more precious helps to the comprehension of a still earlier period. The region of Central Syria, especially that portion of it which touched upon the river Jordan, was subject to the sway of the Herods, in the age of our Lord and His apostles, and there De Voguë found many monuments illustrating their power, their magnificent conceptions, and at the same time that strange mixture of faith and practice, partly Jewish and partly Pagan, which made their rule abhorrent to any really patriotic and pious Jew. He came across, for instance, a temple at a place called Siah, dedicated to the god Baalsamin, whose name recalls the manifold idolatry of God's chosen people, and shows how persistent the worship of the Sun God was in those regions where the fierce Syrian sun shone with so much fiery power. The worship of Baal disappeared from Bible history after the Captivity, but this temple shows that it still lingered in the vicinity of the chosen people. This temple was erected within the twenty years previous to the birth of our Lord, and upon it De Voguë found a Greek inscription commemorating the glories of Herod the Great.

This building is most interesting for the Bible student from many points of view. It explains the fierce denunciations of idolatry by the prophets, and the rough and ready justice meted out to the priests of Baal by the strong right hand of the wild seer Elijah. We judge scenes like that which happened at Carmel when the Prophet of the Mountains, as the Eastern church still calls Elijah, took Baal's prophets, and, having brought them down to the brook Kishon, slew them there, every man; we judge such scenes, I say, too much from a modern stand-point, where sentiment often bears rule instead of right reason and stern justice. The prophets of Baal were too often murderers, they were always teachers of iniquity, and guides to immoral courses.¹ The horror which animated the Jewish law and the Jewish prophets as regards idol worship and idol priests is fully justified by this temple at Siah. The only perfect image which was there recovered was a carving of the Oriental Venus with symbolism and circumstances inciting to those works of the flesh against which prophets

and apostles alike protested. The altar too, used in her worship, was found intact, while the Pagan temple itself seems to have been built on the model of the Jewish temple which Herod the Great restored in Jerusalem. There is a court in front with covered corridors or cloisters along each side, while at the farther end comes the shrine answering to the holy place in the temple at Jerusalem.

This temple discovery marvellously illustrates the testimony of the Old and of the New Testaments, and the strong language used there concerning idolatry. We see how idol worship, whether a thousand years before Christ or in the age of Augustus,—or for that matter in the present century—was all one, foul, bloody, destructive of purity and of all noble life for man. Some writers and poets of modern times have devoted their talents to white-washing ancient Paganism. They have painted it as the religion of art, of beauty, and of nature, but they have utterly failed to realise the hideous and immoral side from which great and pure souls viewed it. It is only in the light of such discoveries as that of Siah that men can fully understand the meaning of passages like those in which St. Paul, using language of fierce but just and true and holy intolerance, speaks thus of idolatry, the cultured and poetic idolatry of Greece: "But I say that the thing which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils and not to God. And I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils." St. Paul had a fine healthy mind. His moral tone and fibre had not been weakened by a sickly craving after beauty of colour, of form, and of outline. His mind had been braced by the high rarified atmosphere which surrounds the throne of Eternal holiness and purity, and he burned with a righteous indignation against the wickedness of which it was a shame even to speak, and which at the same time he and his fellow Christians were daily compelled to witness. The temple at Siah and thousands of like instances are aptest illustrations of St. Paul's Epistles; they show us what a state of moral death hung over the world when Christ came to seek and save the utterly lost and ruined; they prove how incapable a material civilisation as brilliant as our own, and æstheticism and intellectual features are to regenerate or even remotely influence man's spiritual nature; and they are quite sufficient explanations of the sharp measures adopted in the Old Testament to preserve the chosen people—the only seed of life and hope for mankind at large—free from similar contaminations.

Perhaps, however, the most striking point of all connected with this temple of Siah—at least for the Bible student—lies in another direction. De Voguë discovered in the court of the building a number of pedestals which once supported statues. Upon one of them was an inscription certifying that some Idumean named Obaisatus had raised this memorial to King Herod. The other statues were recovered in part, but the horror of the early Christians for Herod the Great was so great that his statue—large as life—was smashed to pieces, and a portion of the right

¹ Tertullian, in his *Apologeticus*, cap. ix., expressly asserts that the priests of Saturn in Africa were in his own time, about A.D. 200, crucified for offering children as sacrifices, and yet the practice continued in secret. The Emperor Hadrian is said to have murdered his favourite slave Antinous in order to penetrate the future by the inspection of his vitals, and then turned him into a god for the adoration of the people. Nothing but a supernatural religion could have saved a world so utterly lost.

foot was all that remained, enabling us to form an idea of what this potentate so great, so magnificent, and yet so cruel, may have been while still in the flesh. It helps to make the second chapter of St. Matthew much more real when we thus come into living contact with a still existing monument of Herod the Great erected prior to the birth of our Lord.

The character of the Herodian family is illustrated by the various inscriptions and other remains of antiquity at Siah and its neighbourhood. The careful student of the New Testament will remember many of their traits incidentally displayed therein. Thus, in the twenty-second chapter of St. Matthew, we find the supporters of the Herod dynasty coming to ensnare Christ with a question drawn from their own special views. The Herods were nominally Jews; they were really Pagans, and, above all things, they were supporters of the Roman emperors, and of imperial authority. The query of the Herodians concerning the tribute money was one the object of which was to embroil Christ with the Roman authorities whose side the Herods specially espoused. Then we turn to these Syrian inscriptions, and there we learn that the Herod family delighted to style themselves, in inscriptions still extant, friends of Cæsar,¹ and friends of the Romans, while again, as soon as they left the boundaries of Palestine, abandoning even the nominal profession of Judaism, they built Pagan temples and consecrated them to the use of the bloodiest and most immoral rites.

It is no wonder that the honest indignation of John the Baptist boiled over against Herod Antipas, and that the wrath of the gentle Saviour vented itself in the stern language He applied to the same Antipas, when He described him thus—"Go tell that fox." The hypocritical, double-faced, time-serving, utterly material character of the Herodian family is written as plainly to-day on the face of these Syrian ruins as it is for ever engraved on the page of Holy Scripture. And if we pursue this family in the records of the New Testament we shall find these latter amply confirmed by the records of the desert.

Herod Agrippa, for instance, supplanted Herod Antipas, the murderer of John the Baptist. That Agrippa put James, the brother of John, to death; another Herod Agrippa succeeded him. Both Agrippas were bloody, wicked; both were proud, ostentatious, fond of display. The one made an oration unto the people clad in royal apparel, and died soon after, smitten by a terrible death, as Josephus testifies, in unison with the twelfth of the Acts. The other Agrippa comes to judge St. Paul, and enters the prætorium, with Bernice his sister, "with great pomp." He is expert in all Jewish questions, but the world, and its enjoyments and pleasures, have choked the word, and so the powerful argument of St. Paul, and the self-evident appearance of truth which it presented, had no other effect than to elicit the hard cynical reply to St. Paul's personal appeal, "Almost thou

persuadest me to be a Christian." And then when we turn to the wastes and ruins of Syria we find the Pagan temples, the magnificent tombs, the ostentatious and boastful inscriptions erected by these very Agrippas proclaiming loud to the world the passionate, proud, sensual natures which bore sway over the most celebrated of Esau's descendants.

But we must bring this introductory paper to a close. I said at the beginning that the state of rest in which the world lay for fifteen hundred years, at least as regards investigation and research, has been beneficial to ourselves. This instance from the Syrian desert amply demonstrates my view. Had men in the middle ages been more curious or more active, such fragments as these monuments which bring the grandeur and the utter worldliness and unbelief of the Herods so vividly before us, might have been destroyed for ever. They have been by God's Providence rescued for an age when scholarship and historical research could combine to elicit their testimony to the truth. But it is not only the soil of Europe and the sands of the desert which have thus preserved invaluable treasures for our perusal. It will fall to my lot to show how the monasteries of the east, going back as they do to the era of the Nicene Council, and the first half of the fourth century, have served the same useful function. But I must not anticipate some stories which have in them all the elements of romance, and yet possess this charm, they are literally true.

BERNARD PALISSY'S CHOICE.

THE fame of Palissy the Potter cannot outshine the honour of Palissy the Huguenot. Our illustration depicts one of the final incidents of his life. After the long years of travail in which he won the secret of his art, the products of his genius were held in such regard that in the massacre of St. Bartholomew his life was protected; slay the potter, and there could be no more of his pottery. His sturdy faith, however, made him many enemies. Once he narrowly escaped imprisonment and death. At last there came a time when the artifices of friends in power could no longer shield him. He was an old man of seventy-six when he was arrested and sent to the Bastille, and the last four years of his life were spent within its walls. King Henry III., "starched, frilled, and curled," used to visit him there. Two fair young girls shared the later period of his imprisonment. "My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted." "Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay." The girls were executed a few months later, and Palissy died in the Bastille.

¹ Φιλόκαισαρ and Φιλορώμαιος are the titles used for the Herods; see Le Bas and Waddington's *Voyage Archéologique*, t. iii. Syrian Inscriptions, Nos. 2364, 2365, and Conder's *Syrian Stone Lore*, pp. 209-212.



HENRY III. VISITS BERNARD PALISSY IN THE BASTILLE.

“Sire,” said the old man of eighty, “it is I who pity you, who have said, ‘I am compelled.’ That is not speaking like a king.”

THE EASY-GOING FAMILY.

BY RUTH LAMB.

THE family of Easy-goers is as numerous and its members are as widely diffused and as mischievous in their line, as the Going-to-Do's. They also belong to the class whom pitying lookers on are accustomed to designate as being nobody's enemies but their own, and as being the "worst to themselves." As if it were impossible to injure others by anything short of aggressive evil-doing.

I remember a woman who, though only a working man's wife, was a very queen of Easy-goers. She had a favourite sentence which she was accustomed to air at every opportunity, and which ran as follows: "Them as will work may work. Them as won't has never no 'casion," and she managed to prove its truth by daily life and practice. Her motto might have been, "Never do anything to-day which you can possibly put off until to-morrow," for she lived it to perfection, and yet her work was usually done before the morrow—only other people did it.

Easy-goers are generally good-tempered, not from principle, but because it is too much trouble to be angry, and to be so puts them out of their way. The path of irritable, quarrelsome people is necessarily a rough one, and Easy-goers like to walk softly and say, "Anything for a quiet life."

My old friend, Mrs. Muddle, the author of the motto quoted above, never quarrelled with anybody. She had a placid face, a temper that could not be ruffled, and a happy knack of saying kind things, though she never went to the length of doing them. So her neighbours seemed to think that her pleasant words must be repaid by active service, and when she folded her plump hands and "let things go" they applied their vigorous ones to the task of restoring order, and divided her work amongst them.

Mrs. Muddle was in the prime of life, stout, hale, and comely, and yet she invariably talked as if she were rather advanced in years. She generally spoke in a plaintive tone, and would say with a sweet smile of gratitude, "Bless you, my dear. I hope, when you get on in life, you'll find somebody as willing to do you a good turn as you are to help other folks now."

It may, however, be questioned whether Mrs. Sharp really did her neighbour a good turn, when she lifted the burden from shoulders which were strong enough to carry it unassisted. Easy-goers are in one sense thoroughly shiftless, and yet always making shift. They put up with constant inconveniences, when by a little effort they might have comfort. They do with the wrong thing, or the too small quantity, when they might just as well have the right one, enough, and better than what just enables them to pull through.

They will tear their clothes on the same protruding nail time after time, yet never take the trouble to draw it out or drive it in. When the

rent is made, the easy-going woman puts in a pin instead of mending it, and fetches down a second coat for her husband to wear instead of the torn one, until perhaps it is caught in turn upon "that tiresome nail."

The easy-going housemother is always unpunctual and mostly sluttish in appearance and habits. As a wife, she rarely takes any trouble to make herself attractive in her husband's eyes, or to render his table and his home pleasant to the sight, by those little graceful touches which add so much to the charm of his surroundings. She is married now, and she says, "Where is the use of troubling about such things?" And yet a little painstaking on her part would attract such genuine appreciation as should be worth even more to the wife than were her husband's admiring looks and pretty speeches in her maiden days. He probably likes to see her well and becomingly dressed, and gives her ample means for the purpose. But the Easy-goer offends his good taste and sense of propriety by wearing faded finery in the morning, or sitting at table a dowdy slattern. She excuses herself by saying, "Any thing is good enough for the fireside," or "Who would dress well to go out in such weather?" and worst excuse of all, "Why should I trouble to change when there is nobody coming?" And yet there are those who ought to be more than all the world beside—husband and children.

The easy-going woman is a terrible social evil, whether as wife, mother, or mistress. She drives a husband of a different character nearly out of his senses by her slipshod ways, or out of his proper home to find elsewhere the comfort he cannot have in it.

An old lady, the true friend of a young wife, ventured to speak to her very kindly about her untidy dress.

"James does not care," she replied, with a comfortable smile and mending the fluttering rag in the approved style of Easy-goers, by putting in a pin.

"My dear," said the old lady, "when husbands cease to care about the garments, it is often because they no longer care about the wearer, or are on the road from affection to indifference. It is a bad sign when wife or husband ceases to be particular about externals."

The young wife took the advice to heart, and soon found by his approving smile and appreciative words that her husband did care when she made a change for the better.

Sometimes a husband takes domestic matters into his own more capable hands, and rules in place of the Easy-goer whose duty it is to "guide the house." But whether as master, mistress, or parent, the Easy-goer does an immensity of passive mischief. Servants who have been trained in orderly habits and would fain do right have a bad time with such employers. Some might believe

that such would be easy to please, but the opposite is the case, for with them servants never know what their duties are or when their work will be done. Orders are not given until the last moment, or forgotten altogether. Work has to be scrambled through, and servants are too often blamed for the procrastination of those who rule.

And servants who are worth anything to begin with must needs leave or deteriorate. If anything less than order, regularity, and efficiency will satisfy the master in the workshop or warehouse, and the mistress in the home, and if servants are constantly hearing the words "What is the use of troubling?" or "Anything is good enough," they are very likely to fall into the same ways and swell the ranks of the Easy-goers.

How the children suffer, both whilst they are children and in after life! They trip over the same hole in the carpet day after day. They are left to the care of servants whose characters have been taken for granted, because it would have needed some sacrifice of ease to make a personal inquiry before engaging them.

They are punished at school for being late, because the easy-going mother could not trouble herself to see that they left home in time, or they go without a proper meal, because it was not ready for them. They wait until they are past the proper age to be apprenticed or articed, because the parents will not decide on their behalf. Little faults become confirmed bad habits, because it is so much easier to let them have their own way than to train them up in the way they should go.

With the Easy-going Family, *now* is always the wrong time.

In a season of emergency, instead of being up and doing, the Easy-goer always tries to call to mind how other people have been helped over such difficulties, and waits for some one to help him.

I picture in my mind two men who were placed in exceptionally good positions, though in widely differing ones. The elder of the two was left, whilst quite young, at the head of a flourishing business. He had never known it otherwise, for the struggles, hard work, and patience that it had cost his parents to build up the concern were matters of long ago, and past before he could remember anything. But they had carried out their business habits to the last, too well unfortunately, for those of the son had never been cultivated.

He took things easy. He hated figures and neglected either to keep his own books or employ a trustworthy person to do it for him. A friend spoke to him on the subject, but only gave offence.

"The business always has done well; no fear it will do," was the reply.

"Business will not take care of itself, and only by careful book-keeping can you tell what goes out and comes in," said the friend.

This easy-goer was not always good-tempered or grateful for well-meant advice, and he intimated that the other might find enough to do in

mind his own affairs, since business required so much looking after.

The hint was taken and no more counsel offered. But there was another who called himself a friend and who appeared to be a kind one. He said flattering words, remarked admiringly what a crowd of customers thronged the shop on Saturday nights, and said, "You must be very tired before closing time. My work ends at two o'clock; I will give you a lift after tea if you like. It will be nothing to me with Sunday's rest before me."

This offer was accepted. It suited the easy-goer who forgot the value of the master's eye and hand, and rested, whilst the volunteer was indefatigable in the shop and only said "good night" when the last customer had been served. Nay, he was so disinterested that it was difficult to induce him to accept a little present in return for his help.

After a while, though business seemed as brisk as ever, ready money became scarcer, no one could tell why. It was very strange. The parents had saved and bought the business premises and other property. Now the banking account was on the wrong side, and it was becoming difficult to meet payments. Our easy-going tradesman had first to mortgage, then to sell some property, and this made him look grave. He almost wished he had taken his old friend's advice and kept proper books. Surely some one was robbing him, yet how was he to find out the culprit?

He never did; but when things had gone from bad to worse, and there was nothing more to be got, the plausible friend managed to find an excuse for discontinuing his help, and our easy-goer awoke from a dream of prosperity to find himself a ruined man. He had bought a few years of ease at the cost of future poverty.

Of the second, I asked lately, "What became of old Mr. Millem's property? He was accounted rich, but his son died young and left his family in poverty."

"The son took things too easy," was the answer. "He thought his money was all made ready for him and the factories would be like a mint, whether he took any trouble about them or not. That is the whole secret." The father worked hard with head and hands at first, later on with the head only, but always earnestly.

The son took it easy, did half-hearted work, and went fast down the hill his father toiled to climb, carrying his family with him. Here you have the whole secret.

Thus easy-goers let business slip from ease-loving hands.

In time of difficulty they say, "Some way out will be found, but do not seek it, or seek too late."

They are a step in advance of the going-to-do's, because they begin some time, and often get through their work after a fashion. But work with their might! Never. To do the least they can, in the easiest way and when it can be deferred no longer, is their practice, and the older they grow the more persistent they are in adhering to it.

In fact, it is the only thing in which they are persistent.

Easy-goers have also easy-going consciences. If there is one class who more than others find comfort in saying,—“We may die easily as we have lived, God is very merciful. We are not without our failings. We do not pretend to perfection, but at least we have done nobody any harm. Our consciences do not reproach us on that score,”—it is the easy-going family. Perhaps another anecdote may help to illustrate how they lose their own souls and injure their fellow-men, both in soul and body.

The lands of two farmers ran for a great distance, side by side, parted only by a low fence. One named Workman rented his farm and toiled early and late to make it remunerative. He had a wife and several children, all helpers who were old enough to be of use. To tell how diligently they laboured would be only to describe those who do nothing by halves, who think of duty first and inclination afterwards, who do in no half-hearted fashion, but with their might, and as in God's sight, the work that He has given them to do.

Seeds were always in at the right time, furnished with the ingredients needed for their support, and crops gathered and housed with all possible care. On one half of the farm all seemed to flourish. Weeds were kept under, and, if weather permitted a good crop, farmer Workman was sure to get one from that portion of his ground.

But the other part was less satisfactory. Not that it received less attention or labour. It had more and needed more. Weeds might be uprooted again and again, but ever a new crop sprang up to choke the good seed and try the farmer's patience.

How was this?

It was because this half adjoined the land of Mr. Loverest who was one of the easy-going family.

He owned his farm, his father had left him money, his wife had brought him more, and there were no children to provide for. Farming was to him a matter of amusement, not bread-winning, and the crops did not trouble him. Had there been none, his rest would not have been disturbed. He had money enough and to spare. So the men did what work they chose, which was not too much, and Mr. Loverest owned with a laugh that he could not blame them, seeing he liked to take things easily himself.

Weeds were not uprooted. They were allowed to flourish, cast their seed, and were then ploughed in to produce fresh crops, but, unfortunately, not merely on those lands belonging to Mr. Loverest. The seeds, carried by wind and the other wings which nature has provided for the increase even of weeds, were borne into the fields on the other side the fence and sprang up there.

Vain were poor Farmer Workman's toil, his early rising and his late going to rest. His easy-going neighbour rendered all useless.

At length, in desperation, the much-tried man

called on Mr. Loverest. The latter welcomed him kindly, and hospitably placed before him the best that was in his house.

“Neighbour,” said the visitor, “I want to ask you for something better still.”

“I am sorry I have nothing better in the larder,” replied Mr. Loverest. “If I had, it should be at your service.”

“I ask nothing for myself, and as to the food none need wish to partake of better. I am begging for my children's bread which you are taking out of their mouths without knowing it.”

“I!” exclaimed the astonished listener, “I would not harm you or yours for the world. If you want money-help you have only to ask and have a loan. I could not place one in honest hands.”

Mr. Loverest was in earnest, and his neighbour knew it and thanked him warmly for his offer, whilst explaining that it was not money-help he came to seek. Then he showed how he was suffering, not from intentional unkindness, but because Mr. Loverest neglected his own interests, allowed the weeds to flourish and cared little about his crops.

“I see. I see,” said his listener, with a thoughtful face. “I know I am a careless easy-going farmer; for things were made easy for me by other people. But you have taught me a lesson. I can understand as I never did before, that a man cannot do badly for himself without doing ill to others, or neglect his duty without adding to his neighbours' toil.”

“Until now I have harmed you without meaning it. Were I to continue the same course, you would have cause to look upon me as your enemy. There shall be a change.”

Farmer Workman went home with a light heart. He knew that his neighbour's promise would be kept, and it was. Mr. Loverest made a return call on the following morning and frankly said: “I hardly know how to set about turning over a new leaf. When one has got into easy-going ways, it is hard to change all of a sudden. Will you manage my farm for me along with your own? Until we get into better order, I will pay you your services; when there is a reasonable profit, you shall share it with me.”

The offer was gladly accepted, though Farmer Loverest had made it from a double motive. First, that the thought of harming his neighbour might not trouble his conscience; secondly, in accordance with the habit of his life—as the easiest way out of a difficulty. His one desire was to be spared from injuring Farmer Workman, not to gain anything for himself. But he was a gainer nevertheless, for, under such active management, his land became a source of profit instead of loss.

And, just as no one can do harm or neglect the good, without his life influencing the lives of others in the wrong direction, so the practice of active good-doing and the faithful performance of every duty must also have its influence. Farmer Loverest never became a hard worker, or lost his easy-going habits, but his neighbour's words and ways roused him to a greater sense of responsibility than he had ever felt before, and

often afterwards he asked himself the question, "Am I planting weeds on the ground of another by neglecting to pull up my own?"

There can be no doubt about the results. "For none of us liveth to himself." Easy-going employers spoil servants. Easy-going parents find it too much trouble to correct their children, and these, growing up like ill-weeds, sow the seeds of evil by word and example, in the minds of their companions.

In things spiritual the Easy-goer is true to his character. He thinks about heaven as a something to be desired, and he makes for himself a royal road thither! He is ready to believe that "God is love," "plenteous in mercy," "ready to

forgive"; That Christ's work is a finished work, and only faith is required on the part of man. No need for him to lift a finger.

But he shuts his ears against allusions to God's justice. He asks not for mercy that he may have it, or goes in a spirit of penitence to claim the promised pardon. Enough for him to own God's goodness and love. The faith that shows itself in works is not for him. And so, even on his death-bed, his example works evil to the last, for there he folds his hands and rests on the thought which, alas! for those he can still influence, he puts into words and says, "I am all right. I never did anybody harm in my life that I know of."

THE GLORIOUS RETURN.

CHAPTER IV.



RÉNÉE, if God gives me life, I will return. I will return here to thee."

Sosaid Gaspard Bolta as he parted from his promised wife in the cavern on the cliff.

He had stayed long enough to gather them a store of wood and firing. He had even crept down in the darkness to the ruined home, and, with the silent hunter-craft of his nation, had managed to evade the Savoy soldiers while he loaded himself with things

which he knew his mother and Rénéé must need.

A dangerous service—yes, but existence was just one long course of danger in those months to the Vaudois.

Madeleine had urged him to go back to his father. She herself would have chosen to dare all things, and go also. To stay in that cliff-cage, hiding in silence, with no knowledge of how it fared with her nearest and dearest would be a terrible strain and trial; the risks of crossing the Lucerna Valley and the heights of Roussina and Mount Vandalin, watched as they were by the duke's troops, would be as nothing compared with the waiting and the longing for news, there in the cave.

But Gaspard, who had threaded the passes and forded the torrents swelled with melting snows, who had doubled and dived and scrambled like the hunted thing that he was, implored her to stay in the comparative safety of their hiding-place.

"It is far to where I left him," he said; "out there below La Vachère. And if thou didst reach him, mother, they would but tear thee from his side. The men were driven off in gangs to Lucerna, and the women ——" He paused, and the dark look came again into his face. "The women were taken, too, some of them, and the little ones —— Oh, mother, be satisfied! rest here, thou and Rénéé, and if God pleases to hear my prayer I will come again, and bring my father should I carry him on my shoulders."

And so he left them; and for days and yet again for days, they watched and waited for his coming back across the torrent, and round by the huge rocks that rose sharp and sheer from the water to the fringes of the pines. But they waited in vain.

And as the time wore on they saw from their point of vantage that the soldiers had left Rora, or only scoured the land at intervals; and Rénéé ventured down from time to time to the desolated village, filling her basket with such fruits and food that the ruthless robbers had chanced to spare. Seeking, too, if there might be other fugitives perhaps more helpless and terror-stricken than themselves—to whom Madeleine and she could give a word of cheer, or hand of help.

And so the spring deepened into summer, and the skies were stainless blue above them; and the sunlight of many blossoms shone over the grass; the pines shook their yellow dust in clouds into the scented air; and the brooms opened their dry seed-pods with sharp reports, as of fairy artillery.

It was hard to believe that only so few weeks ago human lives had been sobbed out in agony—there in that beautiful world—and that rage and cruelty had there wrought their worst wickedness in the sacred name of Christ.

So quiet was it that at last the two women went back to Rora, finding shelter amongst the ruins of what had once been their home. One or two other hunted and bereaved ones crept back also, like them waiting for news, hoping still in their faithful hearts that better times would come, and those so dear to them would be delivered from the jaws of death.

Rénéé would look wistfully northward and westward, where the great violet peaks rose into the summer sky. Would Gaspard come that day? the next? Deferred hope that maketh the heart sick was heavy upon her; she longed to find her way down the valley to the outer world, and learn for herself what had befallen. Inaction and waiting were the hardest of trials to this girl, child of the mountains as she was.

Patience, Rénéé! The time for doing will come. The blood of heroes does not flow uselessly in your young veins; "to do" comes by nature to hearts like yours; "to wait" is a lesson taught by care Divine.

Some stray reports penetrated even to the far recesses of this valley, the most southern of all the Vaudois dwelling-places. Some wandering folk would come from Vigne or

Villaro, outcasts like themselves, whom they might question. Any well-to-do traveller, any body of men, any strangers who looked happy and well fed, must be avoided and hidden from, for they would certainly prove to be enemies, who considered all the Vaudois to be under the ban of the Church, and therefore to be driven to a Lucerne prison, or hunted down and slain.

But from one and another the story was brokenly gathered—the story of what had chanced beyond the hills, and what sort of measure the duke had dealt to his conquered people.

Exile. That had been the final decree.

The Vaudois were to be driven out; their hills should harbour heretics no more. Once and for all Savoy should be cleared from them and their doctrine. As Louis had purified the soil of France, so Victor Amadeus would purge Piedmont.

The prisons were to be emptied. The twelve thousand men, women, and children shut up in the several fortresses must go. To Switzerland, since the Swiss would receive them—but across the Alps, and out of the valleys at any cost, and any whither.

Twelve thousand! Could there really be so many? Henri Botta and his son Gustave were amongst that great and dreary company?

The sentence fell on the hearts of those two women like a leaden weight.

They, too, must go to Switzerland.

That was the resolve that grew strong in each before they dared to say the words one to the other. They were silently counting the miles, the mountains, the dangers that lay between them and the country where their dear ones had been driven. And each dreaded the objections which the other might urge.

“But, *Rénée*,” *Madeleine* Botta held out her withered hands imploringly, and her sunken eyes were moist as she spoke—“*Rénée*, we must go to them, since it may not be that they can come to us.”

The girl’s face shone with the swift up-leaping of the hope that was strong in her.

“Yes, mother, we will go; and God will lead us safely through,” was her answer, spoken with the fervent simple faith that had sprung strongly up in Vaudois hearts under that red-rain of martyr blood.

But not yet was the “leading” to come.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X.

Who lingers long, but angels save his life?
 Who guards her husband, like a duteous wife?
 The home of one Elijah raised when dead?
 Who bound his son; but killed a ram instead;
 That honoured name the weeping Mary gave?
 To Jesus, newly-risen from the grave
 Who breathed beside the ark his latest breath?
 Who saw the Saviour just before his death?

Initial letters now will give the name
 Of one whom Death assailed and overcame;
 But, in his turn, the King of Terrors fled,
 Rebuked by One who liveth and was dead.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IV.

1. He commanded a thousand men, and gained a victory over a garrison on “the hill of God.”
 2. He carried weapons which his soldiers had not.

3. He encouraged a companion with the words “It may be that the Lord will work for us.”

4. He was refreshed, when weary, with food which was neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl, nor fruit, nor grain.

5. A cruel sentence was passed on him, but it was not carried out.

6. He had two sisters: one saved her husband’s life.

7. He received a wicked command which he did not obey.

8. An unsuccessful attempt was made on his life.

9. He predicted three events in one sentence, but not as a prophet; two were fulfilled.

10. His son was very kindly treated by a king.

11. He was killed in battle and his body burnt.

L. T.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. II.—P. 224.—BENHADAD.

- 1 and 2. 1 Kings xv. 19.
- 3. 1 Kings xv. 21, 22.
- 4. 1 Kings xx. 10, 11.
- 5. Drunkenness.
- 6. 1 Kings xx. 20.
- 7. 1 Kings xx. 23–25, 29.
- 8. 1 Kings xx. 32.
- 9. 2 Kings vi. 11.
- 10. 2 Kings viii. 7–9; vi. 12, 13.

NO. III.—P. 256.—NOAH,

- (1) Gen. vi. 14, 22; vii. 1, 7; viii. 15–18; (2) vii. 7; (3) vi. 9; (4) v. 28, 29; (5) 32; (6) Heb. xi. 7; (7) *Isaiah* liv. 9; *Ezek.* xiv. 4; Heb. xi. 7; 2 Peter ii. 5; *Matt.* xxiv. 37.

ANSWERS TO CITIES OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. II.—P. 240.—BEERSHEBA.

- 1. 1 Kings xix. 1–4.
- 2. Gen. xxvii. 42–45; xxviii. 10.
- 3. *Jos.* xix. 1, 2.
- 4. Gen. xxi. 14, 15.
- 5. Gen. xlvi. 1.
- 6. Gen. xxi. 33.
- 7. Gen. xxii. 19.
- 8. Gen. xlvi. 1, 2.
- 9. Gen. xxvi. 32, 33.

NO. III.—P. 256.—DAMASCUS.

- 2 Kings viii. 7–9.
- 2 Kings v. 1–12.
- Gen. xv. 2; xxi. 1–4, 12, 26, 27.
- 2 Sam. viii. 5, 6.
- 1 Kings xi. 23–25.
- 2 Kings xvi. 10, 11; 2 Chron. xxviii. 19–25.
- Jer.* xlix. 23–27; *Ezek.* xxvii. 18; *Amos* i. 3.
- Acts* ix. 8, 9, 17.

NO. VIII.—P. 256.—ELLJAH, 1 Kings xxi. 17–19.—
 NATHAN, 2 Sam. xii. 7–10.

- E-phro-N Gen. xxiii. 16–18.
- L-ystr-A Acts xiv. 8–18.
- I-scario-T *Matt.* xxvi. 14–16.
- J-ona-H *Jonah* i. 7–12.
- A-nn-A *Luke* ii. 36, 37.
- H-ebro-N *Jos.* xv. 13, 14; *Deut.* ix. 2.

Monthly Religious Record.

MISSIONARY questions continue to occupy a large space in public attention. The appeal of the London Missionary Society has met with a response, both in large gifts and in those smaller contributions that imply daily self-denial, which encourages the hope that it may be enabled to surmount the crisis in its affairs. The sympathy awakened in many places gives perhaps even better ground of assurance, for it is stable and continuous effort which is required. A merely spasmodic generosity would but prepare the way for recurring disaster, while a thoroughly deepened interest in the cause at stake gives the promise of permanent progress. All churches and societies should benefit by an impulse in any one quarter. Indeed, is it not time that men thought less of "missions" as if they were a limited and optional sphere of action, and more of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ? A sacred cause which would still have its claims though all that has yet been done were proved "a failure." Meanwhile, there is still much animated discussion as to methods and results, but already there are indications that in this sphere also the controversies which threatened danger may bring good in the removal of misapprehensions, in the quickening of inquiry, and in the stimulus given to new activities.

MR. BAYNES, in discussing the question of numbers in India, and the fact that there are some results which cannot possibly be reckoned by them, asks:—"What of the elevation of man as man, the creation of Christian communities in the very heart of heathenism, new dignity given to womanhood, new sanctity given to marriage and family ties, new security to life, liberty, and happiness, and the wider diffusion of such ennobling conceptions as the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man? Before Christianity entered India, lepers were treated with shocking inhumanity, hundreds of them being buried alive. Now, not only has a stop been put to this cruelty, but for the past fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers of that great continent. Surely," he adds, "there are some results that cannot be gauged by quantity merely, but in connection with which quality must also come in."

If the tests of progress at home are applied abroad, it will be found that, while there is frequently need of a divine impatience, many of the most precious growths are slow. Mr. Baynes points out that Dr. Carey had not a single convert after seven years' labour; that Dr. Clough, of the American Telugu Mission, laboured for twenty years without tabulating one convert a year, nay, having "a decreasing church membership." But at length came the harvest, and in three months "more than 5,000 Telugus were publicly baptized on a profession of their faith in Christ." Dr. Moffat had a similar experience in South Africa. Mr. Baynes writes: "As I understand this missionary enterprise, its great object is 'the diffusion of the knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ all the world over.' Francis Xavier baptized converts by thousands at a time, while Henry Martin declared that, so far as he knew, his ministry had been blessed to only one convert. Yet, as a recent writer has remarked, 'Who can say that Martin was not the more successful missionary of the two?' Dr. Morrison, the great Chinese missionary evangelist, wrote: 'Would that I could report conversions! I long, I labour for conversions; but, alas! they do not occur. We can preach and plead and pray, but we cannot convert. This blessed change must be wrought by the Holy Ghost.'" Thus, in dealing with souls, the experience in the mission-field but reflects the struggle between good and evil at home.

The relation of the old to the new in these controversies is well expressed by Mr. Baynes. "For myself," he says, "I endeavour to cultivate a chronic spirit of thankful dissatisfaction—devoutly thankful for the marvels God has already wrought through such painfully feeble and imperfect instrumentality, but greatly dissatisfied with the half-hearted way in which this great enterprise is regarded

by so many professing Christians in this country. I desire also growingly to cherish an observant and teachable attitude, to investigate fearlessly, and without prejudice or partiality, new methods of work and fresh plans of action, in the confident expectation that 'larger light' will lead to nobler issues, not only abroad, but at home also."

As regards the proposed employment of younger men in India, these all have a tendency to grow older, and the contingencies pertaining to that fact cannot be overlooked. Mr. Wardlaw Thompson states that the expediency, or otherwise, of sending out bands of young men pledged to celibacy for a term of years, and to do special work as evangelists, has been actually discussed by the directors of the London Missionary Society for fully five years past; "but, as in so many other things, difficulties have revealed themselves in attempting to work out the practical details of what seems to be a most plausible suggestion, and these have not yet been entirely overcome. It has, however, been the rule of the Society for many years that missionaries going to India shall go out unmarried, and shall remain unmarried for one or two years after their arrival. This rule has only recently been modified, as the result of larger experience." "I believe," he adds, "the true solution of the difficulty connected with the cost of missions is not in the direction of reducing allowances to the lowest point at which it is possible for men to maintain themselves, nor in the direction of an extensive use of the celibate missionary. Rather do I look forward to the time when, as the result of God's work of grace on the hearts of the young who have been educated in our missionary schools, a large body of thoroughly well-trained and devoted native evangelists and pastors will be available in all parts of the field." As to the minimum on which a missionary can live, our readers will concur in the remark that "It will surely be time enough for us to discuss this question when wealthy laymen and Christians in comfortable circumstances in England have decided on how small a sum they themselves can exist here and carry on work for Christ. For communities of Christian people, whose homes, whose personal expenditure, whose surroundings in every direction give evidence of abundant care for their own comfort, to proceed to discuss seriously the problem for how little a missionary can be supported in a foreign country and a tropical climate, is an application of the law of Christ, which I cannot at all understand." The spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice will show itself in diverse forms in true men, whether they are acting independently or under direction. It cannot escape notice that in some recent suggestions there is a singular return to methods which earlier ages found insufficient. The frequent recurrence of the word "ascetic," for example, in this controversy is ominous. What asceticism can equal the privations and pains which many modern missionaries have borne, and are still bearing, in the ordinary course of duty? To hastily assume that the comfortable "pony carriage" is typical of the older systems, and the burdensome cross of the new, would be to do a grievous wrong to many men who have been in labours more abundant, not counting their lives dear in the service of God.

MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, the well-known African traveller, writing in the "Fortnightly Review" of the indirect results of missionary work, says:—"No one who has not travelled in these barbarous countries can fully realize the remarkably civilizing influence that radiates from one of these lonely mission stations, the scattered spores of a higher culture sown and spreading in the savage wilderness."

MR. F. S. ARNOT has returned to Africa, accompanied by friends intent only on the work of evangelisation. He has had no time during his brief residence in England to write an account of his recent experiences, and the book he has left behind—"Garenganze" (Hawkins), detailing his "Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa"—is prepared from the diaries and letters sent to members of his family, and chiefly written to his mother. From the preface

to this most interesting narrative we learn that he was led "to dedicate himself in his youth to Central Africa, his interest in that continent having been awakened, when he was quite a child, by hearing Dr. Livingstone speak in Hamilton in 1864, after his return from one of his great journeys." Exeter Hall was crowded on the occasion of the farewell. A remarkable spirit of devotion was manifested, several present having given themselves to missionary work, and intending to go forth at their own charges.

THE Livingstonia Mission has opened a new station on the Ukukive plateau to the north of Lake Nyasa. It appears that for generations past the lake has been subsiding, and has left all along its shore large plains of ten to twenty miles in extent. These, while very fertile, are marshy, and cannot be occupied by white men. The new station is on the banks of the Kiwara river; seventeen villages lie near by, within a radius of two or three miles. In the chief of these villages a small school is already at work. Meanwhile, the advance of the Portuguese expedition from the coast to the region of the Lakes is watched with anxiety. The Portuguese Government has been warned that there are British interests which will be guarded, but the danger is not of a kind to be averted by vague diplomatic hints.

MR. GRAHAM WILMOT BROOKE has sailed, with Mr. Ernest Shaw, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, for the Niger, proposing to visit the kingdom of Sockoto, some hundreds of miles inland. He has asked the Church Missionary Society to allow him to be associated with its Upper Niger Mission, as an independent pioneer missionary. He will retain his independence, and work out his own plans: but he desires to establish himself in the first instance at their farthest station, Kipo Hill, to study the Hausa language, and then afterwards to feel his way into the Soudan proper. This is the fourth journey Mr. Brooke has made to Africa. On previous occasions he has visited the Congo, and Senegambia. An earlier attempt to reach Sockoto was frustrated by ill-health.

THE new mission to the Balolo people on the Upper Congo is about to be reinforced. Already their language has been reduced to writing, and some portions of the Bible and some hymns have been translated into it. Not only have the necessary funds been secured without solicitation, but a steam-launch for the river is to be provided by the aid of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Ireland. At the meeting held in Exeter Hall to take leave of the eight missionaries now going out under the auspices of the East London Institute, Dr. Guinness said he was very much inclined to think that it is to the death of so many missionaries in the country that the recent revival on the Lower Congo must be attributed. The people see that these men are not traders; that they get nothing for their work, but risk death, and conclude there must be something in their message. "In one station a man from the East London Institute, who was formerly a carriage painter, had no fewer than 1,200 inquirers in the course of three weeks. Some 250 persons have been received into church fellowship. Five of them have suffered martyrdom in the name of Christ; they are, moreover, Christians who put many at home to the blush. They have set apart two of their number to preach the Gospel to outsiders, thus setting us an excellent example of the way to solve the missionary problem."

THE Samoan difficulty is not yet adjusted. The great hurricane which destroyed the German and American fleets has not solved it. Germany is sending out still more powerful vessels. Meanwhile, the Mormons have made their appearance on the scene, and their emissaries are proposing to make an attack on every village.

THE work of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland came recently under annual review at Exeter Hall. Alluding to the charge that the Salvation Army allows its workers to use themselves up too quickly, Mr. Booth said: "I always tell my officers, 'You shall suffer,' and I never stand between them and the cross. They do not serve me, but Jesus Christ, whom they love, and who will in due course reward them for whatever they do." Twenty-four new posts have been opened during the year. In Switzerland persecution has been to a great extent lived down, but Miss Stirling detailed her experiences at Chillon, where she was incarcerated fifty-three days for breaking an antiquated

law by collecting children to whom she spoke of the love of Christ. The pending appeal has been decided adversely, and it was assumed that she would have to return and complete the term of one hundred days.

MR. MOODY is organising an Evangelisation Society in Chicago, the object of which will be to train men and women, of all classes, who shall act as aids to ministers, and visit from house to house, in order to reach non-church-goers. Instruction is to be given in matters of practical interest.

THE results of much philanthropic labour continue to be seen in the steady outflow of young emigrants reclaimed from the streets. Dr. Barnardo has sent out a party of 226 to Canada, the largest yet under his direction, of whom one-half have been rescued from vagrancy. There are to-day 3090 children in the various institutions under his care. From the Liverpool Sheltering Homes Mrs. Birt has gone forth with another band, the thirty-second from that quarter. From Mr. Quarrier's Homes at Bridge of Weir, 130 boys have also left for Canada, and a party of 120 girls is expected to sail this month.

THE name of Dr. Edersheim is well known to our readers, who will regret to have seen his death reported at Mentone. Born in Austria, and educated in the Jewish religion, he was converted to Christianity by means of the Scottish mission. After graduating abroad, he came to Edinburgh to complete his theological course. He began his public career in the Free Church at Old Aberdeen. Subsequently he removed to Torquay, where he ministered as a Presbyterian; but finally he passed into the Church of England, and, after spending some years in a country vicarage, settled in the more congenial atmosphere of Oxford. His most important work, "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," was suggested by his contributions to this magazine. One of his earlier series of papers, reprinted as a volume, had great acceptance, "The Temple, its Ministry, and Services, as they were at the Time of Jesus Christ." His sketches of Social Life at the same period will also be remembered. In a series of volumes he dealt with Jewish history as unfolded in the Old Testament. To the "Edinburgh Review" he was an occasional contributor. He had held the post of Warburtonian Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn, and of Select Preacher to the University of Oxford, and at the time of his death was Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint in the University of Oxford.

THE late Miss Mary Whately, of Cairo, was a pioneer in the work she undertook. At a time when such acts were rare among women, she gave her talents and all her private means to independent and strenuous labour in Egypt. In the winter of 1860-61 she was led to visit that country in search of health, and moved by pity for the neglected girls about her, she gathered a few of them together into a small school. In this work she received the voluntary help of two Syrian gentlemen, who continued to work with her until they both died, a few years later. Beginning in a very small way, her school rapidly came into notice, and when at last state education was taken up, the Mahometan Government of Egypt showed their appreciation of her good services by granting her a yearly subsidy, although she never concealed her colours, but let every one know that her school was avowedly Christian. It contains now about 400 boys and 250 girls. To her school, Miss Whately added a medical mission which has relieved much suffering. But her influence went far beyond school or mission. She spoke and read Arabic fluently.

EVERY year adds to the number of faithful workers whose record is on high—no chronicle can include the services ministered in a hundred quiet ways. It is well that it should be so. A word, however, is due to Mrs. Joseph Gurney. After Mr. Gurney's death in 1879 she removed to Notting Hill, and her home there was a centre of Christian work and of warm hospitality. She became treasurer of the Zenana Mission of the Baptist Society, and gave her whole heart to the cause. The preliminary prayer-meetings and the Sunday Morning Prayer Union were started at her suggestion. She was specially interested in all candidates going out, helping and cheering them in every way possible, and constantly corresponding with them; and by her exertions and influence she greatly extended the work.