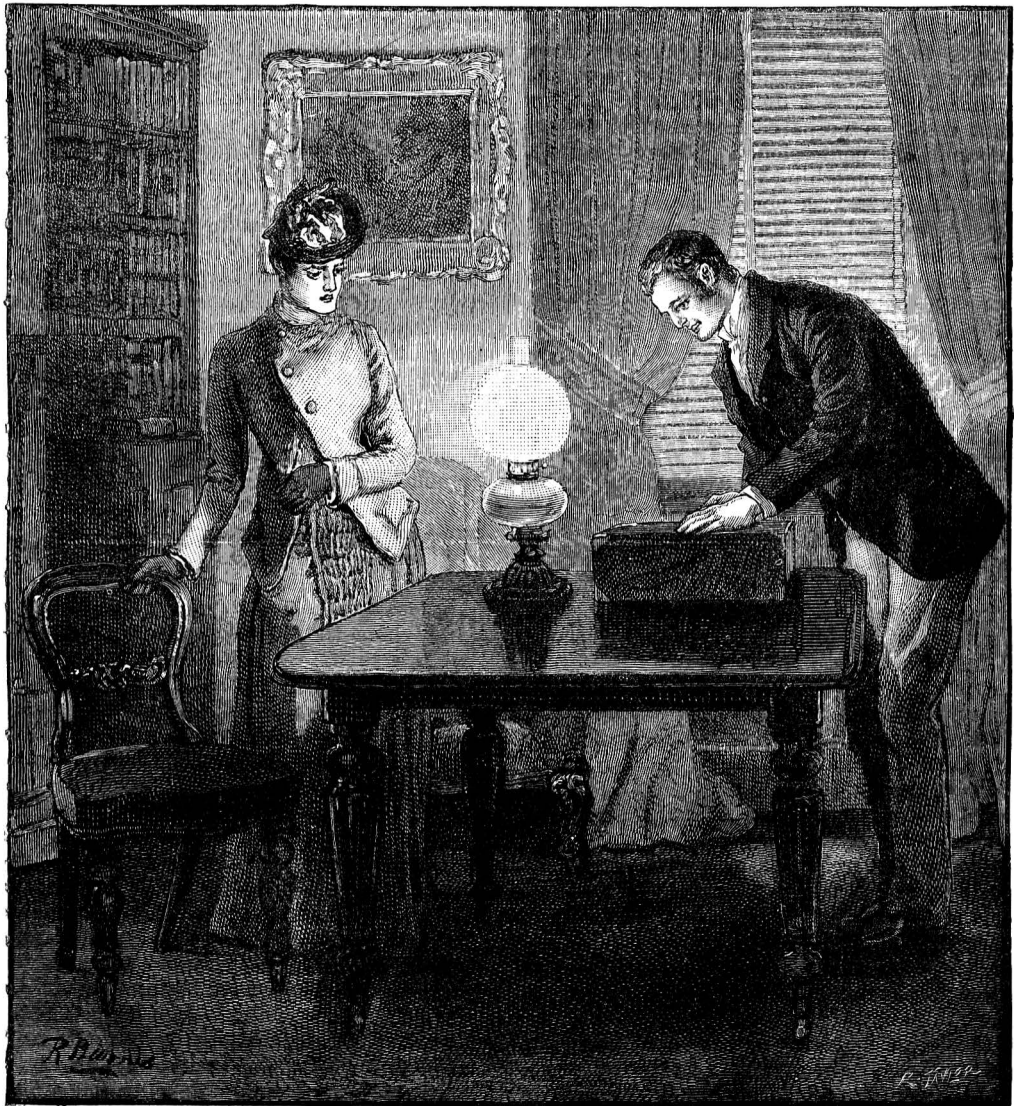


THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WAYS AND MEANS.



A STRANGE ERRAND.

CHARLIE stood for one stunned moment scarcely taking in the sense of Janey's words, a haggard despair settling on his young face. The street beyond the ragged garden was crowded with passers-by, and there was laughter and the hum of voices and all that motley web of noise

and colour and movement that makes up the life of a great city, but it only seemed to accentuate their silence.

They stood looking into each other's eyes in young misery, with that awful despairing sense of overwhelming shame creeping every moment

nearer. The paralyzing sense of it kept Janey dumb. The worst did not seem to have happened so long as she did not know the definite details. Yet she was the first to rally.

She glanced behind her up the dim flight of steps and bent her ear to listen, but there was no vision of Allie's anxious face and no sound of her approaching step, and she sighed with a momentary relief. Janey had made a practice of seeing Charlie to the door and exchanging last light repartees with him there, so that her absence might this time pass unmarked; but time was slipping away and any moment might bring disaster.

She roused herself at the thought.

"Allie will not hear us," she said, "tell me everything."

It is not the fashion of persons in Charlie's situation to tell everything. Any one who has had much experience of the moral obliquity which allows a man to contract debts which he knows he cannot meet, is prepared never to expect a complete and full confession. The greater part may be told, but something is always withheld.

Charlie, however, was young as yet to shifts and stratagems, and his faults of character lay rather on the side of culpable carelessness and thoughtlessness than of deliberate intention. He had never learned to deny himself anything, and he was now reaping the consequences of many foolish crops sown in earlier days; in starting afresh in the bank he was handicapped with old debts, and it is needless to say—being a young gentleman who liked everything of the best—he speedily contracted new ones.

For a time he successfully avoided any close scrutiny of his position, and when the pressure of outside claims made this no longer possible, he used all those expedients which are the resource of every debtor in turn. There is nothing in the record of human story that repeats and iterates itself so often with scarcely a variation of detail as the career of the prodigal. From the first who set his wayward steps towards the far country to the last, every son of them has trodden the same path; and the only difference lies in this, that there are some who do not turn back to seek the Father's house.

Conscience was sensitive enough at first to give Charlie uneasy moments, but he found a salve for it in cherishing a grievance against his grandfather, upon whose memory it was easy enough to roll the blame. Then he began to borrow, always with the intention of repaying the loan—there never was a debtor yet whose needs were more than "temporary"—the hard-won earnings of Alice and Janey.

The downward path once chosen, the last descent is easy. In sudden stress of need, Charlie yielded to temptation and abused the trust reposed in him. In the emergency caused by the illness of a sub-cashier, he was temporarily placed at the counter, a promotion which had caused rejoicing in the little household of the Euston Road and lifted up the hearts in renewed hope. But Charlie proved himself unworthy of this confidence: opportunity found him too weak to resist: his private troubles threatened to overwhelm him, and, goaded by their urgency, he

appropriated a sum of money paid in by a bank customer to his account, destroying the credit-slip, in the hope that the defalcation might pass undetected until the owner chanced to examine his pass-book. The deed was the work of a moment, but even in the first horrified recoil from his act, Charlie salved accusing conscience by assuring himself that it was but a loan he had borrowed for an hour or two: long before suspicion would be roused the sum would be replaced.

Does it seem that he had fallen far in a year? He who professed to be so chivalrous and generous—to take money from the defenceless women, to consent to still baser promptings? Far and low indeed; but is there anything that so fatally and quickly blunts the finer edge of feeling as the need a man brings wilfully on himself? Pay that thou owest—owe no man anything—the injunctions were not given for naught.

"Tell me everything," Janey said, and in the urgency of his need he told her at least the worst.

"I have taken money," he said; "helped myself from the bank."

Janey shrank from him involuntarily as if his contact soiled her, but she steadied her blanched lips, it was no time for reproaches.

"How much?" she asked.

"A hundred pounds. It was only for a week, I meant —"

"Oh, yes—yes," she said, even in this scorching moment she was visited by a bitter gleam of humour. "Of course you meant to pay, spare us the formula—but you can't, and if no one else can—or will—what then?"

"I shall be disgraced." He hung his head. His disgrace seemed very near, stealing behind him, laying an arresting hand on his shoulder.

"Perhaps they will prosecute me as —"

"As a thief."

Oh, how bitter, how sad, how awful the words sounded, coming from Janey's young lips. They seemed to have an insistent life and to echo and re-echo in the dark and gusty passages of the house and to be blown without and shrieked in the ears of the passers-by and cried aloud on the house-tops—"a thief, a thief!" In the shock he realised for the first time the degradation of his position, it illumined his mind as with a blaze of light in which he saw the oncoming of the shame that was to engulf him. He staggered back against the wall as if for support.

But Janey, too, was suffering the retribution of her own words. She, too, calling them aloud, understood their full meaning, and the realisation was too much for her overwrought nerves. She burst suddenly into low uncontrolled sobs.

"Don't, don't," said Charlie, feeling that this crowned his misery. "I am not worth it. Why should you cry for me, Janey? I will go away and hide myself where I shall never trouble you any more—I've been nothing but a sorrow to you."

But at this hint of flight the fears knocked so thick at her heart that she conquered her tears, and even found some anger to support her.

"Would you kill Allie?" she said indignantly

"It won't help your case to turn coward. Let us face it—oh, we are losing time—have you tried everything?"

"Everything. Vivian would have helped me again—but I don't know where to find him and—it's a question of hours. It's no use, Janey, best let me go. There's time to clear out before my cash is examined, and—and old Vivian can afford to lose it."

"Hush," she said imperiously. "Don't give me fresh reason to despise you. Listen—I have a plan"—she had been rapidly revolving many things in her quick brain. "Go straight home—you must give me your word that you will go home, and I will believe you—and do nothing. Come here to-morrow night at this hour, and I think I can promise you the money."

She would not hear a word in reply.

"Go, at once," she said "you are only losing time, and Allie will wonder."

He went stumbling half blindly down the path, too crushed with a sense of his position to draw much comfort from her words, and never turning or looking back, though she stood there watching till he was lost among the throng.

She gave a gasping sigh as she turned away and set her face to the hard task before her. The hardest part of it all perhaps was to wear a mask of cheerfulness before Allie—that dissembling which affection sometimes prompts one to practice, how hard it is to give a natural turn to it!

Circumstances favoured Janey, however, for when she got upstairs she found that Alice had gone to bed with a bad headache.

"I knew you were chatting with Charlie," she said as Janey went in search of her. "I could hear your voices and I thought you wouldn't miss me—I—I am tired——"

Janey fetched vinegar and water and all the other simple remedies she knew to conquer the headache—a headache, was it, or a heartache? She darkened the room and left Allie to rest, the last night for many, poor soul, on which she would sleep even fitfully, comforted by prayers which gave her hope, for the sword which had been dangling so long was about to descend on that innocent head.

It was a further circumstance in Janey's favour that since Mary Grainger's departure she had occupied the little room at the top of the house, for dearly as Allie and she loved each other and fast comrades as they were, each knew the value of a room to be sometimes alone in. This is perhaps one of the hardest trials of extreme poverty—that the whole of one's life has to be conducted in public.

But Janey had never valued the privacy of her little room as she did to-night, for it allowed her to make her preparations for going out without fear of detection. She took an old warm dress and a bonnet from the cupboard and dressed herself in them hastily, carrying her boots in her hand so that her creaking steps might not disturb Allie's light sleep. She sat down on the lowest step of the stairs and put them on. The outer door was still wide open—in the poorer class of lodging-house it is often kept open to a very late hour—so that there was no difficulty of bolts and bars to

overcome. It was still early—not yet ten o'clock, and she calculated that even if her errand occupied her two hours she should find easy admission on her return, and so be able to slip in without rousing anybody's wonder.

She meant to go in the first place to Mr. Augustus Steel. Janey had seen a great deal of Miss Lemming's lodger during the past year and had learned to appreciate at its true value the simple and honest goodness that underlay his crust of solemn affectation. Mr. Augustus would help her, and he would not make it difficult for her to ask his aid.

In the event of his failing her from some unforeseen cause—she never doubted his willingness—she had another resource in Doctor Ellis, but she shrank distressfully from making her appeal to him, and hoped with all the fervour she could summon that it would not be necessary. Con as she would the slender list of her acquaintances, she could think of no one else. Help might have been found in Barford, but she dared not delay to ask for it, and of all her other friends there was not one who could advance even a quarter of the sum needed. A hundred pounds is not a vast amount, perhaps, but it might as well be a million if you have no means of raising it.

She had already passed in review all the little possessions at home, but even if she could dispose of them without arousing Allie's suspicions, her better sense told her that they were wholly inadequate to meet the case. The few poor little nick-nacks, priceless as they were as relics of a happy past, had no market-value in a pawnbroker's eyes, therefore that door, too, was closed. The prison walls were rising fast about her, but there was still one loophole of escape in Mr. Augustus. She pinned her failing hopes on him.

So busy was Janey with the whirl and agitation of her thoughts that she had no place in them for any personal alarms as she threaded her way alone through the streets. The throng was even greater than on other nights, for those who take their weekly meed of air and recreation upon the pavements were all abroad—shop girls with their sweethearts, idle men, young and old, who on other nights would be dispersed at work or seated in the public-houses, crowded the side walks. But there is safety in numbers, and though Janey was jostled and elbowed unceremoniously, and though she had one or two jocular offers of companionship, which at another time would either have aroused her indignation or her amusement, she had now no room for affront at small slights. She could think of nothing but her goal, even Charlie was half forgotten in her eager desire to see Mr. Augustus and secure his ear before it was too late.

She knew that he made a practice of frequenting a certain chapel on Sunday evenings and that it was his sober habit to sup frugally on his return and retire early, but she hoped to catch him before he had gone to rest.

But in all the contingencies she had prepared herself for she had never told herself that he might be from home. She had thought of him as possibly unable to provide the whole sum, even as a loan, and Janey at least was sincere in

her intention of repayment—but she had leaned on him in her thought as fertile of resource, and full of willingness to aid, and when she learned that he was beyond reach—not in London at all, not even expected for some days, the blow fell with double bitterness.

It was Miss Lemming's little maid-of-all-work who opened the door. Miss Lemming had gone to see Miss Vivian as she explained with some desire to be voluble—"a lady as lived among the pore and did for them" (charing work, lightened with presents of tracts and pounds of tea, was this little maid's confused conception of "charity" as illustrated by real ladies) "and Miss Lemming's supper was to be kep' 'ot for her, which was in the oven as miss might smell for herself, being a sausage, and wouldn't miss come in and wait?"

But Janey said "no" to this invitation, though she was suddenly very weary. It was Mr. Steel she had wished to see, she said; no, she had no message, except love to Miss Lemming.

Mr. Augustus had gone north, the little maid could not tell where, but a great way off on business for his firm, "and which he had gave her a shilling and told her to be a good girl till he come back again," she said eagerly, as if this threw quite a light on Mr. Steel's destination.

Janey did not listen with her usual interest to these details, nor had she any smiling or cheerful word for the small damsel, who was an old acquaintance and an important member of Alice's Bible-class.

She turned away with a great sinking of the heart, the girl staring after her, not knowing what to make of lively Miss Janey's changed looks. Her feet lagged and could scarcely support her weight as she dragged herself along the pavement. She was for giving up the battle and going home. The whole world seemed to be against her—poor Janey! Within as well as without it was night with her.

Then with a sudden pang she remembered the peril which overhung Charlie, and threatened Alice's peace. Was any reluctant shamefacedness on her part to stand in the way of their need? They looked to her, and was she to fail them? She spurred and goaded herself to new haste. This time she laid her plans more securely, so that she should not be betrayed into a second disappointment. If the doctor were out—and it was very likely that he might be out—as his services were often claimed, she should ask leave to write him a note. The thought of being thus possibly spared an interview dimly comforted her. Even for Charlie it was a wound to her pride to stoop to ask a favour of Doctor Ellis.

But here again the unexpected was awaiting her. When she summoned courage to pull the doctor's bell she was told that he was at home and alone, and she was shown at once into his room, which was consulting-room and dining-room thrown into one.

The doctor, wearing a very shabby coat, was bending intently over a microscope and did not at once lift his head. He expected nothing more interesting than a summons to the bedside of some woman who had nothing particular the matter with her and who would not pay him

any fee for telling her so, so that when he at last looked up it was a great surprise to see Janey standing there—such a surprise indeed, that the colour mounted to his face.

"Miss Warner," he said, "you here and alone? I hope there is nothing the matter at home?"

"There is everything the matter," said Janey, folding her hands in an agitated clasp and trying to control the trembling of her lips.

"Not Miss Alice?" he asked gravely.

She shook her head.

"I have come on a strange errand," she said, not taking the seat he drew forward for her and feeling desperately that she must tell her story as quickly as possibly if it was to be told at all. "I am afraid you will be shocked and—I cannot explain, but—could you lend us some money?"

"Money?" he said with a note of relief in his voice, "is that all? You looked so tragic, I was afraid you were going to tell me of some dreadful calamity."

"It is a calamity ——"

"The want of it? Well, I don't know, I manage to rub along pretty well without it."

But Janey would not be comforted.

"And—and I am ashamed," she said huskily, "to come to you, but—there was no one else——"

"I am very glad you came," he said still lightly, trying to put her at her ease. Her request seemed somehow to please him in an unaccountable way, since it did not as a rule give him a great deal of pleasure to be asked to lend money without security.

"Don't you know, Miss Janey, it's the greatest proof of friendship you could show me to let me know that you trusted me, and thought I could be of use to you? I'm glad you came, and whatever I have is most heartily at your service. Let us count our resources. I actually have one or two patients who have begun to pay me, so you couldn't have come at a better time."

"It is a large sum," she said, watching him with a sinking heart as he unlocked his desk—"100l."

His face fell a little at that.

"I'm afraid I haven't quite so much in hand," he said, "and you want it at once—to-night, don't you?"

"To-morrow night. It would be too late after that. It—it is very pressing."

She had not said a word as to the use to which the money was to be applied, but no doubt he had his shrewd guesses. Even in this remote quarter rumours of Charlie's doings had reached him from time to time, for though he chose to expatriate himself he had still many links with the west and sometimes heard its gossip. He glanced rather keenly at her downcast, troubled face, and he did not spare Charlie in his thoughts, but he only said aloud cheerfully—

"I know—I have it. I will get Miss Vivian to lend me the money for a day or two. I can very easily refund it before the end of the week; there's nothing simpler or easier—and that would let you have the sum you want to-morrow."

"Miss Vivian," said Janey startled into forgetfulness, "but it is her father——" then the blood rushed in a distressed wave over her face. "Oh," she said, "I don't know what I'm saying, don't

heed my foolish words—it is I who want the money—for myself. Yes, if there is no other way—if you think Miss Vivian will consent.”

“I know she will.”

“Then if you will be so good—and I might be able to repay her myself very soon. She is very kind, they say.”

“She is splendid,” cried the doctor heartily. “She gives herself away for a lot of pig-headed, dirty wretches who will never thank her. I suppose she doesn’t do it for their thanks, and she is always ready and eager to help; she does all my good deeds for me, and if there’s a case where money will be of any use—it isn’t often of any, she gives it without a word or a question. We are old friends, you see, she is good enough to trust me, and I don’t bother her with details.”

This was his way of hinting to Janey that Miss Vivian need not know for whom the money was asked.

“I don’t know how to thank you,” she said, beginning to feel the immensity of the relief, and breaking down a little under it.

“I don’t want thanks for doing nothing,” he said lightly, holding her outstretched hand perhaps an instant longer than was needful; “but if you want to do me a pleasure, let me see you home. I’ve studied myself half blind, and nothing will suit me half so well as a turn in the air.”

She could not refuse, though—again for a nameless reason—she would rather have been alone; and he saw her to her own door.

She tried to thank him once again brokenly, and then she crept upstairs, and throwing herself on her bed, sobbed herself into an exhausted sleep.

The next day she received the money by a safe messenger, and she waited punctually at the hour appointed to give it into Charlie’s hands. How long the waiting seemed, and would Charlie never come?

One or two people passed in and out, and the old Dane, creeping home from one of his mysterious expeditions, held her for a moment in talk, but the minutes looked hours, and still Charlie did not come.

She was left alone again, scanning the passers-

by with starts of half recognition and sinkings of the heart with each new disappointment. She was perplexed and alarmed by his delay. Alice would miss her and might come in search of her—a thousand conjectures, fears, dreads were besieging her: one moment she told herself that it must be all right—that he must have found some way of helping himself out of his difficulty—the next her fears whispered that it was much more likely to be all wrong.

She was beginning seriously to consider whether she ought to risk going in search of him, when a small, ragged urchin, who had been amusing his leisure with turning somersaults in a clear space on the pavement, slowly advanced up the little path, calmly surveying the dingy house and Janey’s skinking figure in the doorway, as if he were appraising them and at no very high figure.

“What do you want?” asked Janey, when he paused in front of her.

“Be this for you?” He took a dirty note from his bosom.

Janey made a snatch at it, a new hope taking possession of her, but the boy fenced with her.

“Gov’nor said you wos to give me a tanner.”

“A tanner?”

“Sixpence,” he translated, with some contempt for her ignorance.

She pulled out her purse and met the demand. Then she tore open the note, and read it by the dim quivering light above her head.

“DEAR JANEY,

“It’s all of no use. I found out to-day that my cash would be examined, and I couldn’t stand the disgrace of it. By the time you get this, I’ll be far enough away from you all. God bless you, Janey, and forgive me, if you can. Tell Allie not to break her heart for me, I’m not worth it.

“CHARLIE.”

She read it slowly from beginning to end, taking in its full sense. Then the paper seemed to sway and grow dim before her eyes, and the letters were blurred. She put out her hands gropingly for support, and she remembered nothing more.

SOME PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF “THE PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND,” ETC.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

WHATEVER may be thought of the great preachers of Scotland in the covenanting period, it is certain that, judged by the present standard of manners and culture, they stood in the foremost rank among the scholars of their time. Samuel Rutherford, for example, at the close of his own studies at the University of Edinburgh was appointed one of its regents or professors—a striking proof of his abilities and attainments. A similar distinction was conferred on two of his contemporaries, David Dickson and Robert Blair, by the University of Glasgow.

On leaving Edinburgh, Rutherford became Minister of Anwoth in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The church lies in a hollow, embosomed in wood, and seems the very ideal of a country church. Gordon of Earlston, afterwards Viscount Kenmure, was one of the landowners, a man of eminent godliness and of a family most attached to the church. Rutherford’s first sermon was from John ix. 39—rather a strange text: “For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.”

In the very first years of his ministry he had

a sharp lesson in the school of affliction. His wife suffered from a most painful illness. For thirteen months before her death she was in almost constant agony, crying out at night in paroxysms of pain. Among his people Rutherford was a marvel of diligence. Up at three in the morning, he had done much work among his books before the day had well begun. It was said of him that he was "always praying, always preaching, always visiting families, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always teaching in the school, always writing treatises, always reading and studying." The fervour of his preaching was remarkable—the earnestness with which he preached Christ. Many came from great distances to his church. So earnest was he for the good of his people that he could say: "My witness is in heaven, your heaven would be two heavens to me, and your salvation two salvations." And of his prayers: "There I wrestled with the angel and prevailed. Woods, trees, meadows and hills are my witnesses that I drew one fair match between Christ and Anwoth."

But the enemy could not but try to sow tares in so goodly a field. In 1636, nine years after his settlement, he was called before the High Commission Court on account of his non-conformity to the Episcopal government of the church, and banished from Anwoth. His Patmos was Aberdeen, then conspicuous for its zeal in the opposite cause. Here many of the "Letters" were written by which he is so well known. Two years later, he returned to his beloved Anwoth; but next year he was removed to St. Andrew's, where he became Professor of Divinity and Principal of St. Mary's. He had now no pastoral charge, but it is said that before accepting the chair, he bargained that he should be allowed to preach somewhere every Sunday, so much did he delight to proclaim the love of God in Christ.

In the painful dispute among the Presbyterian ministers, known as the controversy of Resolutioners and Protesters, Rutherford took part with the latter, the unyielding party, and sometimes he manifested no little sharpness of temper in reference to this. On one occasion when he was expected to address a table at the administration of the Lord's Supper, he sullenly refused to do so, because he saw at it the wife of one of his brethren, who was a "resolutioner." It fell to him, however, to preach on the evening, and it was remarked that he was quite feeble: "he was quite deserted." On another occasion he did better. After he had made some reference to these unhappy differences, he exclaimed: "Woe is unto us because of these divisions that make us lose the fair scent of the rose of Sharon!" And then, says one of his friends, "he broke out commending Christ, going over all His precious titles and styles about a quarter of an hour," his friend exclaiming, "Now you are right, hold you, there!"

An early treatise against the Arminians on Grace, and the circulation of his Letters, made Rutherford's name well known beyond his own country. The story of the visit of Archbishop Usher has often been told. It is said that having heard of Rutherford's remarkable power in

preaching, the archbishop resolved in going to England to take Scotland on the way, and to go to Anwoth to hear him preach. We give the story in the words of an old minister who took particular pains to collect such anecdotes. "There was no place near the church where he might stay that Saturday's night but Mr. Rutherford's house; and so he came to it, and called to know if he was at home. His wife told he was. He said he was a stranger come from some distance, and designed to stay till Monday, and could find no place to stay in, and asked if he might have access to Mr. Rutherford's house. Mrs. Rutherford, seeing him a gentleman and in good habit, desired him to alight, and signified that she desired to know his name. He said his name was James Usher. She went up and acquainted her husband. The primate struck none of them in the head [was not recognised] and Mr. Rutherford came down and called for a drink and made him welcome as a stranger, and left him till supper, where nothing passed to discover him. On the Sabbath early he went out to the fields and came to a thicket of trees, a sweet retired place where Mr. Rutherford used often to retire. There the bishop spent some time his lone, and was fallen to prayer. When Mr. Rutherford came out, as was his ordinary, knowing nothing, the other was there till he drew near and heard the voice of prayer; and listening he perceived a very extraordinary gift of prayer and was wonderfully taken with it, and stayed till it was ended, and the other came out. Then, when he saw him, his name his wife told him struck him in the head and he presently addressed him: 'Are you the great and learned Doctor Usher?' The other answered, 'I am he whom some are pleased to term so.' Then Mr. Rutherford embraced him most affectionately, and said, 'You must preach for me to-day.' 'Nay,' says the other, 'I came to hear you preach, and to be acquainted with you, and I will hear you.' 'Well,' says the other, 'I shall take the forenoon and you the afternoon.' And so the primate preached in the afternoon, to each other's great satisfaction."

Rutherford lived to the age of sixty, but he lived in troublous times. He was one of the Scotch commissioners to the Westminster Assembly in 1643, and as the journey to London in those days was about as serious an undertaking as a journey to the centre of Africa to-day, some years were spent in England. His contributions to theological literature were both numerous and ponderous. His *Lex Rex* was a remarkable book, showing that the law was above the king, not the king above the law—a real foundation-stone of national liberty. But a more complete contrast could not be than that between the gushing, sparkling poetry of his letters and his sermons and the dry bare logic of his controversial books. At the Restoration, in 1660, he was deprived of his situation, and received a summons to appear before the ensuing Parliament and answer to a charge of high treason. Meanwhile, however, a messenger reached him from a higher court; he died in a state of rapturous joy, his last words being those on which Mrs. Cousin has con-

structed her beautiful hymn, "Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

Very conspicuous among the contemporaries of Rutherford was David Dickson, of Irvine. The tradition goes that his parents had been married for a considerable time without having any child, and like the parents of Samuel they asked one of the Lord, and vowed him to the ministry. When the child grew up, forgetful of their vow, they made him a merchant, but in that calling he was most unsuccessful, costing them thousand upon thousand of pounds, till, remembering their vow, they got him to abandon mercantile life and become a minister after all. And as a minister he had wonderful success. When he was settled at Irvine, people used to come there from other parts of Scotland just to enjoy the privilege, as they called it, of being under the drop of his ministry. Wodrow says that his sermons were "full of solid substantial matter, very Scriptural and in a very familiar style, not low, but exceedingly strong, plain and affecting, somewhat akin to Mr. Rutherford's in his admirable letters." In a time of political trouble, he was banished to Turriff in the north of Aberdeenshire, as if the cold spiritual atmosphere of the north would cool down his zeal. The change had this effect on him, that to prepare his sermons he needed as many days as hours at Irvine. This he ascribed to the agency of evil spirits, the devils of the north, he said, were much worse than the devils of the west. There was not a little superstition and belief in the supernatural among the good men of those times. At the death of the Countess of Eglintoun he heard a loud noise like that of trumpets; he thought it must be some noblemen coming to the house; when no natural cause for it could be discovered he ascribed it to the ministry of angels.

Dickson was appointed professor of divinity successively at Glasgow and at Edinburgh. When he came to Edinburgh, it was observed that his preaching was not accompanied by the same spiritual power as of old. He ascribed this to the want of the prayers of his people, who had been well trained at Irvine, to ask the Divine blessing on his preaching; whereas, preaching here and there in Edinburgh, he had not the benefit of his Aarons and Hurs. He was successful likewise as an author, and his Commentary on the Psalms has been pronounced by Mr. Spurgeon as "a rich volume dropping fatness." "The Sum of Saving Knowledge," commonly bound up with copies of the Westminster Confession of Faith, was his handiwork, composed, it is said, during his walks among the crags near Glasgow Cathedral. He thought that the Confession of Faith and the Catechism were too deep for popular understanding, and his object was to simplify them. For these documents themselves he had the profoundest reverence. In the contest already adverted to, between Resolutions and Protesters, Dickson took the side of the Resolutions, the less thorough-going party. He was reproached for surrendering the covenanted cause, and asked what they would have for all the blood and prayers of these many years.

His answer was, "The Confession and Catechisms; they are worth more than all the blood and prayers that have ever been."

The last act of his life was a very touching one. He said he had taken all his good deeds and all his bad deeds and cast them through each other in a heap before the Lord, and fled from both, and betaken himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom he had peace. Then he called his family together, said something to each, and gravely and solemnly pronounced the apostolic benediction; after which he put up his hand and closed his eyes, and expired without struggle or pain.

A remarkable preacher of the same type, but with more natural sprightliness of character, was William Guthrie, of Fenwick. His father was a landed proprietor, of good family connection, but estates in those days were commonly much smaller than they are now. Had Guthrie not come very powerfully under the influence of Divine grace, which he did under the instrumentality of Samuel Rutherford, at St. Andrews, he would probably have been a jolly, roving, rollicking man of the world. After his change, some of the features of his natural temperament remained, but everything he was and everything he had was consecrated to the service of his Master. The oldest of his family, the paternal estate fell to him, but he made it over to the only one of five brothers who did not enter upon the ministry, in order that he might have no distraction in his ministerial work.

The parish of Fenwick, in Ayrshire, was a very rude one; it had had no church till one was built in which Guthrie ministered, and which remains to the present day. His ministry here was so successful that in a short time a wonderful change came over the barbarous people. "They were almost all persuaded to attend public ordinances, and to set up the worship of God in their families; and scarce was there a house in the whole parish that did not bring forth some fruits of his ministry and afford some real converts to a religious life." The accounts that are given of the variety and excellence of his gifts almost exceed belief. That he was a most lively, powerful, eloquent and acceptable preacher, is beyond doubt; lonely and wild though Fenwick was, people came to reside in it, as some did likewise in Irvine, and ran up houses on the glebe, to enjoy his ministry. In prayer likewise he excelled; he was most assiduous in visiting and catechising his flock; his services at the sick-bed and death-bed were proverbial; while young men were special objects of his care, and were wonderfully attracted by his winning ways. Moreover, he was a scholar and a theologian; of the little book by which he is best known, "The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ," John Owen used to say that there was more theology in it than in all his folios. Yet Guthrie died at the age of forty-six. And his health was far from good. It was necessary for him to be much in the open air, and he was fond of fishing. In his early days at Fenwick, in the incognito of his fishing costume, he would sometimes fall in with a remote

parishioner, and among other things ask him if he had been in the new church. Working on his curiosity, he would persuade him to promise to go. When the man went, to his astonishment, his fisher friend appeared in the pulpit and showed himself no mean practitioner as a fisher of men. To all his other gifts Guthrie added an extraordinary flow of humour. In this, as in other respects, his likeness to the Thomas Guthrie of modern times was very remarkable. Dining once with a company of brethren whom he had kept in a state of merriment during the whole progress of the meal, he was asked, according to an old custom, to offer prayer at the end. This he did with the utmost reverence, gravity, and earnestness, to the great astonishment of a very grave, excellent divine, James Durham, who could not help exclaiming: "O William, if I had been so merry as you have been, I could have been in no frame of prayer for eight and forty hours!"

John Livingstone, of Ancrum, was another of the most rousing and successful preachers of the time. His first great success was achieved before he was settled in any charge of his own, when he preached as a probationer for a minister in the neighbourhood of his father's house, at the Kirk of Shotts, in Lanarkshire, on a Monday after the administration of the Lord's Supper. There was much earnest feeling abroad at the time, and much prayer was offered for the Divine blessing. Livingstone had spent a great part of the night between the Sunday and the Monday with some praying people, earnestly imploring the manifestation of the Holy Spirit. But on the Monday morning he felt so little disposed to preach that he wondered whether he might not steal away to his father's house and leave some one else to do the work for which he felt so unable. Rallying, however, he faced his duty, and, preaching from the text, "A new heart also will I give you," he made so powerful an application that five hundred souls were reckoned to have been converted. This

and other experiences taught Livingstone that for spiritual impression in the pulpit it was as necessary that the heart be prepared as the head; his great aim was to get his own soul so saturated with truth, so pervaded by the spirit of love, so absorbed in the great work of drawing men to the Lord, that his preaching should be like rivers of living water gushing out from the very centre of his being.

Livingstone's first charge was in the north of Ireland. It was known that he had scruples against Episcopacy, so he was sent away. The Ulster colonists were a very rough lot, but a marvellous revival took place. With spiritual blessing came temporal prosperity, and a foundation was laid of abiding good. But the bishops loved not the Presbyterian divines. At one time, with other Presbyterian ministers and friends, he set sail for New England in search of the religious liberty that her shores presented, and had nearly reached his destination when a fearful storm drove the vessel back. Ultimately he became minister of Stranraer, and thereafter of Ancrum; but at the Restoration of King Charles he was banished to Holland, where at the time of his death he was busy with the preparation of a Polyglot Bible.

Such were the kind of preachers—and there were many more of the same type—that so deeply moved a large section of the Scottish people, and by God's grace impressed on them so memorable a stamp. It were a great mistake to suppose that their strength lay merely in a particular form of church government, or a particular style of worship. It lay in their profound regard for the revelation of God's grace in Jesus Christ; in their profound conviction that by no other means could men be effectually blessed either for time or for eternity; and in their resolute and fearless determination to preserve and protect the river of the water of life from every admixture that would have destroyed its purity, or interfered with its life-giving power.



A COUNTRY PARISH IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

DR. HAMMOND AT PENSURST.

SUMMER was at its height, and Penshurst must have been looking lovely—the Penshurst of Sir Philip Sidney, with its lawns and woods and pleasant meadows—when one day, now nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, the parishioners heard they were to have a new rector. He was just fresh from college, and had already given promise, it was said, of being a notable scholar. At length he arrived, and the people soon became familiar with his figure as, after saluting him respectfully when they met, they turned round to look at him after he had passed. No one who once saw him could easily forget him; and, as events soon proved, very few could help loving him. Tall, and finely-built,

with a ruddy flush on his handsome face—the face which still looks at us in his portraits—there was also something wonderfully engaging about him which soon won hearty regard. About his learning the Oxford doctors could best judge; but these plain people quickly found out for themselves, that if unceasing industry, high spirituality of mind, and plain friendliness made a good minister, then surely their new rector was one of the best.

In truth, the pastorate of Dr. Hammond at Penshurst is one of the pleasantest chapters of what may be called the domestic history of the Church of England. Unfortunately for ourselves, that quieter chronicle is too much neglected.

When most of us do revisit the early times, it is to be present at a discussion between Archbishop Whitgift and the combative Puritan Cartwright, or to take sides in the tumultuous contentions between King and Parliament. Can it be wondered at that we come back more secularized than we went; less charitable and more sectarian; interested, perhaps, in ecclesiastical politics, but less concerned about spiritual life? The broad and crowded ways are not often either the safest or the pleasantest; we are better in the secluded by-paths of personal piety. And among these, the lanes of Penshurst are not the least attractive.

joined the studious body of Magdalene College, Oxford. Seven years of unslacking study followed; and it was on a Sunday in August 1633, when preaching before the Court in the room of the President, Dr. Frewen, that the Earl of Leicester, taken with the young divine, offered him the living of Penshurst. And in Penshurst, indefatigably busy as ever, devout, meditative, generous, he spent what he had too good reason to find were ten of the happiest years in a life full of vicissitudes and sorrow.

For many incidents in this period, as indeed for a knowledge of most of his personal history, we are



ENTRANCE TO PENSHURST BARONIAL HALL.

The old church, cool and sweet, is open for evening prayer, and here, with his eyes on a book, comes the rector himself. Let us join the little congregation at their devotions, and then return to the rectory to find out that, good as he is at church, he is always, like every pure spirit akin to his, best at home.

But it may not be wasted time to recall, in the first instance, his personal history. Born nearly twenty-eight years before, and in the same bright month in which he was presented to his parish—it was August, 1605—he had passed quietly through his childhood and school days, a gentle and devout boy; and then, when fifteen, he had

indebted to his devoted friend and chaplain, Dr. Fell. And if a little partial, as so warm an admirer could not but be, or if occasionally somewhat one-sided, the doctor is too valuable a biographer ever to forfeit the gratitude of every reader who loves piety and principle. Helped by his observant eye, we still see the good rector as he conducts family prayers, or sets forth to visit his parishioners, or, with his mother leaning affectionately on his arm, joins the people as they gather for morning and evening service. How dear and how delightful do these distant days become, and how familiar gradually grows the rector himself! Thus surely is it that we not unfrequently “enter

into the labours" of many of those whose very names are growing shadowy and strange.

One thing which must impress every reader is the laboriousness of Dr. Hammond's ministry. "The offices of prayer he had in his church, not only upon the Sundays, and the Festivals, and their Eves, as also Wednesdays and Fridays, according to the appointment of the Rubric. . . but every day in the week, and twice on Saturdays and Holiday Eves. For his assistance wherein he kept a curate, and allowed him a comfortable salary. And at these devotions, he took order that his family should give diligent and exemplary attendance; which was the easier performed, it being guided by his mother, a woman of ancient virtue, and one to whom he paid a more than filial obedience."

But this was only part of his work. In the waning season of the year, had you looked into the church an hour before evening prayer, you would have found the rector engaged in catechizing the people, old and young. He was a diligent visitor, often anticipating the messenger by being at the sick bed before the patient believed he could have known. But no frequency of service nor burden of pastoral care could win the student from his books, or alter the habits of his academic industry. Even when he closed the study door he carried a book with him into the fields; and the people grew accustomed to his tall figure as he passed from door to door with a volume in his hand. He had, as Dr. Fell puts it, "a forcible antipathy to idleness, and scarcely recommended anything in his advices with that concern and vigour as to be furnished always with something to do." And it would be a serious oversight, even in the slightest sketch, to omit a reference to his habits of prayer; for so frequent were his messages to his heavenly Friend, that in this respect he is a model to the most devout. It is a delicate and a beautiful trait of character that, while with advancing years some things had to be put away or practised less than formerly, he grew steadily more prayerful to the end.

Hardly less remarkable was his generosity. From first to last, he was one of the most liberal of men. If it is the test of most men's friendship whether they will part with their money, it equally tries a scholar to be asked to lend his books; but Dr. Hammond did both. The monthly offertory for the poor, under his precept and

example, became full to overflowing. Yet he was quite aware that to give wisely is one of the most difficult things, and he was firm in requiring just payments, as well as kind in all real distress. When a poor man once came with his last quarter's tithe—the produce of a large meadow—the doctor, knowing that the rainy season had flooded the ground, could not think of drawing from already impoverished acres. "No, no," and as he spoke he put all the previous payments back into the man's hand; "God forbid I should take the tenth part when you have not had the nine."

His method of preaching was unusual. He did not write; he did not to any great extent specially prepare; "a little meditation on Saturday night," and, during the last year of his life on Sunday morning, was, with his habits of mind, enough. But it must not be imagined he was either careless or lacking in conscientiousness. The moment one sermon was over, he settled the subject for the next, and, from his ordinary and laborious course of study, gathered everything bearing on his theme. The Saturday night's "little meditation" was only binding up the bundle he had been gathering all the week.

To complete the picture we should have a rectory peeping through the Penshurst chestnuts; and, in the garden, a wife worthy of such a husband. And, on the faded canvas, the rectory is indeed there as it ought to be—"a fair and pleasant house," with its gardens and orchards: but you will look in vain for the doctor's wife. One young lady, Dr. Fell confides to us, had won at last the rector's esteem; but, "being hindered several times by little unexpected incidents . . . and being informed that one of fairer fortune and higher quality" than his own "had a kindness" for her, he repressed the rising passion, and, "upon a ground of perfect self-denial," withdrew. What a chapter of the heart's biography told in a single line!

Taken altogether, Dr. Hammond's pastorate at Penshurst is one of the pleasantest pictures of the seventeenth century. The place is memorable from its connection with Sidney, and his memory throws a more fascinating glow on these woodlands than does that of the retired saint. But Sir Philip was neither a happier nor a better man, and it will be enough for most of us, when we visit Penshurst, to think of it as the oratory and the home of Henry Hammond.

GEO. WILSON, M.A., F.L.S.

A DISCOURSE ON GAMBLING.

"Let love be without dissimulation [hypocrisy—*r.v.*]. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good."—*Romans* xii. 9.

IT is not wise for any of us to look exclusively at the mean, foolish, vicious side of life. If we do, we become bewildered by it, tolerant of it, and even attracted to it. The state is real enough no doubt. But it is not the only reality. There is another side to life; and wisdom, nobility,

virtue may be found in great abundance by those who search. There was a group of Christians at Rome in Paul's day, who could, and did, live righteously in spite of the vices and crimes of a corrupt city. And there are groups of Christians all over the world in our day who are bearing

their steadfast witness for Christ and "keeping themselves unspotted from the world."

It is manifest, however, that the custom of gambling is rapidly on the increase amongst us. This much has been declared over and over again by individual observers, by the more serious newspapers, by preachers from the pulpit, and lately by the united voice of the English Bishops in their solemn convocation.

Indeed we may go farther and say this custom of gambling, so much on the increase admittedly amongst all classes, when looked at in the light of Morality and Religion, is a vicious and criminal custom.

It is one of those evils which, when properly understood, we should, in the apostolic language, "abhor"—that is "shudder away from," as from some fascinating yet venomous snake that stretches itself towards us from the overhanging branches of a tree by our path. Its approach is stealthy, its eye is bright, but in the merciless strength of its coils is suffocation, and its hidden poison soon passes all remedy.

We do not exaggerate, when we say that gambling is, or ought to be, one of the abhorrent evils. It is of very ancient lineage. It flourished in the palaces of Imperial Rome. It existed in the huts of our Teutonic forefathers amidst their dark forests. It is in itself like many, if not all, evils, the abuse or misuse of a good. The good is this—our natural desire for change and novelty, excitement and gain—our natural love for risks, adventures, enterprises. These are elements necessary to the activity and progress of man. They are indeed the very oxygen of life. Under their inspiration men press towards the unknown and the future to make it their own.

We allow that in travel, in business, in thought we must risk something or we shall stand still. And the very excitement of the risk is often a real and lawful pleasure of a high kind. But it needs to be tempered and restrained, or it will destroy us just as air all oxygen will inevitably stop our breath. Now a definition of gambling is this, "to play a game of chance extravagantly for the sake of money." A definition also of betting is "to venture sums of money on results that are unseen, uncertain, and which may be dishonestly brought about."

Why should we say that these belong to the class of abhorrent evils—evils that must not be smiled at, but shuddered away from?

First, there is the nature of these acts. It is an accepted principle of political economy that all labour should not only yield a profit to the labourer, but should in some degree be also beneficial to the community. If a man gains his livelihood by unproductive labour, he takes all and gives nothing. No one is the better for him, many are the worse. Like the aphid on the rose-bud, he sucks out the juices of social growth and beauty, and fattens only where multitudes faint and die. And this is what the gambler or the better does.

It is an axiom also in moral science that for one man to win money from another man and render him no equivalent in return, is wrong.

The wrong becomes intensified by the meanness and cruelty of taking money from those who are mortified and disappointed at the loss, and who we know can ill-afford to spare it from the wants of their business or their home. This, again, is what the gambler or the better does.

Again, the acts of gambling or betting being evil in essence, must be also evil in their consequences.

1. There is for example the perversion or corruption of the reasoning powers. Men, thinking only of themselves and the swift gain of money for themselves, must become selfish and sordid. Their intelligence becomes dwarfed and leprosid. Reason, which, like a noble tree, is intended to grow under lofty skies, is planted only in a low cave, where the boughs have no liberty and the leaves no sunshine. It becomes the darkened haunt of vile and loathsome reptiles, whilst it might have been the bright home of gracious and cheerful birds.

2. There is the indisposition to the practice of those simpler, sterner virtues upon which the prosperity of the person and the stability of the nation depend. The witness of history shows that our best welfare depends upon obedience, patience, faithfulness, self-mastery, moderation, industry. Gambling and betting, with their sudden losses and gains, tend to bring all these things into disuse and disrepute. But they are the strong steady horses that draw the waggon of the traveller in which the provision and the safety are to be found. To disesteem them is as foolish as if the emigrant on the prairie took the horses out of the shafts, and, leaving his waggon, galloped off to starvation and destruction in an unknown land.

3. There is the weakening of all personal reliability and trustworthiness. Gamblers and betters are apt to become capricious, wilful, treacherous, inapt, effeminate. They frequently lose the marks of manhood—they can no longer

Breast the blows of circumstance
And grapple with their evil star.

It is noteworthy that the earliest enforcement of the laws against gambling, both in Italy and in England, was not because it demoralised men so much as because it made them effeminate. They became inapt to do, unready to dare. They were soft and slothful in all their lives as citizens.

4. There is the incitement to fraud and robbery. In gambling it is far too common to cheat and lie. And when the unexpected, but inevitable, losses come, how are they usually met? The errand-boy pilfers from the master's till; the husband tampers with his wife's fortune; the director dips into the shareholder's money. And the evil attempt to avoid exposure only leads to a worse evil and exposure. So wrong crowds upon wrong, till at last the felon's dock and the convict prison and the lunatic asylum, form the earthly terminus of many a promising life.

The one cure for gambling and betting—the sure means for restraining our natural desire for excitement or love of hazard, which otherwise will change from good to evil, the opposite of good, is set before us in the sentences of St. Paul—

“Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.” A genuine, unselfish, divine love would so purify and elevate our natures, that we should shrink from all wrong to our neighbours, and cleave to all good as set before us in the cross of Christ.

That love is the true remedy. “The love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the

Holy Spirit which He hath given us.” “And this commandment have we from Him that he who loveth God loveth his brother also.” “Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.”

In the presence of this august, benignant Force, the demons of gambling and betting would fly away and be no more found. ALFRED NORRIS.

WORKHOUSE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

III.—A VISIT TO MARYLEBONE.

IN dealing with the workhouses of to-day, it is proposed to take one or two in London, one or two in the manufacturing districts, and the same in the agricultural.

The present method of treatment of the poor is at all points a great advance on the past. The classification is now perfect—the children are in schools or on training ships, where they are lifted out of the degrading influences which might otherwise have consigned them to a life of crime and infamy; the sick are in infirmaries, under well paid resident officers and properly trained nurses; the insane and the idiot are under separate treatment, and in separate houses, where all that skill, science, and kindness can do to make their existence less sad is done; and the old and worn-out find the workhouse a refuge of rest and comparative comfort.

It was one of the great sorrows of old people who were compelled to enter the workhouse that husband and wife, after having lived together perhaps for half a century, were ruthlessly separated, the wife being placed on one side of the house, the man on the other: this too has been remedied. Indeed the advantage of dealing with our poor upon settled principles is noticeable everywhere.

Of the two great classes receiving relief from the poor rates, there are the *in-door*, of whom in London there are about sixty thousand, and the *out-door*, numbering forty thousand.

Some ten per cent. of the first class are imbecile, or, in other words, chronic, harmless lunatics, who are again classified according to their condition, the younger being entirely separated from the older, and cared for in a separate building.

It is a sign of the improved state of things, and one of great interest to the struggling ratepayer, that this *in-door* class of the London poor is much less than formerly. In fact, when some years back London had a million and a half less of population, it had nearly double the number of paupers; and notwithstanding that London increases between sixty and seventy thousand a year, the pauperism is less by some thousands this year than last.

London paupers formerly averaged thirty-six to fifty-five in a thousand of the population,

while to-day the average is between twenty-four and twenty-five in a thousand.

Of the *in-door* paupers very few are classed as able-bodied, and it is doubtful if any employer of labour would so designate even the strongest among them. They are, as a rule, people advanced in years, and who, though in fair health, made no provision for old age in their more prosperous days, or, if they thought about it at all, considered they had a sort of right to workhouse provision. There are of this class in our thirty London Unions about ten thousand.

Of the “unable” in the workhouses of London, which consist of the infirm and sick, there are thirty-one thousand; children of tender age in schools thirteen thousand, and some six thousand harmless chronic lunatics. This does not include the boys on the “Exmouth,”¹ nor the lunatics under the Metropolitan Asylum Board.²

The average cost of maintaining our poor is eleven shillings per head of the population, and the average poor rate one shilling and sevenpence farthing in the pound.

Having given these preliminary notes, we will at once commence our visits, and make our first to the Marylebone Workhouse. I give a very minute account of this workhouse, because so few know anything of the life within workhouses generally.

Before starting on our tour of inspection, we were given many interesting facts by Mrs. Douglas, the matron, who subsequently conducted us over the whole building.

We learned that utter destitution is the only recommendation required for admittance into the workhouse, that no one is too old, too young, too wicked, or too depraved to be admitted; and once in, they cannot be turned out, nor can they be refused, however often they come back, if they present the overseer’s order.

All cases are received: the old and infirm, children, lying-in cases, sick and insane. The two last, however, are passed on, one to the infirmary, the other to the asylum, except when the disease is not serious, and yields to treatment.

The workhouse is certified to take in eighteen

¹ 600.

² 14,048.

hundred inmates. Among them are representatives of many classes. Here, for example, occasionally may be seen a prince, a count, a barrister, a doctor of music. Here, too, we saw a skilful dressmaker from one of our best London houses, who had found her way to this workhouse several times—the cause, Drink. People of many nations have drifted here: French, Germans, Russians, Egyptians, and Chinese, the three last speaking no word of English.

We further learned that the able-bodied women are by far the most troublesome of the inmates. As a rule they object to going out to service, but now and then will yield for the sake of the outfit. They soon get tired of a respectable way of living, behave badly, are sent away, and drift back to the house.

There are twelve female paid officers, among whom are two for the lying-in ward, one for the insane, one for the old and infirm women, including the Temporary Sick Ward (which is kept for cases of sickness occurring in the house, or for persons brought in sick by the police without notice), a laundry superintendent, a labour mistress, and a receiving officer.

Owing to the lack of a common dining-room, the work is greatly increased, for the food has to be carried to twenty-one halls and wards. One consequence of this arrangement is that it is almost an impossibility to give proper supervision to the inmates at meal times. Of course a room must be large indeed to accommodate all the inmates at one time, for this workhouse is one of the largest in London.

We commenced our inspection with the chapel, which has been fitted up in one of the wards. The Roman Catholic service is held here at eight o'clock on Sundays and on special days. The priest also attends on Fridays, and he gives his services gratuitously.

The Church of England service is held every Sunday at eleven and three o'clock, and in the evening of every day but Monday; and the wards are regularly visited by the chaplain.

The few Nonconformists are permitted to attend their places of worship on Sunday.

The chaplain has charge of a library, and supplies books to about a hundred of the inmates every week.

Fifteen ladies and gentlemen visit the aged and infirm twice in each week.

All the Roman Catholic women have been placed on the chapel floor in order to facilitate matters; but they do not like it, and would far rather be mixed up with the Protestants in the old style.

We found the beds in this ward were very clean, and arranged down the three aisles. The walls were covered with bright pictures and texts. A pleasant temperature was kept up by means of hot pipes round the rooms; and there was excellent cross-ventilation through the ceiling.

The women, who were mostly very old, were collected round the tables in the three large bow windows. They were occupied, some in reading the papers and books provided, but the majority of them were working busily at shirt-making. The shirts were beautifully made, and the matron

astonished me by saying that the work done by the women for firms outside the house amounts on an average to 35*l.* a quarter.

Two were sitting apart, making shrouds, which is the work they prefer; and one woman, an exceptionally good worker, was making an elaborate music-case.

In one ward we noticed a bright-looking old woman reading a newspaper. On asking her age, she answered—

“Only ninety-two, my dear!”

Clean sheets and pillow-cases are supplied to each bed every week, and once a year each piece of bedding is thoroughly cleansed. Nothing is forgotten for the comfort of the old people; a bag containing a brush and comb hangs at the head of every bed, together with a towel which the woman takes with her to the bath-room.

We were allowed to take a look into the sewing mistress's room at the end of the ward, which she has made pretty with her own little treasures. The dark curtains drawn in front of the bed give her a little sitting-room at the same time. She is with the women from half-past seven in the morning till twelve, all the afternoon till half-past four, and then again until eight in the evening. The receiving-officer takes charge of them at meal-times.

We noticed that the passages outside this ward were artistically painted, and heard that they had been done by an old inmate over seventy.

We went through many such wards, and were struck throughout with the cheerful content expressed in the faces of the old women, their cleanliness and neatness, the quick way in which their fingers moved, and the bright ready smile with which they greeted the matron's entrance.

On every floor, and at the end of each ward, there are bath-rooms heated with stoves, lavatories, all sweet, clean, and fresh, and amply supplied with water.

We next went to the kitchen, a huge place, with quite an army of cooks busy in preparing the immense number of dinners.

Being Friday, it proved to be fish they were cooking, good fresh haddocks, and very appetising they all looked. When cooked, they were laid in rows on trays and covered with large sheets of clean white muslin to keep the steam in and preserve the heat.

Large good potatoes, cooked to perfection, were also waiting to be served, and the place was as busy, orderly, and cheerful as could be.

Parted off from the kitchen is a sort of larder where the bread is kept, all of which is made and baked in this department. It is made in rations like so many French rolls, so that, as the matron laughingly remarked, “Betsey Brown cannot say she has all the crust while Sally Smith has all the crumb, since each little loaf is exactly alike.” And very good white and sweet bread it was.

We next came to the laundry, a comparatively new building, and of which the matron is very proud.

The superintendent of this department, together with all the paid officers in the house, wears a dark brown dress, white cap and apron. She has

forty workers under her, selected from the more respectable of the able-bodied women who like the laundry work better than any other in the house.

All is done here by machinery, which is of the best kind. Eighty shirts, for example, can be washed in a quarter of an hour. The wringing-machine has a basket underneath to receive the clothes, which are almost dry when they fall out.

The drying-room is provided with sliding cupboards, such as we have seen in our visits to the hospitals. Every bit of linen is marked—for example, K Ward, 25—so that there is no possibility of the inmates wearing each other's clothes. We were glad to hear that every person over fifty years of age wears flannel underclothing. The delivery-room was stacked up to the ceiling with clean linen. Two thousand five hundred sheets are washed every week. From beginning to end the laundry work is excellent.

From this beautiful modern laundry, where such a vast amount of work is done daily, we stepped out into the cold air, and made our way to the old married couples' quarters.

They are on two floors—four rooms downstairs, six up. They open on to a long balcony. Each room is furnished with a double bed, a toilet table and glass, and an iron washstand furnished with a plugged basin, and hot and cold water. The matron has with her own hands made for each a scarlet night-dress bag which keeps the room neat, and looks pretty. The toilet cover is of scarlet American cloth, another of the matron's ideas, which she says can be wiped free of all dust and looks cheerful.

Bright pictures and comforting texts cover the walls, and in some cases, little ornaments stand on the mantelpiece.

All the ten rooms were alike, and the sanitary accommodation is of the best.

Attached to these rooms is a day room, where the old people may read or work, and take their meals. It possesses arm-chairs and tables, and is very comfortable.

Imagine the comfort it is to these old couples that they may make their own five o'clock tea—a privilege which they alone in the workhouse are permitted. There is a cupboard under the stairs where they keep all things for this purpose, and it is like everything in this house, clean and orderly.

The matron told us that the selection for the privilege of occupying these married couples' quarters is made with the utmost care—generally from the new-comers, as those who have been long in the house have become accustomed to the old way and like it best.

The old Paddington burial ground, on which these rooms open, has been given them for a recreation garden by the vestry, and seats are placed about so that the old folk can sit and rest.

On our way to the men's wards, we passed through the cutting-out room where the assistant matron was busy cutting and giving out work.

All the clothes used and made in the house, except the men's outer garments, are cut out by

the matron and her assistant—a giant work even if it stood alone.

A bale of three hundred shirts ready cut out was standing in the room.

We came into the men's wards just as they were sitting down to the dinner we had seen in the course of preparation, and so were able to witness the cleanliness and dispatch with which it was being served.

Large trays of the smoking fish, and huge pails of potatoes stood on the tables, and two haddocks and three large potatoes were served to each person.

We were amused at the sight of a pail of melted butter being carried round and ladled out.

One blind old man made his way up to the table with his three potatoes in his hand, and complained that they were small and therefore not sufficient, and on being served with a large one extra, went back to his place satisfied. One could not help thinking of poor Oliver Twist asking for "more," and how differently his appeal was met—the two cases forming a very good illustration of the difference between old times and the present.

Things New and Old.

THE TAHRIA BROTHERHOOD.—At Samarkand the mosque was well filled with an audience seated on the floor; whilst opposite the entrance, near the *kibleh*, were eleven men, ejaculating prayers with loud cries and violent movements of the body. They utter exclamations, such as, "*Hashi rabi jah, Allah!*" ("My defence is the Lord, may Allah be magnified!") "*No fi kalbi hir Allah!*" ("There is nothing but God in my heart!") "*Nuri Muhammad sall Allah!*" ("My light, Muhammad, God bless him!") These words, or some of them, are chanted to various semi-musical tones; first in a low voice, and accompanied by a movement of the head over the left shoulder towards the heart; then back, then to the right shoulder, and then down, as if directing all the movements to the heart. Sometimes I observed a man, more excited than the rest, shout a sentence, throw out his arms, dance, jump, and then slap his left breast with such force as to make the place ring. These expressions are repeated several hundreds of times, till the devotees get so exhausted and so hoarse that their repetitions sound like a succession of groans, and we could see the perspiration running through their clothes. Some were obliged to give up and rest, whilst others were pushed out by the *Ishan*, who was conducting, and who called some one else to fill up the gaps in the ranks. When their voices have become entirely hoarse with one cry, another is begun. They sit at first in a row; but later on, as the movement quickens, each puts his hand on his neighbour's shoulders, and they form in a group, as Dr. Schuyler says, "in several concentric rings"; but which could remind a native of Blackheath of nothing but a group of players during a "scrimmage" in Rugby football, as they sway from side to side of the mosque, leaping about, jumping up and down, and crying, "*Hai! Allah, hai!*" like a pack of madmen, till the *Ishan* gives them a rest by reciting a prayer, or a *Nafiz* recites poetry; or, as at Samarkand, a dervish sings a solo in a fervid trilling voice.—*Dr. Landseil's "Through Asia"* (Sampson Low), now issued in one volume.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL FRIENDS; OR, "NOT HEARERS ONLY."

CHAPTER I.—POOR LITTLE POLLY.



Of course, children, you all understand that our Sunday school treat, next July, is to be a treat for those who are really our Sunday scholars. For my part, I should be only too thankful if all the poor children in London could have the pleasure of an outing provided for them, but our funds are small, and we must devote them to those whose regular attendance and general good conduct have won our approbation."

So spoke the superintendent of a

Sunday school one Sunday afternoon

in May, after there had been a public mention during the morning service in church that subscriptions would be gladly received for the usual annual festivity.

Even the minds of those children that had wandered from the service became suddenly and fully aware of what the clergyman was saying, when he petitioned for shillings for their treat; and an almost irrepressible murmur, with the important subject for its burden, had pervaded the school that afternoon.

"I know who'll be coming here now for the next six weeks," muttered one boy in another's ear.

The superintendent caught sound of the remark, and spoke out accordingly. Several of the teachers took advantage of the occasion to impress their own views of the subject upon their classes.

"I would really rather let children who never come to the school at all share in the treat, if I had my way, than those who only come for the sake of it," said one. "They are not so dishonest."

"I shall do my best to have only those children taken who are regular in their attendance," said a lady teacher who was very conscientious, but also rather a strict disciplinarian.

One rough-headed, untidy little girl shook in her shoes. She dared not raise her head to look up, but she felt that her teacher's eyes were upon her while she spoke, and most heartily the small scholar wished for the minute that she could change herself into one of her two especially good little companions, Nelly or Lucy Denmont. She was not the only one in the school who would have been glad to feel as secure of going to the treat as they felt that the Denmonts were.

As surely as Sunday came round, and the Sunday school was opened, so surely were those two neatly-dressed, bright-faced, loving little sisters to be found betimes in their appointed places.

"Yes," said Polly Dent to her friend Maggie Grant, as the two walked home together—"Yes, whoever else gets left out, the Denmonts are safe for their share of the treat, at any rate, even if Miss Marks has the very most strict of her own way about it."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Maggie rather irritably. "Why, if one didn't see Nell and Lucy about during the week, one would pretty nigh believe that they were glued the year round to their seats in Sunday school. I do half suspect that they sit up Saturday nights so as to make sure to be in time."

Rough-haired Polly shook her head rather dolefully.

"It doesn't seem to me as it would be the least bit of good sitting up all night. There's always a something or other, somehow, to be done at the last moment, and that's what makes me late."

Maggie looked at her companion up and down, from crooked-placed hat to half-buttoned boots, and as she did so she laughed significantly.

"What do you mean?" said Polly sharply.

Maggie laughed again, as she answered—

"Well, I was only thinking that those somethings to be done at the last can't have much to do with the getting yourself ready for school. I like you for my friend because you are almost always in a good temper, but, I can tell you, mother often says that she wishes I wouldn't walk about with such an untidy girl."

For once Polly Dent's good temper forsook her, and, as she snatched her arm away from her companion's hand, she retorted angrily—

"And I can tell you my father often says that he wishes I wouldn't walk about with such a vain and lazy one."

With that they parted, and the two fathers met their little daughters that afternoon coming home alone.

"I declare it's not much good you seem to get by going to Sunday school!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, as she caught sight of Maggy's red and sulky face. "Why, child, what has put you out so now?"

Maggie waited to snatch off her hat before she replied, and pulled at it so sharply as to break the elastic.

"That hateful Polly Dent!" she said passionately. "You'll not need to tell me not to walk about with her any more, mother, you may depend."

"Why, has her untidiness made the boys call after her again?"

"Wish it had," was the spiteful mutter. "She's rude as rude. Called me—called me—"

"Well, well," interrupted Mrs. Grant. "Never mind now what she called you. I dare say, as far as that goes, it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Just fill the kettle, and set the tea-things. I'm—"

"Oh, mother!" came the hasty cry. "How horrid! I want to finish that tale."

"Tben finish it," said her mother impatiently, too tired and weary, as was often the case, to insist upon her daughter taking her share in the duties of the home.

"If Polly had called you the laziest girl that ever was seen," added Mrs. Grant, as she got out the cups and saucers, "she would have told about the trnth, and no mistake."

Maggie's head went very low over the story-book to hide the red flush that suddenly dyed her cheeks. A minute later her father came in. He stood a few seconds in the doorway looking from one to the other of the two occupants of the sitting-room, and then, as he came in and shut the door, he exclaimed angrily—

"Margaret, this is too bad of you! You promised me that you would take a regular rest for the remainder of the day, and now here you are bustling about again, and Maggie sitting still. Your laziness, my girl, is perfectly disgraceful. I wish you'd take example by your chosen friend, Polly Dent. She may be a bit untidy, poor motherless lass, but I can tell you I felt more than a bit envious, half an hour ago,

to hear her father going on about the blessing his good-tempered Poll is to him and her brothers, with her eagerness to do the best she knows how in their home, from early morning to late night."

Mrs. Grant's pale face flushed almost as deeply as her daughter's had done, while her husband spoke. It suddenly occurred to her that she might have done her own child a better turn by pointing out the virtues than the faults of the other girl, and that she might also have held out a helping hand herself to the ignorant, helpless little housewife, instead of blaming her.

CHAPTER II.—HEAD WORK NOT HEART WORK.

SUNDAY came round again. As had been expected there was an unusually full and punctual attendance.

"But, O my," whispered one of her companions to Maggie, "if there isn't Polly Dent, rougher nor ever, straggling in at the very end. Why, we han't above another ten minutes before closing."

"Of course not," muttered back Maggie, spitefully. "Just like her. Well, she won't get a mark any way, that's one thing."

Maggie, still cross with the memory of the contrast drawn by her father last Sunday between herself and her schoolfellow, felt actually glad at poor little Polly's misfortune. The lesson for the day had been, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Maggie's brain was a quick and clever one, and she had repeated the verse, and given many other texts bearing upon it, and answered questions brightly and intelligently. But unfortunately she forgot, as many another scholar has done, that the lessons learned in the Sunday classes were meant not for the head only, but for the heart also—and chiefly.

The case was far otherwise with the Denmonts. Hitherto the gentle-mannered, orderly pair of sisters had kept shyly apart from the untidy, rather tom-boyish fellow-scholar, of whom they knew nothing but what they saw in the school-room and in the street. To-day they passed her going home alone, and she was crying bitterly.

Neither of them said anything at the minute, but to both the words recurred very vividly: "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Several times during the week Nelly and Lucy thought of the sorrowful face they had seen, and when, on the next Sunday, poor Polly was again very late, and they again passed her going her lonely way home crying pitifully, they stopped simultaneously to speak what words of comfort they could. Lucy, the elder, began gently—

"Polly, don't —"

Polly looked up through her tears.!

Lucy went on kindly—

"Don't take on so badly, Polly. Your chance of going isn't lost yet, I'm sure. Not if you'll make up by coming regularly all the rest of the time."

"And how can I?" burst out Polly. Her tears stopped for a moment, and then flowed faster than ever, as she added dolefully: "It was difficult enough to manage while father was at home to help, but now he's got this job of work away for maybe these two months or more, to get a half hour for myself a Sundays, let alone more, is nigh impossible, whatever teacher may think."

The two sisters stared. "But your mother?" they began. Polly shook her head.

"I haven't got any mother. She's dead two years. But of course you don't know anything about me, except in school."

"No," tenderly said gentle Lucy. "Poor Polly! Have you any sisters?"

Polly Dent shook her head again. "Only brothers, two

younger nor me, one of them crippled so as he can't do much for himself, and Ned, he's older. He's twelve, and works so late Saturday nights for a greengrocer, I can't have the heart to wake him Sunday mornings to help me, or to have his breakfast early."

"Poor, poor Polly," said both the sisters now, with tears in their eyes. "But have you told your teacher?"

Polly sobbed. "I—I—am so awful stupid! I never can tell about things the right end. I've begun excuses now and again, but teacher has always stopped me by saying, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' And maybe there is, but I can't find it, and teacher hasn't been my teacher long, you know. She hasn't ever come home to see how hard things are. And now—now—now—" sobbing more bitterly than ever, "now Maggie has give me up for my untidiness, and I don't know how to find a way to help that, either, and so I've no friend at all."

"Oh, but indeed and you have," exclaimed the two sisters, and there, in the street, they put their arms lovingly round the grubby little schoolfellow, and kissed her heartily.

"We are your friends now, and mother will be, too, when we tell her about you."

The poor little young "house-mother," as German folks would call her, went back to her home duties comforted by the kind words, and Nelly and Lucy went home and told the tale of Polly Dent to their kind, good mother.

Lucy told more besides. She told of the last Sunday's lesson, and her wish to act upon it for her new friend's behalf. Mrs. Denmont was a wise, true Christian, and warmly approved her child's unselfish, neighbourly plans.

"But how if helping Polly Dent makes you late for school, and you lose the treat too?" asked Nelly rather anxiously. Lucy smiled.

"I don't mean either of us to be late any more, not either Polly nor me."

However, Lucy's powers were untried powers as yet, and things in Polly Dent's home were not in the orderly, ready-for-use state that Lucy was accustomed to. So it came to pass that for the first time in her life she entered the school-room on Sunday morning twenty minutes late. But she brought a happy-looking Polly Dent with her, whose wonderfully clean face and hands, and tidy head of hair, excited her teacher's admiration and curiosity so much that at last her questions gave Polly an opportunity to tell her whole home history.

Many good things grew out of that. Poor little cripple Georgie Dent, the heaviest charge for the little sister, was got into a comfortable home; and kind words of sympathy and praise for what she had already done for her home strengthened Polly most wonderfully to do more.

"And it is all through you, all through you," exclaimed Polly, throwing her arms with warm affection round the neck of her most true, helpful friend, Lucy Denmont, as the three stood together on the morning of the summer treat, waiting to take their places in the pleasure van, for that one late Sunday had been Lucy's first and last, and she had always taken care after that to bring Polly with her to the school. Lucy's eyes were filled with happy tears now as she whispered half-shyly—

"Sunday school is a great help to one, Polly, to think of right things. It was that lesson taught me to help you, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'"

GRACE STEBBING.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. II. p. 464.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.—*Prov. xvii. 27.*