

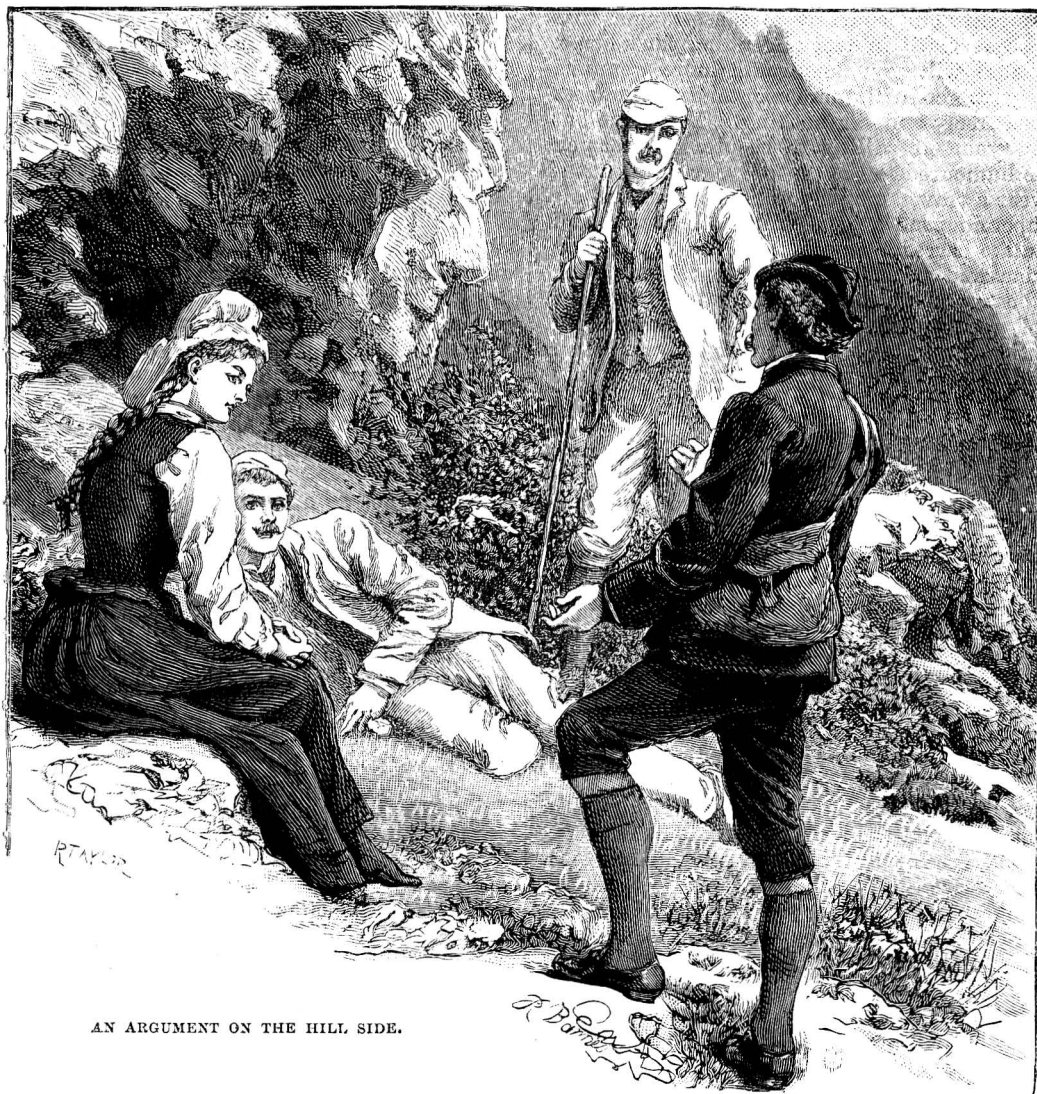
# THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

## OF ALL DEGREES.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—ON THE HEIGHTS.



AN ARGUMENT ON THE HILL SIDE.

**Y**ET since Charlie was the first to propose next morning to go back to the parsonage it would appear that the manner of life there had attractions for him too.

He and Vivian had now spent a couple of weeks in this green corner of the Balestrand, which as yet is little known to the tourist

through. They had chanced upon it as one still chances upon such fair solitudes in Norway, and finding it much to their liking had lingered there almost to the limits of their furlough.

A new guest-house—hotel is too pretentious a word for the primitive simplicity of these Norwegian hostels—had been opened for the first

time that season, and Ola Olsen, the young proprietor, had extended a very hearty welcome to the Englishmen who were to his imagination the pioneers, the forerunners of an ever-increasing throng. His frank face beamed with satisfaction, and he could not do enough for his guests. He charged them, it is true, though very modestly, for bed and board; but there were many other things added for which no kroner or ore were ever handed out. All the best graces of life, indeed, are free, and not to be purchased even by a millionaire.

Ola was a gay, good-tempered fellow; he was a bit of a traveller too; had been to America, that goal of a Norwegian's ambition, and if he had lost his shyness and somewhat of the national reserve there, he had not forgotten those traditions of hospitality and courtesy to the stranger that are heirlooms still in every Scandinavian's home.

Nowhere will you meet with more genuine, unobtrusive goodwill, more spontaneous kindness rendered freely and for nothing. You have but to show yourself willing to be pleased, and you will be humoured to the top of your bent, but if you wear a traveller's pride and hauteur and air his superciliousness, you will find hearts and doors alike barred against you.

Vivian and Charlie were well content with their host, and pleased him in return by their flow of good spirits. They had all those keen perceptions and that fresh view of life which are a middle-aged man's envy, and they went into everything with a zest and energy that delighted Ola.

He was with them everywhere, mountaineering among the snows, in his boat, slipping up the winding arms of the fjord under the mountain shadows, fishing of nights in the starlight, idling with Astrid in the parsonage garden.

"Have you ever noticed," said Vivian one day when they were waiting for Ola to propel them across the strip of water, "the unusual indistinction of class which prevails here? This old priest—your half-granduncle, isn't he?"

"Oh, I don't go into the question of relationship with him," said Charlie, "he's on the other side. I don't care to go beyond Astrid."

"This old priest," Vivian ignored the interruption, "who looks like an archbishop, and the schoolmaster, and the innkeeper, and the farmers, small and great, mostly small, I notice, are all brothers. Even to be a Norwegian pauper is no such unhappy fate; he is the village pet and all his world conspires to be good to him."

"Well, that should suit you with your radical notions," said Charlie, "liberty, equality and that kind of thing. I don't mind extending the right hand of fellowship to Ola—he's a downright good chap. I'd like nothing better than to carry him off with us and give him a taste of our life."

"And spoil him for his own. He has got on excellently without any of the favours of civilisation, as we understand it. Indeed he affronts my small stock of worldly knowledge every time he opens his mouth. But if you carry him off, Lindsell, I'll bargain to step into his shoes."

"They would suit you so well!"

"They would suit me to a nicety. In summer

I should entertain the tourist and idle my hours with him."

"I think I see you," mocked Charlie, "I think I see you doing the honours to a personally conducted 'gang.'"

"It would have its humours," said Vivian, "and in winter I should court the parson's daughter."

"Look here, Vivian, Astrid's my cousin."

"You don't allow me to forget that fact."

"And I don't mean to. Here's Olsen,—come along."

They were bound on an expedition to the priest's saeter—which, as every one knows, is the best in all the district. Ola spoke of it in superlatives, and gave them to understand that Astrid's grandfather was the owner of vast herds; to the local imagination he was rich; to Vivian's father, the great banker, he would have seemed little better than a pauper; but, after all, everything goes by comparison.

Astrid came out to meet them with a little basket slung on her arm which Charlie took from her.

"You're going to walk with me," he said, appropriating her, "because Vivian is in one of his thirsting-for-information moods, and if he gets hold of you he'll persecute you with questions. It has taken the form of statistics to-day;" he spoke mysteriously, as if Vivian suffered from some baffling complaint that defied diagnosis.

"What are statistics?"

"Oh, questions and things—I'll protect you," said Charlie, unwilling, perhaps unable to be more definite.

"I am not so afraid of questions as to be in need of protection," said Astrid, laughing.

"Well, you ought to walk with me anyhow, we're relations, and besides, we've each only a grandfather."

"I don't see what that has got to do with it!" She turned a bright amused face on him; this young companionship was new in her life.

"Bond of union, similar circumstances, common sympathies," said Charlie promptly,—"don't you see?"

It was pleasant to be out in the June weather, taking in great breaths of the tonic air, more invigorating than any vintage that was ever brewed. Their way led them first through the pine woods, cool with green shadows, while high above them the cliffs leaped into the sunlight.

At first Charlie and Astrid kept in advance of the others, but when Ola left them on some errand of his own, promising to meet them at the saeter, Vivian joined the pair.

"Here he comes," said Charlie, sighing tragically; "now resign yourself to be pumped."

"Resign yourself rather to a eulogy of your country, Miss Arnesen. That won't be hard to do, will it? since you love it too well to leave it."

"But she's going to leave it; she's coming to England."

"Not if she is wise," said Vivian gaily, "she will find nothing half so good there as there is here."

"Do you suppose I'm going to stand that?"

said Charlie sturdily. "I'd be glad to see the country that could beat England on any point you like to name!"

"I think we're still open to a few hints," said Vivian, laughing. "I'm afraid I can't agree with you, Lindsell, that we've reached absolute perfection."

"Oh, leave perfection; I don't think a man's worth much if he doesn't stick up for his country."

"And yet you want me to forsake mine," cried Astrid merrily. "What am I to think of that?"

"You are bound to divide your allegiance, Astrid. The half of you belongs to us by rights, and if it weren't for this unpatriotic Englishman, who is doing his best to prejudice you, I could soon convert the other half and make you into a perfect Englishwoman. And when we get hold of you over there I'll do my best you may be sure."

She turned upon him with frank amusement. "When I go to England, if I ever do go," she said, "I will be very respectful and admire everything; and if there is something that does not seem to me quite perfect, then I will hide it carefully from you; but now you are in Norway, and you must please like it a little, because I am not all English yet!"

"He would be hard to please, if he didn't," said Vivian, "where could you find a more perfect June day, or a better place to spend it in?"

They had emerged from the wooded slope they had been climbing for half an hour or more upon a rocky plateau where the herbage was scanty. Between the tree stems at their feet they had glimpses of the slanting red roofs far below gathered at the water's edge; above them a green shoulder lifted itself to the sky, and there the huts where the cheese and butter making went on all through the summer days, were perched. They paused for a moment before beginning the last ascent, the solitude around them seemed complete; but it was a comfortable solitude, peopled with pleasant sounds that told of companionship not far off, village echoes, faint, but defined; a dog barking distantly, the nearer hum of insects, the trickle of unseen water.

"And yet," said Vivian, half to himself, "there are people who would grudge to exchange an hour of the London season for this."

"That's a hit at me, I suppose," said Charlie lightly. "Well, I like London, even in the season, and if you don't, you manage to conceal your sufferings pretty well."

"Poor Charlie," said Astrid, turning a bright face on him; she had taken off her hat and was fanning herself with it. "Is it too lonely for you here? But we are not so solitary as you think—you shall have some company here too."

She gave a musical cry once or twice repeated and presently from unseen crannies and ledges a great flock of goats came leaping and bounding towards her, bleating a joyful recognition. It was a pretty sight to see the creatures, gray and brown and white, flocking round her unafraid.

"They all know you for a friend," said Vivian, looking on well pleased.

"They are grandfather's," she said, "he is

allowed to keep them because there is nothing here that they can destroy. You are great thieves, aren't you?" she said, addressing them gravely, "but this bit of the mountain is your own." She took a handful of salt from the pocket of her apron, and doled it out with strict justice and impartiality. "Oh, yes, I think they know me; I come here very often in the summer days, and I have always some salt in my pocket for them. There," she said, distributing the last handful; "it is all done, and I suppose if I go on talking English you will pretend not to understand? Go away now, Lieutenant Lindsell thinks you are too familiar!"

"Lieutenant Lindsell has expressed that sentiment before," said Vivian gravely, "the manners of the animals give him one of his chief causes of complaint against your country."

"Yes," said Charlie, "and I will express it again in spite of the lecture to follow. All I know is that we lost our steamer the other day because the beasts had taken possession of the middle of the road and wouldn't get out of the way. They seemed to think we could wait their time, or else drive over them. I call that carrying friendliness to an idiotic point, but Vivian professed to find it beautiful, and in fact, to be very much obliged to them for allowing him to miss his boat."

Vivian laughed.

"Yes," he said, "I find it admirable; there must be a great deal of solid good in a people who are so systematically kind to their dumb beasts that they don't know what fear is."

"Prepare yourself, Astrid," said Charlie tragically. "I know what's coming; we are going to have vivisection and cruelty to animals brought upon our innocent heads, and because there are one or two ruffians in England, as there are in every country, who ill-treat their horses and dogs, you will be told that we are a nation of brutes."

"Oh, but I would try not to believe it," she said simply.

"I won't tax your forbearance," said Vivian, smiling, "the day is far too fine to waste on a sermon, even if one took St. Francis for one's text. Come and let us climb up to the sunlight, the view from the top must be glorious."

"I hope there's something more substantial than a view waiting for us," said Charlie, "what has become of Olsen and the basket?"

"Ola will be there before us, he went by a shorter way, and you will find something to eat all ready waiting for you."

It was as she had said. Ola who knew every by-path, and was as active as one of Astrid's goats, had reached the goal first and made ready for them. He spread the contents of the basket under the shadow of a rock—they had left the trees beneath them, but the breeze swept freshly over the great green plateau and tempered the sun's heat. For the rest, they brought youth and good spirits that made light of all difficulties to the little feast and that hunger sauce that gives a relish to the plainest fare.

Charlie, whose restless activity demanded continual variety, went off presently to stroll with

Olsen, but Vivian and Astrid sat still under the shadow of the friendly rock. It was a fair world that was spread before them, and for a time they looked at it silently, missing no note of its beauty, but by and by Vivian, in response to some question of hers, began to talk. He found something very sympathetic in this young girl, who looked at him with frank friendly eyes, and was so eager for knowledge. He liked her for that simplicity and perfect sincerity that he had found in so many of her country people—the real self shining out, not hidden behind the borrowed self, as it too often is in a more complicated civilisation. It seemed to him that this unsophisticated people among whom he found himself had succeeded more nearly than others in preserving the type of the race—the ideal with which the world set out.

Their talk ranged over many subjects: it now and then struck too grave a note, perhaps, seeing that for both of them life was still in its morning, but Astrid had a deeper side that asked to be satisfied, and her perfect unconsciousness made it as easy for him to speak as if she had been his own young sister. He told her many things about England, touching lightly on its social and religious aspects, and there was much in her own country that she in her turn could talk of with intelligence and interest.

When Charlie and Olsen came back to them, they had drifted they scarcely knew how into a discussion of the law that makes confirmation all but obligatory in Scandinavia, and finds effectual means to punish its neglect.

"It's a bad law, that," Ola burst out, his bright face darkened, "it makes an income for the schoolmaster who writes the certificates—that's all that it is good for."

Astrid looked at him with serious, shocked eyes.

"Yes," he said answering the look a little defiantly, "why should I be made, whether I will or no, to take vows I know I can never pay? That makes a hypocrite of me. Who can undertake never to sin and hope to keep his word?"

"Who, indeed?" said Vivian smiling. "If you promised that you undertook what never a Man but One was able to do, and He was God."

"Well," said Ola still sulkily, "a man should be allowed to choose for himself, and at fifteen what can a boy know of what he will be?"

"The boy is father of the man," quoted Vivian softly; but Charlie from his place on the grass where he had thrown himself, growled out, "As if you weren't on Ola's side."

"Are you?" asked Astrid gravely.

"So far," said Vivian, "though perhaps we don't base our objection on the same ground."

"Let us have your grounds, O philosopher," said Charlie, "since we're in for the sermon, don't let your modesty spare us."

"Well, its uselessness for one thing. You can't change a man's moral nature by teaching him the catechism, and giving him a certificate. He must be in earnest—I give you this on the authority of the church—the desire for cleanness of life must come from within—from

an awakened conscience and heart. So far the preacher. For my own part, I object to it on scientific grounds—it's a sham test. It's like whitewashing a house that the sanitary inspectors have condemned—you make it look the same as its neighbours outwardly, but it's rotten within."

"I think, on the whole," said Charlie, "I've had about as much as I can digest at one sitting. I'll go and unbend among the cattle."

"Yes," said Vivian, springing up with an embarrassed laugh, "my tongue has been taking a shameful license, it isn't often so unruly—can you find it in your heart to forgive me, Miss Arnesen?"

"I liked it," she said simply.

After that, however, they were gay enough even for Charlie. It was a new experience to tread the short, sweet grass high up yonder above the world, and to look down upon the fjord's deep face and on the little toy houses fringing its shores.

The giant mountains had drawn a trifle nearer, but the needle points still soared into the blue, and the dazzle of snow seemed but a bit of drifted cloud. The cattle and sheep bells made a cheerful tinkle of drowsy music, but so clear was the air that the thunder of a waterfall three miles off had quite a martial sound for their ears. They had looked into the huts where the girls were busy skimming, boiling the day's milk, scalding the yellow pans of cream, and by some occult process turning it into cheeses white, black or brown.

It was a scene of happy, homely industry, and when they left it Vivian declared with his newborn enthusiasm that he should like nothing better than to be a herd upon these mountains for the space of a summer.

"Not you," his comrade shook his head. "You would grow sick of it in a week and sneak down into the valley to be let off your bargain. Don't employ him, Astrid."

"He is envious of the post," cried Vivian, "that is why he tries to disparage it. You would rather have me, now wouldn't you, Miss Arnesen? I'm a sober, responsible person, not like this featherhead who would confine his attentions to the dairymaids and neglect the beasts."

"And the cheeses—those vile, evil smelling cheeses Astrid pretends to like. It would suit you to make them better than to serve her Majesty, wouldn't it."

"I won't employ either of you," said Astrid, smiling. "Knud has been with us ever since I was little. The first time I came here he carried me up."

"You have been here always?" asked Vivian giving her a needless hand as she sprang lightly from rock to rock on the steep downward way, "it is an enviable lot."

"Yes," she said responsively, looking up with a light in her blue eyes. "I have had such a happy life that I don't want any changes to come into it. I want it to go on always, but things never go just as one wishes, and I suppose my day of change will come too."

"Then I hope it will only be changing to more happiness," said Vivian gently.

Change that was like to sadden a great part of his life was waiting Charlie in the valley below, but as yet he did not know it. No voice from the beyond warned him of coming sorrow. He was gay and bright-spirited as usual as Ola rowed him and his friend across to the hotel.

"I sometimes wonder if you aren't a humbug," he said to Vivian. "If I didn't know you as well as I do, I'd have said you were in earnest to-day."

"Perhaps you don't know me as well as you think," Vivian smiled, "or perhaps it is I who don't know myself, for I should have said I was in earnest too."

"Unless," said sceptical Charlie, "it is only a new experiment."

In the hotel Vivian found a letter waiting for him. He broke the seal carelessly, a letter from a sister is not usually very exciting to a brother, but as he read it his face changed.

"No bad news, old man, is there?" said Charlie noticing the change.

"It's from home," said Vivian, "it has been a long time on the way, and has found us here by chance. There is—a message for you, Lindsell."

"Not Allie?" said Charlie quickly, and then he said huskily—

"Is it—is it the old man?"

## MRS. TRIMMER AS A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

### I.

FEW people now read the life of Mrs. Trimmer, and those few may be pleased to learn that Messrs. Rivington were able to issue several editions of the two somewhat dull volumes in which they embalmed her memory in 1814. Little details about the birth of grandchildren, sad glimpses of domestic bereavements, and diffuse communings with her own heart swell out the biography, and tax the reader's patience. Those, however, who wade through the book will find scattered through it some pleasing incidents in the life of a noted authoress "for the family." We wish to tell the story of her Sunday-school work at Brentford, and the one happy incident which made her the guide and counsellor of the ladies who opened the first Sunday-school at Richmond. It is rather surprising that the latter incident seems to have escaped the notice of all the local historians.

Robert Raikes began his toil among the little pin-makers of Gloucester in 1781. His literary training, and his position as proprietor of a county newspaper of high repute, gave him unusual facilities for chronicling his labours, and calling public attention to the blessed work he had been led to undertake. Within seven years after he opened his school, a quarter of a million children were being trained in English Sunday-schools. Raikes's idea was no new device. Two hundred years earlier Cardinal Borromeo was at work in Milan, and in 1668 Joseph Alleine had a Sunday-school at Bath. Eight other schools are known to have been opened in various parts of the country before Gloucester sent out the torch. But Raikes is undoubtedly the father of the Sunday-school movement, though he did not found the first Sunday-school.

His description of the happy results gained in his own city stirred up Christian men and women all over England. His little protégés had rather a taxing Sunday. From ten to twelve, and from one to half-past five; those hours are more than

Sunday scholars now bargain for. Raikes's picture of the children—some of whom came without shoes, and in ragged clothes, but all with bright faces, clean hands, and neatly-combed hair—marching through the streets to church like a regiment of soldiers, and coming round him afterwards to make their bow, and tell him of any little quarrel that might have arisen, stirred many hearts.

Among others, Mrs. Trimmer saw, as did John Wesley, that the new organisation might be "a nursery for Christians." Her life had been a quiet but happy one. Her father, Joshua Kirby, was, at the time of her birth, in January, 1741, living at Ipswich, where he was so highly esteemed for his piety and knowledge of divinity that he was admitted as a lay-member to the clerical club of the town. When she was fourteen, Mr. Kirby moved to London, having been appointed tutor in perspective drawing to George III., then Prince of Wales, and afterwards to his consort.

One evening, the father and daughter were at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a dispute arose as to a passage of Milton's "Paradise Lost." It was found impossible to decide the point till Mr. Kirby asked Sarah if she had not her copy in her pocket. When the volume was produced, Dr. Johnson, who was present, was so much interested in a girl who studied "Paradise Lost," and behaved so modestly, that he invited her next day to his house, gave her a copy of the "Rambler," and became her warm friend. In 1759 Mr. Kirby was appointed clerk of the works at Kew Palace, and went to live near Kew Green. There, at the age of twenty-one, Miss Kirby was married to Mr. Trimmer. The care of her twelve children kept her hands and heart employed for many years. The subject of education absorbed her so completely that she scarcely read a book on any other subject, and was constantly talking about it to her friends. Her mornings were spent in teaching her six sons and six daughters:

in the afternoons she used to walk from Brentford, with some of her elder children, to visit her husband, whose business was in the neighbourhood. Theirs was a happy home, where the Sabbath was the brightest day, and the Bible the book best-loved by all the boys and girls.

Mrs. Trimmer had always been an early riser. Before her marriage she and a young friend who lived on the opposite side of the Thames at Brentford, used to indulge a happy rivalry in this respect. The girl who was up first would hang a handkerchief out of the window in token of victory. Miss Kirby had a little room in which these early morning hours were spent in learning poetry. She could repeat great part of the "Paradise Lost," of Thomson's "Seasons," and Young's "Satires." Milton had won her Johnson's friendship; Thomson, who lived and died at Richmond, had a special interest for her, and Young's "Satires," especially that on women, taught her, she says, to avoid many failings. In later years these morning hours were given to her writing. One severe winter, whilst busy with her "Annotations on Scripture," she rose between four and five o'clock.

Such was the woman who opened the first Sunday-school at Brentford. She had already become an authoress. Mrs. Barbauld's "Easy Lessons for Children" had just been published. A friend who knew Mrs. Trimmer's success in training her own family suggested that she might do similar service. She was thus led in 1780 to write her "Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature," which quickly won a place in English homes. She wrote as though talking to her own children, seeking to open the minds of the young to the wonders of the world, and to make them reverent students of the works of God. The book took such hold on its young readers that many of them who visited Mrs. Trimmer quite expected to find the flower-garden, the paddock, the beds of tulips and ranunculuses as described in her pages.

On Sunday, June 18, 1786, Mrs. Trimmer, whose name had now become a household word, opened the first Sunday-school at Brentford. She had lost a little daughter on April 24, after a most painful illness, embittered to the mother by many regrets that the child's danger had not been noticed earlier, or more effectual remedies applied. The girl was never out of her thoughts in those bitter weeks of bereavement. It seemed as if the new work began at the very moment when she most needed such an outlet for her sympathy. She wrote to a friend on August 1: "As soon as I was equal to the exertion, I had recourse to my pen—a never-failing remedy to me against sorrow. Very fortunately for me, Sunday-schools were set on foot amongst us a few months after the death of my dear child, the management of which falls on us, and requires a great deal of attention. They have employed my time and thoughts very much, and proved a most seasonable relief for diverting my mind from a subject I should otherwise have dwelt upon." The schools already had 37 boys, and 122 girls, and were "very promising." In June, 1788, there were 300 children. All Mrs. Trim-

mer's family and three ladies, whom she calls "our particular friends," attended every Sunday. It was pleasant work both for teachers and taught. "We promise ourselves," she adds, "great satisfaction from this employment. It is very delightful to see with what readiness the children attend, how willing they are to receive instruction, and how greatly some improve. I wish you could see our schools; it is certainly one of the most interesting sights in the world."

Mrs. Trimmer threw herself with all her heart into the novel employment. It robbed her of the time she used to give to her journal, but she felt well repaid by the personal blessing as well as the influence on others. On September 3, she writes. "I have felt great inward satisfaction from the success of the Sunday-schools." The happy effects of the new organisation were soon manifest in the town. She was able to write on November 3: "The poor children who were in a very rude state are now wonderfully civilised, and their minds gradually imbibe instructions which I hope will influence their conduct through life." It is pleasing to see the children's friend so wrapt up in her work. "I am such an enthusiast in this matter that I never know when to have done." Not a few shared her enthusiasm. She gratefully attributes the success of the schools at Brentford to the close attention of some young people who regularly attended three times a day to assist the teachers. The presence of these supporters, many of whom were of the same age as themselves, provoked the scholars to happy emulation. To encourage the girls to be clean and neat, the young ladies made caps and handkerchiefs, "which they, with their own hands, put upon those who deserved rewards." Many a happy consultation took place among those young ladies of Brentford as to the means by which they might benefit the Sunday scholars. Everybody longed for Sunday to come round again. Mrs. Trimmer felt the most lively hopes of enduring good from this practical way of making high and low "regard each other as fellow Christians."

Another pleasing feature of the work at Brentford was the co-operation of Churchmen and Dissenters. Mrs. Trimmer says that she lived not only in friendship, but in intimacy with the Dissenting minister's family. This Mr. Bradshaw's daughters were "excellent visitors" in the school to which Mrs. Trimmer went on Sunday evenings, and even taught the Church catechism. Their father preached annual sermons on behalf of the work, and his congregation contributed largely to the funds. Though so happily circumstanced at Brentford, Mrs. Trimmer felt that it was generally desirable for each religious body to have its own school, a sentiment which a century of experience has endorsed. The work entailed a considerable financial loss, but she cheerfully bore this because of the blessing to the poor children who were so dear to her.

The Rev. C. Sturges, who was then vicar of Ealing and Brentford, seems to have helped the funds in 1797 by preaching sermons on behalf of the Sunday-schools at Ealing and at Brentford Chapel of Ease.



The journal shows that the work had some sorrows. In December, 1795, Mrs. Trimmer gives thanks for the hope she had that "the children of the poor, who are under my care, will return to their duty. I most humbly beseech Thee to incline my heart still to their improvement, notwithstanding all the discouragements I meet with, and to strengthen me to do whatever may be needful."

It seems that as early as 1792 she was greatly troubled by the behaviour of some Brentford parents. Five of them took their children away from the schools, and one treated Mrs. Trimmer with great insolence. Her keenest sorrow was that some promising young people who had been five years under her care were thus withdrawn; yet, despite such difficulties, the work was a constant joy. When children who did not know a single letter of the alphabet (and most of the scholars at Brentford had been in that case) were able to read their New Testament well within twelve months and showed by their neatness and love of their teachers how much they were benefited, Mrs. Trimmer felt she had not laboured in vain.

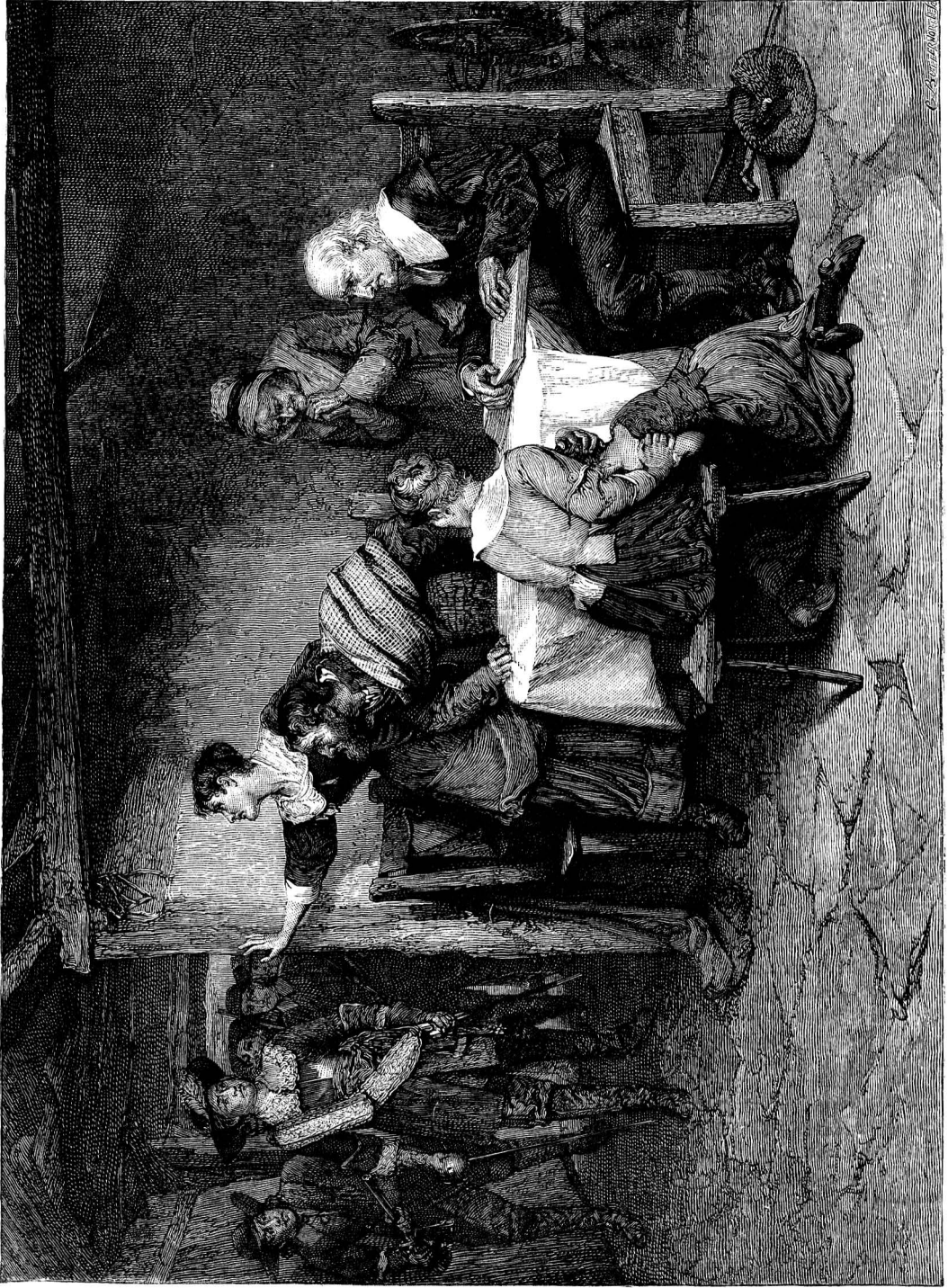
Her success at Brentford opened to her a wider field of usefulness. From all parts she was inundated with appeals for advice as to the formation and management of Sunday schools. She therefore published in 1786, the same year that she began to labour among the poor children around her, a book on the subject which bore the somewhat stilted title, "The Economy of Charity." It soon ran through three editions. Many ladies of rank and fortune were by it induced to become visitors of Sunday-schools. A friend who was staying at Abergavenny the following year was able to report that a new school had been opened there mainly through the appeals in this book. Eighty of the rude and ragged children of the town made their appearance at church the first Sunday wearing shoes or clothes given by their new friends. It was a high day in Abergavenny.

The most interesting fact about the "Economy of Charity" is that it was written as a result of Queen Charlotte's interest in the Sunday school movement. On November 19th, five months after the Brentford school was opened, her Majesty desired Mrs. Trimmer to wait on her at Kew Palace. She received her with great kindness, expressed the pleasure with which she had heard of the success in Brentford, and said that being anxious for the establishment of schools at Windsor, she wished to have full information about the plans adopted. Their conference lasted two hours. "It is impossible," Mrs. Trimmer told a friend, "to do justice to the charming manner in which the queen expressed the most benevolent sentiments, and the tenderest regard for the happiness of the poor." The "Economy of Charity" grew out of this interview and was dedicated to her Majesty. The first volume is on charity schools for children, the second is devoted to schemes for the benefit of the adult poor. An appendix gives a circumstantial account of the method in which the school in Old Brentford, which the queen had resolved to make the guide for such work at Windsor, had been started and

managed. The king and queen seem to have entertained the little people at Kew Palace in the summer of 1787. Queen Charlotte also became an annual subscriber to the funds. Ten years after this interview, the late Duchess of Cambridge, who was laid to rest in Kew Church last April, with such demonstrations of esteem, was born. The Vicar of Kew bore witness in his beautiful tribute to the venerable lady's memory, to her constant interest in the church, the schools, and the charities of Kew, and her generous help. The Vicar's words "She bore this parish upon her heart," equally true of Queen Charlotte a century ago, show that such work has always had strong and constant friends in our royal family.

From Mrs. Trimmer's Appendix we learn that the work in Old Brentford was made specially difficult by the fact that the parents of the scholars were employed in brick-fields and market-gardens. They were sometimes thrown out of employment for several months in the year. Before the schools opened these boys and girls generally ran wild about the streets from morning till night. The vicar of Ealing, the Rev. Charles Sturges, urged his parishioners in Old Brentford to do something for these children. A lady, evidently Mrs. Trimmer herself, undertook to visit the homes. She soon had a list of five hundred candidates for admission, but the funds would not permit work on such a scale. It was resolved to select ninety children, thirty bigger boys for one school, and sixty girls and little boys for the other two. The number was increased some time after the school was opened to forty or fifty in each department. On June 18, 1786, the little people met, and after prayer had been offered, they were formed into classes. Then they marched two and two to church. Some of them were shockingly dirty and ragged, and had never been inside a place of worship before. The young ladies of two boarding-schools came to the rescue by supplying about one hundred caps with a number of tippets. Schools of industry and other modes of training and helping the poor children were also established with good results.

When Mrs. Trimmer wrote her account, there were two Sunday-school masters, father and son, who were paid three shillings a Sunday between them for teaching the boys, the three school mistresses received two shillings each for Sundays, Christmas Day, Good Friday, and the General Fast Day. The girls who had good voices were trained to sing at church. The mistresses taught the backward children to read on week days so that the visitors were free to give religious instruction on Sunday. The school began at nine in the morning, and two in the afternoon. Every scholar who could read the Prayer Book was expected to learn the collect for the day, and to remember the text from which the clergyman preached. It is plain from Mrs. Trimmer's narrative that no effort was spared to promote the temporal and spiritual good of the children. To escape the interruption which she met with in the inconvenient schoolroom, Mrs. Trimmer taught her class of twenty children at her own home from nine to a little before eleven on Sunday mornings.



*From the Painting exhibited in the Royal Institute.*

COVENANTERS.

*[After W. H. Weatherhead. By permission.]*



## THE SCOTTISH DRAGONNADES.

MUCH has been written in recent years about the persecutions of the French Huguenots, especially in the times of suffering that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. We must not forget the martyrs and confessors of our own land, whether in the Reformation days, or in aftertimes. Scotland had its Dragonnades as well as France, as long in duration, and as terrible in severity. The names of Graham of Claverhouse, Grierson of Lagg, and other leaders of the royal troops employed in hunting and shooting down the poor Covenanters, are still spoken of with horror in the homes of the Scottish people, few of whom think Sir Walter Scott a good authority on the subject of the Covenanters.

Historians have recorded the main facts of these disgraceful days of the Stuart kings and their popish counsellors; nor has the story of cruelty and wrong been wholly unknown to readers in England. Defoe thus wrote, while the memory of these events was still fresh: "It would be endless to enumerate the names of the sufferers; and it has not been possible to come at the certain number of those ministers, or others, who died in prison and banishment—there being no record preserved of their prosecution in any court of justice; nor could any roll of their names be preserved in those times of confusion anywhere but under the altar, and about the throne of the Lamb, where their heads are crowned, and their white robes seen, and where an exact account of their number will at last be found."

There is a work, once universally popular in Scotland, and the title of which is still familiar, though the book itself is not now often read or consulted, "The Cloud of Witnesses." The full title is, "A Cloud of Witnesses for the Royal Prerogatives of Jesus Christ; or the last Speeches and Testimonies of Those who Suffered for the Truth in Scotland since the year 1680." This record is chiefly concerned with the faithful witnesses who opposed the supremacy of the crown in matters spiritual, and who maintained "the headship of Christ over the Church." These men were not deceived by the proclamations and edicts of toleration in the reign of James II. Many have thought them narrow and unreasonable; but they had a clear knowledge of their position, and they boldly asserted that the object of the king was "the advancement of Popery and arbitrary government." How far their fears were just, and their resistance right, the events that led to the Revolution of 1688 plainly proved. There is no doubt that the Stuart kings claimed far more than is now universally admitted in our constitutional monarchy, the supreme government of all estates of this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil,

each estate exercising its own rights and privileges under the protection of the Crown. The author of this once famous book says in his preface, "This was the peculiar *depositum* credited (entrusted) to the Church in Scotland, and the distinguishing dignity, to have the royal supremacy of the King of Zion to defend against the kings of the earth, who, not content with the princely authority of ruling the persons of their subjects according to the laws of God and the realm, would needs usurp a blasphemous, sacrilegious prerogative of ruling the church and the consciences of men."

After stating in detail the principles of the controversy, the writer describes the cruel measures adopted by the Government to compel submission. "Soldiers were ordered to take free quarters in the country, to examine men by tortures, to compel women and children to discover their husbands and fathers, by threatening death, wounding, stripping, torturing by fire, crowding into prisons, in cold and hunger. Likewise many ensnaring bonds, oaths, and tests were framed, and imposed with rigour and horrid severity; people were obliged to have passes declaring they had taken these tests, or to swear before common soldiers, under pain of being shot dead, or sent to foreign plantations to be sold as slaves. Dragoons were sent to pursue people that attended field preaching, to search them out in mosses, moors, mountains, and dens of the earth. Savage hosts of Highlanders were sent down to depopulate the western shires, to the number of ten or eleven thousand, who acted most outrageous barbarities, even almost to the laying some counties desolate."

Such were the Scottish Dragonnades. Our picture represents the discovery of one of the persecuted ministers, who will probably be taken to prison and the scaffold, as was the fate of many of the best of Scottish worthies of that time. The annals and the traditions of the Covenanters abound in instances of this kind. It is to be noted that in all the successive persecutions in Scotland, a large number of the sufferers were persons of noble and gentle birth. The lowest classes were, in general, hostile to the Covenanters, and too often became informers against them. The list of proscription in the time of the Dragonnades comprehend some of the highest of the nobility, and many of the gentry and substantial yeomanry of the lowlands. The names of the Earl of Argyll, Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston, Baillie of Jerviswood, and many other illustrious Scottish laymen are worthy of being ranked with the Russells and Sidneys of English history. Nor has any land produced a more "noble army of martyrs" than the persecuted ministers of the Kirk of Scotland in the seventeenth century.

## CHINA : PAST AND PRESENT.

### RELIGION.

FROM the dawn of history to the introduction of Buddhism, the people of China had no idols. Of those missionaries who have paid the greatest attention to the history of China, most have concluded that the numerous references of service to and dependence upon the "Supreme Ruler" can be understood only by supposing this term to designate the Eternal Being. The conviction is driven in upon the careful student that for that long period the religion of the Chinese was monotheistic, and the more hoary the classic the more frequent are the references to the Supreme. But before Buddhism instituted images, China was a land where the spirits of the mountain and the river, though always subordinated to the Supreme, were worshipped much as in ancient Greece.

Perhaps the most interesting custom in China is one which has been transmitted from time immemorial in connection with monotheism. The reigning emperor of China, as great high priest, offers at every winter solstice a whole bullock "without blemish" as a burnt offering on the glazed brick altar at the temple of heaven. The heavens form the only covering over this magnificent white marble temple, and the emperor bows in lowly reverence where no image is visible. This sacrifice is offered to "Heaven," or the "Supreme Ruler."

The moral system named after Confucius, a contemporary of Socrates, emerged out of the period in which this monotheistic idea still lived, though its life had ceased to be particularly vigorous. There are in Confucianism sentiments which to me are meaningless if they do not refer to the Being whom we ourselves not infrequently name "Heaven." In the beginning of the eleventh century, a scholar enunciated atheistical opinions before the emperor. Though these were at first objected to as "heretical," in that period of literary activity, one able philosopher annotating and commenting on Confucianism, explained all references to heaven in a materialistic sense. Since his time the literary class of China, with few exceptions has been materialistic, or, more properly speaking to use the term which the humility of modern scholars has adopted, Chinese scholars have been and are "agnostic."

Taoism, traced to a contemporary of Confucius, has long degenerated into a system of magical incantations and a searching after the elixir of perpetual life. Some of its offshoots have experiences similar to our spiritualists.

Simultaneous with the decay of the monotheistic idea was the growth of Buddhism, which went from India by way of Thibet. Though originally atheistic, it soon became what it still is, polytheistic. It appears to have rushed into Chinese minds as air into what had been a vacuum. Generals forsook their armies, and

ministers their yamens, all betaking themselves to monasticism in the mountains to such an extent that a special decree had to be promulgated to put a stop to this phase of the movement, and to recall officials to the service of their country. This decree was not directed against the religion, which was as fervently believed in at court as elsewhere. Indeed the emperor had images made of solid gold for some temples. The more materialistic grew Confucianism, or literature, the more thoroughly did Buddhism penetrate all classes: for though there is much that is absurd, much that is gross, much that is outrageously false, there was and is in Buddhism an attempt at a reply to the deep heart-questionings, and to meet the spiritual yearnings of man, which no agnosticism can satisfy. Whatever there is of earnestness is attracted towards some one of the numerous sects of Buddhism which opens its arms to, though it never pacifies, the mental restlessness, nor gratifies the inner cravings which are found among the Chinese as among ourselves. It need scarcely be said that here is the most hopeful soil in which to propagate Christianity.

In 1705, the able Jesuit Le Compte considered the Mahommedan element in China of so little consequence that he passed it by as undeserving of special consideration, because its votaries were so "few." He was certainly unacquainted with certain provinces which did then, and for centuries before, contain a very large admixture of Mahommedans. We know that at present they are very numerous in all the provinces. Even in Mookden, the capital of Manchuria, we have 20,000 of them grouped in one suburb, and there is not a single city or market town where they are not to be found in scores, hundreds, or thousands. That they have considerably increased is unquestionable, but not by aggressive propagandism, for they make no effort to convert an idolatrous people whom they treat with disdain. Towards Christianity they adopt an attitude of friendliness, demanding to be regarded as brethren, because they worship the same God.

That the Apostle Thomas preached the Gospel in India is thought to be established. Whether the scanty mention of China as one of the countries in which he preached, is or is not accurate, is of little practical importance, as there was no lasting impression made there. But it is beyond doubt that the Syrian church sent missionaries in the seventh century who were very successful, both in the capital and the provinces. Of this the stone tablet, disinterred in 1625, and erected in A.D. 781, is an unimpeachable witness. They possessed not only the protection but the active support and public acclamation of several succeeding emperors. But they had departed so far from the true

simplicity of Christian monotheism that, by the end of the tenth century, there was apparently no vestige of them in China.

In 1250 the Polos reached the capital of the Mongol dynasty of China, and were cordially received. Through the interest aroused by them, Rome sent out her first missionaries. Kublai Khan declared there were four great prophets in the world whom he held in equal honour, Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Moses, and *Shakia muni*. John de Monte Corvino was an able and an earnest missionary, and, before his death, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, had a considerable number of converts. The destruction of the short-lived Mongol dynasty by the Buddhist monk who founded the Ming dynasty, annihilated this mission.

These missions were conducted by men who had travelled over Central Asia, and need not necessarily have gone on board any other vessel than a river ferry-boat. But subsequent missions went by sea. As Xavier found the Japanese would have nothing to do with a religion which the learned Chinese had not received, he left Japan to convert the Chinese first. He never reached the mainland. He died and was buried on a small island off the south coast of China. If, however, his life and death had no influence directly on China, he moved the heart of Europe, and his enthusiastic example kindled a flame of zeal.

Portugal was then a flourishing kingdom, and the fortunate monopolist of all trade to the far east. Her trade with China was centred in the still existing town of Macao. Priests, doubtless, there ministered to the spiritual wants of Europeans. But one, Father Roger, began in 1579 to work among the Chinese, on whom he made a favourable impression. Other missionaries for China located themselves in Macao, whence they made various unsuccessful attempts to enter China proper. The first missionary to exert a powerful influence upon the Chinese was the Italian Jesuit, Father Ricci, a man of considerable learning, of marked ability, of fearless devotedness. Though he began his work among the Chinese in Macao, he gradually won his way, by his force of character, and mild though firm disposition, farther and farther into the interior, till, under the Emperor Wanli, he entered Peking. By a judicious use of rich presents, with which he was well-furnished, he made himself friends among the higher officials. Before the year 1600 this remarkable man was firmly seated in Peking. The emperor greatly admired, honoured, and utilised the mathematical and astronomical knowledge of Ricci and his associates. Missionaries spread over many provinces of the empire, and large numbers of all classes, especially of the higher and officials, became converts. Indeed it is stated by the Roman Catholic historians that one empress and several princes were baptised. So popular were the priests and so renowned their learning that some young Corean nobles, members of the usual embassy to Peking, sought them out, and at least one became a convert. From him sprang a movement which has survived down the centuries, and is at present existent in Corea

in the form of considerable numbers of Romish converts.

The sudden downfall of the Ming dynasty threatened destruction to this work as the termination of the Mongol dynasty had done. But Adam Schaal, the German successor of Ricci, was retained at his astronomical post by the young Manchu emperor, and soon gained a very influential position under the new dynasty. So favourable was the impression made by him that he was permitted, in 1650, six years after the accession of the Manchus, to lay the foundation of a large church on an extensive piece of ground close to the palace, granted by the emperor. This "temple" exceeded in height all other surrounding buildings. Inside it, in letters of gold, was the inscription by the emperor in praise of Christian teaching. And the sixty-sixth lineal descendant of Confucius forwarded four complimentary scrolls, which Schaal, with pardonable pride, exhibited in a conspicuous part of his new church. When the highest authorities were thus friendly, it need scarcely be said that the mission was very successful in making converts. A storm-cloud, raised by jealousy of Schaal's prominence, passed over the mission, which, however, left it intact as to numbers, though afterwards there were fewer officials, though still some, who openly joined the church. I may state here that there was less difference between the Romanist teaching then and Protestantism than there is now.

One of the learned Jesuits sent out under the direct auspices of the King of France notes that there were seventy missionaries from various Romish societies scattered over the empire. Each baptised every year between three and four hundred. In five years 50,000 idolators were baptised, besides nearly 5000 dying infants in Peking. There were two hundred churches and congregations in the empire. He concludes thus:—"This church (in China) heretofore very famous, but after that wholly overturned by superstition, hath at last been re-established one age ago, by one of the greatest men of our society, and augmented by the labours of a great many missionaries, governed by wise prelates, honoured by the protection of many emperors, supported by the bounty of all the princes of Europe."

How, then, it may well be asked, with this magnificent spring-tide of prosperity has the Romish Church not only not progressed, but actually gone back since those days? It has not been from lack of numbers of men ready to take up the place of those departed, nor yet from lack of zeal on the part of many of them. It is from the inherent and fatal viciousness of the Romish system. While weak, Jesuits are meek and lowly; but when once they obtain power, it seems as if it were impossible to prevent them from becoming arrogant, troublesome and meddling. In Peking they became involved in a plot against a young emperor in favour of a brother whom they believed more likely to further their religion. In the provinces they stepped in between the law and converts accused of criminal conduct. It was not their religious zeal, it was their incessant

and ultimately intolerable political action, which destroyed for ever the opportunity they had of converting China. For the same reason they are bitterly hated by officials and people to this day, though Father Huc is correct in stating the Chinese to be "tolerant and sceptical." Such a thing as purely religious persecution is virtually unknown in the history of China.

To this tolerance, the Mahomedans are a living witness. Not only have they never been persecuted because of their religion, but as many as are able to occupy governmental posts are perfectly free to do so. Several of the civil officials, and many of the higher officers in the army are Mahomedans, whose mosques are respected, and their worship unchallenged. But as Le Compte stated, "They are disturbed by no one, because they disturb no one." Had Romish priests learned this, to them apparently impossible lesson, China would have been to-day virtually a Roman Catholic power.

Seeing that Russia and France have again and again proved their inability to understand missions, except as political agencies, and that German colonisation has begotten a new-born missionary zeal on the same basis, we need scarcely be surprised if a nation like the Chinese regarded missionaries as political agents, especially when they saw the power of France intervening in their behoof to set up an *imperium in imperio*. This the Chinese refused to permit. Recently, when arguing with intelligent Chinese against their belief, they pointed to Cochin China, and urged that first came the French missionary, then the convert, then persecution, then the French army to avenge persecution, and then, annexation of the country. Their hostility to missions has, therefore, been entirely political, and in no sense religious.

Protestant missions have hitherto suffered from the action of the Romanists, and will continue to suffer till they are proved to be non-political. It is to be hoped that the firm stand recently taken by China against the French Protectorate of native Christians will soon terminate this unseemly phase of missions; and meanwhile appeals to the consul should be as rare as possible.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the history of Protestant missions to China, which have had to fight so uphill a battle against the accumulated hatred of the people, who have been unable to distinguish between Roman Catholic and Protestant. Suffice it to say that in the beginning of the century, Morrison had to hide himself by day in an underground cellar in Canton to prevent the people knowing of his presence in the country—somewhat of a contrast this to the reception of Ricci and Schaal—and that in a recent year 4000 persons were added by baptism to the church. Protestant missions have been in many places attacked as Romish stations were. But these attacks when not for the reasons already explained were often caused by the missionary insisting on building his dwelling-house or chapel after western models. The Chinese should perhaps have welcomed this addition to their architecture,

but they resent it. A riot springs up, the foreign house is pulled down, then follows lengthy legal correspondence, the authorities are caused a considerable amount of trouble, the damage is ultimately made good, but a feeling of bitterness is left behind.

It is a mistake to suppose that the average mandarin can be guilty of hounding on the people against the missionary. The mandarin under whom a riot breaks out is almost always a sufferer by it. His reputation as a peace-preserving magistrate is blighted, and sometimes blasted. Whatever therefore his private feelings, it is contrary to self-interest for him to encourage disturbance. As happened in the case of Ricci, there are still mandarins who, privately the friends of the missionary, would deprecate a visit to their yamen, or the institution of a station in their city, if the sentiment of the community happened to be hostile to the foreigner.

As far back as 1870, the talented prime minister, Wun Siang, was able to distinguish between Romish and Protestant, or "French" and "English" missionaries. In his remarkable document on the missionary difficulty he declared with truth that the people did not know the difference. But this difference is becoming increasingly known, and the knowledge is producing good results. There are officials of all grades now friendly, who even in recent years regarded Christianity with contempt or aversion, and some mandarins of various ranks have confessed themselves secret believers. It is surely, from the standpoint of the Christian, a matter of no small importance that, in the interior, where the consul can have no residence, nor the merchant a place of business, the missionary may not only preach, but is permitted to purchase or rent premises, where he can live and carry on his work. A life characterised by patience, guided by caution and prudence, combined with a preaching founded on knowledge, as well as urged with zeal, will enable the missionary to prove that he is not a political agent; and will lead the people to judge of Christianity on its merits.

There has been a good deal of discussion on the apparent failure of missions, and even from sensible men a wail of sorrow, or a burst of anger has been drawn forth by the comparative insignificance of the numbers of converts to the overwhelming increase in the numbers of heathen. Judging from the mission field of China, both the sorrow and the anger are equally misplaced. The farmer throws away and covers over great quantities of seed which is for a time invisible. He is not disheartened when after an interval he sees only here a single blade, and there, a couple bursting through the ground with great black spaces between. To his practised eye the earth is disturbed by an unseen agency, which will shortly transform the blackness into a mass of lovely green. We, too, see in many parts of China that the blackened mass is heaving, its solid fixity is gone for ever, it moves, and it is by-and-by absolutely to disappear under the gladsome verdure of a new life.

JOHN ROSS.



## Night unto Night.

THE day hath speech for all, it tells the glory  
 And strength of its Creator, hour by hour;  
 But sweeter tones take up the endless story,  
 When night reveals the hiding of His power;  
 A deeper flush on the horizon glowing,  
 A softer shadow on the moss-grown sod,  
 And, through the hush, the sound as of a going  
 Among the trees of God.

At His command with splendour unabated  
 And eye undimmed, the warrior-sun goes down,  
 While the attendant cloudlets, new-created  
 In gold and purple, wait on his renown;  
 He bids the mighty hand of night discover  
 The starry legions, till, at His behest,  
 Arrayed in light a myriad worlds watch over  
 This one world in its rest!

The curtains of the twilight softly falling  
 Where the high hills their all-night vigil keep,  
 The fitful twitter of the bird recalling  
 The madrigals of morning 'ere they sleep;  
 The field flowers folded for the night securely,  
 The shadows borne like dreams o'er hill and dale,  
 All tell of mercies long since promised surely,  
 Of love that cannot fail.

All day His vast and marvellous Creation  
 Declares His power and goodness undefiled,  
 Then having given its evening-time oblation  
 Sleeps at His footstool as a wearied child;  
 Amid the world His eye alone can number  
 His watchful care sustaineth great and small;  
 And nightly, with a love that cannot slumber,  
 His rest enfoldeth all!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

## PIRI, THE SENIOR PIONEER TEACHER OF NEW GUINEA.

I WAS very much touched this morning by the following intelligence from the pen of the Rev. W. G. Lawes, of Port Moresby:

The mission has sustained a great loss in the death of Piri, the senior Rarotongan teacher, who had been at the village of Boera ever since 1873. He died on the twelfth of January last. Many visitors to New Guinea will remember the genial, kindly gentleman who entertained them at Boera. Not only the mission, but New Guinea, has sustained a loss in his death. East and west, Piri's name was the best known and most highly respected of all the Rarotongan teachers.

My first acquaintance with Piri—at Raro-

tonga in 1858—was hardly satisfactory. The students were all away at the plantations or fishing, for the ensuing Sabbath. I was in the study with a native pastor and an aged deacon. A terrific heathen shout with hurried footsteps on the long verandah, startled us. It was Piri, with only a girdle on, armed with a keen-edged whaling spade (used for cutting out the blubber of whales), and shouting, "I am come to stick pigs."<sup>1</sup> It seems that a cow had trespassed, and drunken Piri resolved to have the life of

<sup>1</sup> An ancient phrase for killing human beings for eating.



some members of the mission in payment for the half a dozen cabbages destroyed. It was not pleasant to see the gleaming steel pointed at one, and within three or four inches of its mark. Gentle words detained the madman, until my two native friends could grasp the handle and wrest the weapon from the powerful grasp of Piri.

For this escapade Makea imprisoned Piri for two or three weeks. Reflection, by God's blessing, led to an entire change of life. Never again did Piri taste strong drink of any kind. As he had been a ringleader in all kinds of evil, he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to spread the knowledge of that great Love which had touched his once callous heart. He became a consistent church member, was admitted as a student to the Training Institution, and after a course of four years' study, was ordained as a native evangelist. For a number of years he laboured in Samoa with much acceptance.

In 1872, Piri, with his excellent wife, volunteered to accompany the writer, who, in company with the Rev. A. W. Murray, led the first band of Polynesian pioneer evangelists on to the mainland of New Guinea. They were at first located in Redscar Bay, but subsequently removed to Port Moresby. Of that first band of worthies (thirteen in number) only Piri's widow and Ruatoka survive. But their noble work will live on in souls redeemed from sin, and lives made beautiful by faith in the Son of God.

I shall never forget Piri's landing (with the rest of the party) among the savages of New Guinea, Nov. 25th, 1872. He was a finely-built man, head and shoulders above the Papuans, and happened to have on a bright checked flannel shirt. The crowd fled in absolute terror; but as Piri did not chase them, but gently assured them that they were men like themselves, they came back, and eventually carried their goods to the hut which had been set apart by the chiefs for their use. The natives in the evening explained to Piri that it was his extraordinary skin (as they at first took his shirt to be) that had frightened them.

For many years his home has been the village of Borea, a few miles west of Port Moresby. Five years ago I paid him a visit, and slept a night in his pleasant cottage. Next day the opening services of his new church—the first lime one in New Guinea—were conducted. It was a most interesting day. In Piri's garden a pair of spurred plovers were running about, as if tame. Beyond the garden a stretch of level land sweeps towards the interior. This is the wallaby-hunting ground of the villagers.

Never once did Piri leave his work on home furlough. And now he sleeps amongst the people he loved so well. His comrade and friend Ruatoka writes thus to me from Port Moresby: "Piri has fallen asleep. His work for the Master is done. The workman has laid aside his axe. He has gone to the heavenly land, into the very presence of Jesus, to receive his reward. He now sits by the side of the Master, beloved of Him. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

I would add, "Is not this a brand snatched from the burning?" He who chose Saul the persecutor of the faith, elected this simple-hearted, earnest Polynesian, to make known His power and grace amongst the savage tribes of New Guinea.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

## Things New and Old.

READING FOR THE BLIND.—A good time has come for the educated and intelligent blind. A new magazine of forty-four pages was started last March in the Braille type, which is likely to prove a great boon to such of the sightless as can read it. The editors and publishers are ladies who have for some time printed or pricked books in this type for circulation amongst the blind, and who came to the conclusion that a first-class magazine appearing monthly would be a welcome addition to their restricted reading. Accordingly they set to work on this gigantic undertaking. They asked and received permission from numerous well-known authors and publishers to print in Braille selections from their publications, and thus to open up to the blind the partially concealed arcana of literature. Controversial and political subjects are to be avoided, therefore it is to be hoped that the souls of the sightless will not be obscured by the new theories and doubtful disputations of the age. The price of the magazine is two shillings monthly, and its contents are as varied as those of other periodicals. A serial story by Frances Hodgson Burnett is sure to command attention; and in addition to this the usual short articles, poems, reviews and "general information" make up an attractive programme. Praise and gratitude are due to the energetic ladies who have started this work, and who would appeal to friends interested in the poorer class of blind to subscribe for copies for those who cannot afford to pay for them. The labour and expense are great, and it remains to be proved whether the subscriptions will suffice to enable the originators to carry on their good work. Those who have seen books printed in Braille can alone realise the amount of zeal and perseverance required, to produce a high-class monthly magazine in that peculiar type. It is "edited and published by Mariabella Eliot Hodgkin, and Elizabeth Howard Hodgkin, Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames."—ANNE BEALE.

AMERICAN INTERVIEWERS.—"The real perils," wrote the late Dr. Fleming Stevenson after his return from New York, "did not begin till we were well in sight of land, and most of us passed by them unconsciously. The peril of being 'interviewed' is perhaps the chief. I heard of only one who came safely through this trial: 'We are so glad, sir, to find you arrived,' said one of the interviewing party to Mr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, not knowing but determined to find out his name. 'Your writings have gone before you, sir, and prepared a place for you in the hearts of our countrymen. You will receive quite an ovation among us. We were scarcely prepared to see you so young. You are—you are——?' The Scotchman was not to be taken off his guard. 'Yes,' said Mr. Arnot, 'I am—I am——!' No place indeed seems safe from the reporter. On Sunday morning in New York, about eight o'clock, a gentleman was ushered in. 'Excuse me, sir, but I have come to report your sermon, I have four on my list, and I find they are all preached at the same time. Kindly give me your leading thoughts; if I have the skeleton I can put on the flesh and blood. Never fear, sir, you may feel perfectly safe with me.'"

# THE GLORIOUS RETURN.

A STORY OF THE VAUDOIS.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

CHAPTER V.



MADELEINE AND RÉNÉE STOPPED.

THEY set out, their bundles on their shoulders, walking openly in the daylight without attempt at disguise; seeking it is true the less frequented paths, and avoiding observation as much as was possible. They were so inoffensive, so insignificant, this woman and her foster-child; surely few would notice them or hinder them—now that the bitterness of the persecution had died down.

Sorrowfully were they mistaken.

They had not lost sight of the white ridge of Mount Friolent nor crested the pass leading toward Villaro before they were stopped and questioned by a band of preaching friars who were busy establishing their churches and schools in the country whence “the heretics” had been driven.

Madeleine’s courage rose with the first hint of danger. She had no idea of softening or disguising anything, and answered back so dauntlessly that Rénée’s cheeks grew white as she listened; though the girl herself had no lack of truth nor of courage. Words are in these nineteenth-century days little else than easily stirred air; to those defenceless ones just then they meant all the difference betwixt life and death.

The friars consulted together and shook their cowed heads, looking not unlike birds of prey gloating over some poor trapped wild thing. They said that the women were firebrands, and far too dangerous to be allowed to go through the land—that the duke allowed none of the so-called reformed religion to dwell or pass in Piedmont; and that Mistress Botta and the girl must travel in their company to Lucerna, “where further decisions would be arrived at.”

That night the two women found means of escape. They gained the open air, the hills, the steep and intricate ways known only to the people of the valleys; and presently after some days of wandering they found themselves once

more in their cavern. The tears rolled down Rénée’s cheeks as she entered—it was present safety indeed, but must they still wait there, and watch for the footsteps that might never come—for the news which seemed further from them than ever?

Then Madeleine fell sick. Some slow fever consumed her; and for days and nights she lay so ill that Rénée could find no place in her thoughts for aught but “her mother.” And when at last she seemed to revive somewhat, and her wandering reason returned to her, she was so exceeding weak and frail that the girl feared she would die from very weariness.

It was hard to get necessaries, harder still to obtain the food fitted for a sick woman’s needs, but Rénée never flagged nor faltered all through that terrible time.

She drove the straying goats from the mountain that her mother might have draughts of their milk; she managed to make charcoal of her store of dry wood, and that so carefully that no volume of smoke or flame could betray their hiding place. She ran down to the valley for the few bunches of grapes which might yet be left on the broken and neglected vines; and once but only once she dared to enter the village of Rumero where she bartered her own long silver chain for a warm coverlet for Madeleine.

And the autumn came, and the winter. And the icicles had been hung across their cave, and the raging winds had careered there, while the avalanches thundered amongst the higher Alps, and the sunsets lay crimson on the bosom of the snows. Then came the creeping warmth and the blessing of the spring, and the sick woman revived, as did the flowers where the sunshine made glory on the springing grass.

Madeleine Botta rose from her rock bed almost as hale as ever, and her voice had scarcely lost anything of its fulness when she sang that evening hymn, the “psalm of strong confidence.”

But Rénée, as the light grew longer and the sweet benediction of the year stole over the frost-held earth, as the swollen streams leapt laughing down amongst the flowers, and the song-birds called in music one to the other, Rénée grew silent and sad.

Life would be easier now. Her mother was in no danger of death or suffering. There would be little to do, up there in their cliff cave. Little to do but to wait.

Ah, and the waiting time is the hardest time to such hearts as that of Rénée Janavel.

CHAPTER VI.

GASPARD BOTTA was not one to be easily baffled or beaten; he was young, with muscles of iron and thew as of steel, and he had, moreover, the caution and resource of a hunter, the endurance and the keen eye-sight of a mountaineer.

His faith was the faith of his fathers, and for it he would die, readily, unshrinkingly, as his fathers had died in the terrible days of the past, and as he himself had seen his countrymen die here, in every hamlet, and by every hearth and home.

But of the actual love of God he knew but very little.

He had meant to do his duty. He had prayed a soldier's prayers, and he had trusted that help Divine would come to him as it had done to others; to such men as Janavel, and Laurene, and Jayce, men who had gloriously fought in defence of the Valleys, and whose names would live while Vaudois hearts yet beat.

But some glimpse of a faith better than this came to him as he left his mother and *Rénée* in the cave that day.

He could not have put the feeling into words; he scarcely knew when or why, but as he took his lonely way towards the mountains of *Angrona*, a sense of God's presence came over him—a searching demanding presence—a power and a gentleness that asked, not only for his life, but also for his love.

There was the hoarse note of pain ringing through the Valleys, the boundless pain of desolation and distress. Why then should such thoughts come to him, one of those smitten ones who had suffered, and who yet must suffer? Gentleness—love? surely here on the south slopes of the Alps there was in those terrible years more evidence of the outpouring of God's wrath!

But into the young man's soul there stole some glimpse of the Light that shineth in darkness, of the Love that is behind all wrath, of the Joy that is greater than pain. Not suddenly, but softly and sweetly even as the spring-time comes upon the coldness and dumbness of the winter-world. He was only a herdsman's son, and his carpentering trade had left him little leisure even for such poor scholarly lore as penetrated to the Valleys, but he had heard of One who had also been an outcast, hunted and done to death; of One whose days were days of suffering, and whose nights were spent in lonely watchings beneath the stars.

And the remembrance of that One came to him now in his own lonely vigil. The Master who had wandered on the Syrian hills, who had stood silent before murderous men; and in Heaven, from the great white height of His glorious throne He yet feels for His brethren who through great tribulation are pressing to His feet.

Gaspard understood things better now.

There *was* love, and there was gentleness, in spite of the sharpness of that cry of human pain. And Gaspard knelt mute upon the hillside, with a look upon his face that had never before rested there, a look too full of love for fear, and yet which was too near to awe to take the semblance of gladness.

It seemed to him as though he knelt with his whole soul bare before the glance of God.

The days that followed were full of excitement, anxiety, and trouble. His father had been taken to *Lucerna* together with all the rest of the valley folk, and there Gaspard followed. It was rather like a lamb searching the den of a wolf, this going into the very stronghold of the Papists; but Gaspard had no thought of evading the Duke's troops now. His first duty was to find his father, to tend him, if so it might be; and to carry to him the news of the safety of those two women—news which would go far, so Gaspard guessed, to calm the fever left by that Savoyard lance-thrust.

It was easy to find a way to the interior of the prison, for Gaspard had only to declare that he too was a Vaudois when he was seized and flung into the fortress already full to overflowing with his wretched countrymen; and amongst that pitiful host was his father.

The horrors of that imprisonment will never be fully known now. An old writer says that the Vaudois perished by hundreds of hunger, thirst, and the festering of neglected wounds. Their bread was rough and filled with rubbish, their water was impure and insufficient. The places of the dead—numbers dying every day—were filled with fresh prisoners;

the intense heat of summer, the throng of sick and suffering ones and the crowded state of every corner of the dungeons made a mass of evil too horrible for recital.

Was not this harder to be borne than were the savage swords of the soldiery, than the fighting at the barricades, than even the brutal insults of victorious foes? For in the past there had at least been the clear air of heaven, and the heart-stirring of struggle; now there seemed only the blankness of noisome despair.

What was it that *Henri Botta's* parched lips were murmuring as he lay in uneasy sleep across *Gaspard's* knees? The young man bent to listen, and the broken words he caught were of peace and of beauty, of rest for the weary ones, of the waters of comfort, and the loving kindness of God.

The old herdsman's rugged nature had also found some trace of gentleness and love amid all this chaos of dismay.

"It must be that the Lord Himself is pitiful," thought Gaspard, "and He Himself sends comfort to such as are sore stricken."

Over and over again did that thought return as he watched frail women rise triumphant above the power of pain, and men—just the rude and untaught peasants of the hills—meeting insult with dignity, and outrage with a smile.

"Be of good cheer, my children," said one, an aged pastor from *Angrogna*, "our Master bore shame and death for our sakes, and shall we shrink from sharing the glory of His cross? Rather thank Him that such as we, the simple valley-folk, are reckoned worthy to follow where He trod!"

They counted twelve thousand captives that were held in the vile durance of the goals; if it were so, death had opened the prison gates to hundreds upon hundreds of the suffering souls, for it was but three or four thousand, men women and children, whom the Duke of Savoy at last set free.

Did he call it "freedom"?

They were free to leave Piedmont, to take their wretched lives and their precious faith to other lands, but they were not free to return to the Valleys. Homeless exiles, ruined wanderers, they might go north or south, east or west; but their homes on the hillsides should know them no more.

#### SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. VI.

1. This verse contains a command sent by God, through two messengers, to one of His servants.
2. A prophet, an angel, a king, and one belonging to a heathen nation, are mentioned in it.
3. A very full account is given us, in several books, of the king's life.
4. The prophet is called a "seer," and bears the name of one of the tribes of Israel: a book was written by him but has not been preserved.
5. The angel was sent to execute judgment.
6. The other person named offered a handsome present.
7. Two buildings are mentioned; one was intended to receive wheat and the other sacrifice.
8. The owner of the former gave it up for the building of the latter.
9. One of the characters mentioned pays honour to another and receives honour from a third.
10. The chapter in which the verse is found contains the first mention of "Satan" in the Bible.
11. The verse consists of thirty-two words, seven being proper names.

L. T.