

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER VII.—THE UPROOTING BEGINS.

ALL Barford was against this scheme of emigration when it learned of it. Deputations came to urge on Alice the desirability of reversing her decision. Other brains had been busy too, planning and scheming for her, laying out her life so that it could still be spent among those who knew and loved her.

It speaks well surely for our fallen human nature that it is in times of our tribulation that we first gauge the deeps of its honest kindness. Alice never knew what love had enwrapped and sunned her life till now that she was leaving it behind her.

Old Mrs. Smithson came herself (in spite of her rheumatism) in the doctor's shabby brougham, out of which she was hoisted with difficulty, to add her voice to the chorus of remonstrance.

"You had much better stop where you are known. I'm an old wife, my dear, and my opinion may be worth something. Take my word for it, 'kenned folk,' as we say in my country, are the best. You can't go about London with a label round your neck, and it's a sheer tempting of providence to expect that the world's going to trouble its head about your pedigree. You're a Lindsell here, and even little Janey

Warner's forebears are known to us all; but what will either of you be in London?"

"Two units," said Janey promptly. "Dear Mrs. Smithson, you don't know what a splendid

sense of liberty it gives you to feel that you're a nobody, and may do what you choose, undeterred by public criticism."



SETTLING DOWN IN THE NEW HOME.

"I'd rather be a Mackay," said the lady dryly. "It was bad enough to marry the doctor."

"But we can't all be Mackays," said Janey mischievously; "and Allie will be Allie where-

ever she goes. As for me, I shall be under her wing; and if you think Allie is too young to protect me, then I'll protect her."

"A single woman is never old enough to do odd things," said the lady, who was a Mackay sententiously. "If you had married, Allie—there was that curate—well, I hear the creature has got a wife, so you've lost your chance. You had better stay here. It's easier to come down among friends than among strangers."

"We couldn't afford to live here," said Allie patiently advancing a well-worn argument; "and there is no other suitable house to be let."

"Well, I'll take you in myself, rather than let you go, and it isn't everybody I would say that to. You can pay me a board if you like—just a reasonable trifle to cover expenses. I could make room for you both on the top floor, and you would have the doctor's advice for nothing. My dear, it's an offer worth considering."

Whether it were so or not it was declined; so were other offers, perhaps more seductive in themselves; but of all those who pleaded, remonstrated, argued, set themselves to alter Allie's resolution, there was only one whose influence Janey dreaded, and he neither argued nor remonstrated.

They were both busy one day when the exodus was finally decided on, and Charlie, as the head of the house, had given a reluctant consent to the London plan being tried, when the vicar was announced.

Janey looked up quickly, but she only read in his kind, absent face that friendliness which had shone there ever since she could remember. If it was a little shadowed and troubled, that was no wonder, for Allie had been his right hand in all village charities, and she was going away.

Janey slipped from the room after seeing the visitor securely piloted beyond all shoals and dangers to a seat, and when, in the course of half an hour or so, she came back, Allie was alone. She was sitting looking in front of her, and Janey thought she detected signs of recent tears, but Alice roused herself and spoke first. There was a something indefinite as of subdued emotion in her expression that caused Janey's fears to clamour anew.

"Mr. Durrant has been talking to me about Charlie," she said. "He does not look unhelpfully on this change; he thinks it will not be difficult for him to get work, and he offers to interest some London acquaintances in him. Oh, Janey, it is a great thing to have a good man to talk to! He makes things so clear. I have been repining for Charlie, because it has always been our way to give a soldier to our country—not considering that a man may do it as noble a service by walking plainly in the path of duty; and you see, dear"—she spoke with a little confusion, thought coming slowly—"we wanted to arrange his life for him, and make it easy and pleasant, and to help him to slip away from all disagreeable things, forgetting that that might not be God's plan for him."

"Ah!" said Janey, dropping on the floor

beside her, "don't say that disagreeable things are good for us. I can get to the point of enduring them because I must; but I can't like them."

She was wondering if it consoled the vicar to know that Allie's going away was for his soul's discipline.

"It is good for me that I was afflicted," quoted Allie with a smile. "Perhaps the day may come when we shall be able to say that too."

"Perhaps, when we can speak of it as a day that is past. But the Euston Road and London and work are very present afflictions. If you were not going with me, Allie, I could not bear them."

She hated herself for doing it, but yet she could not help throwing out this feeler.

"But I am going with you," said Allie slowly and steadily; and then Janey knew that the last danger was overcome, and that she was not to be forsaken.

Charlie had come back from his interview with the family lawyer in no happy frame of mind. Either the calamity was worse than he supposed, or his courage failed to meet the demands made on it.

They were very tender to him at home, and he would have had the sympathy of the village too, if he had cared to claim it; but he shrank in moody distrust from all his old friends. He had sent in his resignation, and in a few weeks at most, one chapter of his life would be ended. He loved the service, and the thought of quitting it was bitter to him. He went without any farewells except a handshake from the vicar, who was standing at his own gate when Charlie went by carrying his hand-bag.

"Good-bye, my boy," the vicar said, recognising him with unusual promptitude. It almost seemed as if he were waiting there on purpose. "Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you, and have you in His keeping. Keep a brave heart, Charlie, and walk straight on, and the lions will disappear from your path as you come up to them."

"Thank you, sir," said Charlie a little hoarsely, "and thank you for taking Gypsy. You'll be good to her? Allie will send her round."

The vicar promised cordially, he was good to all helpless creatures and was well loved of dogs and children, who took very kindly to his odd ways, perhaps not finding them odd after all.

"Thanks," said Charlie once more as he went swinging along the dusty road, holding his head high though his heart was heavy. "I'm glad she isn't turned out of Barford."

The vicar stood watching poor Charlie trudging on doggedly in the hot afternoon, going battlewards, though he was soon to be a soldier no longer. How were the issues like to be for him? While his glances were still turned that way, his thoughts going after the boy, two riders swept round the corner. One of them pulled up by the dusty wayfarer and bent to speak to him—the other, checking his horse precipitately at this unexpected arrest seemed to waver and totter in his seat and have some ado to keep it.

It was Honoria Vivian who spoke to Charlie. The colour flamed into his cheek, his pride re-

ceived a wound at the encounter which he was too young and foolish to conceal.

She uttered a few commonplace, kind words of condolence on his loss, and he answered her stiffly.

"Jim left us yesterday—after a two hours' visit—but perhaps you saw him?"

"He called, I believe, but I was out."

"You will see him to-morrow. Will you not come down to Oakdene by-and-by for a day or two? Perhaps if you were with him he might be induced to stay a little longer."

"Thank you," said Charlie, and then he went on with unnecessary bravado, "but as I am quitting the army I'm not likely to see much more of your brother."

"You prefer some other profession?"

"My poverty prefers it," said Charlie with a bitter laugh, "so far as I know at present it is likely to be stone-breaking. But pray do not let me keep you over the discussion of my uninteresting history."

Honorina looked at him with a faint hint of scorn in her grey eyes. He was certainly behaving youthfully, weakly, but he was new to trouble.

She rode on and Charlie turned and looked darkly after her, the blood in his face, and his hands clenched.

"That was Reigate," he said, "that senile, decrepit old fool—she will marry him, she, a girl who calls herself good, no doubt, and yet she looks down on me!"

The vicar, too, saw the riders go by, Honorina as she swept past bent her head in stately, half indifferent greeting, and he returned the salute gravely and with a sigh.

She, too, had come to the cross roads where the paths divide and the choice must be made. We cannot choose our duties, but we may choose to ignore them or we may accept our obligations and nullify the sacrifice by continual inward murmurings. One good man's heart was heavy for these two young things, one good man's prayers went with them as they passed on their way, every step widening the distance between them and yet each travelling towards a crisis in his life.

CHAPTER VIII.—SETTLING DOWN.

It was thus that two more were added to that great army which every day, almost every hour of the day, marches on London, going hopefully to find the work that is sure to be waiting there; some of them with dreams of honour and glory to be won, some—more modest souls these—content to believe that honest effort will meet with just response—all of them men and women, poor and poorer alike, sure that the battle will be easier there and the issue clear.

When one thinks of it, it is infinitely sad. Those blithe feet, those earnest faces, those high resolves, those certain hopes and dreams—what becomes of them all? In a month or two, could we see this same army that marched so gaily to conquest, what gaps there would be in its ranks, what wounds and defeats, what despair and bitterness of soul!

It is well for us that our eyes are holden from

the sight; if we could see it, the despair of it would crush us.

Alice and Janey were perhaps a little better equipped than some of their sisters for the struggle. There were two of them to begin with; they were together and they were not friendless, as are so many of the poor women who come to London asking only to be allowed to work and to live. They had also a little sum which was quite securely placed beyond the fluctuations of the working market, and every toiler knows what solid comfort lies in the possession of even the most modest deposit. Then Janey, at least, knew the difficulties that were to be faced, and could appreciate them at their full value. All these were undoubted gains, and rendered their experiment less unpractical and visionary than it seemed to Barford criticism.

But prepared as she held herself to be, and ready always to recognise the bright and smiling providences that lightened the way, Alice could scarcely escape a sinking of the heart when she and her young companion were swept into the great London sea, where its tide is busiest. After the country silences the clamour smote bewilderingly on her ear, and the endless living procession gave her the sense of an uneasy nightmare. To dwell in a village is, as it were, but to hang on the skirts of life; in London you feel the great heart beating.

As the two women sat in the cab surrounded by those little spoils they had rescued from the past—Allie's canary in its cage, shaded with an old bandana of the colonel's, Janey's kitten in its basket—they were both absorbed by the never-ending panorama of the pavement. So many faces and all of them unknown—the thought lay a little cold about their hearts, but Janey's spirits presently rose. To take a fresh start—to begin anew, has always a charm for the young. So many possibilities are hidden in the unknown; and who shall blame a Janey for the hopes that painted the future bright?

Things looked more cheerful to Alice next day. She had slept even in the racket and roar of London, and rose refreshed and brave.

"And now," said Janey, as they sat at breakfast, "one or other of us must be housekeeper—there isn't any question about that. Even the best of landladies succumbs to the temptation of taxing the groceries when you leave the ordering to her. Now you, dear Allie, have had a house for ever so long, and you know all the ins and outs of the business, whereas I am an absolute goose about such matters, and don't in the least know one cut of meat from another when I see it in the butcher's shop. I am a perfectly legitimate subject for cheating; the worthiest of tradesmen would be bound to take advantage of my supreme ignorance, so I think that that must be your department."

"I will do my best, Janey, and, indeed, I do know something of housekeeping on small means; but you know, dear, it may chance that my work may take me away in the morning, and if things are not very comfortable you will forgive it?"

"You work?" said Janey, opening her eyes very wide with the most well-feigned surprise. "Why, Allie, isn't housekeeping enough in the way of work for any reasonable woman? I've always considered it the most dreadful drudgery in the world. Do you suppose if I had undertaken it, I'd have done anything else? Not I, and neither shall you."

Now this was rather cunning of Janey, for how can the ordering of a home, especially a home in a lodging-house, on the meagre scale which was all that was possible where these two were concerned, occupy any one person's free time? The arrangement of the little dinner, the feeding of the canary, the dusting of the parlour, why, even if you were to linger unduly over it, you could come to the end of the business in an hour.

Janey very likely knew this, but she did not want Allie to find it out; and the scheme of installing her as mistress of the establishment was the result of a private consultation with her purse.

But Alice was not willing to be spared, and Janey found her task more difficult than she had conceived. There was a certain gentle dignity and high breeding about, Alice when she chose to assume it that robbed one of the power to contradict her.

"I wish to do my share, dear child," she said; "it will make me happier so. My hands are idle now, Janey, and I have always had so much to do."

"Then the only thing that remains to be done is to settle what you would like best to do."

She put it so out of motives of delicacy, for it is not always what one likes best that is one's appointed task. Indeed, most observers must have noticed how seldom, in this age of dire competition, a man can follow the bent of his will. He must needs clutch at the first chance of bread-winning that is offered him. Where so many are striving, who can pause to choose? To hesitate here is to be lost, for thousands are ready to profit by one's vacillation, and to jostle one aside without compunction.

But when she came to a survey of her friend's accomplishments, Janey felt that circumstance was likely to befriend her scheme after all, for alas, none of Allie's little acquisitions had any market value in these days, when so much can be had for so little, and when everybody who wants to get on must be learned to the finger-tips.

She was a gentlewoman to the inmost core, and a Christian; but Janey knew sadly that these were not enough.

"Most employers don't trouble themselves to ask whether you are a Jew or a Turk, a materialist or an agnostic," she said bitterly. "Some there are who object to a dissenter, but most of them are far more eager to know whether you can teach Latin and mathematics, and the theory of music, and French with a perfect accent. To be a certificated graduate in honours from Newnham counts for more than all spiritual and moral worth."

"I could teach plain sewing, and darning, and knitting," she said humbly. "Miss Moore at

the parish school taught them so well, and I think I am rather clever at making wax fruit and flowers."

Janey brightened a little over the sewing question. There are still a few sensible mothers left who cling to this wholesome accomplishment of their youth, and prefer it to the idle lace-making, and cross-stitching, and other devices that in turn have ousted it from the field. Over the wax flowers she discreetly kept silence. The day for those elegant monstrosities is happily over, and when everybody can buy the treasures of the field and the hedgerow for a few pence, who could wish it to come back again?

It was finally decided that Alice should take in plain work from the shops to begin with, and should try to secure pupils as well. It is miserably paid work, as all who have read the secret history lately brought to light of the sweating system may know, but until the day comes when women are strong enough to fight as men do and to assert successfully their right to live, it must remain one of their chief resources.

She was for setting about the business of finding an employer at once, but Janey interfered.

"Not to-day," she said, "we are going to have a whole holiday to look about us and get shaken down. I know of a place where they are almost certain to take such beautiful work as yours, and I will go to it to-morrow on my way to the registry office. Let us do nothing to-day, it is so nice to be idle once in a while."

So they gave that one day to rest and peace. First of all they settled themselves in their new quarters. These were shabby enough, and many degrees inferior in space to the rooms in the old country house, but they both affected to find themselves very pleasantly housed, and congratulated each other more than once on their good fortune in having such a respectable landlady, such cheap rooms, such a central situation, such a small amount, comparatively speaking, of noise.

It was a very amiable deceit they tried to practise on each other, and presently the satisfaction which each feigned to keep up the other's spirits became in a measure real—for women have a talent which men can only admire and envy—they have the art of making the sorriest lodging home-like. It is a kind of magic to the male observer, a touch here and there which hardly seems to count, and it is done.

The bedroom was hopeless enough. It had one of those dreadful outlooks which one may fall upon even in quite genteel quarters of London—a jumble of dead walls and windowed gables, elbowing each other and shutting out the sky; of ragged clothes hung out on lines and fluttering in the sooty air; of unkempt and ill-washed folk, women mostly, leaning out of the windows; of children prowling in the courtyard among the refuse of papers, broken bottles, old boots, withered green stuff—all their notion of a garden; of lean cats innumerable, whose daytime slumber goes towards making night hideous.

All this Janey saw in one glance and turned away from. She could not mend it, so she resolved to curtain it out as soon as might be

with a cheap muslin, and then she wisely turned her attention to the sitting-room.

Here she found a fairer promise, and brought heart of grace to the work. She banished half of Mrs. Jelly's ornaments, "to save them from disaster," she said, then she unpacked the books they had jointly brought.

It was curious and yet natural to see how widely their taste in literature differed. Allie had had access to few books except the little shelf-ful at Battle House that had belonged to her mother. The singer of Mrs. Lindsell's youth was Mrs. Hemans,—who reads Mrs. Hemans now-a-days? From Addison and Dr. Johnson she had learned her mother tongue. Another master of English undefiled she possessed in Jeremy Taylor, but it was not for the graces of his style—unsurpassed as it is—that Allie loved the company of his Holy Living.

Janey ranged this sober company neatly, and stuck her own modern wares beside them. Slices of the classics, of history, of science, those conveniently boiled down manuals which the student, who must know a little of everything, cannot afford to do without in these exacting days of ours. She had her favourite poets too, singers of a very different lay from the gentle muse at the other end of the row; a little selection, classic and unclassic, of French and German, and one or two chosen volumes of fiction and travel.

All this heterogeneous company reposed very amicably on the back of the long, old-fashioned sideboard, and changed the look of the room in a twinkling. There is no better society, and no better furniture to be had.

"When our silver plate comes from the bankers we'll depose them and set up a bookcase," said Janey gaily.

She pushed the one easy chair the room boasted near the window, and hung the canary opposite. Then she disappeared and came back with a look of smiling mischief in her dark eyes and her arms full of nick-nacks—a cushion, a footstool, a tablecloth, a cheap little bracket or two, and one excellent engraving neatly framed.

"Yes," cried the girl, smiling over Alice's surprise, "they are my own, every one of them, I've had them for a long time, all but the flowers for which I have just paid a penny. This picture was a great favourite of papa's—it is almost the only remembrance I have of him. It is engraved from a famous picture in the Madrid gallery, I think, but I forget the artist's name. See, that old woman is Saint Anna, and here is Mary, and Joseph at the carpenter's bench, and our Saviour as a child at play among the shavings."

"It is very beautiful."

"Yes, and papa used to say it gave you the impression of such a very natural and happy home."

She mounted a chair and hung the picture above the fireplace. She placed the cushion in

the easy-chair and the footstool before it, and on one of her little brackets close at hand she set the offering of autumn leaves and berries—a bit of the country lanes and woods brought to flowerless London.

"This is your place," she said, leading Alice to it. "Here is the table at hand for your work when it comes."

"No, my child, why should I have the best?"

"For a very good reason, because you deserve it most. And there's another reason almost as good. See, by sitting here, you can command the opposite pavement and all the passers-by, and you can watch for Charlie coming. When I go out governing I shall always walk on that side of the way, and I'll expect you to be looking out for me when I get home. It's a good thing we are on the low floor, for one can distinguish faces quite well."

"I shall watch for you, you may be sure, and count the hours till we are together again."

"Then that's a bargain. Now we may as well put on our bonnets and go out and buy something for tea. I'll light the fire and put on the kettle to be ready when we come back."

The Euston Road is not very cheerful, as even London lovers will admit. It is shabby, and it knows it, and it has given itself over to the sad pursuit of making gravestones. In almost every one of the ragged gardens you see specimens of the stonemason's art: urns, cherubs blowing trumpets, weeping angels, and always in the pausing of traffic you hear the chipping of the chisel, carving out some dead man's virtues which no one discovered when he lived.

But the gravestones with their records of questionable honesty die away at last and give place to shops, the street is narrower here, and it may be even dingier, but the shops give it an air of bustle and of cheer.

It was here that our travellers found shelter, in the last house that boasted a strip of ragged grass to hold it aloof from the pavement.

"The squares are not far off," said Janey. "On fine days we can go there, it is always very quiet, and there are trees in the enclosures, and sometimes even flowers. Perhaps some kind person will let us pass with his key into one of the gardens where you can rest."

"Yes, that will be pleasant, but I find this interesting too. So many faces, Janey, hundreds and hundreds of them, and where is our place among them?"

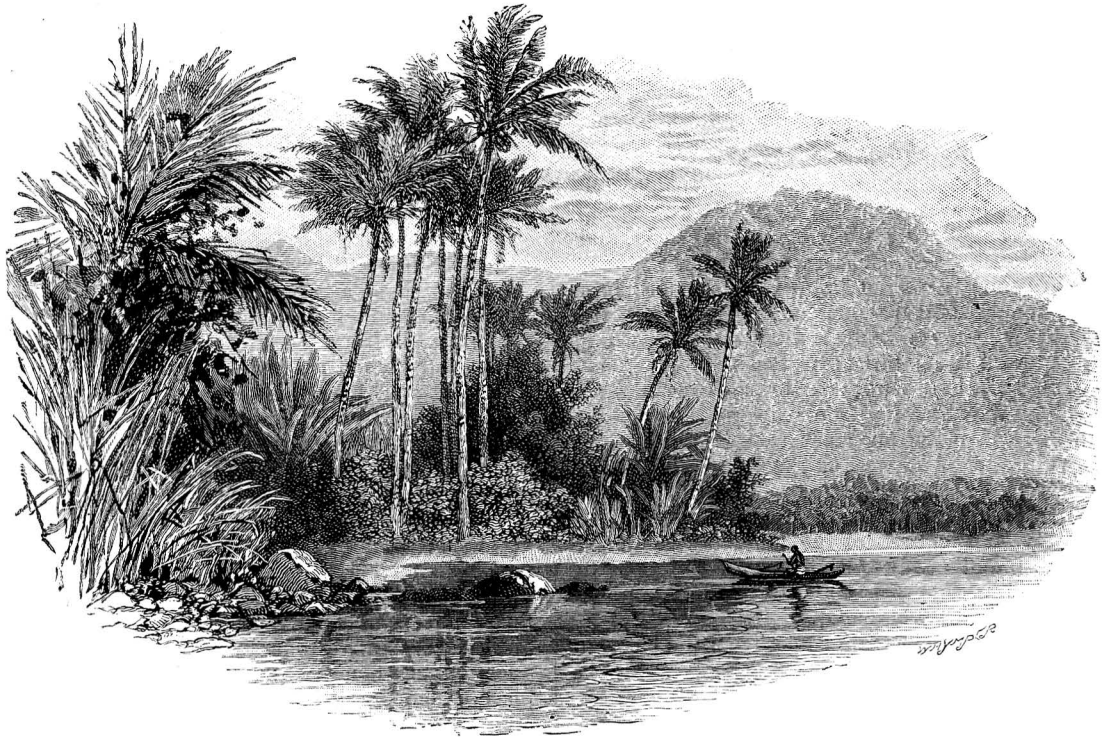
Where, indeed? Janey the bright and bold had no answer to that question. She was suddenly visited with an unaccountable gloom and depression, as they turned their steps homewards.

The siesta was over, and to-morrow the march was to begin. Who could tell when and where their next halting-place would be?



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT OF SAMOA.

II.—SAMOA CASTING OFF IDOLATRY.



A COAST SCENE.

IN 1830 Williams and Barff, two missionaries of the London Missionary Society, sailed for the Navigators. They had with them on board the *Messenger of Peace* a band of Tahitian teachers, who, even in those early days, were manifesting the true missionary spirit, and, having "freely received," were eager "freely to give." Besides the Tahitians they had with them a Samoan chief, named Fauea, whom they had providentially met with on the island of Tonga, at which they had called *en route*. Fauea proved a valuable and powerful ally when they reached Savaii. On the voyage from Tonga this Samoan had been greatly exercised in mind about a native called Tamafainga, a man in whom the spirit of the gods was supposed to dwell, and whose authority was supreme. Should that man oppose, said Fauea, no Samoan would dare embrace the new religion. To Fauea's unbounded delight, one of the first things he ascertained from his compatriots who came paddling from the shore to meet the ship was that Tamafainga had been killed about ten or twelve days before. Immensely relieved by this news, he came leaping along the deck towards Mr. Williams, shouting as he approached, "The devil is dead—the devil

is dead! Our work is done!" When the missionaries understood the cause of his excitement, they could not but recognise in this event a token of God's overruling care. They felt that the good hand of the Lord was with them and rejoiced accordingly.

As the naked Samoans crowded around their visitors, staring at them with open-mouthed curiosity and amazement, Fauea eloquently held forth. "Can the religion of these wonderful foreigners be anything but wise or good?" he asked. "Let us look at them, and then look at ourselves. Their heads are covered, while ours are exposed to the heat of the sun and the wet of the rain; their bodies are clothed all over with beautiful cloth, while we have nothing but a bandage of leaves around our waists; they have clothes upon their very feet, while ours are like the dogs; and then look at their axes, their scissors, and their other property, how rich they are!"

Not the highest argument to use, we may truly say, but yet one that told. Fauea was but a babe in knowledge himself; still his words were forcible, struck home, and made a deep impression. And the man was prudent as well

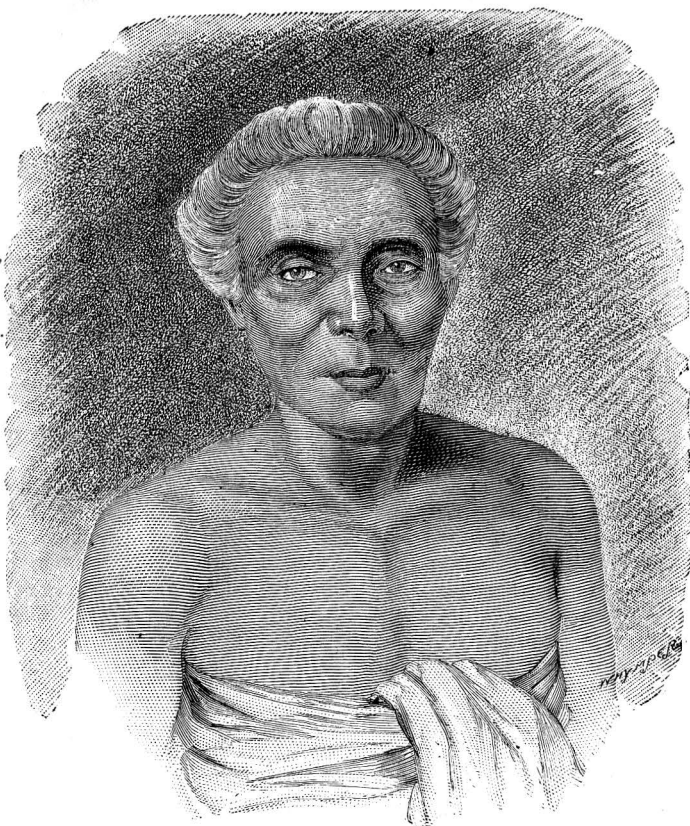
as earnest. His one request to the two missionaries was that they should urge the Tahitian teachers not to begin their work among his fellow-countrymen by condemning their canoe races, their dances, wrestling matches, pigeon catching, and other amusements, of which they were intensely fond, lest they should conceive a dislike to the religion which imposed such restraints. "Tell them," said he, "to be diligent in teaching the people, to make them wise, and then their hearts will be afraid, and they themselves will put away that which is evil. Let the Word prevail, and get a firm hold upon them, and then we may with safety adopt measures which at first would prove injurious."

Eight teachers were landed, were favourably received, and the Samoan Mission commenced. As the canoes were being loaded with their belongings alongside the Messenger of Peace, the missionaries noticed the mountains on the opposite shore of Upolu enveloped in flames and smoke. When they inquired the cause of this, they were informed that a battle had been fought that very morning, and that the flames they saw were consuming the houses, the plantations, and the bodies of women, children, and infirm people who had fallen into the hands of their conquerors. Thus at the very moment that the messengers of the Prince of Peace were being landed on the one shore, the horrors of savage warfare were being perpetrated on the other. This incident, narrated by Williams in his "Missionary Enterprises," has been confirmed to missionaries now in the field by old Samoans, who remembered the circumstances, and described in detail the gruesome horrors of the scene. After a pleasant stay upon Savaii, Williams and Barff bade their new friends farewell. They had been cordially welcomed, had exchanged presents with the chiefs, and had moved freely about. Instead of being plundered and ill-treated (often the first experience of teachers when placed upon an island inhabited by savages) the teachers whom they settled in Samoa were received with open arms both by chiefs and people, who vied with one another in expressions of kindness and delight. Four spacious native dwellings were placed at their disposal, and the very longest and best house in the settlement was set apart for public worship and instruction. An open door had been found for the entrance of the Word of Life.

In 1832, twenty months after his first visit, Williams sailed for Samoa again. Approaching from the eastward he determined to touch at every island of the group in succession, and so make acquaintance with them all. On touching at Manua, distant two hundred and fifty miles from where he had stationed the teachers, what were his joy and surprise to hear the natives who came

flocking out to the ship in their canoes, shout out as they drew near: "We are Christians—we are Christians!" (literally, we are *sons of the word*) "we are waiting for a religion ship to bring us some people they call missionaries to tell us about Jesus Christ. Is yours the ship we are waiting for?" A fine stalwart islander clambered on deck, and with great eagerness begged for a teacher. There was but one in the vessel, and as he was already promised to the chief of Manono, Mr. Williams had to try and pacify his petitioner with a present, some elementary books, and the promise of a missionary as soon as circumstances would allow.

Still greater delight and astonishment were awaiting him at Tutuila, the most easterly of the three chief islands of the group. At first it looked as if trouble was in store for him, for on making the island the vessel was at once surrounded by a vast number of canoes filled with wild and excited natives. In one canoe was an Englishman named William Gray, who had settled at Tutuila, and was living almost like the natives. The clamour of the Samoans in this instance was not for missionaries, but for muskets and powder, and Gray told Mr. Williams that they were preparing for war with a neighbouring chief, hence the demand for firearms. Gradually, however, the vessel drew away from the canoes, and leaving them astern, sailed down the south coast of the island until they came to the beautiful and spacious bay of Leone. On entering the bay a man immediately came off to them and announced himself as a "son of the Word."



A SAMOAN CHIEF.

That was enough for the missionary; he decided to land, and a boat having been lowered, pulled for the shore. A number of natives were on the beach. This was the very spot where De Langle and his men had been killed. Pausing for a moment Mr. Williams ordered his Tahitian crew to stop rowing and unite with him in prayer, as was his practice when exposed to danger; and the boat came to when about twenty yards from the shore. Seeing this the chief made his people sit down on the beach, and himself wading through the water nearly up to his neck, told his white visitor that he need not fear to land, for they



A SAMOAN WOMAN.

were savage no longer, but had become Christians. A great chief from the white man's country had been to Samoa twenty moons before and left "workers of religion," and some of his own people had been taught by them, and were now themselves teaching others. "There they are," he exclaimed, "don't you see them?" pointing as he spoke to a group of about fifty, each one with a piece of white native cloth tied round the arm as a distinguishing badge. When Mr. Williams made answer that he was the white chief referred to, the enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. At a sign from the chief the Samoans rushed into the water, and seizing the boat carried

it and its occupants bodily ashore. A chapel, with accommodation for eighty or a hundred worshippers, was pointed out as it stood embosomed in a sheltered nook near the shore. A loquacious native—the Samoans have the reputation of being great talkers—informed Mr. Williams that he did the teaching. He explained his method, which was to go off in his canoe every now and again to visit the teachers and "get some religion," as he phrased it, then returning, give what he had thus got to the people. His stock exhausted he would go away again for a fresh supply. In such unconventional ways was Christianity being propagated.

As in Manna and Tutuila, so in yet greater degree had there been striking progress in Upolu and Savaii. On meeting with the teachers the missionary's heart was filled to overflowing with adoring gratitude to God. A chapel capable of holding a congregation of six or seven hundred had been built and was always full when services were held; the gospel had already been introduced into more than thirty villages; better still the natives generally were only awaiting the return of the mission ship openly to renounce idolatry. The power of their superstitions had been put to the test by the Tahitian evangelists, and the principal idol pronounced impotent, and sentenced to destruction by drowning; but at the urgent request of the teachers it had been allowed to remain until the missionary should arrive. To him it was handed over, and by him it was conveyed to England and placed in the Missionary Museum.

The chief of Manono received his teacher with marked satisfaction; Malietoa, the chief of Savaii, was most favourable to the new religion, and altogether the prospects of the future were bright and encouraging. A stronghold of Satan had yielded with but little resistance.

One antagonistic influence was, however, in active operation. Some runaway British sailors, escaped convicts, and suchlike disreputable characters, men like the William Gray referred to above, had found their way to Samoa, and some of these men had the audacity to set up rival religions, which, while adopting sundry Christian forms and ceremonies, granted free indulgence to heathen immoralities. With a certain section of Samoans these deceivers were more popular than the Bible-teaching Tahitians. The people were ashamed of their own religion, and eagerly embraced caricatures of the true. To be able to say that they had a foreign teacher and a foreign religion was enough for them; and with brazen effrontery their pseudo-Christian instructors were able to mislead them by pandering to their lust and vanity. How frequently it happens that the vices and unprincipled conduct of our own countrymen—soldiers, sailors, officials, merchants, and traders are the most formidable hindrance our missionaries have to encounter. If those who so readily raise the cry of "missions a failure" would but have the honesty to consider this difficulty they would soon cease their outcry. The wonder is not that so little, but that, in the face of such subtle and powerful opposition, so much has been done.

IRISH SACRED LITERATURE AND ART.

CROSSES AND SHRINES.

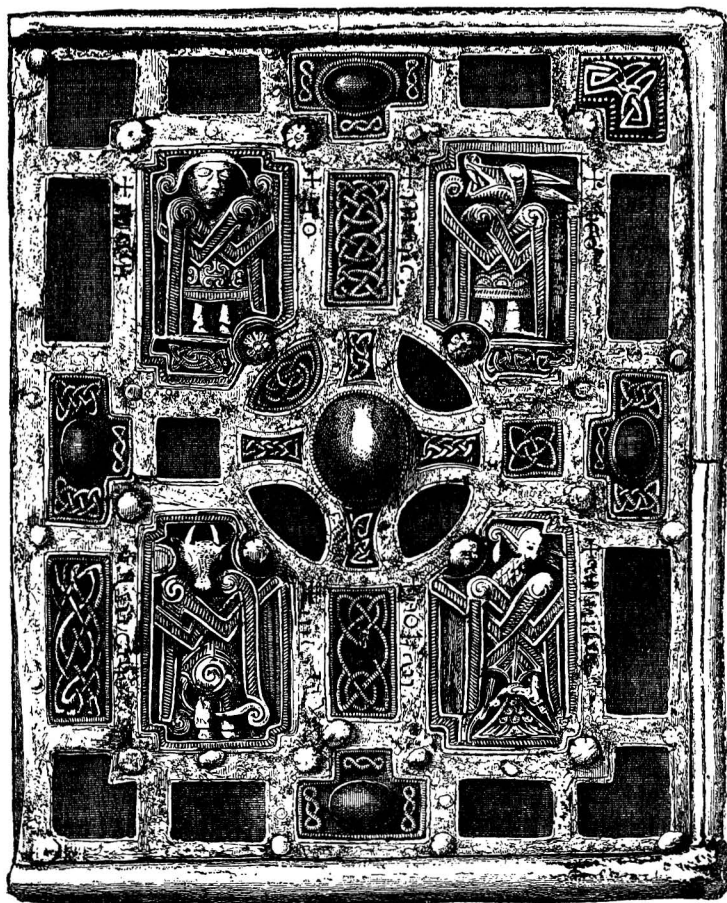
IRELAND is a veritable land of surprises to all intelligent visitors who have not taken pains to familiarize themselves with its history and antiquarian record. Notwithstanding the fierce intestine struggles, and the various invasions and conquests from which she has suffered, the Emerald Isle is still a happy hunting-ground for those in search of fine specimens of Celtic art. The traveller who goes with this definite object in view is amply rewarded; the traveller, unaware of this wealth until it lies open to his gaze, is aroused to deeper and deeper interest in the men and the life of the far distant past, as he sees prehistoric fortresses, churches twelve hundred years old, finely carved crosses that have stood *in situ* for eight hundred or nine hundred years, magnificently illuminated mss., written only two or three centuries later than the most ancient codices of the Greek Testament, bell-shrines and bookcases and brooches of splendid workmanship contemporary with the Norman Conquest.

In a subsequent article we shall describe in some detail, Irish illumination as exemplified in the Book of Kells; and we do not now propose to enter upon any discussion of early Irish church architecture, interesting and suggestive as that subject is. The aim of this paper is to glance at the two special and striking forms of Irish art, illustrated so magnificently on the one hand by the great stone crosses at Monasterboice and Clonmacnois, and on the other by the bell-shrines, book-shrines, and early gold and metal work in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin.

One advantage connected with the study of these typical stone crosses is the fact that we can fix within very narrow limits the date of their execution. Nearly fifty of these very valuable relics of ancient life survive in Ireland in various stages of preservation. A few are still perfect, and allow us to perceive quite clearly the subjects of some of their sculptures. Others are but broken and sadly defaced fragments. These elaborately and beautifully cut crosses are the latest of the inscribed stones found in Ireland, and those called Ogham stones are the earliest in date. Between these extremes comes a succession of tombstones and pillar stones of

various dates. The Ogham stones contain inscriptions formed by a peculiar arrangement of lines varying in length from three to seven inches on either side of, or running across, a central line. The vowels are represented by dots. They date in all probability from about the beginning of the Christian era. Occasionally, bilingual inscriptions—Ogham and Roman letter—are found. Later in date come the tombstones, with inscriptions in the Irish character, and crosses upon them, the latter exhibiting in the latest specimens the characteristic Irish interlacing patterns. The inscription is almost invariably the request for a prayer on behalf of the departed. But about the tenth century the custom of setting up finely carved crosses in commemoration of kings, abbots, and distinguished men set in, and to this class belong the specimens now to be described.

One of the most beautiful districts in Ireland is the valley of the Boyne. The scenery is quiet



THE CUMDACH, OR CASE OF ST. MOLAISE'S GOSPELS.

and rural, but very lovely. The windings of the stream, the broad fertile valley sloping up from the river, the fine country seats, and the historic sites covering the whole area of Irish history here combine to render the region delightful alike not only to those who enjoy natural beauty, but also to those who delight in trying to picture the men who built that marvellous prehistoric funeral house at New Grange, or in looking out from the Hill of Slane over the landscape upon which St. Patrick's eye once rested, or in realising

visitor enters the enclosure one sure evidence of its ancient character meets the eye—the large, lofty, and partially ruined round tower. But it is not to see the round tower that most pilgrims come. Passing through the gate and walking over the thick and long grass that nearly hides from view the closely packed tombstones, the visitor speedily makes his way to the crosses. A few feet from the round tower stands what is known as the High Cross of Monasterboice. It is nearly twenty feet high exclusive of



THE SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.

the short but sharp struggle near the spot now marked by the obelisk where William III. conquered, and where Schomberg fell. The valley abounds in views and in sites inseparably associated with the stirring deeds of the past.

Leaving the river at the Boyne obelisk, passing up the ravine known as the King's Dale, and following a good road for two or three miles, the archæological pilgrim reaches the far-famed Monasterboice. Once the site of a famous monastery, it now stands on the green hillside, a solitary, deserted, and enclosed graveyard. Ere the

the stone base into which it is mortised, and is made up of three stones—a shaft eleven feet long, the central stone six feet three inches high, consisting of the cross with the circle enclosing it, and a top stone, two feet six inches in height. The shaft is two feet wide and fifteen inches thick. The cross is covered with sculptures originally carved in very deep relief, and, although much worn and rounded by the rains and storms of the nine centuries that have passed over it, several of the subjects can be made out. The elegance and gracefulness of form which this

cross displays, no less than the beauty and design of its ornamentation, render it worthy of very careful study.

Only a few paces distant stands another magnificent specimen of this class of work, not so tall, but exhibiting even higher excellences in the way of workmanship. Additional interest centres in it because the inscription upon the base has been deciphered, and fixes the date of its erection. This runs: "A prayer for Muiredach, by whom this cross was made." The ancient monastery possessed two abbots of this name, one of whom died A.D. 844, and the other A.D. 924. Archæologists agree in fixing the latter as the time when this cross was erected. There it was placed, nearly a century and a half before William the Norman altered the destiny of England; and there it stands to-day not much the worse for the wear and tear of over 900 years, save that for the most part we can only guess at the events which the sculptor intended to represent in the fine stone carvings which cover the whole of its available space.

These carvings occupy in all twenty-four compartments, and the accompanying illustration gives a very good representation of those upon one face of the stone. Careful observers think that they can still make out clearly that six panels are occupied with the Crucifixion, the Roman Soldiers sleeping by the Empty Tomb, the Descent into Hell, Samson killing the Lion, David meeting Goliath, and Christ in the Heavenly Glory.

The visitor who takes the trouble to inspect Clonmacnois—a trip well worth the time and expense incurred—can there also see two of these memorials of the early Irish Church, standing where they were originally placed. One of them, as richly carved as those described above and fifteen feet in height, has been placed so that any one standing within the great western door of the ruined Temple Mc Dermot, once a great church, must see this superb monument standing out in sharp outline against the distant sky, while beyond stretches away into the distance the valley of the Shannon. It is, indeed, a kingly monument, nobly placed, and one is not surprised to learn that the inscriptions it bears read: "A prayer for Flann, son of Mael Suchlainn," and "A prayer for Coleman who made this cross on the King Flann." Flann died in 916 A.D., and Coleman in 924.

The objects generally intended to be served by these beautiful monuments cannot be better expressed than by Sir W. Wilde's words:¹

"The crosses at Monasterboice are monumental. Some crosses are purely sepulchral; some mark a memorable locality where some noted act or ceremony occurred. Those which were highly sculptured were, no doubt, intended to teach the rude and uneducated people the rudiments of their faith; the story of the creation, the nativity, judgment, and redemption; thus some, as that at Clonmacnois, were on this account styled in some of our Irish annuals *Cros na Sreaptra*, the Cross of the Scriptures. These monuments are also of general archæological

interest, for in their carvings we have passages of history represented, not only of value in themselves, but of great importance in an ethnological point of view, by exhibiting the features, costume, weapons, and mode of warfare, the punishments, the games, and ceremonies, as well as the musical



THE CROSS OF MUIREDACH, MONASTERBOICE.

instruments, and also the dresses of the ecclesiastics of the time—generally from the ninth to the end of the thirteenth century."

Prior to the twelfth century in Ireland, the power of working in metal as well as in stone was also carried to a very high degree of excellence. In fact, not a few of the best specimens extant are calculated to fill modern experts with envy. The art of metal-working was known and practised in Ireland long before the introduction of Christianity, but under Christian influences

¹ *The Boyne and the Blackwater*, p. 301.

the exercise of the art was greatly modified, and also pressed into the service of the Church. In the museum of the Academy in Dublin there is preserved a bell of very rude execution, consisting simply of two plates of sheet iron roughly bent into the square bell shape and joined together by large iron rivets. And, strange as the assertion may seem to those who hear it for the first time, there is considerable evidence for the belief that this old bell did once belong to St. Patrick. If the claims of the Irish to distinction in metal work rested mainly upon this venerable relic, they could not be rated very high. But these bells were common in the Church life and practice of the fifth and six centuries, and many of them were associated with leading ecclesiastics.

As time passed the bells became useless, but the veneration felt for their original owners increased. Hence the bells became very precious relics, and about the eleventh century it became the custom to construct elaborately ornamented and richly jewelled shrines to enclose and preserve the old bells. We give an engraving of the one made to contain St. Patrick's bell. It is a fine specimen of the class, and may be inspected by every visitor to the Royal Irish Academy. Its history can be traced back from the present time to the date of its construction, about 1100. This date is fixed by the fact that it bears an inscription containing the name of Donell MacAulay, who was Archbishop of Armagh from 1091-1105. It is constructed of plates of brass upon which the decorative portions are riveted. The front is composed of silver gilt plates, covered with beautifully executed gold filagree scroll work. The sides also exhibit the curious interlacing patterns into which are also woven long drawn out animal forms. Rich gems and crystals still adorn it. Even now it presents a very handsome appearance, and when it first came from the designer's hands it must have been an object of singular beauty.

The early Irish Christian leaders possessed not only bells, but also ms. copies of the whole or parts of the Bible. These, too, in later days, became objects of reverence and for them also shrines, or *cumdachs* as they were called, were provided. The engraving, which gives a better idea of the nature of the work than any description, however elaborate, can convey, depicts the oldest of these extant, that named St. Molaise's *cumdach*. This teacher was associated with Devenish Island, the lonely but pretty islet which rests on the bosom of Lough Erne, a short distance from Enniskillen. The inscription upon it tells us that it was made during the years 1001-1025. It is nearly square, and is formed of bronze plates upon which silver plates enriched with golden patterns have been riveted. Rich jewels stand out upon it like bosses. In the centre is the circle inscribed cross, and at the corners of the square containing the cross are the ecclesiastical symbols for each of the four evangelists, the eagle, lion, angel, and ox.

A visit to Dublin will enable any one interested in this subject to inspect a considerable variety of these specimens of early goldsmith's work. Some of the objects, like the Ardagh chalice and the Tara brooch, are of extreme beauty, the fine

gold ornamentation triumphantly sustaining the ordeal of very close examination. And each object brings some phase of the old Celtic life into prominence.

The history of the past becomes more vivid and real to those who can look beyond the superb stone cross to the force of the mind that could plan and the skill of the hand that could execute it, and who can see in these memorials the evidences they surely afford of the fact that men revered ability and greatness then as now, and that the sad heart found relief in raising costly monuments to departed friends.

And the student of religious life and history, however widely he may differ in belief and practice from the men of the fifth, and sixth, and tenth centuries, will be none the worse for his knowledge of men who have left so deep an impression upon national life as Patrick and Columba; nor can he but be touched by that devotion which led the later generations to enshrine in costly caskets the rude iron bells and the time-worn Bibles of the great men by whom Ireland was brought out of paganism into the light of the Gospel.

R. LOVETT.

* * * The illustrations in this article were copied from coloured drawings by Miss M. Stokes, and engraved for her work, *Early Christian Art in Ireland*, by Mr. J. D. Cooper. The writer is indebted for their use to the Department of Science and Art, South Kensington.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

John v. 39. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." "E. C" asks whether *think* in this text is the right word

Yes; "think" or "imagine" is undoubtedly the right translation. The case put by our Lord is very different from that of believers, of whom it may be said, "Ye *know* that ye have eternal life." Our Lord is speaking to the Jews who rejected Him, and is pointing to the different "witnesses" that sustain His claims. First: the witness of John the Baptist. The Jews themselves had sent to him: yet they had not received his testimony. Then, Christ's own works, which they had seen, were the Father's witness to the Son; yet still the people rejected the attestation. And thirdly, their own Scriptures testified of Him—the Scriptures in which they boasted, and thought to find the secret of eternal life. The secret was there, but they refused to read it. Such appears the plain connexion, made plainer still by the reading of the Revised Version: "Ye search the Scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of Me; and ye will not come to Me, that ye may have life." "The intense, misplaced diligence of search," says Professor Westcott, in *The Speaker's Commentary*, "is contrasted with the futile result." The same erudite and truly spiritual commentator thus paraphrases the word to which our correspondent calls attention. "'Ye think.' You for your part (the word is emphatic in the original), following your vain fancies, think falsely and superstitiously that in them—in their outward letter—'ye have eternal life,' without penetrating to their true, divine meaning. You repose, where you should be moved to expectation. You set up your theory of Holy Scripture against the divine purpose of it." "The Scripture witnessed of One whom the Jews rejected; they pointed to Life which the Jews would not seek."

In like manner, Dr. Reynolds writes in *The Pulpit*

Commentary on St. John, vindicating the translation "Ye search" instead of the imperative "Search." "Ye think (or imagine) ye have *in* them, rather than 'ye have *through* them.' Surely our Lord is here condemning the superstitious idea that, in the mere possession of the letter, they were possessors of the eternal life, that apart from the indwelling Word, apart from the heart of the message itself, some magical advantage was springing. Hillel, whose view of Scripture may be expressed in a saying: 'He who has gotten to himself words of the Law hath gotten to himself the life of the world to come,' here differs utterly from the Lord, who on the doctrine of Holy Scripture takes ground similar to that which He had taken with reference to the Temple and the Sabbath. It is not the possession of the Scriptures, nor the prolonged examination of its mere letter, that is the condition of eternal life. The 'search,' which is originated and stimulated by a vague idea of the life-giving force of the letter, is illusive. We may *think* that in them we have eternal life, but our Lord would undeceive us."

"S. K. D." asks for an explanation of our Lord's words to St. Peter, Matt. xvi. 19: "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven;" referring also to Matt. xviii. 18: "Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven;" and to John xx. 23: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

"THE keys of the kingdom of heaven," appear to symbolize the right of giving admission, or of refusing it, into the Christian community. In Isaiah xxii. 22, the appointment of Eliakim as prime minister or vizier in Jerusalem is similarly described: "The key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open." The "key," the "robe," and the "girdle" (ver. 21), were the insignia of office. In the case of the Apostle Peter there was a special appropriateness in the emblem of the key, as it fell to his lot to open the kingdom to the Jews, by the proclamation of the Gospel on the day of Pentecost, and to the Gentiles, by his visit to the household of Cornelius. To "bind" and to "loose," denote the exercise of authority, by positive or negative decisions, in matters concerning the administration of the kingdom. Such authority was given to Peter, and to the other apostles, as appears from the first two passages quoted by our correspondent. It must be observed that the authority was *derived* and *subordinate*. The keys represent stewardship. Eliakim was not the king, but the king's minister. The "kingdom of heaven," again, is not heaven itself, but the Christian community on earth. The mediæval notion of St. Peter at the gates of Paradise, admitting or refusing admission, is a grotesque misapplication of the text.

Of the "binding" and the "loosing," a special illustration is the "forgiving" or "retaining" of sins, according to the words of the risen Lord to His apostles. This also implies subordinate and derived authority. None but God can pardon sin. But to the apostles a faculty of *insight* was given so that they knew and could declare whom God had forgiven, or who, like Simon the sorcerer, remained "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." This case of Simon instructively shows the nature and the limits of the prerogative, as exercised by St. Peter himself. That unhappy man was "bound" in the chains of his sin, not by the apostle, but by his own perverse will, and the conditions of "loosing" were not with Peter, but in Simon's own repentance and prayer.

A MODEL LETTER.

"HONOURED MUM,
"You have 'elped us. We send this
to 'elp others."

Not a very long letter, is it? With the exception of the writer's name, you have the whole epistle in the few words given above. The enclosure alluded to as "this" was half-a-crown.

The lady to whom the letter came is one who has spent much time, thought, labour and money in helping some of the very poor in our great metropolis. During the bitter weather she did what she could to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked with a garment, especially the little ones of the flock. She looked for nothing again, and it was, therefore, with no small pleasure that she read what I call a model letter, from one whose family she had befriended in their time of need.

Just a dozen words, "Honoured Mum," included, but how much they tell. First of all, that the writer has an exceptionally good memory.

It is commonly said that people are slow to forget an injury, and quick to forget a kindness. I should be sorry to think that this is generally the case, for many a time I have heard people speak gratefully of kindness shown in bygone years, and of which the person who conferred the benefit had to be reminded. They have remembered the help given and the results of it, whilst their benefactor has returned a doubtful, puzzled reply when they have tried to bring the circumstances to his memory, and perhaps answered, "I dare say you are right, but really I had forgotten all about it; though I am glad to hear that things have turned out so well."

Our model letter-writer is evidently one who does not forget a kindness.

Again. He is not ashamed to own an obligation. There are people in the world who are glad to be helped in time of need; but, when the need is past, and better days have dawned on them, they would go a long way round rather than see again the face which, in "the dark hour before the dawning," was to them as that of an angel of mercy.

The pride which makes people ashamed to face a benefactor because he has known them in their poverty, is too contemptible to bear looking at. Our letter-writing friend has no meanness of that kind, but owns straight out, "You have 'elped us."

There is another class of persons who receive and perhaps thankfully acknowledge the help extended to them, but never think of doing anything for others. They go on the take-all-and-give-nothing system, and do not for a moment think that they might stretch out a helpful hand, in turn, to some one more needy still.

Our model letter-writer was not of their sort either.

He believed in passing benefits round. He had found by experience that his "Honoured

Mum" had a heart to feel, and a liberal, willing hand to distribute what she had to give, in the best way and at the right time. So he showed his faith in her by placing at her disposal the wherewithal to "elp others,"

Yet again, our model letter-writer was equally generous and prompt in giving.

It was but the other day, as it were, since he was needing assistance himself. Many a one might have said, and with a fair show of reason, "I am but just out of the mire of dire poverty. If I have a trifle more than enough to meet the immediate needs of my family, it will be better to put it by against the next rainy day." But no.

Our friend reasoned, "It is now the rainy day with a good many who are just fixed as I was a little while ago. My mite shall go now, when it is wanted. I owe a debt to the friend who stretched a kind hand to me—a debt in one way, not in another, for she gave, looking for nothing again. So I will put my thank-offering into her kind hand, and ask her to pass it on to some other poor fellow, or weary mother unable to win bread for her children."

I doubt whether he said so much even to himself, but something of the sort must have passed through his mind, and, having decided that the thought was a right one, he was prompt to put it into action, and to trust that, as he had been cared for in the past, he would also be in the future.

Lastly, our model letter-writer was able to say much in very few words. His address expressed respect for his good friend. He owned an obligation, reminded her of it, showed himself grateful, unselfish, generous, trustful, and prompt to do unto others as had been done to him and his, and all this in a dozen words.

When I read the letter I quite envied the writer. It is not given to many to express so much in so little.

I well remember hearing of a country gentleman who was not famed for possessing a great allowance of brains, but who was remarkable for strong family affection. His brother, for whose talents he had a profound respect, was lying dangerously ill, and he was in great distress on his account. Lest anything should be neglected, he saddled his horse and rode, quite late at night, to visit the doctor who was attending the sick man.

"Oh, Mr. Grantham," he exclaimed, "do try all you can to save my poor brother William's life. If he were to die it would be an awful loss. He is so clever; I never knew anybody like him. Why, he would write a letter as long as this"—extending his arms to their utmost width—"and all about nothing."

To this good man it seemed a wondrous accomplishment to "say nothing at great length." To my mind the being able to express so much in a dozen words, as can be gleaned from our model letter, is a still more valuable one on account of the saving of time to all concerned.

And our writer's words and actions are a beautiful illustration of obedience to the divinely spoken words, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

RUTH LAMB.

Things New and Old.

HOSPITAL CHILDREN.—An appeal was made in the SUNDAY AT HOME last year for help for the many small invalids who have to be sent away from the hospitals without any chance of an intermediate resting-place. From the comfort of the wards the most of them must go straight to the wretchedness which is awaiting at home; but a few weeks spent in fresh air, with careful tendance and cleanliness and wholesome food would brace them up into a more fitting condition of mind and body for traversing the hard path which their little feet must follow. The readers of this magazine responded so liberally to the notice inserted last year that some thirty delicate young children gained strength in various country cottages. Their visits ranged from three weeks to six months, according to the necessities of each case, and the probability of a return to health. These were patients whom the Convalescent Homes do not take, because they are too young, too helpless, or too ill. Some children had to be wholly, some partially provided with clothes; all needed an addition to the scanty outfits which the mothers provided, though in most cases the parents were anxious to do what they could. Gifts of clothes were not lacking, and all the whitefaced babies went away in creditable condition, and returned brown-faced and equally clean. Not unfrequently does the good care-taker add some little gift to the store, or "a neighbour" gives an extra shift or pinafore to "the little 'un from London," willing offerings from the poor to the poor! The amount of affection and tenderness lavished on the poor little guests is beyond all praise, and many are the tears shed when the little ones bid good-bye to their temporary "mamma" and "daddy," and return in excellent spirits and health to their homes in town. The kindly help given last year encourages a hope for increased assistance this season. Alas! for the little creatures who have never seen the country, and who have seldom known either kindness or comfort. How sad, even in health, but in sickness and weakness well-nigh unbearable. "Jimmie," says the hospital nurse, "you will go home soon, I think." "Oh, nurse, nurse, don't let me go. I wants to stay here; I'm always hurt at home now my leg's bad." This is but one of many cases. The child might spend happy days, and perhaps regain fair health with good food and air; but the time for leaving the ward must come, he has had the surgical treatment he needed, and a more urgent case needs his bed. Surely this year will bring with it an increase of power to help those who cannot help themselves. Contributions will be received and acknowledged by Sister Queen, London Hospital, Whitechapel, and by Miss V. H. Morten, Ivy Hall, Richmond, Surrey.

UNLETTERED PIETY.—Conversion to Christ does not teach grammar, or correct a Yorkshire dialect, but it does prevent a man turning religion into ridicule because it is uttered by the mouth of an ignorant countryman; he, therefore, that laughs at or despises words which are drawn from the heart, because they are adapted to the comprehension and feelings of a less educated class than himself, such a man is not really yet a Christian, however he may wish to be, or perhaps feel sure he is one.—*Bishop Steere.*

ASCETICISM.—God does not ask us to give up pleasures, or even follies, for the mere sake of cultivating an ascetic temper, but in order that we may be more free for higher pursuits and a nobler service.—*Alfred Rowland.*

THE GLORIOUS RETURN.

CHAPTER VIII.



IN a Geneva street, where the steep red roofs almost met across the way, in a tall house with a silver-smith's sign swinging above the door, lived a Vaudois who had been exiled years ago—the hero of Rora, Joshua Janavel.

The coming of his countrymen stirred him as a trumpet note might stir an old war-horse. He could only see the glory of their trial, the martyr's crown given to so many, the noble endurance, the faithfulness and steadfastness of heart which they had shown. For him to rejoice at tribulation was no new thing, and he now stood so near to the kingdom of God that he realised more than ever how small are the "sufferings of this present time" when compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

His aged eyes flashed as he heard of weak women standing firm in face of death and danger; and something of his old ardour awoke again as they reckoned up the names of those who had fallen in a cause so holy, in defending rights so sacred. Once only did his head droop, and his voice sink tremulous with feeling, and that was when Henri Botta came to tell him of his grand-daughter Rénée.

He had never seen her, this child of his best-beloved son; he had been driven from the valleys when she was an infant. But he was strangely moved when they told him of her sweetness, her womanly ways and words, of the help she had been to Madeleine, and of how she had faced the trial-storm along with the best and bravest.

"Our God has demanded much from me," he said in his thin quavering tones. "And He knows I have reckoned it as honour to spend and be spent in His cause. I am glad, aye, doubly glad that the girl, the last of my race, has been ready to take up the standard of Christ, since my weak hands can grasp it no more."

Henri Botta stood in the doorway, looking down on the old man's face, and he silently thought that neither age nor death would quite rob the Vaudois of Joshua Janavel; such names and memories as his linger long in the hearts of men, and being dead yet speak in those voices which have far echoes.

The time passed slowly on, the spring, the hot summer, and the scented autumn. There was a great deal stirring in the courts of Europe, but the people of the Cantons were busy with their own affairs, and troubled themselves but little with the rebellion in England, or the war which the Emperor

Leopold was bent on waging with France. The fate of the Vaudois concerned them far more nearly.

It was only kindness, and the most active Christian charity that moved them to make plans for the welfare of the exiles;—but the proposals brought forward filled the Vaudois with dismay.

It was suggested that some should be settled in Brandenburg, the dominions of the "Great Elector," on the banks of the Elbe; a country which seemed far and foreign to the simple mountaineers. But Brandenburg, distant as it was, was as nothing to the journeys which others urged. The Cape of Good Hope, the unexplored lands of America, these were mentioned as possible homes for the children of the Valleys: and the Swiss were inclined to be impatient when they saw how very unwelcome such suggestions were.

The plain fact was that the Vaudois were breaking their hearts with longings for home.

Every time they looked to the eastward they saw the Alps gleaming white against the sky; the rushing of the Rhone river was always in their ears, the water which had melted from those upper snows—the snows of the hills.

Here in the west there might indeed be freedom, friends, and no shadow of fear nor pressure of want—but over there, beyond those great white barriers, lay the land they loved; the ruined hearths for which they had shed their blood, the fields their ancestors had tilled, the chestnuts, and the vines, and the mulberries that their grandsires had planted, the graves of their dear ones, the sacred spots made holy by their tears.

The Jews of old sighed by the waters of Babylon over their silent harps: and these poor exiles turned their yearning eyes eastward, unable to forget their Jerusalem, the land of their inheritance.

To Gaspard Botta in these days the hope of return was the very mainspring of life. He worked for his living, as did all the Vaudois; he indeed worked doubly hard, doing his father's share as well as his own, for the old man's strength had never recovered that wound given on the slope of La Vacherè, and it was as much as Gaspard could do to keep him from fretting over his uncompleted tasks.

But all the work, hard and anxious as it was, could not entirely blunt the pain which lay for him behind all other things as shadows lie about the clouds. He could not forget that Rénée was still in danger; that whilst he had shelter, food, comfort, liberty, she and his mother were probably yet hiding among the mountains with but little more shelter and sustenance than God gives to the ravens.

There had been just a chance that they too had been driven off to exile with the rest, and Gaspard had searched with mingled hope and dread through every group of forlorn ones arriving in Geneva. But those he loved were not there. There was no news of them either; they had not been amongst those who had died in prison, nor amongst those who had perished on the journey.

If they were still in life they were near Rora, waiting and watching, as Gaspard knew, with weary hearts and sinking hopes for his coming back to them.

His white teeth ground themselves together as he thought of it, and his eyes were dim with a mist of tears as he turned them towards the hills. Was it right to stay quietly here in Switzerland, to let his hands peaceably handle saws and

planes? Was it right to let the long days pass in peacefulness, when his nearest and dearest needed help so sorely?

He could scarcely hold himself back as he looked at the hills. Surely, his faithful heart kept saying, surely he could reach them, surely he could die with them if the worst must come.

Not Gaspard only, but the whole company of the banished felt bitter longings and heart-sick yearnings drawing them towards Piedmont as the magnet draws the steel. Their devotedness, strengthened as it had been by centuries of persecution, nourished their patriotism; they had suffered much for the love of God—they reckoned it now but a small thing to suffer for love of their country.

As the days crept on the longing grew. It was not that they were ungrateful; it was not that they did not prize the calm that had succeeded the struggle, the liberty that had come after the bitter oppression—but their simple hearts just drooped and pined for the Valleys.

They had watered that land with their tears and with their blood. No other country could be “home” to them. They must return, and lift again—if such were God’s good



JANAHEL AND THE EXILES IN GENEVA.

will—the voice of praise and prayer from the glens and the hills which now lay desolate.

Men with the same anxiety in their hearts as Gaspard had might be reckoned by the score. There was scarcely a Vaudois who would not have willingly died rather than surrender the hope of getting home to the Valleys, somehow, some day.

In the silversmith’s house in the dark Geneva street, groups gathered evening after evening to talk with Janavel. He was, as was natural, a sort of rallying point for his countrymen. His elbow-chair was the centre of elaborate plannings, fluctuating hopes and fears, and audacious ideas. Here differing ways and means were discussed endlessly; here all men spoke their minds.

And Janavel, who himself could never again strike a blow for country or for faith, was the most eager and hopeful of all.

“Our land is the Lord’s,” he would say; “and in the Lord’s good time it shall be restored to our trust.”

It was in July, 1687, that the first attempt at return was

made. Two or three hundred impatient ones gathered at Ouchy, on the shores of the lake, full of ardour and hope. But that enterprise was promptly nipped in the bud. The Swiss had pledged their honour to the Duke of Savoy, and considered themselves responsible for the good behaviour of the Vaudois. They could not allow the exiles to cross the frontier with the avowed intention of regaining their country by force of arms, so the expedition was stopped at its very outset, and the two or three hundred men sent back to the places from whence they had gathered themselves. So the first effort, small and ill-advised as it was, came to an untimely end.

On the next occasion things were altered.

Events marched quickly in those troublous times. In July, 1687, James II. was on the English throne, a bigoted Papist, whose sympathies were all with the extermination of what he called heresy. And in 1867 Louis of France had ample leisure to listen to all priestly plans for crushing the “new religion.”

In 1689 William of Orange was King of England, a prince wholly devoted to the cause of Protestantism, and King Louis had his hands full to overflowing with wars against the Germans and the Dutch.

And—a fact more important to them than affairs of foreign kings and potentates—the exiles had found what they had hitherto so sorely lacked—a leader.

He was one Henri Arnaud, a simple pastor of the valleys, a man trained in the school of hardship, just one of themselves. But he was, in spite of this, a really great man, one not only like Joshua Janavel, but like that other and far greater Joshua, the Hebrew captain of old, for in his heart burnt the holy fire of God’s faith and fear, and on his lips was the old battle-cry of the Hebrews, “Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.”

It is said that events shape the characters of men rather than men shape the events. If ever this be true it was the case with Henri Arnaud. His character was the outcome of that hard struggle for existence that had made the Vaudois what they were. Past years of oppression and blood-shedding had nerved his heart and armed his hand: and the purity of the truth for which he and his had suffered had sunk into his soul as the sun’s warmth penetrates the surface of the earth.

The Vaudois were as sheep having no shepherd. That very need was a spur to Arnaud. He stood forth, and with one voice they hailed him as their captain.

Reverently, and in God’s strength, he accepted the trust.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. I.

From the words in this figure it is required to form two verses from one chapter of the Bible. But first reject one superfluous word.

The	When	It	Dirt	Wicked
Cannot	And	There	No	Rest
Mire	Is	But	Sea	Up
Peace	Waters	Troubled	The	Saith
Whose	God	The	Cast	Eternity
Are	To	My	Wicked	Like