

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE LAST OF THE SHEAVES.

Harvest Home.

NOW Autumn thins the changing leaves,
And mellow sunbeams softer shine,
And harvest brings its golden sheaves,
And purple clusters of the vine.

To him her fruit the orchard yields,
The lanes and hedges tribute owe;
And through his treasure-laden fields
He bids the happy gleaners go.

I would that in so fair a guise
'Twere ours all harvest time to see;
I would that unto wistful eyes
It ever might thus welcome be.

That we were wiser than to sow
About our daily upward path,
The baneful weeds which only grow
Into a bitter aftermath.

But no—the aged worldling weeps
O'er wasted youth's unhallowed gains;
Amid his gold the miser reaps
Anxiety for all his pains.

Or genius cramps itself, and strives
For place and honour—toys of earth;
Alas! the harvest of our lives
Too often is of little worth.

Shall it be so with you and me?
Though plenty crown the waning year,
The field anew may furrowed be,
The precious seed-time yet is here.

To use it right, God's grace be given!
Until afar no more we roam,
But safe at last in yonder heaven,
With angels spend our harvest home.

SYDNEY GREY.



OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER XXII.—A BENEVOLENT PROFESSOR.

SO it was to a well-spread table that Allie came back; she who had gone forth breakfastless, knowing for the first time in her life what the pangs of hunger meant. How few of us really do know. There are those who hold themselves ill-used if by some accident they go without lunch for one day, and there are, it is said, ladies who consider it a grievance to be defrauded of the afternoon cup of tea, that fourth meal which comfortable prosperity claims as its own. What do they know of it—of the faintness, the craving, the sinking, the gnawing pain, the torture of real hunger?

Alice Lindsell and Janey had had this sad initiation. In six little weeks it had come to this; in most cases it comes to this far sooner, because poor gentlewomen who live by the toil of their fingers or their brains can very seldom lay by anything for the proverbial rainy day. The little savings they had been able to bring with them or to hoard, had all been swept away in supplying Charlie's needs and in helping others poorer, even than themselves. Foolish, perhaps, since situations cannot be secured for ever, and the part of wisdom would have been to lay up for to-morrow,—certainly foolish where Charlie was concerned. But in the history of most prodigals is there not some fond heart that stints its own needs, and gives and bears and aids unceasingly, with a trust that may falter, but is never wholly shaken? And—even in the interests

of the sternest morality—would we have it otherwise?

So bit by bit the little relics of home were parted with. It was done very quietly and even with an affectation of cheerfulness on Janey's part. Even to each other they dared not confess the pain it cost them. They had moved into one room and given up the other two—the room was large enough now that it was stripped of most of its belongings.

"I never thought there was space for a bed, did you?" said Janey, as if she found the arrangement most desirable, "but there is plenty of room now that we have got rid of our superfluities, and it is much warmer in winter."

Just as they had pretended to each other that it was all delightful and beautiful when they first came from the sweet green silences of Barford, so now they strove to put a brave front on their distresses. It would not always do. For instance it was difficult to believe that a healthy young creature like Janey really preferred to go without dinner, and thought it so much nicer to have just a cup of tea; or to credit her when she declared she had never cared for fish, and so tried to secrete a double portion on Allie's plate. And when Allie sold the little brooch which contained her mother's hair, and came home with a few shillings and a bag of the buns Janey had always liked, is it to be supposed that Janey did not miss the little trinket and know quite well what



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For the sunshine
and the rain,

For the dew and for
the shower,

For the yellow
ripened grain,

And the golden
harvest hour,

We bless thee
O our God.

M^{rs} Crowlson

had become of it? And the buns—how they choked her when she tried to eat them!

These are poor little sacrifices, perhaps, not worth mentioning, but when our day of misfortune comes is it of others or of self we shall think first? Janey had learned the way to the pawnbroker's now, and had got over the feeling of shame and horror she felt when first she made that journey. All her own treasures went there first, and then Allie's, all except the bird, which she had given away,—she could not sell so old a friend, but neither could she any longer pay for seed to feed it. And every day she had been trying for work—not for the work of teaching, only, but for anything that her hands or her head could do, her only stipulation being that it should leave her free to go back to Alice at night.

And on that very day when the professor broke his wonderful tidings she had been slowly arriving at the determination to give up even this condition, to persuade Alice to go back to Barford while she fought the world alone. It was the first day which had begun for both of them with nothing to eat; they had still a roof over their heads, but how much longer could they count on that?

"I will write to the Vicar to-morrow," that is what Janey was saying to herself when the professor walked in and held that talk with her, which has already been recorded.

When Alice came home and had the great news broken to her, and that surrender also which Janey's pride had been compelled to make related to her, she did not display any lofty resentment. She went up to the old professor and took both his hands in hers and thanked him with such a pretty gratitude, and with so much moved feeling that he was moved too, more than he liked to show, and could summon none of that fine language for which he was famed to answer her.

Alice had reached a higher plane than Janey, for she could accept a kindness with the same simplicity she would have used had she bestowed it.

The professor would have had everybody who had ever said a good-natured word to him at the little feast; all his new friends, that is, Dr. Ellis, who had attended him in that illness when Alice nursed him; Mr. Augustus, who had lent him books, sending them with florid messages which were returned with elaborate compliments; Miss Lemming—even the beautiful lady, seen more rarely, who had stooped from her high place in the world to spend herself for the poor; and, most of all, the young fellow whose cheery gaiety had lately suffered a mysterious eclipse, and in whose gathering troubles he seemed to re-read the story of his own tragic youth.

But since, for obvious reasons, he could not have any of them, the threesat down alone to the ample table. Oh, what a feast it was! Everything he could recall of what was pleasant to eat, and this was not so easy, for it was a long time since his purse had allowed him to choose. He had gone beyond the range of the Euston Road for his supplies, as was seen at a glance, for all the best that the West-end could offer was there.

The appetites were perhaps scarcely pro-

portionate, for a long course of stint renders one easily satisfied, and it grieved him that his guests ate so little; but he consoled himself afterwards by sending secretly for the little maid-of-all-work and filling her apron and pocket with good things.

As for Mrs. Jones, who had been made at last to understand that the professor's fortune was real and not the dream of a diseased imagination, none of those favours for which the greedy woman began to hope came her way.

"If you say it's true, Miss Lindsell, I'll believe it," she said, "which indeed I were always willing and ready to do, being not one as grudges anybody a bit of luck. And a gentleman I have ever held him, which many's the time I have said to Jones—'you never believe me again if he isn't a titled gent, unbeknown to us, for all he looks so pore.'"

She would have fawned on and flattered fortune's new favourite, if he had not loftily disregarded her, with the same philosophic spirit in which he had ignored her taunts and coarse reproaches in earlier days. And oh, how she hastened to do his bidding! She remembered that notice to quit she had given him and she trembled lest he should remember it too, and take away all the beautiful new furniture and the linen and the silver upon which she set a covetous eye.

Some of the furniture was removed indeed, but only to the room across the way. Two of the most comfortable easy-chairs found their way there in spite of Alice's protests.

"You will not sit in them!" cried the professor.

"We must not rob you," Allie began, but he cut her short.

"Can I repose in six at one time?" he asked tragically, and what could they do but yield?

Further, Mrs. Jones had orders to prepare at once the two rooms the ladies had before occupied, and she obeyed without a grumble. Indeed, though she got no presents while everybody else was gifted, she benefited in some degree by this new turn of affairs, for the professor, as became a gentleman of wealth, hired a second room too, and furnished it completely anew, and the landlady had the satisfaction of knowing that she had not a single apartment to let.

Those were changed days indeed, from the recent times of care and famine, and if it had not been for the one secret, ever abiding sorrow, how bright they would have been. One day Janey came down in the morning to find her canary singing in its accustomed place, and fluttering its wings in joyful greeting as she approached; all her books were there too, Allie's dingy row as well; and every little treasure she had missed and mourned was smiling at her again from its old corner. She might have fancied those dreadful weeks a dream, but for the fine new chairs drawn up on each side of the hearth, and the gay flowers that blossomed in the window. Janey's pence had never even in the best of days bought such flowers as these.

"Ought we to take them, ought we to let him do it?" she asked Allie, when they had wondered

together over the delicacy and tact with which these little acts of kindness were accomplished.

"I have been thinking of that, too," she answered, "and I think we ought. We do not defraud any one else by taking what he gives; he has not a single relative living; but the best reason, I think, is that we should feel wounded ourselves if it were we who were rich and he who repulsed our wish to help him. Why should we deny him the pleasure of giving?"

"Well," said Janey dubiously, "I am sure you are right, as you always are." She ended more decidedly: "So we shall eat his dinners and go drives with him and learn to be fine ladies, for—a little longer—till——"

Till when? Till Charlie came home? The thought of him in exile underlay everything and spoilt it all. But there was comfort on its way to them about him too.

One day, shortly after these events, Allie got two letters, one with a foreign postmark, which she opened with a trembling hand and read with tears. It was the first word that had come to her from that far land, the first in answer to her loving letters and all her prayers. The poor prodigal was very contrite and wrote with shame to confess his sins.

"Can you and Janey ever forgive me; can I ever forgive myself?" he wrote. "Vivian is here and we are coming home; there are some things I should like to tell you, Allie—may I come to see you, to ask your pardon before I go away again to begin the world?"

The tears that wetted the sheet were not all for sorrow. The other letter was from Mr. Vivian senior, and her heart beat as she read the signature, but it contained good news too. Some one—"a friend who desires to remain unknown"—he wrote, had paid the 100*l.* of Charlie's debt, and he thought it his duty to inform Miss Lindsell of the fact. It was a formal note, but what a relief its few lines carried!

Janey presently slipped away, leaving Alice to her happy thoughts and to those words from Norway which she read and re-read many times, and crept into the professor's room.

She had guessed easily enough to whom Charlie owed this kindness; she could not thank him, but she took his hand and kissed it, scarcely keeping back her tears.

"How can we repay you?" she said, "we cannot. You have given her a happy heart."

"Do not let us talk of obligations between us, Miss Janey," he said feigning not to understand her; "the debt is mine, and are we not friends? But you never tell me of a single wish of yours—that is not the part of a friend."

"I will tell you of one now; help me to find some work."

But he protested at that. "For one week we shall make holiday," he said, "and see the sights of this vast province called London, after that we shall think of work. You consent?"

"Yes, for one week, but on that condition. For a week let us be idle and frivolous"—her spirits were rising—"but it must begin after to-morrow; for to-morrow I am going somewhere else."

THE PRINCESS EUGENIE OF SWEDEN.

THE court of Stockholm is at present in mourning for one of the noblest of the royal family of Sweden, Her Royal Highness the Princess Eugenie, sister to the King of Sweden, died on the 23rd of April. She had long been a great sufferer, and her death was not unexpected. Her end was indeed peace. She was long known and loved as one of the true children of God.

The deceased princess was the only daughter of Oscar I., the son of Carl John XIV., the first of the Bernadotte line, well known as one of Napoleon's great generals, under the name of the Prince of Ponte Corvo. Her mother was Josephine Beauharnais, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, brother of the Empress Josephine of France. Princess Eugenie was born in the palace in Stockholm on the 24th of April, 1830. Her full baptismal name was Charlotte Eugenie Augusta Amalia Albertina.

Her life was marked by little that might be termed of an eventful character. Napoleon the Third, however, made overtures for her hand, and wished to make her his empress, but his efforts to obtain the Royal Princess were respectfully

declined by the King of Sweden. All the members of the present royal family of Sweden are remarkable for their love of the fine arts. The Princess was very proficient in music and sculpture. Her most popular musical compositions were "Evening Thoughts," "The Waves," "Twilight Thoughts," etc. In sculpture her best works were "The Norwegian Shepherd Boy," "The Swedish Guardsman," "Boy and Dog."

Princess Eugenie was also noted as an authoress. She has written some short pieces of poetry. Among her larger writings may be mentioned the Biographies of the Princesses of Sweden.

Such artistic and literary studies were merely the occupations of leisure hours. She was an earnest worker for Christ, and took interest in everything connected with Christ's work, at home and abroad. She was an ardent patroness of the mission among the Laplanders in the north of Sweden, and the story is well known in Sweden that that mission owes its origin to a poor woman from Lapland who walked the whole way to Stockholm in order to see the Princess, and to beg her to send the gospel to her people.

Her mode of working was unostentatious.

She followed the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v.) "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." Her works were not "done to be seen of men." Her philanthropic efforts could not, however, remained concealed. She laboured for the relief of the sick and suffering, for the lonely widow and the destitute orphan. Princess Eugenie was the foundress of a Home for Cripples, which is called after her name, and is situated a few miles outside Stockholm. That institution will remain as a beautiful monument to hand down her name and loving character to future generations. The institution was supported mainly from her own private purse.

The Princess spent the summer months on her estate, Fridhem, situated in the beautiful island of Gothland. Fridhem means the "Home of Peace," and the name was peculiarly suitable to the tastes of the Royal Princess. In Gothland she founded several benevolent institutions, particularly a Home for Incurables, which she built at her own expense. In order to raise this home the Princess actually sold her jewels and ornaments. Schools were also built by her in the parish in which Fridhem was situated.

On the occasion of my last visit to Stockholm, in the early part of 1884, I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Princess, by a friend who was her helper in several of her works of mercy.

She received my husband and myself with the greatest affability, and said she was delighted to meet Christians from any country, but especially from England. She asked many questions about our work in Ireland which was then among the millworkers in Belfast, and about the mission work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. We spent more than an hour with her in sweet Christian converse, and she asked us to be sure and send her the names of any good books to read and translate into Swedish. Her simplicity was charming. She took us all round her rooms, and showed us the pictures of her dear departed relatives, of her father and mother, her brothers Prince Gustav and King Charles xv. When we left the palace she kissed and embraced me, and said she hoped that we would never come to Stockholm without calling upon her. The next day she sent me her photograph with her autograph, and begged me to send her our photographs in return. I was interested to find an old schoolfellow, Fröken Rudensköld, living with her in the palace, as maid of honour to Her Royal Highness.

The bonds of love which united the deceased Princess with the Swedish people will never be broken. Her name and example will remain fresh in the hearts of all Christian people in Sweden.

Pastor John Bring, the Superintendent of the Deaconesses' Institution, held a service beside the remains of the Princess Eugenie the day after her death, the King and Queen, the Crown Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Baden being present, along with the ordinary attendants of the Princess. At the conclusion of his address, Pastor Bring spoke as follows:—

"Our Princess learned long ago the lesson of perfect submission to the Divine will. She learnt that lesson during many years of suffering. It

was Christ our Redeemer who preserved her from all the temptations incidental to her lofty station, and taught her, that quiet humility, that mildness, that true-hearted goodness, which formed her beauteous princely crown.

"But now look upwards, and onwards. Listen to the word of the Scriptures. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.' 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall receive mercy. 'Blessed are the peacemakers' for they shall be called the children of God: She has gone from us, our most beloved Princess, over the stormy billows of time to the home of peace. Safely and quietly the waves bore her to that shore which is never washed by tempestuous breakers, and where no chilling wind ever comes. There is the peace of God. We thank Thee, O God our Father who has redeemed her, and borne her away to thy home of peace, the true 'Fridhem' above."

Her coffin when borne to the grave was covered with beautiful wreaths sent from all parts of Sweden where her works of love were known. The University of Upsala was foremost in testifying to the beauty of her Christian character and the love with which she was regarded by the whole Swedish nation.



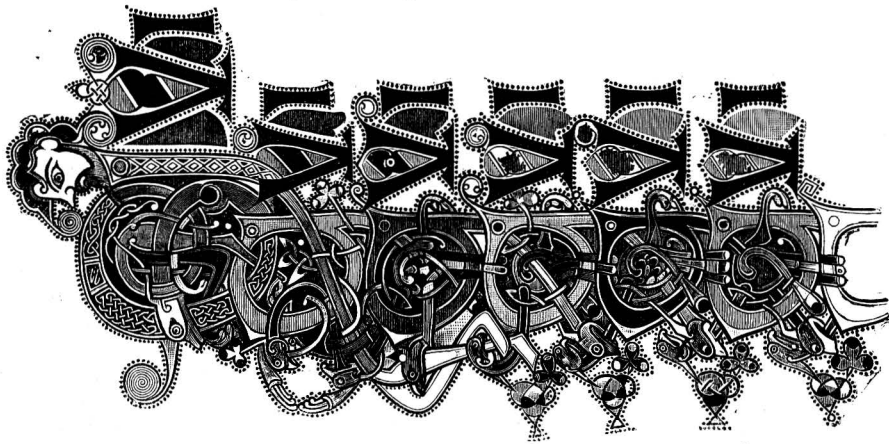
























































Eugenie

(From a private Photograph by Gösta Florman, Stockholm.)

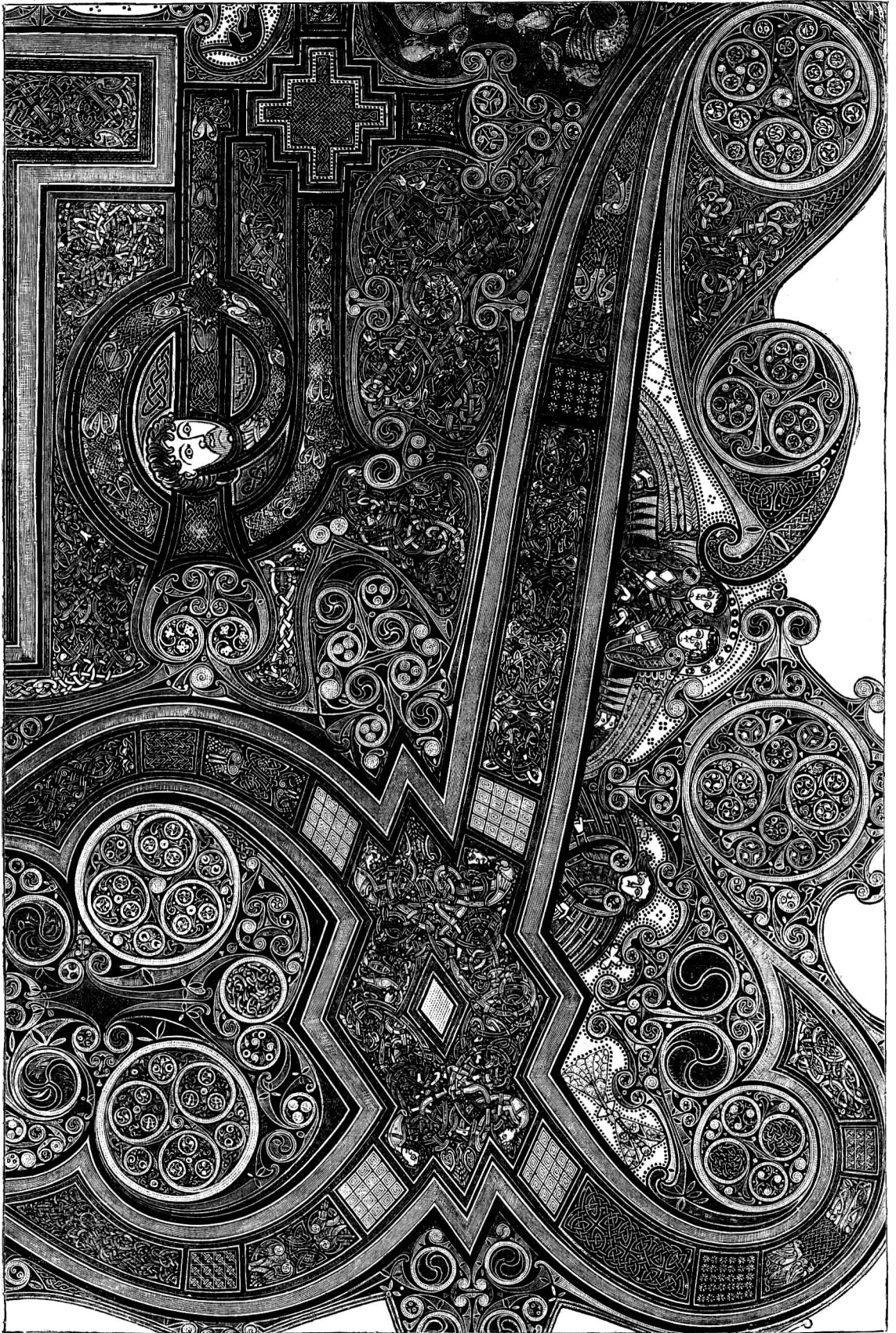
The Swedish newspapers have since published the following "Last Farewell" of the Princess, found among her papers:—

"Time flies, we advance every day nearer to the goal which we long for, where the soul shall rest from its conflict with the world and the

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THE MONOGRAM PAGE AT THE BEGINNING OF ST. MATTHEW IN THE BOOK OF KELLS.



But we may fairly claim that our engravings enable the observant reader to note and appreciate the complexity of design, the exuberance of ornamental ideas, and the wonderful minuteness and finish of the ornamentation. The delicacy and intricacy of some of the panels in the great monogram are such as to defy engraving which has to be printed in the pages of a popular magazine.

But now let us enter a little more into detail. Like so many other ancient books and manuscripts this one suffered grievously at the hands of the binder in the early years of the present century, when it was rebound. The ms. has also suffered from damp, and only 339 folios now remain, the size of the page is thirteen inches in length, by ten in breadth. The writing is nearer the uncial than the cursive style; is technically known as "half uncial," and generally extends across the page, as in our engraving. There are from sixteen to nineteen lines on a page. It is very easy and plain to read, especially when a few peculiarities as to the formation of letters and compounds have been noted. There is a most unusual wealth of initial letters, almost every page presenting varied and interesting examples.

The passage shown in our first engraving is from Luke iii. 23 and 24, and the words are, *Et ipse Iesus erat incipiens quasi annorum triginta, ut putabatur, filius Ioseph, qui fuit Heli, qui fuit Matthat*, etc. In the words of the A.V. the passage runs, "And Jesus Himself began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph, which was the son of Heli," etc. The engraving will bear very close and careful inspection, and it is a very good example of what may be called the ordinary excellences of the ms., viz. those of which it affords a very large number of examples. Note the beautiful monogram "Et" with which it begins. Then observe on the left hand the six repetitions of the word "qui," each initial Q differing from all its neighbours. At the top of the compound initial you see a human head, and to the left of the third Q below you can see the legs and feet intertwined. Observe also the many bird-like serpent heads, and the way in which the serpent bodies form the broad curves of the letters. The long lines of the engraving afford admirable specimens of the clear, bold handwriting of the body of the ms.

But the feature which places the Book of Kells at the head of the class to which it belongs, is the number of whole pages elaborately illuminated which it contains. Two or three examples of this kind are supposed to greatly enrich a ms.; but the Book of Kells almost bewilders the student by the variety and richness of these works of art. For they are works of art, whether we consider them from the point of view of the designer, of the colourist, or of the delicate manipulator. Each gospel begins with a splendidly executed page, containing respectively the words, Matthew, *Liber Generationis*; Mark, *Initium Evangelii*; Luke, *Quoniam quidem*, and John, *In Principio*; another page contains the symbols of the four Evangelists; others illustrate special incidents in the Passion of the Saviour, and in every case a marvellous

abundance of decorative skill and imagination has been expended.

In harmony with the maxim *ab uno disce omnes*, we describe at some length what most good judges consider the finest page in the work, although it is only fair to bear in mind that it is after all only *primus inter pares*, the first of a gorgeous band of brothers. It is folio thirty-four of the ms., and an entire folio is occupied with the words standing at the beginning of Matthew i. 18, *Christi autem generatio*, "But the generation of Christ (was in this wise)." Unfortunately the page of this magazine is not large enough to permit of the whole being given in the size of the original. A choice had to be made, and it was thought advisable to sacrifice some part of the monogram, and thus enable the detail of the chief portion to be well and clearly brought out the exact size of the original. The base of the design is the monogram composed of the Greek letters X P I, corresponding to the English CH, R, and I respectively; these three letters with the sign used to indicate contraction standing over them, being constantly used as an abbreviation of the word "Christi." Hence, the bulk of the page is occupied by the large X, the lower left-hand spur being greatly extended, and curved down to the left-hand bottom corner of the page. Beneath the right-hand lower spur of the X, is the rest of the monogram, consisting of the P, the lower part of its stem ending in an elaborately ornamented cross, and the upper part transfixed by the I which completes the design. If the reader will take the trouble to trace out clearly this foundation of the design, there will be no difficulty in following the description of details.

And first, a word as to the colouring. The page has been reproduced by the Palæographical Society, and their description is as follows: "The prevailing colours of this plate are yellow and violet. The large X is formed of bands of violet, edged on the outer side with a strongly-marked line of black, and on the inner side with one of gamboge. The lozenge in the centre of the X is white, with a violet border; the bands forming the border of the P I are scarlet, edged with a line of black, and the band of the cruciferus pattern within the cross-shaped foot of the P is yellow. Of the corner piece on the right, the frame is violet, with gamboge borders for the inner compartments, the twisted lacertine animals are generally blue, red, violet, yellow and green; the spiral designs, red, yellow, and violet; and the minute interlaced patterns, black and white." There is no use whatever of gold in the illuminations of the Book of Kells.

The right-hand ends of the X terminate in points connected by a curved line, the left-hand, in five circles, of which we are able to show only four, the lowest, at the foot of the long arm of the X not appearing in our engraving. The upper part of the whole page terminates in four curved points occurring at nearly regular intervals across the page. That one directly above the centre of the cross, exhibits a woman's head, and the series is supposed by some to represent the sign of contraction ω usually placed over the

word XPI. These also occur beyond the limits of the engraving.

The centre of the cross, where the arms intersect, is occupied by a lozenge or a rhombus full of characteristic spiral ornamentation. In the space immediately around this, and occupying the rest of the centre of the X, are coiled four serpentine figures with human heads. Intricate as are the windings of these figures, they can be clearly traced; each seems to end in a serpent's head, and to possess an arm, the hand of which seizes a serpent form. In the space enclosed by the right-hand arms of the cross are fine examples of spiral work, and of the trumpet pattern. The space to the left of the centre of the cross and the elongated arm is occupied by figures, apparently angels. Two of them are reclining, one upon the left, and the other upon the right elbow. The right hand of one holds a book, as also does the left hand of the other. The third angel is upright, and in each of his hands he holds a *flabellum*. To the right of the lower end of the long arm of the X are two animals of the beaver or squirrel kind. Each bears upon its back a young one, and in front of them, two young ones are nibbling at a cake upon which a cross is marked.

Of the remaining letters of the monogram, the upper part of the P is beautifully rounded, and terminates in a human head, bearded and with flowing locks. The second letter, I, passes through the upper part of the crook, and behind the head which terminates it. At the lower end of the P is an elaborate cross, and below and to the right of the cross is the figure of an animal with a fish in its mouth.

The second and smaller part of the monogram is bordered on the right by a beautiful panelled piece of ornamentation of which only a small section is shown in our engraving.

Passing now to more general considerations, it should be observed that any portion of this wonderful page will bear very close inspection. It has the quality possessed by all first-rate works of art. The more it is studied the more it "grows" upon one; the more keenly we scrutinize it, the more marvellous does the skill to which it owes its origin seem. Professor Westwood says, when writing on this point, "Especially deserving of notice is the extreme delicacy and wonderful precision, united with an extraordinary minuteness of detail. I have examined with a magnifying glass the pages of the Book of Kells for hours together, without ever detecting a false line or an irregular interlacement; and when it is considered that many of these details consist of spiral lines, and are so minute as to be impossible to have been executed without a pair of compasses, it really seems a problem not only with what eyes, but also with what instruments they could have been executed. One instance will suffice to give an idea of this peculiarity. I have counted in a small space, measuring scarcely three quarters of an inch, by less than half an inch in width, in the Book of Armagh, not fewer than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern, formed of white lines edged by black cones, upon a black ground."

The same well-known authority thus summarizes the chief classes of this early Irish decoration. It consists "first, in one or more ribbons diagonally but symmetrically interlaced, forming an endless variety of patterns; secondly, one, two, or three slender spiral lines coiling within one another till they meet in the centre of the circle, their opposite ends going off to other circles; thirdly, a vast variety of lacerate animals and birds, hideously attenuated, and coiled one within another, their tails, tongues, and top-knots forming long narrow ribbons, irregularly interlaced; fourthly, a series of diagonal lines, forming various kinds of Chinese-like patterns. These ornaments are generally introduced into small compartments, a number of which are arranged so as to form the large initial letters and borders, or tessellated pages, with which the finest manuscripts are decorated."

The engraving enables any one who wishes to do so to test the accuracy of this description, fine examples of all four classes occurring on this one page.

We may quote in the same connection the words of Ferdinand Keller, the man whose writings did so much to arouse modern interest in these ancient works of art. With reference to the style of decoration, he states, "the ornaments are usually distributed in well-defined compartments. In the initial letters, especially the larger ones, the genius of Irish ornamental design is found in full development, and brought to a degree of beauty and precision of execution of which it is almost impossible to form an idea without having seen it. Here are displayed in the greatest profusion and variety, the spirals, the complicated serpentine windings, and the panelling; in short, the designer has expended his whole skill and knowledge in producing these gigantic initials, whose height is often from ten to fifteen inches. The most difficult task in these patterns is, without doubt, the spiral lines. These are real masterpieces which furnish a splendid proof of the extraordinary firmness of hand possessed by the artist."

The origin and reason for this strange style of illumination has exercised the minds of experts. As in the case of the Round Towers so here, some authorities wish to connect them with the art of the ancient east. This is, of course, by no means impossible; but the writer's feeling is that the Book of Kells is a native Irish, or, as perhaps it should be, Scotic art, not appreciably moulded by any external influences.

Dr. Keller describes exactly the impression they make upon the observer, although many may question his verdict as to their origin. "In these ornaments," he writes, "there is a peculiar spirit which is foreign to the people of the West; there is in them a something mysterious which imparts to the eye a certain feeling of uneasiness and suspense. This is especially the case with those frightful-looking, monstrous figures of animals, whose limbs twist and twine themselves into a labyrinth of ornaments, where one can hardly resist the natural impulse to search for the other parts of their bodies, often nearly

concealed, or passing into different strange creatures. The variety of these forms of ornament, with their luxuriant development, often extravagant, but sometimes uncommonly delicate and lovely, could not possibly have been the creation of fancy which derived its nourishment and its stimulus from natural objects so devoid of colour and form as present themselves in the North of Ireland, and in the rocky islands of the West of Scotland. They must have originated in the East, or at least have their prototypes there."

We may not be able to offer any explanation better than Dr. Keller's; but we can with some confidence assert that he either never saw the North of Ireland and the West of Scotland, or if he did that, his eye for natural colouring is not nearly so keen as his eye for paleographical peculiarities. The North and West of Ireland, and the West of Scotland present the most remarkable specimens of colouring under the varying lights of the different seasons, and no one with the slightest love for natural beauty could possibly describe them as "devoid of colour and form." The Celtic imagination has always been lively, fond of the vague and uncanny, in quick sympathy with the dark and mysterious

side of nature. Surely it is not too much to believe that the brain which could plan such initials as the beginning of Mark in the Book of Kells, or the noble example shown in our engraving, could also originate forms the meaning of which may be doubtful, but the source of which may fairly be placed nearer Ireland than the remote and decaying nations of the East.

But we must not enter upon the regions of the specialist and the lands in which the controversialists love to dwell. Our object will be secured if the perusal of these lines excites in minds that have never before felt it an interest in the Christian art of the pre-Roman and uncorrupted Irish Church; and if—even at the risk of adding to the duties of the attendants at Trinity College Library—it leads intelligent visitors in Dublin to resolve that they will at least see and carefully note the masterpiece of the ecclesiastical penmanship of the West, the great Book of Kells, of which the glory of our own museum—the Lindisfarne Gospels—is but a humble companion, in all probability the work of a disciple in that school wherein the designers of the Book of Kells were masters.

R. LOVETT.



SECRET FAULTS.

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults; keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins."—*Psalms* xix. 12, 13.

WHAT are "presumptuous sins"? All known and wilful sins. For all wilful sinners do, in thus sinning knowingly and wilfully, presume against the knowledge, and power, and patience of God. To sin wilfully is to defy God. Knowingly to break His laws, and go against His will, is to rebel against Him. And this is the height of presumption.

But what are "secret faults"? Not sins done in secret, sins hidden from man (though not from God), wilful sins done in private (sins of thought, for instance) and concealed beneath a fair outside. There are such sins, but these are not what the Psalmist means here by "secret faults," for these are "presumptuous sins," almost more presumptuous than any, because they do so daringly presume upon God's not seeing that which man does not see. "Secret faults" are faults which we are not conscious of, or do not remember, or do not see to be faults. This is plain from what goes before: "Who can understand his errors?" Then follows the prayer, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults:" that is, cleanse Thou me from the errors which I in my blindness cannot understand, and do not see.

But faults that we do not understand, and are not conscious of—are they faults at all? Yes. St. Paul shows us that. Speaking of himself, he says, "Yea, I judge not mine own self: for I know nothing by myself [or rather, I know nothing against myself; I am conscious of no

transgression]; yet am I not hereby justified." (1 Cor. iv. 3, 4). We are not our own judges. God is our judge. And He judges us by a higher standard, and a clearer light, and a fuller knowledge, than we possess. He knows us far better than we know ourselves; He searches the very depths of our hearts; the secret springs of all we do are open to Him, and the evil that clings to all He sees with perfect clearness; and further, His standard is perfect holiness.

Do we not overlook and forget much? In the whirl and bustle of life, does not many a thing done or thought or said, slip out of notice, swallowed up in what comes after? And is our view of sin at any time perfect and complete? Is sin as hateful to us as it is to God? A very tender and faithful conscience may be quick to perceive sin; but are all consciences such? And even the tenderest and most faithful does not see and feel all that God sees of sin. If David found it necessary to say, "Who can understand his errors?" must not we echo his words?

But is it not hard measure that I should be charged with a sin which I am not conscious of having done? Not, if you have done it. True, it is far worse if done consciously, for then it is "presumptuous sin;" but sin is sin always. Are you in no degree to blame for not being conscious of it? Have you always set before you the high standard of the word of God? Have you continually brought yourself up before that

judgment seat? Have you examined yourself diligently? Have you never been careless and off your guard? Have you always kept yourself "unspotted from the world," in not lowering your tone to meet the world's tone? "Secret faults" are not always faults that must of necessity be secret; many of them ought not to be secret, and would not be, if there had been more watchfulness, and a closer walk with God.

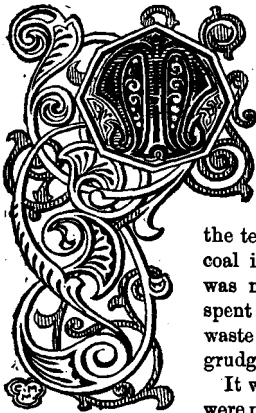
Besides, there can be no "hard measure," when we may ask to be forgiven for even our unknown or unnoticed faults, and when God for Christ's sake will forgive us. And this is the case. How comes David to mention his "secret faults" at all? He mentions them in prayer, and what he prays for is to be cleansed from them. St. Paul did not hold himself blameless for having been "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious," because he "did it ignorantly [unknowingly] and in unbelief;" on the contrary he called himself chief of sinners on that very account; yet he "obtained mercy" because he did not know. This is what we too may do. We may take all our "secret faults" as well as all our "presumptuous sins"—all the sins that weigh on our conscience, and all the faults that God may have seen in us—all our known sins, and all our unknown—and lay them before God, and plead our Saviour's precious blood for pardon and cleansing; and none will plead in vain. Is this "hard measure?"

But first we should ask God to show us our sins, that they may no longer be "secret faults." The Holy Spirit convinces of sin; and that, not only when He first shows a man that he is a sinner, but afterwards too. After conviction, and even after we have fled to Christ, we want deeper

views of sin: we want to see it in all its blackness, we want so deep a feeling of its evil as to think lightly of no sin; we want a tender and faithful conscience, quick to perceive the presence of sin and sensitive to its slightest touch. All this is the work of the Holy Spirit; and we should seek it of Him. In another Psalm (Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24) we find David praying again; and this is his prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." This is no self-righteous address, such as that of the Pharisee in the temple, appealing to God for his innocence. This is a most humble prayer. David begs God to search him, and see if there be in him any wicked way, in order that he may see it too; he would know himself as he really is, he would have no "secret faults," he would be led by God in the way everlasting, knowing himself, and watching against every temptation.

Oh, the unspeakable blessing of being allowed to take all our sins to be washed away in our Saviour's blood! There is no limit to its cleansing power, or to God's willingness to apply it. Coming to the mercy seat in our Saviour's name, we may ask for a full cleansing and a perfect forgiveness, not bounded and cramped by our imperfect knowledge or recollection, our dim views or shallow feelings, but taking in all that God Himself has seen in us, and remembers against us. So we may ask, and so does He forgive. "Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," so He takes in all faults and sins, whether known or unknown, remembered or forgotten. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

"LUX IN TENEBRIS."



MICHAEL WATTS, art-student, had finished his solitary meal and stood dreamily gazing out of the window down into the busy street below. His landlady had just closed the door, after taking away the tea and throwing a few pieces of coal into the grate. She wished he was more like other young men who spent their evenings out of doors; this waste of coal was not pleasant to her grudging soul.

It was Saturday evening, and there were no classes at the school. Michael had been working hard all the week, and as he stood in the little bow-window a sense of weary loneliness stole over him.

His room was above the shop kept by his landlady, and looked out on to a busy street in one of our great northern towns. Over the way a second-rate theatre was being gaily lighted, and the street was wearing that bright and animated appearance so common on Saturday nights.

The twilight deepened, and still Michael leant against the window, the sense of weary loneliness filling his spirit more and more as he watched the passers-by. Busy men and women were hurrying to their homes, little children were returning with their mothers, carrying in tiny hands their purchases for Sunday. Happy lovers strolled along the lighted streets, unconscious of all but their own sweet dream. Bands of young men and girls, released from shop and warehouse, passed gaily by, and the loud laugh and merry jest sounded faintly through the window.

Soon the theatre doors were opened, and throngs of eager people pushed and elbowed their way inside. A strange study of light and shade in those restless faces! And perhaps to one in Michael's frame of mind, more interesting from a human than from an artistic point of view.

"Ah! there go Jennings and Wilson," he murmured, as he saw two students who were working with him at the school throw away their cigar-ends and enter the theatre with the rest. They had invited him to join them but he had refused. He was poor; too poor to pay for amusements; could only just manage to meet the demands of his landlady. But as he saw them go, and himself left there alone, a feeling of regret stole over him, and mechanically

he put his hand into his pockets for his one remaining shilling.

"I am weak!" he said impatiently, withdrawing his hand and a frown of annoyance with himself and his poverty darkened his brow. And still he stood and gazed out into the night. It all seemed to him very cold and unsympathetic, mocking, as it were, his unspoken cry for companionship and rest.

With a sigh he at last turned away, and cast a hopeless kind of glance round the four walls of his little room. The glimmers of the firelight fell on a faded book-case; Michael crossed the room and read over the titles of the books in a listless unexpectant manner. He had not given them much attention before, for he had not been there many weeks, and had been too busy with his work to have any time for reading.

His eye fell on a gaily-bound novel, and he took it from the case. He did not know the writer, for in the little town he had left behind he was as yet an unknown power for evil.

Stirring the fire to a blaze, he plunged into the story half-way, and was soon absorbed in its exciting pages. He read on and on, the enchanting visions of the writer seizing and fascinating him more and more. The evil fair one, so subtly drawn by the author, so sinful, and yet so lovely and like an angel of light, was weaving her spell around him, and would soon leave him bewitched and allured!

The story was at last finished, and he awoke as from a dream. With beating heart and throbbing brain he closed the book and sat motionless, watching, with eyes that saw not, the fitful flames of the slowly sinking fire. The poison meanwhile had entered into his soul, and was quickly working its way into every nerve of his all too responsive nature. He did not feel his loneliness now. The masses in the theatre might hiss or clap in wild excitement, but he heard them not. The noises in the street below might roar, and shake the house with hideous din, but he knew it not. For that subtle power of evil was with him for a guest, whispering sweet and ever sweeter syren music into his willing ears. "Taste life and be no longer sad," she murmured. "Go forth like others and take thy share in the pleasure-game of life. All that thy eager heart has ever desired and been denied do thou now enjoy. Why sit moping here alone in the darkness, when without are brightness, mirth, and love?" So rang the intoxicating voice, and he, in his solitude and weariness, lent an eager, responsive ear. It was indeed the drama of Eden over again—the tempting voice, the hungering soul, the longing for unknown good and blissful knowledge.

Thousands of young men and women from our villages and small towns go up to cities year after year, and they too, like Michael, are alone and friendless, feeling bitterly their isolation among the busy crowds. What wonder that they so often fall away when temptation and trial come!

Michael realized what it meant at last, as he awoke from the sweet enchantment of imagination, and had to face again the bare cold aspect of the actual. The dream seemed only to have been sent to mock his want and to make life more desolate than before. He bowed his head in bitterness of spirit, and listened once more to the tempter's voice.

Then a storm of great temptation swept over him, and as he bent before its force, his whole being writhed and trembled beneath its terrible power. His brow was marred and wrinkled as with acute pain as he passed through those awful moments, and he shivered with horror at the tempting voices.

Oh, terrible struggle! oh, fair demon! And men and women have to face thee and hear thy pleading voice, not once nor twice, but many times in the battle-field of life.

And what they are, and what they will become, depends upon their answer to thy call!

He rose and paced the room with restless and frenzied steps, vainly striving to still the fever in his veins, and to escape the power of his wild and passionate imaginings, but all in vain.

Worn out and spent at last, even to exhaustion, he sank down cold and trembling before the dying embers of the fire; and from his lips came that bitter cry, wrung only from souls in sorest need: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

As the cry escaped his lips he held out his hands over the sinking fire, and he knew not how it was, but the book he had held all through that searching hour, fell heavily from his unconscious grasp into the grate among the red-hot cinders.

A moment more and it was all ablaze, and Michael looking round in half-dazed wonder saw the little room all aglow with light. Suddenly his eye was caught by the shining gilt of a little frame upon the chimney-piece, and there he saw a sweet pure face gazing down into his, his mother's face looking in tender love on the troubled life below; it seemed as if she had been with him all the time watching him in the darkness.

And as that homely face looked on, a great calm stole into his soul and bade the conflict cease. The book burned on, and Michael still gazed, and gazed, and felt no longer alone and friendless in God's great world.

And then he recalled his mother's parting words, as she had tremblingly bidden him good-bye.

"My son be brave and noble, no matter what the cost," she had whispered as he held her in a last embrace; and a deep flush of sorrowful shame spread over his face as he felt how ignoble and base had been his thought that night.

And now that the storm was over, and he again calm and in his right mind, he found himself thinking once more with interest of his work.

He sat down and mused on in the dark; and as he mused, some words spoken that morning by his master at the school, and which had been ringing in his ears all the day, came unbidden to his mind; and as he thought of them and felt their truth, there flashed from them a newer and grander meaning than they had conveyed before.

He with Wilson and Jennings had been busy at their drawing when the master on his rounds had paused behind them. They were making shaded drawings in chalk of the lovely statue of the Venus of Milo, a new cast lately given to the school, the pure white of the rounded forms shining and glowing in the light with a brightness that no white paper could ever represent. The master had watched them quietly for several minutes and then turned to Jennings.

"Your figure is shockingly black," he said sternly; "you have lost the white light altogether."

Jennings, a haughty and conceited young fellow had replied carelessly that he could easily bring up the lights again with bread.

"Never sir!" the master had answered in anger; "once lose the purity of your paper and you will find it impossible to get it again. If you would get the pure character of the cast you must keep your high lights absolutely without shade or blemish of any kind."

And then he had approached Michael, who was waiting expectant. His figure was almost finished, for he had been working harder than his companions.

"Ah!" said the master, "you are doing very well;" and then he paused. "The drawing is good," he added slowly, "and I am glad to see that you have not lost the purity of the lights; the only fault I can see in your figure is a want of force; it is weak in shadow. Strengthen your shadows here and there, and you will give the thing

character and sparkle; but beware, above all things, of losing your white lights. Remember always that you need both. It is a case of 'Lux in Tenebris,' he added smiling, as he thought of a picture bearing that name. "Light amid the shadows, you cannot make a fine drawing without both."

And as Michael sat on into the now quiet night, he saw new meaning in the master's words, and felt that they were not only true in the sense he had intended, but also that they were true of all life and character. He had just been experiencing something of the darkness of sorrow and mental suffering, and the thought came to him that perhaps

it too was all needed to bring out a strong and powerful character, and to save him from weakness and sin. And as for that pure white light for which the master had contended in the figure, how much he felt he needed that in his own life; how easy to lose, and how impossible to get it back again if once lost!

Before he went to rest that night, a great cry rose to the gates of heaven that, however darkly the shadows might fall on his lonely life, he might still be able to keep untarnished the high white light of a stainless and self-sacrificing character.

M. H. SHAW.

RAYNHAM FARM.

CHAPTER II.



IT was a lovely autumn evening when the travellers from over the sea arrived, and Raynham was looking its very best. On its red brick walls and many-paned windows shone the reflection of sunset, the garden was still bright with the last of the dahlias, and in every border clumps of chrysanthemums were showing the promise of bloom.

The curiously cut yews and box-trees threw long shadows on the lawn and straight gravel walks, while up and down the

mossy steps that led from terrace to terrace, and in and out of the wide-open door, Elsie ran with Tim at her heels, too excited to stay long in any place.

Below in the valley the silvery sands and broad waters of the great tidal river stretched out towards the sunset, quiet and peaceful in the evening light.

Presently a sound of wheels was heard, and Norah and Jessie came rushing down the steep drive at the side of the house, followed by the well-loaded trap with its passengers and luggage.

"Here they are, here they are at last," shouted Norah, as Tom, proud of his position as driver, drove round to the front door and with a great flourish of reins came to a standstill there.

Mr. Raynham was on the ground in a moment, helping Caryl down and the cousins, watching eagerly, saw a tall, pale girl, with wistful dark eyes, "like Norah's, but ever so much prettier," at least so Jessie thought.

But it was a work of time to get Hugh safely down, for he was lame and slightly deformed and the slight step alarmed him. But Caryl's strong arm seemed quite used to helping him, and leaning on her he met bravely the curious glances of the young folks, and received his aunt's flurried kiss of welcome, as she hastened all in to tea.

Such a tea it was! Neither of the children, in their home in a New York flat where, since their mother's death, they had lived alone with their father, had ever seen such a spread. The long table seemed covered with good things, and certainly gave no hint of impending poverty. Home-made bread and butter, preserves, cream, and honey, chicken and cakes of different kinds, made both feel hungry all at once, and a splendid meal they made in spite of their weariness.

Their uncle would not allow much talking that night, for

he too was tired from the long Liverpool journey which he had taken to meet the children, but next morning Tom and Norah fully made up for the delay.

Out on the flight of steps that led from the garden to the walnut terrace sat Norah, and Tom, perched on the wall above with feet dangling over and a large red apple destined for speedy consumption in his hand, talked with her of the new arrivals.

"No pleasure to me in their coming, I can see," he began.

"I did think there would be some good in having a boy to go about with here, instead of girls from morning to night, but he hasn't a bit of go in him."

"Fancy him in a game of football, with those round shoulders and that limp!"

"Here I can do it to a T, look No," and springing up the thoughtless boy began to hobble along the old wall, using a branch from a walnut bough as an imaginary crutch, and stooping to make his shoulders round.

It was a clever imitation, and Norah laughed as he went slowly on, till a loose stone rattled ominously down from the top.

"It will be a case of Humpty Dumpty, who had a great fall, if you don't mind," she said warningly, but he still went on.

"For shame, Tom, how could you!" cried Jessie in a tone of distress, and turning suddenly he saw her coming along the centre walk with Hugh and Caryl. A red glow of anger was on Caryl's face, making her look so different from the timid girl of the night before, that Norah hardly knew her, and a flash too was on Hugh's, mounting to his very forehead, but it passed almost as quickly as it came.

For once Tom was taken aback, and muttering something about "didn't mean any harm," he turned to jump down on the other side into the orchard. The wall was old and slippery and its top stones mouldered away and in his confusion he trod on a loose stone, and in a moment more found himself rolling heavily on the turf below.

"That doesn't serve you amiss, my boy," said his father sternly, coming unexpectedly upon the scene.

"I saw what was going on, and let me tell you, once for all, if I see any more of that sort of thing, you will have me to reckon with."

"You might have brought lameness on yourself for a punishment."

"Oh, uncle, he didn't mean it; don't be angry with him for me," cried Hugh, forgetting all his shyness and hiding every trace of resentment.

But Tom had scrambled to his feet and turned off with a crestfallen look, feeling shaken in body and in temper by

the fall and the reproof, and as he rode to school that day a passionate dislike to the innocent cause of it sprang up in his mind.

"A poor, girl-faced thing that won't be a bit of company for me," he muttered to himself, "or any good to anybody that I can see, and yet because of him I must go without the watch I've wanted so long, and go shares with him in everything." And the selfish lad, feeling himself grievously ill-used, nursed his anger all day long. But at home the cousins were earning golden opinions. It had been settled that Hugh, who was not strong enough for a long daily ride, should study with the girls, at least through the winter. But for both, at present, there was to be a few days' holiday.

And during that first busy morning, Caryl proved the truth of Jessie's prophecy, by helping her aunt in countless little ways, while Hugh quite won Elsie's heart. Both she and Jessie soon gave to the strangers real sisterly love, but Norah was harder to win. Tom's selfish speeches had left their sting in her mind, and she soon found that Caryl's neat, womanly ways and ready helpfulness, were in marked contrast to her own haphazard methods.

"Head like a gooseberry-bush and clothes pitch-forked on anyhow," had been Tom's teasing description of Norah, long ago, and it still fitted her, and her mother's fretful complaining had not done much towards a cure.

But when in these matters Caryl was held up for her imitation, and when on lessons being begun, it was found that the American cousin was well ahead of the English girls, then jealousy, hateful and unreasoning, sprang into life in Norah's heart, and her talks with Tom, carried on when out of Jessie's hearing, only fanned the flames.

Meanwhile, the brother and sister were slowly getting used to the new life, but the old home and love were never forgotten, and often they managed to be alone together, to talk of the dear father gone home to heaven, and the old days that now seemed so far away.

How much they missed him in these early days of grief no one knew but God, and to Him they turned in their troubles with the sure confidence that He would comfort and help them.

As the novelty of their coming wore away, their life became in many ways more difficult. Mrs. Raynham's fretfulness was often vented upon Caryl, their uncle was too busy with his outdoor cares to see much of them, and Tom and Norah, without planning to be actually unkind, yet found innumerable opportunities of teasing.

The first time they all went egg-hunting together, in the upper fold at the top of the hill, Norah discovered that Caryl shrank back in dismay from the cows standing knee-deep in the straw.

"Oh, must we go in there?" she cried anxiously, as Tom opened the gate, close to which a big dun cow was ruminating.

"Go, of course, you don't mean to say you're afraid? They'll be quiet enough, unless I stir them up a little," he added, advancing threateningly with the stick held in his hand.

"I feel as if they were thirsting for my blood," cried poor Caryl, who, brave enough in most things, had an unconquerable dread of cows.

Nevertheless, as this one turned aside impatiently from the stick and looked alarming enough to justify her terrors, she sprang to Hugh's side as if to shield him.

"Don't Tom, they may get troublesome—and you know Hugh can't run," said Jessie. "It is too bad to tease them so."

"Just like girls, always frightened about something or other, and I suppose Miss Hugh is frightened too? I'll challenge you to a race if they do have a run at us," he went on, with a taunting laugh that was not pleasant to hear.

Jessie, looking anxiously at Hugh, saw the quick flush of colour again rising to his forehead and a sudden clenching of the hands and straightening of the figure that looked dangerous, and, wonderingly, too, she saw these signs of a sensitive, passionate temper, almost instantly checked.

And a verse she had once learned as part of a Sunday task came back vividly to her—

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty,
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The cows were passed in safety, and presently merry laughter rang through the barn and out-houses as the children scrambled amongst the sweet-smelling hay, Hugh proving himself quickest of all in the finding, and the little fall out by the way was forgotten by all but Caryl.

Any shaft aimed at the brother who was dearer to her than all the world besides, always struck her hardest, and this Tom was not slow to find out, but he could not know the depth and strength of the love that made her long to shield Hugh from every breath of unkindness. She could just remember her mother and how in dying she had spoken last of Hugh, who needed her most, and ever since that day he had been his sister's special charge and greatest joy.

And all that had happened since, the quiet life in their father's care, his death and the breaking up of their home, and the long voyage in the care of almost strangers, had only knit more closely the tie between them, and strengthened their trust in their heavenly Father.

And by that Father they were never forgotten.

Love, stronger and sweeter than any on earth, was guiding them safely and surely, and patience was yet to have its perfect work in both young hearts.

Their lives hitherto had been singularly shielded from unkindness, Hugh especially had been tenderly watched and guarded, but underneath his weakness of body there was the strength of a brave and courageous soul, and to him in all the daily petty trials inflicted by the cousins, the grace of forgiveness was not so difficult of attainment, as Caryl found it.

He had learned at least one great truth in his short life, and learned it as so many other noble souls have done, in weakness and suffering, that love is the secret of all true happiness and all real success, love to God first and best of all, and then love to all around, even to the unthankful and unworthy.

For love is the strongest force in the world, gentle yet all powerful, in the end mastering all opposition and compelling the victory.

As in the woods and meadows, that which winter rains and fierce storms have failed to do, the sunbeams and zephyrs accomplish easily, bringing out leaf and flower in newness of life, so in human hearts and lives love works its own sweet will, and succeeds where all other powers have failed.



SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.

Who woke to life again at Peter's voice,
And made the saints' and widows' hearts rejoice?
What king of Bashan did the Jews assail?
When bound for Tyre from whence did Paul set sail?
A mount where homeless travellers found a rest?
Father of one who leaned on Jesus' breast?

Initials, now, and finals, set alone,
Will each be found to name a precious stone.

L. T.