# THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

## OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER XXIV.—RED LETTER DAYS.

A GENUINE CREMONA.

THE weeks that followed were always remembered by Janey with a curious sense of pleasure and satisfaction. They were so unlike all that had gone before in her experience that they seemed to stand out as it were framed between the past and the future easily separable from both in her memory. For Janey was young and wholesome-minded enough to be able to embrace pleasure very heartily when it came in her way.

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And not much of it had come in her way, for the most part all the little gaieties and varieties that go towards the sum of a happy girlhood had passed her by, crowded out of her busy life by stress of circumstance. No doubt it is very honourable to be a working woman, as she had been since she was eighteen, and those who can speak from experience are ever ready to tell us that an aim and a motive in life, a work to do, let it be teaching or learning, or what not, doubles all pleasures and lessens all cares, but at eighteen there ought to be a great deal of play mixed with the toil.

If its absence did not make Janey dull according to the proverb, it had the equally bad effect of a little embittering her and emphasising her natural bias towards unhopeful views. Poor little woman, the profounder lessons of life had to be learned while she ought still to have been at its pothooks and primers, and one is glad to think that even at twenty-four the long deferred holiday times had begun for her.

The old professor was determined that it should be a holiday worth having, and he was so eager over it, so childlike in his anticipation, so naive in his satisfaction, that she was fain to pocket those scruples which her pride still urged and let him have his way.

"Don't be so ungracious as to disappoint him," said Allie, "remember how little pleasure he has had in his life."

"Do you think it can really be a pleasure to him to give me books and music and to take me to picture galleries and concerts, for walks and and for drives?"

"I really think so," Alice smiled, "he has nobody belonging to him, nobody to claim him, and he looks on you as he might on a young grand-daughter. I think you had better play the part, Janey, and let him be happy in his own way."

"According to that calculation," Janey's eyes were mischievous—"you might very easily be his daughter, Allie, don't you think you could double his happiness by consenting to play that role since you are so anxious to provide him with relations?"

"I am giving him the loan of you, that is enough."

She still smiled, but Janey knew why it was enough, and she understood too, why it was that Allie would so rarely consent to join them, either in walks or drives or in the rarer delights of shopping. Allie had a watchful look in her wistful blue eyes and she was a little absent, as if she were always listening for some expected sound, perhaps for a footfall on the stair, perhaps for the accents of a familiar voice.

"Go, dear child," she would say, "and be perfectly easy about me. I have my work and my books and the canary for company, and this window where one sees so much life. The professor quite understands my preference for quiet he knows that I am almost forty."

"As if that made any difference!" cried Janey with heat, she always resented Alice's allusions to her years.

"It makes just this difference," she retorted with her pleasant laugh, "that my tastes and appetite for pleasure are forty too."

"I think that's such nonsense," said Janey crossly, "if you looked an old woman you might talk, but you know with your pretty hair and pink cheeks you will never look old, even if you take to a cap and spectacles, and that I will never permit—and why should you talk as if all the pleasant things of life were at an end for you?"

"I hope I shall never be ungrateful enough or foolish enough to do that," said Alice brightly. "If you could look into my heart you would see it is my own pleasure I am selfishly thinking of by sitting here instead of joining you. I am afraid if I were to go that I might miss a great happiness."

Of course Janey understood, and equally of course, being Janey, she was instantly penitent.

"Take your own way, Allie," she said, with a hand on her shoulder, "it is sure to be a good way. But tell me, before my new-found 'grandfather' becomes too impatient, what shall I put on?'

"Your grey cashmere would do very nicely for a morning-concert, I think," said Alice, entering heartily into this interesting topic.

It was so long since Janey had had any choice of costume that we must not grudge her satisfaction in her clothes. What girl, even if she is only a poor little governess, does not take an honest pleasure in being prettily dressed—and why should she not, within due bounds, make herself pleasant and fair for others to look upon? Janey had a double zest in these new garments—very simple at the best—because she had honestly earned them. The professor, in response to that entreaty of hers for work, had one day brought home with him a long, crabbed-looking document written in a foreign tongue.

"Can you read German?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "I know it grammatically pretty well. My father was an enthusiastic linguist, and he grounded me thoroughly. But I can't talk it fluently."

"You will not be asked to lecture on the subject," he said, with a smile. "This is a scientific article, mademoiselle, which has appeared in a foreign periodical, and has made such a commotion there that the echo of it has even reached England. I have been asked to find some one to translate it for your unenlightened countrymen, who will not trouble themselves to acquire any tongue but their own."

"May I try?" said Janey, blushing with excitement. "I used sometimes to translate the articles from a German scientific magazine for papa; but"—she faltered—"this may be too difficult."

"That is a bad beginning, mademoiselle," he shook his head at her. "In this life he who takes as his motto, 'nothing is too difficult,' is the one who succeeds."

So Janey valiantly grappled with the abstruse subject, and mastered it so successfully, with a little help from the professor, whose knowledge of scientific terms was fuller than her own, that she was not only paid liberally but was offered more work of a similar nature.

She took the guineas, which the professor, as middle-man between her and the publisher, brought her, in simple good faith. She did not know how poorly, as a rule, this branch of literature is paid, and it did not occur to her to wonder how it was that her old friend, who could command this money-gaining market had always seemed so needy.

He could have enlightened her perhaps, by reminding her of that curious propensity of human nature to bestow upon those who have no need, and to withhold from those who have.

The ragged old man of letters had found scant patronage at the hands of the publishing world in the days of his poverty; but now that he drove to their doors a rich man his abilities were recognised, and were even in some request. After all, there is a good deal in the clothes question. He was philosopher enough to accept the change urbanely, but he made use of his new influence to secure work for Janey, and to insist upon a remunerative price being paid for it.

So it was with the consciousness that she was able to earn a modest competence in a way thoroughly suited to her tastes and capacities that she set out on this delightful holiday. Alice had insisted that part of the money should be spent on new clothes.

"You must not disgrace our good friend," she said, "and that dress you are wearing is really too disreputable."

"It has seen me through some very black days," she looked down upon its dinginess. "I think I will keep it as a reminder."

But she adorned herself when she went out with the professor. They were going to a morning concert; for the professor, among other surprises which he sprang on them, had revealed a cultivated taste for music. He one day brought home a very precious violin, explaining that it was a genuine Cremona.

"I have had my eye on this old fellow for years," he said; "when he has hung in obscurity in the establishment of a pawnbroker, hiding from the gaze of the connoisseur. I think he must have been waiting for me, and now he is mine."

Then, to Janey's astonishment, he tucked the instrument under his chin and began to draw the bow across the strings, and to bring forth a wailing note. He was out of practise, and his fingers were stiff; but, even to her inexperience, it was evident that he had once been master of the difficult art. He sighed as he put the violin down.

"One can't bring back the old days," he said, "even this poor pleasure is gone."

"It will come back," she said eagerly, "oh, I didn't know you played and I love music."

It had always been a private grief of hers that she had been unable to pay the hire of a piano, and so to keep in touch with the music of the day, but now there appeared a new and perfectly toned instrument in the professor's sitting-room and she was invited to practise on it every day.

At first she was shy of this privilege and never ventured to touch the keys in his presence, but one day when she had supposed him to be out, he entered the room and quietly sat down to listen. Janey's fingers felt as if they were turning into wax, but she went on bravely to the end. He thanked her with his usual courtesy but he said nothing, and after this beginning she was less afraid. By-and-by he began to give her gentle little hints, sometimes at her entreaty he would play a difficult passage for her, and from the day the violin was brought home they began a course of practice which soon grew into a habit. She found him for all his polished politeness a strict master.

"Art demands our highest efforts," he would say "she will accept nothing less from us."

All this was very good for Janey, and the concerts to which he took her furthered her education. His knowlege was somewhat old-fashioned and behind the times, perhaps, and he did not find unqualified praise for the newer school which has Wagner for its hero, but within its limits his taste was perfectly cultured, and he would permit her to listen to nothing but the best.

And the best can be had in London if anywhere in the world. It was as bracing as the air from a moor to Janey to be ushered into this world of noble sound, it stirred her pulses and set her heart beating quicker, it fired her imagination —this little Janey sitting at ease among the best folk, not far off among the people of few shillings, dressed neatly and becomingly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright—how different she was from the same Janey of a week or two ago, pale, worn and full of an impotent wrath and despair. Her old friend read the change, and it pleased him to think that it was by act of his that it had come. To make this young thing happy was a good work.

The only shadow that crossed her perfect enjoyment rose from the thought of Allie keeping that lonely watch. Now that anxiety on his account was over Janey's thoughts about Charlie were tinged with impatience.

Was it right that he should claim so much —prayers, tears, entreaties on his behalf, and now this patient waiting that he might not miss a welcome? "The worst is over," thought Janey, "his debts have been paid, and he is set free; why doesn't he come home and begin again?"

"The difficult part is all to come," mused Allie as she sat alone. It is not in the first effort of confession but in the tedious retracing of the steps day by day over the long uphill road—so easy to descend, so hard to reclimb, that the test lies. And was she to fail him at the very outset?

It was enough for her unselfish heart to see Janey come home bright and blithe, eager to tell all her news. For concerts did not represent the whole sum of delights, though they were perhaps the crowning pleasure of her holiday. The professor, who appeared to be in a sort an Admirable Crichton, knew something of art too, and they spent many hours in the National Gallery, and in the annual winter exhibitions. They gave some time too, to the sights that most Londoners miss though their country cousins go to see them all; but were they not explorers both

of them, the old man and the young girl, who had never before had time or money for this innocent amusement?

In those days when they walked much together he spoke to her sometimes of his early home in the rich green land of forests and waters, but he never touched on the far larger sum of days spent in this same London. He passed them by, the hard and bitter days of failure as if they had never been. Perhaps by that compelling power of the fancy he knew how to exercise, he persuaded himself that they had not been.

But, as was natural, they talked most of Janey, who had a future before her still and many dreams and schemes with which to people it. In one of those moments of confidence she told him that she had never liked the work of teaching.

"I had to do it," she said, "because I failed in everything else, and I did try other things."

"What other things, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, many; I thought of the post-office. I dare say I could have managed the examination, though arithmetic is a weak point, but I was over twenty. It got at last to seem almost disgraceful to be twenty, it shut out so many chances. Then for a clerkship, book-keeping is necessary, and even—if you want to rise—shorthand, and that you know takes nine months to learn. Law-copying, too—but you must be apprenticed for six months and pay a premium, sometimes; and at best, for a long time, you only earn a few shillings a week. And for that, too, you must be young," she spoke as if she were a very venerable person indeed. "I think I've studied the question pretty fully of how women may, or may not, earn a living!"

"And you have come to the conclusion that you can earn it best by being an instructor of others?"

"That sounds a very fine way of putting it," she laughed, "but after all, teaching, badly as we are most of us fitted for it, is our best refuge. A great many people think it the only womanly occupation for a woman. To be sure there are some who write, but it is not every one who can gain even an audience of one, as I know."

"You have tried that, too?"

"Oh, yes, I have tried that, too, we most of us do. I kept getting back my manuscripts at first, but one can bear that indignity, you know, and console one's self that Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray, and other geniuses met the same fate, but when they began not only to be returned with thanks, but not returned at all, I thought it was time to turn my energies to something else."

She was so bright and resolute and fronted all her defeats so merrily that he could not but admire his little companion.

"And now," he said, "you will give other people's thoughts to the world. To be an interpreter of good things is a privilege, too."

"Do you think I can really succeed?" she asked, looking up to him anxiously.

"I truly think you can, mademoiselle, with diligence."

"Oh, I will be diligent," she said earnestly. "I am not afraid of work. That was my father's legacy to me, his example, I mean, he worked to the last, always brave and uncomplaining."

There was a question he would have liked to ask her but she gave him no help, and his instinctive delicacy forbade him making any attempts on her confidence. He had sometimes thought that another future than this one of work for daily bread might be before her, but in all her light-hearted chatter she never hinted at this. She seemed only to view herself as a worker, emancipated from teaching but still with an appointed task to fulfil.

"Would it be possible, do you think," she asked, "to do this business of translating in the country?"

"Possible, yes, but London is the best field. You are apt to be forgotten if you are not on the spot."

She sighed a little light sigh.

"I think Allie ought to go back to Barford. Sometimes I think I ought never to have entreated her to leave it."

He could not enter into this question; and in the silence that followed her thoughts flew back to Charlie. Why did he not return, and what did he mean to do? She was thinking of him still when they went upon a very important errand, nothing less than the buying of Christmas presents, for all the neighbourhood, as it seemed to her, excepting, perhaps, Mrs. Jones. Towards her the professor, generous as a king to others, was rigorous.

The immediate question, however, was the settlement of what to buy for Mr. Augustus, and so grave and important was it that it banished Charlie and his affairs for the time.

Mr. Augustus, it must be owned, was a difficult person to gift. The professor himself had not a nimbler way of making you think that he had always been rich than Mr. Augustus had of assuring you that he was so. Did he not always side with the classes in his talk, though his time and trouble and means were given to the masses? and when a man by his manner informs you that he has everything, what is there left for you to give him?

Janey gave due thought to this problem and presently arrived at a happy solution. She, too, should exercise her fancy and for the moment imagine Mr. Augustus had nothing. That done, the thing was easy enough, there was a whole shopful at her choice.

She had made up her mind that a person of Mr. Augustus's dignity ought to be met with books, and she went home happy in having assisted the professor to choose a whole shelf-full, to tell Allie of this new adventure. But when she ran upstairs, Allie was not on the threshold to meet her as usual, and a murmur of voices came from behind the shut door. She opened it and closed it again noiselessly with a startled, grave look, for there on his knees, his head buried on her lap, was the prodigal home again, brokenly uttering his confession, while her arms were about him and her tears fell fast.

Oh, in that unfailing love and tenderness, did he not read a symbol of the Divine love that all

the while had pleaded with him and now had led him home?

Janey hid herself in her room and cried a little, too—for gladness, for grief, she knew not which. But when Charlie's step sounded again on the stair she was waiting for him at the door. In that same spot where they had parted in anger and in sorrow they met again; the thought was in both their hearts and Janey, in her shame and repentance, lifted up her face and kissed him as a sister might.

"Welcome home," she said.

"Home only to go away again, Janey. If you've forgiven me, will you comfort her? It is hard on her, but it is best that I should go."

"Where are you going, Charlie?"

"I'm going back to the old work—the only work I ever liked—but to begin at the bottom this time. It's—it's the only place for me. Vivian thinks it right and he will be my captain still."

"You—you are going to enlist?"

He had his hand on her shoulder.

"Janey, comfort her," he said, "we are ordered to the Soudan."

# A VISIT TO AN ARMENIAN VILLAGE.

ARMENIA and the Armenians are very familiar words to us, but there are probably few readers who have clear ideas either as to the country or the people. In point of fact, there is no region of equal importance with less definite geographical boundaries, or with less regular and recognised constitution and government. Nominally the larger portion of Armenia belongs to the Turkish Empire, but both Russia and Persia have sway over parts of the country. Roughly we may say that Armenia is bounded on the north by the Black Sea and Georgia; on the east by the Caspian; on the south by Mesopotamia and Assyria, and on the west by Asia Minor. By treaty, after the Russian war, the Turkish Government retained its power over Armenia, but with guarantees required by England and France, that the people should be left in the free exercise of their ancient customs and religion. These—although they have been so ruthlessly disregarded—are almost the only possessions of the Armenians as a people, for they have no central government or constitution, and they have long lost their national language. Yet they are in a way patriotic, with national songs and legends, and tenacious of their religion, such as it is.

In the latter point, the Armenian religion, the people can boast of antiquity far beyond that of their rulers the Turks. The religion of Mohammed dates only from the seventh century, but the Armenians became Christians early in the fourth century, through the preaching of Bishop Gregory, whom they regard as their patron saint. This Gregory was secretary of King Tiridates, who at first vehemently opposed the new teaching, and threw Gregory into prison but after fourteen years he released him, and made his people profess Christianity. Some say that this was the second adoption of Christianity, after relapsing into idolatry. The legend is that King Agbar sent messengers to Judea in the time of the Saviour, and that these were the so-called Greeks, who came to Philip, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." The story goes on, that Thaddeus, one of the apostles, went to Edessa, then the chief city, and that the people were then converted to the Christian belief.

However, all this may be, the people were almost heathen in the time of Bishop Gregory. It was not till two hundred years later that a monk named Mesrob, invented an alphabet of the language and translated portions of the Bible from the Syriac or Greek. Manuscripts in the Armenian tongue were preserved and copied, but it was not till 1666 that an Armenian Bishop, Uscan, was sent to Amsterdam to take charge of the printing of the Bible.

Even after getting the Bible for reference, it was little used. The priests were usually very ignorant, and those who could read, taught rather from a book of ceremonies than the Scripture. Some truth this service-book contained, but mixed with many errors, derived from the Greek or the Latin Churches. The worship of the Virgin, and prayers to her and to saints, were among the errors retained from Rome, while the pictures and relics and incense, with the dresses and performances of the priests, remind the visitor of Greek churches. It is no wonder that Mohammedans, seeing the superstitious ceremonies and visible objects of worship, despise the Armenians as idolators. The one point of hope in their religion is the reverence paid to the Bible as the word of God, little as they understand, or follow its precepts. While this respect is retained, and error is not stereotyped, there is always hope of better knowledge and pure religion being possible.

American Christians have long taken special interest in Armenia, and have established missions there which have had considerable success. The medical missions, commenced by Dr. Asahel Grant, are well-known in Christian annals. Latterly the American churches and societies have given much attention to colleges, as they call their schools, and other educational agencies. One of these, at Harpoot, is a training school for teachers, and especially for Bible-women, who obtain access to the homes of the people, as well as get the children to come to school. The following account of an excursion by one of the

missionary ladies, with her daughter, from Harpoot to a distant village, will give a good idea of the kind of life led by Christian missionaries in Armenia and their influence among the people. Here is the narrative as told by Mrs. Wheeler to her friends in America.

Garabed (the serving man) is at the door, and sends in word that the animals are ready for us. What have you got in those great leather bags, asks Susie. These are called *hoorges*, for carrying our beds, and cooking utensils. We must take some food with us, for we shall not find much that we can eat at Hoghi, the village we are going to visit. Besides, the people are so poor, we do not wish to be burdensome to them. You can ride the white donkey, and I will take the mule.

It was winter, and we had dressed ourselves warmly, especially our feet, as we must be two or three hours on the way, and the winds from the mountains were cold and chilling. On arriving at the village, we went to the house of the native pastor, who had been trained at one of the mission colleges. As we rode through the village, we saw the people, looking very cold and poor, at the doors of their dwellings, which are little better than mud huts. We did not go out that day, but allowed the people to come to us in the pastor's study, which he gave up to us to stay in. After planning with the teacher Mariam what we should do next day, we went with her to the prayer-meeting, which was held in the chapel in the evening.

Susie was quite amused to see the women coming in, and sitting on the floor, which is always done, except when cushions are carried to sit on as the pastor had done for us. The people seemed pleased to see us. I always enjoy a village tour. It seems more like the work the Saviour did, than our ordinary work in the city. The villagers differ very much from each other. In Hoghi the Bible-work had made more progress among the women than in any other village in our district, and we have hope that these poor homes will ere long be changed for more comfortable and cleanly abodes. The pastor's cheerful sitting-room was a model, and that of Deacon Hobannes, which we stepped across the narrow street to see, Susie thought even more pleasant; yet when we first knew him he lived in a cellar-room. The gospel had brought him up into the upper story, had brought him these cushions and the carpet, the little stove, and, better than all, a neat book-case filled with books. Yes, and it is this which makes his pretty little wife look so bright and intelligent. She is one of Mariam's best scholars. Susie thought her really beautiful in her clean blue and red village dress, and her neat apron.

When we returned to the pastor's house, we found that Garabed had made a fire, and put up our little bedsteads, and the room looked more cheerful and homelike. Our beds are a missionary invention, designed for comfort in going from place to place, as we cannot safely sleep on the earth—floor. They weigh, sack and all, only about ten pounds, and can be folded up like an umbrella, so as to be easily carried.

We did not pass a very quiet night, however, for the dogs that abound in that region, both in city and village, make the night hideous with their howls. They are only street dogs, and have no owners, and the villagers are accustomed to their noise. They never kill them, unless they fear they have become mad. And there is no sleep in the morning for the cock-crowing. These domestic fowls are the only clocks the poor people have. We heed their call, and rise promptly that we may fold up our beds and put them in leather bags, and convert our sleeping-room into a parlour again; and then we are ready for breakfast.

Garabed brought in the breakfast on the pastor's round copper table, which you would call a tray, and placed it on a low stool. The tin box was opened, and with some coffee and warm milk we made a good repast. We then repaired to the pastor's room for prayers. I knew that many of the people, knowing we were there, would esteem it a privilege to come in, so there were a good many assembled. After prayers we were ready to start on our visiting with Mariam, who appeared with her baby in her arms.

"I have to take my little one when I go to give my lessons," she explained, "for I fear to leave her with her father, who is very careless. I get very tired, but I love my work."

"How many pupils have you now?" I asked.

"Sixty; and I give thirty lessons each day. They keep me very busy. After I have finished my round, I go to the sunset prayer-meeting, and then home to prepare our evening meal."

"Does not Geragos help you?"

"Perhaps he will have a fire in the little stove, when I get home, and perhaps not. We have a stove of sheet iron, with a hole in the top for a kettle, and I can do all my cooking there very nicely. We live very simply. Sometimes it is cracked wheat, with a little pemmican (prepared meat) to give it a relish, or a mixed soup. It does not take much time to get our food."

We did our talking as we went along, for I wanted Susie to know how Mariam lived and worked. Soon we came to Markareed's house. "We have come, Markareed," we said, "to hear you read, and see what progress you have made." She timidly brought out her primer, and spelled out the hard words, the easy ones she had learned to pronounce without spelling. We questioned her a little, and found that, with Mariam's explanation, she had quite a good idea of the simple story she read; but, she said, "Hanum (lady), it is very hard for me. If my husband did not encourage me, and say 'see how nicely teacher Mariam reads; she had to read the primer first,' I should give up, I know I should."

"You ought to be very thankful, Markareed, that your husband wants you to read. There are hundreds of women in this village whose husbands treat them no better than donkeys, and when they ask for a book they are told to shut their mouths, for a woman has no brains."

We left her with a song of gratitude on her lips, though her home looked so poor that all the

while we felt pity for her. Yet we know that all she needed was encouragment to help herself. Her husband, who has become a member of the Hoghi church, will by-and-by have as comfortable a home as Deacon Hobannes has.

I need not tell of many more of the visits which we paid. In some houses we were well received; in a few there was anything but welcome. One man was violent and abusive, saying they wanted no Protes (as they call Protestants) to stir up strife and make mischief, as the priests said they did. But, on the whole, we found that Mariam was regarded with respect and affection. In one house there was an old woman who said that all the young folk could read, but she could not. "I wish it had come in my day," she said, "but my old eyes can't see now. I can only listen, but I thank God every day that He has been so kind to my house. I thank Him for that blessed Bible that Kevook (her son) reads to us every night and morning."

"Do you think your son is better now that he reads the Bible?" I said.

"O yes, ma'am, we are all better. Mariam—the Lord bless her! is doing a good work here. I wish all my girls to read. They will be better women, and do more work as well."

Much more we might quote, but enough has been given to show both the difficulties and the encouragements of mission work in Armenia. In some districts the people have for months past been exposed to cruel persecutions,—a constant violation of treaty-rights which demands energetic remonstrance.

## THE PARABLE OF THE RIVER.

THE tiny sparkling cascades leapt joyfully from crag to crag; their waters flashed merrily in the sun; they babbled, as they went, in the gaiety of their hearts, rippling and dancing over every obstacle. Yet did they gather here and there into deep pools, where the shadows lay darkly brown, concealing all that rested beneath, and the rocks hung frowning above them, and the little silvery fish hid in the cool hollows. Then they emerged, laughing and sparkling once more, and ferns overarched their banks, and willows dipped long fingers into their coolness; and the broom and the bramble tossed wealth of golden and silver petals upon their bosom, while the brown, soft-furred water-rat watched them floating away in the warm sunshine.

The summer grew hotter, and dried up their springs. The waters shrank into their deepest channels, and the waste of muddy shallows became lovely with the tender blue of the forget-me-nots, over which the ivory white, feathery meadow-sweet bloomed.

The streams were down from the hillsides now, and flowing through the quiet meadows, where the grass was deep, and the daisies thick, and the buttercups gay. Cattle browsed upon the herbage, and strayed from it to stand knee-deep at noontide in the waters beneath the spreading trees. Little rural bridges spanned the river here and there—bridges of wood, with handrails, leading to cottage gardens, breathing spicy sweetness of stock and gillyflower and pinks; bridges of grey stone, studies for the artist, from the green and russet moss which dappled them, and the pretty ferns that fringed every crevice.

The little rivulet had grown into a thing of consequence to man. The occasional angler was replaced by busy people, who built villages upon its banks, and unloaded barges and boats freighted with goods for their use, and erected mills upon the margin of its waters. Many tiny streams fed it on this hand and on that, and it swelled and swelled into a mighty and powerful river of world-wide reputation, washing the walls of a great city, and a highway for vast multitudes, who thronged it for business and pleasure.

Two people came one quiet evening, and embarked upon it in a little shallop. He was young, she old. He was in his early prime, strong and enthusiastic for the struggles of life, full of energy and power, eager for the fray, and conscious of talents wherewith to be of service to his fellow-men. She was in the youth of old age, weary with much work, disheartened by many short-comings, depressed by the knowledge of failure after failure. He had brought her there to seek rest and refreshment of spirit, for he loved her, and divined the craving for peace in her tired soul.

The sun was high when they left the shore, and he took the oars, and bent his back to the task of rowing up the stream. The river was gay with many happy parties afloat upon it. Here was a set of young men in correct flannels, whose handling of their boat bespoke much practice at Eton or Oxford; there a crew of less practised youngsters, busier workers in a more humble rank of life, out to enjoy a rarer holiday.

Here came, puffing along, and creating a great wash on its course, a gay little steam-launch, its pretty white curtains laced and frilled and be-ribboned, its flag flying on the breeze, happy young voices pouring from its opened windows, and laughing girlish faces looking from out of them. The patient, elderly angler, alone in his punt, looked up crossly, as the splashing of their paddles disturbed his beloved sport, but his face was fain to smooth itself out again at the merry sight.

The house-boats were less noisy, and wore

rather a deserted air; but not the little tents, pitched upon the green banks, where fires were lighted by their sides, with gipsy kettles steaming suggestively over them, and children chased each other around, tumbling on the grass, and slender maidens in summer muslins filled their father's cup time after time with the fragrant tea, so good to him as coming from their loving hands.

Stately mansions were seen here and there, with avenues of branching trees casting shadows below, but catching golden light from the sinking sun upon their flickering upper foliage. Beyond them were smoothly-shaven lawns, brilliant with the gorgeous hues of geranium and verbena, of dahlia and hollyhock, and countless roses, crimson, pink, and pearly.

A rush of many waters seething and frothing over a weir, in snowy freshness, a quiet darkness of dank drip in a lock,—the wider river is abandoned for a narrower stream, where the flow is very still, and the trees dip into it on either hand.

He rested upon his oars, and, casting his hat down, pushed his hair from his brow.

"Mother," he said, "I love this river; it says so many things to me."

"I do not wonder that you do," replied she; "it is so soothing, so peaceful, so still. The heat and rush of life, its noise and bustle and excitement are banished by the calm of these quiet scenes, and the sense of continuance and perpetuity around them."

"It is not exactly the lull which speaks restfully," said he, "but the force and power held in check. The quiet is very restful certainly, but it is not the sort of quiet which induces languor, or dreamy, inglorious ease. Beneath this quiet there is such strength. There is a purpose in the way by which the water goes, day and night, summer and winter, early and late, upon its own course, stayed by no obstacle, hindered by no impediment. It winds around one, it rushes headlong over another, and persists with the same calm regularity after all."

"And it has been doing so for ages, while we have only been fretting our little hour upon the world's stage," continued she. "It was doing so for countless years before we appeared upon it, and will continue to do so after we have made our exit. It makes one half-ashamed in its quiet persistence of our foolish beating of the wings against the bars of our cage, and impatience with troubles that are but for a moment. The sea is certain to be reached sooner or later; it is not very far off after all. But the river is unsympathetic, my dear. It only soothes, it does not help."

"Nature is never unsympathetic to me," said the stronger heart. "It only speaks in silence, and we need to read between the lines. This river gathers its forces upon mountain heights, but they must come down before they are of much use to man. When it has drawn into its bosom the depth of many waters—when it knows where it is going, and what its errand is—it follows the course laid out for it unswervingly, with a firmness of purpose which sweeps away all hindrances in its path, if it cannot move around or over them. It keeps its own secrets hid deep down in its inmost recesses, and troubles no one with them; but it carries on its surface beauty to delight the souls of men, verdure and fertility for the land; and a force and regularity of eminent service where it is employed and adapted to use. It never refuses its aid when sought. Its springs are fed by rains and snows, certainly. Call them tears and chill experience if you will, they come straight from heaven; and, without them, the river would have no power or value, it would never bring with it the beauty which makes glad the heart of man, the strength to assist him in his work, or the word of soothing and help in his weariness."

The eyes of the elder and frailer spirit looked sadly yet proudly upon the enthusiasm of this strong young manhood. Yes, he was right. If he had the poet's soul, if he had a message to be given at any time to his fellows, it could never reach and touch their hearts unless he entered life through the gate of suffering, unless he had experienced pain, and knew of what he spoke. Were he ever to stand among that great and mighty multitude who serve God day and night, and who are led by the Lamb to the fountains of living waters, it must be by passing through great tribulation.

But, oh! that her darling might ever feel the strength and purpose in the river, nor yearn for its peace!

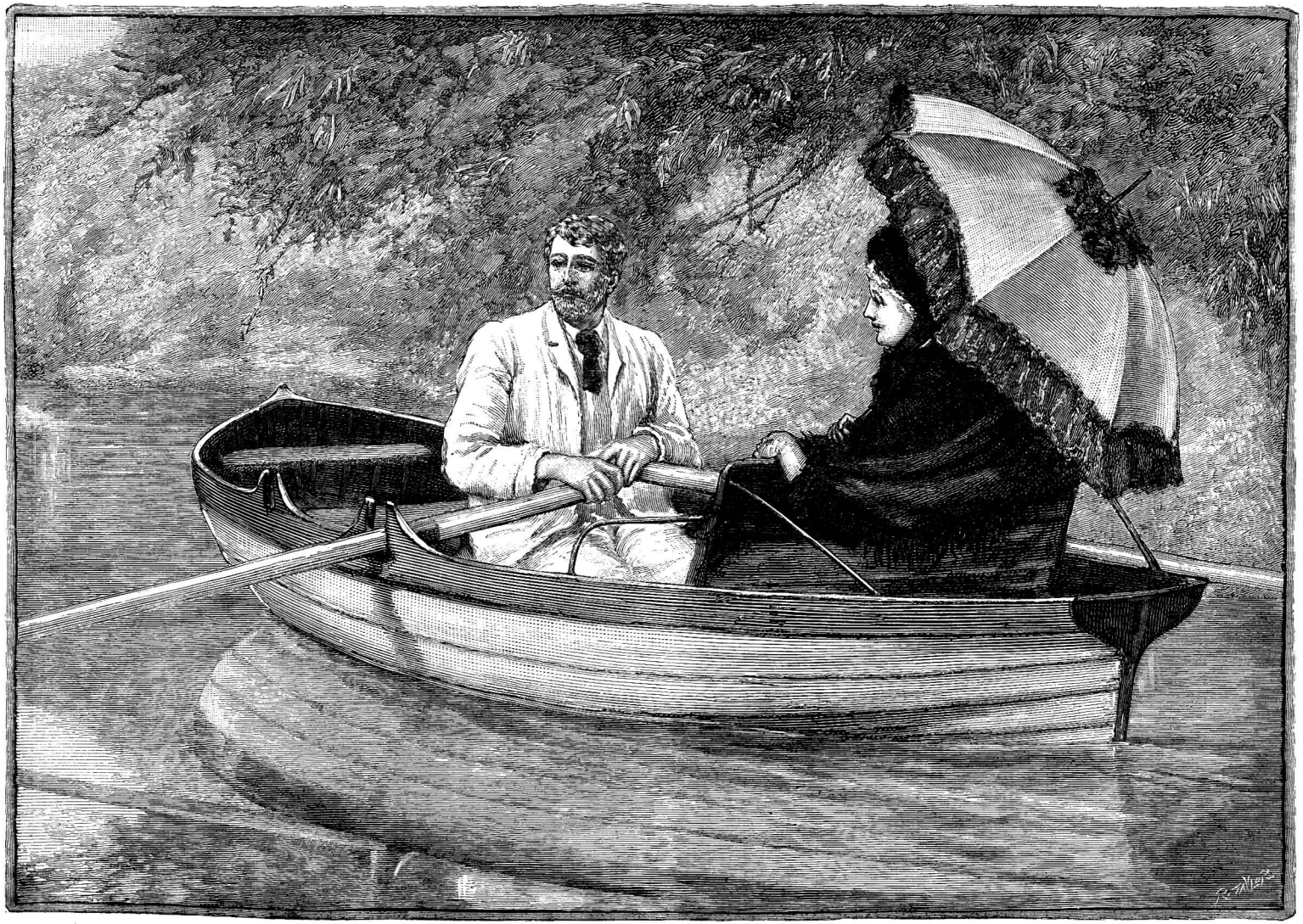
They were dropping down the stream now; the lock and the weir were passed; and they had emerged upon the broad expanse of water.

The pleasure-seekers were gone, the sun had sunk, the sparkle of the wavelets was changed into long lines of soft grey, and there were dusky shadows where trees overhung the pellucid depths. Two snow-white graceful swans, and their family of half-grown cygnets came floating by in dignified beauty, breaking the dark stretches of translucent shade, and emerging from them into the long line of silvery light cast by the moon.

Upon one side little flecks of rosy clouds still lingered above the pale gold fast fading into haze where the sun had set; upon the other the moon had risen, nearly at its full, and the evening star was reflected with it upon the river.

The hum of insects, the voices of the crowd, the sweet shrill note of the swallows on the wing, wheeling by, were all stilled; but the church bells sounded peacefully, borne by the gentle breeze, and calling the faithful to prayer, as the gloaming fell.

N.



THE PARABLE OF THE RIVER.

# RECENT DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

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

V.

I SHALL now strive to bring before my readers a brief account of some important Jewish documents which confirm and illustrate the Christian faith, and the statements of its earliest champions. They have all been brought to light during the present century, while two of them have either appeared for the first time, or else been abundantly confirmed during our own time. I shall take them in the following order: (1) the Book of Enoch; (2) the Ascension of Isaiah; (3) the Book of Jubilees dealing in passing with some others which bear upon these leading works. I combine them simply because their discovery has been more or less connected with the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches, of which previous articles have told so much.

I take first of all the Book of Enoch, because its discovery was earliest in point of time, and its contents bear most nearly and directly upon the New Testament.

The Epistle of Jude, in the fourteenth and fifteenth verses, contains the following well-known words: "Enoch also the seventh from Adam prophesied of these, saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him." These words constituted a great difficulty to many Protestant Commentators at the time of the Reformation. They were then involved in controversy with the Church of Rome concerning the canon of Scripture and its supreme authority as the written rule of faith; the Reformers were unwilling to allow that the Scriptures made any references save to inspired documents.

The strain of controversy, however, leads men—as in this case—to take up untenable positions; for surely a wider study would have shown them that St. Paul did not hesitate to quote Greek poets and moralists when it suited his purpose. Calvin, for instance, was a commentator upon Scripture whose keen and pregnant remarks, clothed in his vigorous Latin, will still repay study. He will not, however, allow that the Apostle St. Jude here quotes from an apocryphal book; but thinks that he is citing an unwritten prophecy transmitted by tradition from Enoch's time. The Reformers were diligent students of Holy Scripture; but they did not possess the manifold helps which modern travel and discovery have placed within our reach. They effected, however, one great work towards the more perfect understanding of God's Word. They turned men's attention to the study of Greek, which, prior to the Reformation, had practically been an unknown language in Western Europe.

The Reformers passed away, and the second generation of Protestants had time to apply themselves to the study of Greek Christian antiquity. Casaubon—to whose writings I made a brief reference in last month's article—was the greatest Greek scholar of his age, and at the same time a devout Christian layman. He studied the Greek writers during the early centuries of Christianity, and led others to do the same; and then for the first time men were assured of the fact that the Book of Enoch was extant and well-known in the Eastern Church till the eighth century of our era.

From that date it vanished from men's sight till the time of George III., when our own countryman, the great traveller Bruce, brought back three copies from Abyssinia, where it had lain concealed all through the thousand years which elapsed from the period of its disappearance, being counted by the semi-Jewish, semi-Christian Church of that land a portion of the Old Testament canon.

Here let us pause to remark this simple fact that the Ethiopic Church counts this Book of Enoch a portion of the Old Testament canon as an interesting illustration of the standstill, the intensely conservative character of that church. No other church in the world has ever ascribed this position to the Book of Enoch.

The great expositors of the fourth and fifth centuries, Jerome and Augustine, agree in its apocryphal character. St. Jerome has, however, wider views than Calvin concerning the sacred writers. He finds no difficulty in St. Jude quoting an apocryphal book, and describing it as a prophecy; for did not St. Paul when writing to Titus quote Epimenides, a pagan poet of note, and call him a prophet too. Yet in the second and third centuries one great African writer held quite a different view. Tertullian is not daunted because the Jewish Church has never received the Book of Enoch into its canon. He sees very good reason for its exclusion by the Jews in the clear testimony it bore to the person and work of the Messiah, and therefore in his treatise on "Female Dress," he maintains the authenticity and inspiration of this book, a view which may have penetrated by some unknown channel to Abyssinia, leading to the addition of this apocryphal work to the Old Testament canon as held by the Ethiopian church.

The curious work thus recovered for Western Christendom seems to have excited very little interest at the time of its discovery. The attention of the nation at the end of the last century was so completely concentrated on foreign affairs that the most wondrous discoveries made no impression. "Pistis Sophia," the one extant

work of Gnosticism, lay, as I have shown in one of these papers, for half a century unnoticed on the shelves of the British Museum; and the Book of Enoch lay for fifty years in the Bodleian library in a similar plight, till Dr. Henry Lawrence, the Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Cashel, published it in the year 1821. And there in the second chapter of the Book we find the prophecy which St. Jude quotes, translated by Lawrence out of the Ethiopic in the following manner: "Behold, He comes with ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment upon them, and destroy the wicked, and reprove all the carnal for everything which the sinful and ungodly have done and committed against Him!" These words, indeed, are not exactly the same as those I have already quoted from St. Jude. They are, however, substantially the same, and identical in sense. We must remember, too, that the Book of Enoch was originally composed in Hebrew, possibly in that shape St. Jude knew it; then it was translated into Greek, whence it made its way, perhaps, through Coptic into the Ethiopic language from which Lawrence made his translation. After so many changes, it is wondrous to find St. Jude's quotation so accurately preserved.

A few words may now be devoted to a description of this rare book. It was composed about a century before our Lord's birth, and was, broadly speaking, about two hundred years old when St. Jude quoted it. It contains one hundred and five chapters, which deal with two great subjects: first, with the primitive history and corruption of mankind by means of the fallen angels, including a very full and minute account of their place of punishment, a story which comes down to the days of Noah and the time of the flood; and secondly, with the Messiah, His future Kingdom, the general judgment, the blessedness of the righteous, and the punishment of the wicked. It evidently made considerable use of the Book of Daniel, as the following verse, which I quote from the forty-sixth chapter, will at once show: "There I beheld the Ancient of Days, whose head was like white wool, and with him another whose countenance resembled that of man. His countenance was full of peace, like that of one of the holy angels. Then I enquired of one of the angels who went with me, and who showed me every secret thing concerning this Son of man; who He was, whence He was, and why He accompanied the Ancient of Days." This passage which is clearly based on Daniel vii. 9 and 13, where we read: "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before Him." Such is the Book of Enoch, which in the providence of God came to light in this century to illustrate the Epistle of Jude. It bears, however, a far more important witness to the Christian faith, to which I shall call attention when I have considered the story of two similar Jewish treatises dating from the same epoch, the century or two immediately preceding the incarnation of our blessed Lord.

The second document with which I deal is the Ascension of Isaiah, a book which is much less known, and yet is probably referred to by one of the writers of the New Testament. This book also came from Abyssinia, and was first published in the early part of this century by the same Dr. Laurence to whom we owe the Book of Enoch. The text received fresh illustrations some twenty-three years ago, when the English army, led by Lord Napier of Magdala, invaded Abyssinia, bringing back a large quantity of manuscripts which were placed in the British Museum under the title Collectio Magdalensis. Among these were two copies of the Ascension of Isaiah which have enabled a superior text of the work to be published.

And now, my readers may ask, what is the Ascension of Isaiah? It is an apocalyptic work of the same type as the Book of Enoch. It consists of eleven chapters, the first five of which set forth the narrative of Isaiah's persecution and martyrdom at the hands of Manasseh, who ordered him to be sawn asunder with a wooden saw. The remaining six chapters describe the Ascension of Isaiah into heaven, and tell what he saw in each of the seven heavens through which he passed. The first part of the book was a Jewish work, and is probably the source of the statement in the thirty-seventh verse of the eleventh of Hebrews: "They were sawn asunder." The second part of the book was evidently the production of a Christian working up Jewish materials and making them suitable for Christian use and study.

This Ascension of Isaiah was quoted or referred to by several early Christian writers,—by Justin Martyr, Tertullian and Origen—but disappeared from the knowledge of the church after the fifth century—the period of St. Jerome.

With this Ascension of Isaiah and its recovery, I class another work to which St. Jude, and Peter, in his second epistle, probably refer. St. Peter (ii. 11), describes a class of people who indulged themselves in unlicensed speech and "are not afraid to speak evil of dignities," contrasting with them the conduct of the heavenly inhabitants, "whereas angels which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusations against them before the Lord"; a passage which is given in a more expanded shape in St. Jude's epistle which seems to have been before St. Peter when writing his second epistle. In the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of Jude, we read: "Likewise also these filthy dreamers defile the flesh, despise dominion and speak evil of dignities. Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee. But these speak evil of those things which they know not."

This passage also gave Calvin considerable trouble. Some thought it was derived from an

apocryphal book, but this he would not admit, preferring to regard it as a historical fact transmitted traditionally among the Jews. Modern investigation among manuscripts has, however, brought the work to light from which St. Jude and St. Peter quoted. The Assumption of Moses was a work in circulation among the Jews at the time of the Christian era. It was well known and often quoted by learned Christians of the earlier ages, as by Clement of Alexandria and by Origen, the great biblical critic of Alexandria. Like the rest of the works, with which this article deals, it disappeared in the middle ages till the year 1861, when an Italian scholar, Ceriani, discovered a large fragment of it in a Latin version in a palimpsest—that is, a manuscript where the original text was erased and quite a different one written over—in the Ambrosian library of Milan.[1] This Assumption of Moses was an apocalyptic book and consisted of a series of visions like most of the Jewish religious literature of its period. It must have been a book of considerable size, as Nicephorus, a literary Greek patriarch of the ninth century, tells us it was the size of the Revelation of St. John. The portion recovered by Ceriani does not amount to more than one-third of the original, and the recovered fragment breaks off before the account of the death of Moses is reached, so that we do not find in it St. Jude's quotation, but there is no doubt in the minds of the most orthodox scholars that in this Jewish book thus long lost and thus accidentally found, we have the source of the quotations made by St. Peter and St. Jude.

## JOTTINGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

SUBSTITUTION:— A Kevori man turned up at a grand meeting of warriors at Lese, in New Guinea, where the Motumotu tribe was assembled. The majority, on seeing the stranger, were for killing him. He said, "I am a Kevori man; kill me, if you wish." At this, Semese, chief of the Motumotu tribe, said; "No; he shall not die, for I have promised my white son "Tamate" (Rev. J. Chalmers) that there shall be peace all along the coast; and peace there shall be. Approaching the stranger, he took off his own ornaments and placed them—including the headdress—on him. Semese then donned the few adornments of the Kevori man, even to his netted bag (kiapa). Now said the old warrior chief, "You are Semese; I am the Kevori man. Go at once, and in safety." In this way the stranger escaped certain death.

Is not this a faint image of what our blessed Lord is doing for us? He "made Himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant."

"THOU SHALT NOT."— When a New Guinea chief finds that his tribe is bent on murdering his friends, he leaves his home in order to lay his spear and shield across the path leading to the village, and then silently returns. His friends, on arriving at the spot and seeing the spear and shield, at once understand that it would be death to advance, this being an ancient custom.

Even so God in love to man lay down His holy law, that we may avoid the path of death.

ISAIAH lxi. 10.—Phinehaza descanting on "the garments of salvation" impassionately exclaimed: "The warmest garment (*tikoru*) in all the world is that bestowed by Jesus on His friends." (In the olden time clothing was worn only for warmth).

AN ANCIENT PROVERB APPLIED.— "The eyes of many may be blinded by the dust that one man can beat out of a mass of cocoa-nut fibre" (intended for the platting of sinnett). Even so, remarked Tekovi when expounding Joshua vii, Achan's covetous heart occasioned the destruction of many in Israel who knew nothing about his sin.

CLINGING TO CHRIST.— A deacon prayed that we "might cleave to Christ as closely as the valves of the *kaî* mollusk adhere to each other when touched by a foe." This simile is often used in preaching.

This *kaî* is the *Asaphis deflorata*, Lin., one of the most common bivalves in the Hervey Group. It is impossible to force open the upper edges with a knife; the shell, strong though it be, will break first. It is needful then to insert the point of the knife into the side aperture through which the byssus—by which it attaches itself to the sea-weed or coral—protrudes.

"Jesus died a sin-offering on our behalf. Let us all cling to His cross as *bats* do to their favourite tree; fathers, mothers, children—none absent." (I have seen a living rope, of great length, of bats suspended from a stout branch of a *Casuarina* growing over a fearful precipice—a most favourable position for taking to the air.)

SHADE.—The unconverted are often invited to "come and sit in the shadow of the cross." How grateful is shade in the glare of a tropical sun!

CANTICLES i. 3.— The name of Jesus, said Itio, is like the odour of the screw-pine in blossom; the whole neighbourhood is filled with its fragrance.

PRAYER FOR A MISSIONARY.—"May he live to crawl on hands and feet by the aid of cocoa-nut[1] shells."

It is customary for very aged people in the South Sea Islands, when incapable of standing or walking, to have half-shells of the cocoa-nut fastened to the hands and naked feet by strips of hibisicus bark, to protect them as they move slowly over the snowy pebbles and broken coral surrounding a native dwelling. To attain to this is considered to be a consummation greatly to be desired.

W. W. G.

[1] The disappearance of these apocryphal books from Western Europe was largely due to a papal decree made about the year 500, which described a long list and ordered their destruction. The Eastern Church had no centralised authority like the papacy, and therefore they lingered longer in her free atmosphere. The ancient Celtic Church of Ireland alone in the west seems to have dared to preserve some of these apocryphal works. The "Book of Adam and Eve," also discovered a few years ago in Abyssinia, seems quoted in "Saltair Na Rann," a series of Irish biblical poems of the eleventh century, lately published at Oxford. See "Ireland and the Celtic Church," pp. 188, 216.

[1] Kia ara ipu i te nooanga i te enua nei.

# RAYNHAM FARM.

CHAPTER IV.

T was twilight there already, and in some parts of the room above, but Tom's quick eye caught sight of the rule almost at once, and he managed to pocket it unobserved. Then, his heart beating more quickly as he saw his unkind scheme on the verge of success, he drew a box of matches from his pocket and began striking them one by one to light up the dark corners of the room, always managing to get nearer to the door.

At last when his cousins were searching another part he sprang outside the door, unintentionally dropping the matches as he did so, and in a moment more he had securely bolted it from the outside.

Then, as a cry of alarm came from within, he called out tauntingly, "I've got it, thank you, but it won't hurt you to stay there a trifle longer, I'll come and let you out when I'm ready and that wont be just yet."

"Oh, Tom, Tom, you can't mean to leave us here," cried Caryl, "please let me out for Hugh's sake, he mustn't stay here in the cold. Besides, what will uncle say?"

"He won't know, for he isn't coming back till late tea and it won't pay you to tell tales of me when he does come.

"You can pass the time looking for the buried money, you're quite poor enough to make it worth while," and with this last cruel speech he rushed down the stairs and put the pauel again in its place, effectually shutting out all sound from the far-off room.

Then he went to the front door and looked out.

There was no rain now, but the wind was rising and moaning, and the clouds were sweeping fast before it, while the distant rush of the river filled up every pause in the gale.

"It will be flood's head in another half hour," he muttered to himself "and but for them I should have been off long ago. If it wasn't for the chance of being found out, I'd give them till tea-time, there."

But though he spoke lightly to himself of what he had done, conscience was busy at work within, and the plea, "For Hugh's sake," still rang in his ears, though he could hear no sound through the house but the wind.

Still he nursed his anger with the determination to give them half an hour anyhow, when suddenly down the drive came his two schoolboy companions, breathless and excited with running.

"Tom, Tom," they shouted, "Why aren't you ready?" Then in a lower tone, "Come on, lad, we've got a proper boat at the cliff, and for once we'll meet flood's head in famous style."

"Can't come? Nonsense, we're depending on you; and there's no time to be lost, what's to hinder?"

"Here's your cap, we're in luck's way to get Jim's boat for an hour, at a low price too. Come along."

The temptation to join them was very great and Tom's feeble scruples were soon overcome.

In spite of his father's command he started hurriedly with them, forgetting the secret room and his imprisoned cousins altogether in the excitement.

When he did remember, them they were half way to the cliff, and though he made some excuse about wanting to run back again just for a minute, his companions would not listen.

"You're touched with the white feather this afternoon, Tom, that's a fact," said Norris, who was older than Tom in years and older in mischief too. "If we go back now we shall lose our chance."

And Tom who had all a schoolboy's dread of being thought cowardly, said no more.

Under the cliff lay the boat, a sturdy little craft, meant for work rather than pleasure, and there too were the oars. All the boys could row and all in past days had known the intense delight and excitement of going out to meet "the head," as the first inrush of the tide was called, but never before had they dared it with such a strong wind blowing, and probably each felt some secret misgiving as they pushed the boat through the slippery sand where the morning tide had been.

With difficulty they pushed off, but when once at the oars their fears vanished, and slowly but surely the boat went down the river.

It was hard work, and home was still in sight when a hoarse murmur in the distance, growing louder every moment, told of the advancing tide.

Far away, down the curving bank, they could see the line of silver hastening on and the great head lifting itself above the mass of waters, pausing never a moment in its rapid journey. Grasping the oars firmly, in breathless silence the boys waited.

Stretched out before the mighty incoming wave were long reaches of yellow sand and pools of comparatively still water, behind it the channel was full from shore to shore, and the river was like a sea in the noise and tumult of the water.

Suddenly the wave reached them, and, lifted bodily on its crest, the boat staggered for a moment and then plunged forward.

"All right," shouted Norris, dashing the spray from his face, "keep her head right, Tom, that was a splendid roller. But we mustn't let her go ahead too much or there will be no getting back to the cliff again."

Standing up in his excitement, Tom was unprepared for the sudden gust of wind that swept down upon the boat, driving her towards the shore. Just at this point a gnarled old oak, that had withstood the storms of generations, hung over the bank, and the wave driving the boat headlong and sweeping over the bank in a way the boys had never seen before, hurled them under the tree, and a drooping bough caught Tom.

Another moment and he was struggling in the water while the boat dashed helplessly on, Harvey, in his fright, dropping the oar he held.

"Oh, save me, save me, come back for me!" cried Tom, clinging with all his might to the bough.

"We can't turn her," shouted Norris, screaming for help at the same time, and struggling with his one oar to face the tide. But there was no one to hear their cries and the boat was hurried on with the stream.

"Hold on, Tom, we'll get help somehow, try to climb up higher till we can get to you."

There was no need to caution him, for it was a grip for

life and he knew it, and slowly, little by little, with desperate determination he swung himself upon the bough. His feats of climbing stood him in good stead now, and presently he found himself in a comparatively safe place, high up in the tree. But cold and wet and exhausted as he was, it seemed only a respite from death.

A thousand hopes and fears flashed through his mind as he shivered in his strange refuge. Would the others get to shore and send help at once to him?

Or would they miss him at home and bring out a search party? But as he remembered how unlikely it was that they would search here for him, or even miss him till later in the evening, his courage quite gave way, and remembering too his last unkindness then, he saw how certainly punishment had fallen upon his own head.

Straining his eyes he could still discern the house in the distance, the light of a stormy sunset shining on its many windows, and he could see too that the waters were rising still higher and higher between, flooding field and meadows and covering hedges and low-lying bushes.

Never had he seen such a sea of water before, and he grew more and more afraid.

He shouted often, but there was no answer except the mournful call of the sea-birds flitting about in the storm and the wild mourning of the wind.

And then, as the minutes passed and he felt how impossible it would be to keep his place during the cold and darkness of the night, all his selfishness and disobedience and all the sin and misery caused by his jealous, passionate temper seemed to pass before him. Alone then with the storm and with God, and close as it seemed to death, he saw himself as he really was, and with a bitter cry he sobbed, "Oh God, forgive me, forgive and save me for Christ's sake!"

It was only a little prayer, but it was heard and remembered in heaven, and gradually Tom grew calm again, though the twilight was coming on and the boat had long since drifted out of sight.

The thought of Hugh and Caryl still shut up probably in the secret room, gave him most unhappiness, though he would gladly have shared their dreary imprisonment, in preference to his own.

Presently he grew too cold and tired to think at all, and all the wrong doing of the day, and misery of the night seemed blending together in one confused dream when he fancied he heard voices in the distance, and making one last effort shouted again with all his might.

And after that he remembered no more.

## Winter-Song for Children:

DURING THE SNOW-STORM, FEBRUARY 10–12.

I BLESS the God of Winter,
Who spreads the fleecy snow,
To guard the tender seed-corn,
And make it fruitful grow;
The nipping frost and east wind
To dry and break the soil,
Prepared for plough and harrow,
And ease the farmer's toil.

How beautiful the branches,
The trees more clearly seen,
In firm and graceful structure
Than hid in leafy screen:
The smiling moss and ivy
'Mid raging storms the same,
True type of faithful friendship,
Unchanged by loss and shame.

How pure the silver edging
Of bud and twig and spray,
How bright the jewels flashing
Brief gleams of winter's day—
Hark how dear robin redbreast
Pours forth his cheerful lays,
And teaches, e'en in trouble,
To sing our Father's praise.

Be with me, Lord, in sorrow—
May all things work for good—
The tempest speed me homeward,
The frost provide me food;
May soundness grow from sickness,
And holy mirth from mist,
And fruits and flowers be fairer
On fields the clouds have kissed.

Help me in every season—
In Summer, Autumn, Spring—
And when the nights are longest
Thy constant praise to sing;
Help me to see the beauty
That decks the darkest hour,
And in Thy care confiding
Extol Thy love and power.

NEWMAN HALL.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.

The initials will give a command of our Lord's.

1. He was anointed a prophet.
2. A proselyte of Antioch.
3. A daughter of Leah.
4. The father of one whom the Lord filled with wisdom to do all sorts of skilled workmanship.
5. His son commanded his brethren to drink no wine.
6. He was slain by the men of Gath.
7. Job prayed that he might be tried in this way.
8. A son who was born to Abram when he was eighty-six years of age.
9. One who was half a Greek, but beloved by Paul.
10. A descendant of Canaan, of the generations of Noah.
11. A religious festival. It also means fiftieth.
12. The founder of a great nation.
13. A Sea named after Tiberius.
14. He gave his life, yet saved it.
15. In the genealogy of Christ he comes after Achim.
16. Where Christ raised one from the dead.
17. A place Paul visited, and where he not only preached but also maintained himself by his trade.
18. This place was visited by Christ after His resurrection.

## ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. VII.—P. 558.—SAUL AND DAVID.

(1) 1 Sam. ix. 2; xvi. 12; (2) ix. 21; xvi. 11; (3) no record; (4) 1 Sam. x. 1; 2 Sam. v. 3; (5) 1 Sam. xiv. 47, 48, 1 Chron. xxii. 8; (6) 1 Sam. xi. 12, 13; 2 Sam. xix. 21, 22; (7) 1 Sam. xv. 17–23; 2 Sam. xii. 7; (8) 1 Sam. xiv. 35; 2 Sam. xxiv. 25; (9) 1 Sam. x. 6, 10; xvi. 13; (10) ix. 6–10; xix. 18; (11) 1 xv. 26; 2 Sam. v. 12.

# Monthly Religious Record.

AT the Convocation of Canterbury, a Report was presented of the joint Committees of both Houses on organisations to reach the masses. This Report suggested a new organisation in the shape of brotherhoods. The bishops confined their action upon it to requesting the Lower House to take its recommendations into consideration. Accordingly Archdeacon Farrar moved the adoption of the first recommendation, to the effect that "the time had come when the church could with advantage avail herself of the voluntary self-devotion of brotherhoods, both clerical and lay, the members of which would be willing to labour in the service of the church, without appealing for funds to any form of public support." The Lower House unanimously affirmed this proposition and adjourned further debate on the Report until their next meeting. This suggestion can surprise no one who has watched the growth of sisterhoods in recent years. Moreover, so much has been recently said, whether wisely or not, as to the expediency of employing more celebates in the mission field that it was to be expected the question would emerge in relation to the churches at home. It is remarkable that it should come under simultaneous discussion, though under different guises, at two almost opposite poles of activity. But already the suggestion of Convocation has aroused much opposition. Thus Sir S. Arthur Blackwood objects that "such a recommendation—the establishment of a new order of clergy, bound by vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience—is alarming in the highest degree. These vows are, it is true, to be dispensable by episcopal authority. But the committee ominously add an expression that their belief that 'such temporary or dispensable vows would often become lifelong by voluntary and constant renewal of them.' What! Are we to have the land flooded with monks again? God forbid. Let our voices be uplifted in protest, let meetings for resistance to such a scheme be organized, let the new Society—if it wishes to save the Church of England from ruin—at once declare itself against such a revival of monasticism."

THERE are, however, ways of utilising the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion without the risk of vows. It must never be forgotten that there are already many men and women who have given themselves for Christ's sake to lives which involve poverty, and the loss of ease and many family pleasures. The disposition to find new channels of usefulness and adopt new methods of activity is one of the characteristics of the time. Thus, we hear of a Methodist Hall to be founded in Bermondsey, on the south side of the Thames, somewhat similar in aims to Toynbee Hall and the Oxford University House already at work in the east of London. The suggestion originated amongst the Wesleyan undergraduates at Cambridge, and their friends, and was brought before the recent Conference, which approved the scheme, by Dr. Moulton of the Leys' School. The necessary funds have already been guaranteed for six years. Nor was this the only indication of the desire shown by the Conference to adapt its agencies to the needs of the day. It has recognised the advantage of loosening the old bonds, in the success which has attended its home missionary efforts in London and other cities. This year it has released the Rev. Thomas Champness from "circuit" work that he may continue to direct the band of village evangelists whom he has brought into the field. He has for some time past had his head-quarters at Rochdale, and has now seventy or eighty young men under his care. These have been trained from among the people, and it is not to be supposed that the proceedings of such a body have always escaped criticism. But it is understood that he will employ them at home and abroad in harmony with connexional rules, and under the supervision of the ministers in whose churches they may labour, and will support himself from the revenues resulting from the sale of his papers and publications. Thus innovations abound on every side.

THE Wesleyan Conference met this year at Sheffield, under the presidency of the Rev. Charles H. Kelly. The statistics of members in Great Britain give a total for the year of 454,903, including those "on trial." There is an increase of over 5,000 in the full membership. In junior society classes there are 69,887. The basis of church membership was again discussed, on the report of the committee appointed last year to consider it. They express sympathy with those godly persons who do not choose to meet in "class," but say they are unable to recommend the relaxing of the old conditions. There is a strong division of opinion on the subject. The question in reality remains where it has been for some years past.

Among many matters of more than usual interest was a debate on some of the questions raised in the recent controversy on missions. A letter from the Wesleyan missionaries in Madras complained of articles which had appeared in the *Methodist Times* imputing luxurious living to them. In remonstrance they now asked that the charges thus made should be withdrawn if not substantiated, or if snbstantiated that they should themselves be recalled. This letter was referred to a committee. In their report this committee, after some prefatory comments, recommended the Conference to send to the missionaries the assurance of its full confidence in their Christian character, and the principles and spirit manifested in their work; to declare its persuasion that they do not live in babits of self-indulgence; and to convey its recognition of their readiness to assist in the economical administration of the society. The adoption of the report having been moved by Rev. G. S. Rowe, and seconded by Rev. Dr. Jenkins, a long and animated discussion ensued. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in defending the writer of the articles, said if they could be proved wrong, they would cheerfully and publicly admit it. They never accused their brethren of personal indulgence or any desire to live in luxury. In the conclusion the report was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

DR. MURDOCH, whose labours to create and spread a Christian literature in India are well known, has published a small pamphlet on the subject (Pardon) as "An Appeal to Missionary Committees and Indian Missionaries." In view of the objections recently urged against educational missions, some of his statements have especial interest. Thus, he points out that while before the establishment of the Indian universities, missionary colleges might teach any subjects they pleased, now the all-absorbing desire of the students is to pass the prescribed examinations. As religious instruction does not directly conduce to this, many of the students regard it as a waste of time. "However much the professors may be desirous of imparting Christian truth, university subjects must have great attention or missionary colleges would be deserted. Nor is the evil confined to the higher education. Ordinary schools feel it through the influence of inspectors. There are fixed standards, and the tendency is to assimilate mission schools to government schools." From this state of things Dr. Murdoch argues that there is the more need why efforts should be made to influence those who have passed through the colleges and schools when the pressure of examinations has been removed. At no time in the history of India has there been a greater call for Christian literature. Yet, of three and a half million pupils, only about 200,000 are under missionary influence; nearly all others attend schools which are either secular, Hindu or Muhammedan. At the last census, the number able to read or under instruction amounted to about eleven millions; and it is estimated that the reading population must now be increasing at the rate of between one and two millions a year. Here is an ever-widening field of influence of which, it may be said, all Christendom needs to take more practical account. In addition, the growing native churches demand an increasing supply of Christian literature, both for their own edification, and to fit them

better for taking an active part in the great work of evangelisation. Dr. Murdoch takes a clear and comprehensive survey of the whole subject, and supplies many details by way of suggestion for future work.

THE Rev. Sidney J. Long, of the London Missionary Society, reports that there are signs of great awakening in Coimbatore, South India. He had had more inquirers during the previous two or three months than in the previous four and a half years. "Several of those whose hearts are stirred, and who are seeking the Saviour, are educated young men. But the enemies of Christ are active. There has been a great stir over the baptism of a young Brahman. To show their anger, some of the people publicly burnt copies of the Bible. The Bible has been prohibited in a college founded thirty years ago by a Christian official of the Indian Government."

THE Keswick Convention brought together a large gathering from many quarters. No rains could damp the ardour of those who attended. The great tent, which accommodates 2,500 people, was crowded morning, noon, and night. A large number of ministers of different denominations were present, and as many as ninety-five missionaries. Throughout the proceedings a oneness of sentiment was apparent. At the preliminary prayer-meeting, the Rev. G. C. Grubb gave an introductory address. At the early prayer-meeting the next day, Mr. Robert Wilson and Mr. Jacob spoke; on another day Pastor Theodore Monod; at the general meetings, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Fox, Mr. Moule, Mr. Haslam, Pastor Monod, Dr. Elder Cuming, and Mr. Meyer. One afternoon Mr. Gregson and Mr. Sloan answered questions sent up in writing. The early Bible readings were taken alternately by Mr. Hubert Brooke and Mr. Moule. At the missionary meeting Mr. Robert Wilson presided, and explained what he and his co-trustees propose regarding the money contributed. The funds raised will be appropriated to two objects; first, to sending out mission-preachers; and secondly, to sending evangelists to unevangelized districts. In pursuance of the former object, Mr. George Grubb goes this autumn again to Ceylon, and thence to Australia and New Zealand. In pursuance of the latter, two young laymen are to be sent to China. There appears to have been some difference of opinion as to the expediency of the latter plan, which some have supposed to involve the virtual establishment of a new society; but it was stated that the evangelists were intended to be purely pioneers, and that any converts God might give them would be advised to join the nearest native Christian community.

THE following passage has appeared in several missionary magazines as translated from the calendar of the Basle Missionary Society, and we transfer it as placing the possibilities of progress in the light of individual duty: "To get an idea of the greatness of the work of Missions by which the Gospel is to be preached to every creature, try to form a conception of what it means if, according to the lowest calculation, there are 1,400,000,000 human beings upon the earth. In order even to count a million one requires nearly eight and a half days, supposing one counts 60 every minute, and goes at it day and night without sleeping and without eating. In order, therefore, even to count those who are living on the earth at this moment, one would require more than thirty years. But our Missions have to preach the Gospel to all these millions. Supposing it were possible for a missionary to speak to a thousand heathen daily, it would take him a thousand years to preach to the people of China—say, 365,000,000—and yet that would be only the fourth part of the inhabitants of the world. This calculation is good and useful for the purpose of showing every missionary, and every separate missionary society, and all together, what a very small share they can contribute to the work of spreading the Gospel in the whole world; in other words it should serve to teach humility, temperance, and patience. But there is another calculation which is fitted to convey the very opposite impression. The poor return from missionary work is often complained of, and it is pointed out, sneeringly or sadly, that if it only makes progress as hitherto, it will be very long before the goal of Missions—the evangelisation of all nations—is reached. To show how utterly futile speculation as to the numerical results of missionary activity generally is, one has only to ask the mockers and doubters what they would consider a reasonable rate of missionary progress, and then to reckon how long it would take at this rate for the conversion of the world. It is certainly no excessive demand to expect that each living Christian should in the course of a year win or help to win for the Lord at least one unbeliever. To be quite moderate we shall suppose that there is only one true Christian in the world at the present time. It is not difficult to reckon how, granted these two conditions, the whole of mankind would be converted to Christianity in about thirty years. In the year 1886 suppose one true Christian. In the course of a year he gains one new soul for his Lord. In 1887 there are thus two. Each of the two wins in the course of this year another—two between them—and so on in the same proportion. That gives four in 1888; eight in 1889; 16 in 1890; then, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1,024, so that in ten years there would be more than 1,000 Christians; in another ten years, upwards of 1,000,000; in ten years more, 1,000,000,000. Every one perceives how absurd, spite of the seeming moderation of the conditions, and the correctness of the calculation, this whole speculation is. We learn from it, however, two things:—1st, That in spiritual matters and operations all statistics are as nothing beside that little word of Scripture—'The wind bloweth where it listeth;' and 2nd, That without doubt vast, mighty, rapid progress in the missionary sphere might be made if only each one were to do his duty, and to be faithful in that which is least."

THE evangelical churches of Belgium have recently celebrated the jubilee of their union. Some of these churches date from the Reformation, but it was not till 1839 that they received their synodal organisation, by a decree of the ministry, though some few had been recognised by the government at an earlier date. The present occasion brought together many representatives, as well as friends from abroad. Pastor Rochedieu, the President of the Synod, pronounced a discourse in which he recalled the origin of the union, and recounted its various works. He especially insisted on the importance of evangelisation. Amongst other speakers on subsequent days was Pastor Theodore Monod, who pleasantly spoke on Old Things and New, insisting on the necessity of the church's presenting the old things of the Gospel in the new form of a believing life. The commemoration was in every sense successful.

THE Bishop of Exeter has inaugurated a new departure in cathedral chapter life, by appointing to a residentiary canonry at Exeter a clergyman who undertakes to devote all the time that can be spared from cathedral duties to promoting interest in Foreign Missions throughout the diocese. The bishop had already arranged that one new canon appointed by him should give special attention to Education, and another to Home Missions; and the present step is a further development of the same scheme. The "missionary canon" will not be indentified with any society, but is instructed to promote the missionary cause as a whole.

THE main issues raised by the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln have yet to be tried. The preliminary point as to whether when the rubrics to the Communion Office require the "minister" to do this, or that they bind a bishop when he acts as "ministrant," was argued at much length. Sir Walter Phillimore contended that a bishop is not a minister within the meaning of the Acts. This objection was overruled by the court.

THE death of Dr. Bonar has removed one whose name was in all the churches. Born in 1808, fifty years have passed since, as the superintendent of a Sunday school, he began the hymn-writing by which he will be remembered. From Kelso he came to Edinburgh in 1866, to minister in the Chalmers' Memorial Church; and in 1883 he was elected to be Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church. He rendered many services to literature and religion; but these will be forgotten, while the tranquil faith and reverent hopefulness of his hymns will continue to speak. Great multitudes in many lands have found voice in them. It is noteworthy that some few have found place in Roman Catholic hymnals as well as in the Protestant collections of differing denominations. A full memoir of his earlier life, with portrait, will be found in the SUNDAY AT HOME for 1871.