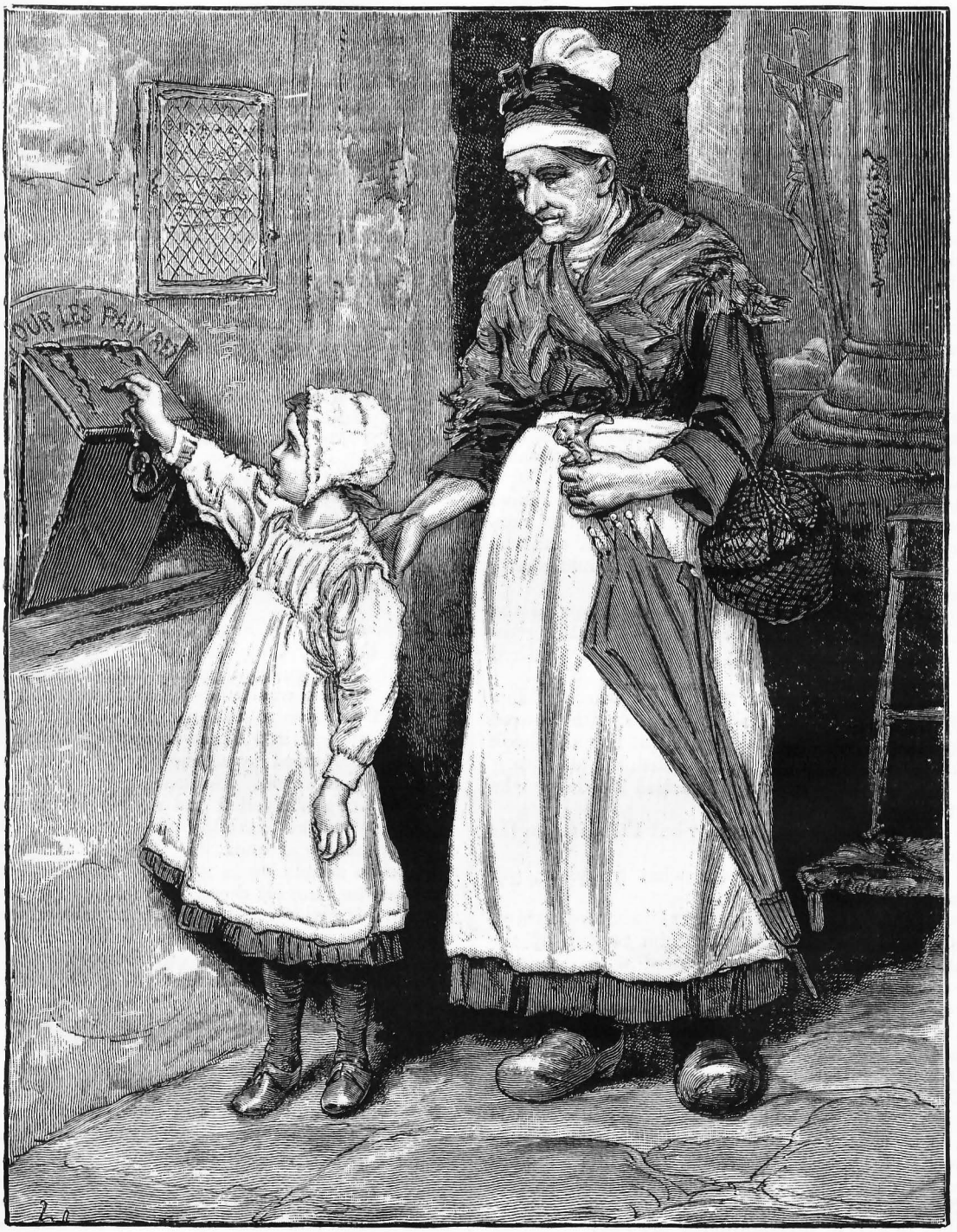
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



FOR THE POOR.

No. 1849.—OCTOBER 5, 1889.

"SINGING JOE."

BY MRS. COOPER.

CHAPTER I.

"Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give."—*Keble.*

THERE is always something inexpressibly touching to me in hearing a caged bird pouring out its heart in a burst of song. It may be hung on a wall that the sunbeams never touch, or in a hovel where there is smoke and noise, cold winds whistling through the chinks, and nothing on earth to sing about, we would say; and yet there it is! Its little throat swelling out, and its whole body thrilling with the vibration of its notes, perhaps no one listening, yet on it goes with its song, its soft trilling, its shrill whistle, its liquid shakes, its tender cadences, as if its little heart was just bursting with happiness.

I thought of this one day many years ago, when in my first curacy in the town of C——. I was passing through one of the worst little courts in the worst part of our town. A wretched, airless, sunless place it was, the houses so dilapidated and desolate-looking that you would have said no one lived in them but for the rags hanging on poles out of the windows, and the sound of voices quarrelling, now loud and sharp, now whimpering and grumbling.

An old man was sitting on the steps of the most tumble-down of these houses, mending an old kettle, while two or three children watched his operations.

I stopped to ask him if he knew where Widow Syms lived. He looked up at me with bleared eyes: "Eh?" I asked again, but he only shook his battered hat, and went on with his tap, tap.

Then the greed for gain seized the boys who stood around.

"He's deaf!" cried one, "but I'll show ye the place for a copper."

"I'll take ye there for what ye plaze, yer honour," grinned another.

"Take that, ye Irish beggar!" shouted a third, giving him a blow that sent him reeling off the steps. Then all of them roared with laughter, except the boy who had got the blow. He rushed on his enemy in a blaze of passion, and though I tried to separate them, they were soon rolling over each other, kicking and scratching like angry terriers. In a moment the door was flung back, and a woman in rags, with a dirty nightcap on her unkempt locks, ran out, seized one of the boys, cuffed and shook him till he roared for mercy; then allowing him to slink away, she collared the other, and pushed him before her into the house, crying out, "An' so they're at it again! murderin' my Pat!"

But her taste for cuffing seemed to be roused, and her Pat did not escape. She bestowed a shower of blows on him, now on this side, now on that, as if it were a ball she was trying to keep up, screaming at him all the time:

"An' what call had ye to fight wid the likes of them, ye unmannerly gossoon! Take that, an' that! an' that! to larn ye manners!"

She bundled the wretched boy into the house, and slammed the door. The other children had fled before the angry Irish woman, and there was no sound now but the tinker's hammer.

I was turning away sick at heart, when from a broken window just beside me, a sweet, pathetic voice rose—

"For mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?"

It was like the cool breath of the summer wind on a burning brow, the holy words ringing out clear into the little court where angry passions and noisy voices had been raging.

I had been bound for Widow Syms', but I could not resist going in to see where the voice came from.

I passed the old man still at his kettle, and opened the door that was shaking yet from the slam the woman had given it. The broken window I knew was on my right, and I knocked at the first door in the narrow passage. The singing stopped, and I heard a movement within, a step accompanied by a tapping. The door was opened by a youth. He looked about twenty. One leg hung shrivelled and useless beside him, and he supported himself by a crutch. But his face struck me at once. It was pale and worn, and had a simplicity in it that at first suggested that he was "not all there," as the country people say, an idea which further acquaintance entirely disproved. But the happiness in his face stood out prominent above every other expression.

He smiled at me so brightly I could not but smile back again as one does at a child, as I told him I had heard him singing, and that singing always attracted me, and I had come to make his acquaintance.

He looked so pleased, and immediately stumped to an old chair and brought it forward for my reception. But as I saw that the chair, like its owner, was very shaky on its legs, and needed the support of the wall, I took my seat on a box. The boy, at my request, sat down on a little bench and took up a shoe he had been mending. I thought he would be more at his ease if he went on with his work.

Then I looked round me.

It was a small room with one window, the broken pane of which had let out the hymn I had heard. There was little furniture. A small table, the invalided chair, the box on which I sat, and the bench on which he was sitting, was all. A bed was on the floor in one corner, consisting apparently of a bag of straw, and an old quilt or two. All was quite clean, but as poor as poor could be. Just behind where he sat there was an open door into a cupboard or closet. A few cups and plates on the mantel-board completed the inventory.

As my eyes came back from their tour of inspection, they fell upon a hymn-book on the bench beside him, kept open by an old iron spoon.

This suggested an opening to our conversation.

"You are fond of hymns?" I said; "that was a very nice one you were singing."

His face brightened.

"It just were a nice'un," he responded eagerly, "and it be a prime favourite with mother, so I sings it most days."

"Your mother?" I asked; "have you your mother with you?" The wonderful sweet smile spread all over his face, as he answered with a little bob of his head backward towards the open door behind him—

"Yes, oh yes! I has a mother—and a prime one she be. She did everythink for me till she broke her leg, and somehow it never mended, and she lies in there. She be a good'un, and no mistake!" he ended with an extra pull at his long thread, as if to emphasize his opinion.

"And she likes to hear you sing?"

"That she do! she says it nigh lifts her out of the bed up to the gate of heaven! She's likely drop' asleep now. She often do while I sings. It's a good thing too, the day be's long for her a-lying in there, and it do seem as if the dear Lord Hisself war a-hushin' of her to sleep."

"And how do you support her and yourself?" I asked, getting more and more interested in this wonderful specimen of rejoicing and singing out of the depths of poverty and lack of all visible causes for happiness or even content.

"I gets as much as I can do," he replied cheerfully. "The good Lord takes care of that, and folks is all extraordinary good to us. I sits here and just thinks over it all, and I gets so full, and then the singin' seems like to come of itself, just like the kettle when it boils up hearty, it comes out of the spout, so it do!" and he laughed out.

"Have you been long lame?" I asked.

"Oh, yess sir! it began when I war a little chap. My knee got hurted, and it went on and on till they wanted to take the leg off. But the good Lord didn't let 'em. He knew I'd rather keep it on bad as it war. And so it got better, only it shrank away, but the crutch is as good as a leg to me. That's another of my mercies, sir! A good lady got it made for me, and it takes me to the church as nice as ye please;" and he smiled up at me as if this were indeed the top stone of his happiness.

"Yes," he went on musingly, "folks is extraordinar' good. There's a woman now"—he was encouraged by my evident sympathy—"there's a woman as lives a bit out of the town, and takes in washing. Well, she washes for mother and me, and never a farthing do she take for it; and every Saturday reg'lar she sends a posy for me to go to church. There it be," he added, pointing with his awl to a broken cup with two pinks and a sprig of lavender in it. "And as often as not she sends a bit of home-made bread and a pat of butter in the basket with the duds, and a cabbage leaf over it, and the posy lyin' a-top just as if it war for the Queen or the Lord Mayor of Lunnon!"

He stitched away for a moment or two, as if that would be enough for me to take in at once, and then went on with a fresh start and a newly waxed thread—

"And if that warnt enough, there's that poor Irishwoman as lives in the back kitchen sends her Pat reg'lar for it, and won't take no pay. I offered him a ha'penny the first time, and says he, 'No,' says he, 'mother would break my head if I took it; but,' says he, 'let me in now and ag'in to hear ye sing, and keep your coppers.' And sure enough, he comes and sits while I go over them. And do you know, sir," he went on, looking up brightly, "he has learned to know about the good Lord from them hymns? I doubt he had scarce heard of Him before. He has terrible hot blood in him, and the mother has a terrible tongue, and a wonderful hand at the fightin'; but she'll come round too. She makes Pat go over the hymns he picks up, and the good Lord will bring her round."

And he murmured to himself—

"She only touched the hem of His garment."

"Do you know that hymn, sir?"

"Yes; will you sing it for me?"

He began at once, and sang the three verses, with the chorus after every verse; there was a ringing sweetness and pathos in his voice, and I thought, as I listened, that if this poor fellow had his health and strength, he might have rivalled the most famous singer, for all it wanted was power.

I was too much moved to speak when he stopped, but his thoughts were evidently entirely engrossed by the words, and he began again—

"That's all—just to touch the hem of His garment—the dear blessed Lord, He don't want nothing from us, and we get all, all from Him. 'And gladness filled her soul,' so it would—so it do!"

SOME INCIDENTS OF EVANGELISATION IN RUSSIA.[1]

I.

IN the year 1857, Madame de Peucker, the wife of a Russian general, came to Clarens, near Montreux, for the benefit of her health. She was very weak. She came with her only daughter, then an infant.

It was about Christmas. Curious to see what a Protestant service was like, she went into the Chapel of the Free Church, and there she heard a sermon by the pastor, Charles Cuénod, from Isaiah ix. 5, which arrested her. "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire."

She wrote down some of the discourse, and wished to let M. Cuénod know, for the purpose of getting his corrections. In order to accomplish this, she sent for him, and she became very much interested in his visits. Hitherto she had been but little acquainted with her Bible. In fact, she had only read detached portions in her books of devotion. She did not delay procuring a copy, and set about reading it with all the interest of a new discovery.

Two years afterwards, in 1859, Madame de Peucker, being at the baths of Lavey, made the acquaintance of a pastor, Alexis Reymond, who encouraged the growth of the good seed which M. Cuénod had sown, and had the joy of seeing it spring up, increase and develop by degrees.

She was thus mercifully prepared to support the great trial of widowhood which was soon to overtake her, and that too in the most unexpected and painful way.

Her husband was not able to leave his affairs in Russia for any length of time, but came occasionally to see her at the Tower of Peilz, near Vevey, where she had fixed her abode. He had just left her to return to Warsaw, when, in the summer of 1863, while he was taking a row on the Vistula with some friends, he was drowned by the capsizing of the boat. Several of the other occupants of the boat also perished, and among them General de Peucker.

What terrible news to communicate to his wife! M. Reymond, then pastor at Lausanne, was charged to break the tidings to her.

We can imagine the desolating effect: but the Christian consolations which M. Reymond was able to bring to her support in this great affliction, went to her heart with quite new force and power. She returned to Russia filled with a desire to make known there the Word of God, and to proclaim the good news of salvation through faith.

At that time everything was very dark in the great empire of the Czar. In the south some rays of light had emanated from the community of the Unitas Fratrum (Moravian Brothers). Groups of evangelical Christians had been formed up and down under the name of Stundists and Molokans; but in the north, at Petersburg and Moscow, there was a profound sleep as to religion. The German, English, and French evangelical congregations had not enough of life to produce a revival. Besides which, they existed quite apart from the orthodox Greek society. Subjected to every kind of restriction and prohibition, they could not exercise any influence over the people amongst whom they were only tolerated.

However, a movement was about to commence in the very pale of the Greek Church, a movement which in any other country would have awakened a Reformation. In Russia it had but little result.

The translation of the New Testament into the vernacular, which had commenced in 1863, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, had just been finished. A committee composed of priests and laymen had been appointed to preside over the important work of disseminating the Holy Scriptures among the people. M. Astafieff was the president. Madame de Peucker expected great things from the new Bible Society. Full of zeal for the advancement of the kingdom of God in her country, she set about the work at once. She was placed at the head of a band of colporteuses, or Bible women, whom she had for the most part chosen herself, and who, if they were ignorant, were at least animated with true piety. She was thus actively engaged in the dissemination of the Scriptures—in the winter, in the capital and round about; and in summer in the government of Vologda. The committee had also male colporteurs, who pushed their way farther into the interior.

At St. Petersburg the Bible women went everywhere from house to house, especially from one public-house to another, seeking to exercise a beneficent influence through the Gospel over the drunkard and other bad characters. They also sold their Bibles in the markets, in the barracks, in the streets, at the doors of churches, and even in the convents. Everywhere they were received with joy.

God alone knows how many souls were thus drawn from darkness and enlightened with the Light Divine. "The word of God is a two-edged sword." But along with the written Word, we must have the living voice of the Lord's messengers. This was what was wanted then in Russia.

Madame de Peucker did much—indeed, every-

[1] The following pages are in the main a translation from *Le Chrétien Evangelique*, of Lausanne, for which we are indebted to the Rev. F. D. Thompson.

thing which was in her power; but she was alone, and even the members of the committee did not sympathise with her in everything.

To the work of colportage she added house visitation and a free school for the children of a poor quarter. Her daughter devoted herself to this school, giving Bible instruction herself. But Madame de Peucker's principal work was that of editing a popular and religious journal, after the model of the *British Workman* and *L'Ami de la Maison*, the only one of its kind published in Russia. Often in trouble, and suppressed more than once, it has always taken fresh life, and carries to-day into the humble dwellings of the Russian people a wholesome reading and the teaching of the pure Gospel. It is many years since its founder died, but her daughter continues her mother's work, and the *Ouvrier Russe* (*Russian Workman*) prospers in her hands.

Madame de Peucker, the pioneer of the Russian awakening, did not remain long alone at her work. In 1874, a lady who in her own case had received the Gospel during a stay in England, induced Lord Radstock to go to St. Petersburg. The outcome of this visit is well known, an awakening which began in the higher circles, but which soon spread among all classes of society.

From the capital the Gospel was carried into the interior and into all the regions of the great Russian empire.

The rich, who spent the summer on their properties, distributed the Bread of Life to their peasants; workmen and cabdrivers who had been converted at the meetings in St. Petersburg, returning to their villages for the summer work, made known the good news to their families and their friends. Whole villages were awakened through the instrumentality of some of these illiterate men.

Colonel Paschkoff and Count Korff, who were at the head of the movement, laboured with much zeal. But it is rather of the women's work that we wish to speak, and therefore we shall confine ourselves to this mainly.

The Princess X. became one of the most active women of the little Christian society. When permission was granted to visit the prisons, she at once took advantage of it. For the female prisoners who laboured in the workshops, Bible readings were organised, and they were almost always listened to with the greatest interest.

But the princess was anxious to reach the criminals who had so much the more need of the Gospel as they were sentenced to hard labour for life.

When she spoke to the governor of the principal prison, he tossed his head, saying—

"Madam, they are dangerous characters. You would have to be shut up with them in their cells, for the regulations do not allow their leaving them. A man would think twice about it; as for a lady ——"

The princess hesitated a second, but her fear quickly vanished.

"Alone, I should be afraid," she said, "but the Lord is with me."

The officer looked at her with astonishment. What was the mysterious power which animated this frail woman? Was it fanaticism or faith?

Making a bow as a mark of his respect, he conducted her himself to a murderer's cell. The princess crossed the threshold calmly.

She was not mistaken. As she lifted up her heart to God, the man saw upon her countenance only an expression of heavenly pity; and as she spoke he listened attentively, though he had but recently covered the chaplain of the prison with imprecations. A superior power held him enchained, and changed the wolf into a lamb.

This first visit of the princess was followed by many others. Thus began the work of women in the prisons. This work has had blessed results.

But this Christian devotion was not confined to the upper circles of society. It is to the humble dwelling of an isvostchik (cabman) that we shall now convey our readers.

Tatiana was a girl from the country. Endowed by nature with a remarkable beauty, she fell into the snares set for her. She was led astray, and lived some time with a man who was not her husband. Later she married an isvostchik of St. Petersburg, who became her husband—a man who was an inveterate drunkard.

In the year 1883, Colonel Paschkoff came to hold meetings in the neighbourhood, and almost at the same time the husband and wife were brought to the Saviour. From that time their house was opened for the preaching of the Gospel.

When any former comrade in drink, or any workman without work, came to knock at their door, they would keep him at their home until he in his turn was awakened.

"We have not too much for ourselves and our children," the husband would say sometimes. But his wife would reply:

"We have the Bread of Life, and this unfortunate has no food either for body or soul."

The Lord did to Tatiana according to her faith, and provided for the wants of her family.

When the isvostchik's faith grew weak, his wife rallied his courage. Full of peace and joy in Christ, she was always seen at the meetings held each week under her roof, seated in a corner near the stove with her babe in her arms. Her zeal was such that she made friends and relations come from the country in order that they might have the privilege of hearing the good news of salvation. There was scarcely any meeting at her house when some soul was not converted. During three years, Tatiana and her husband followed up this work of love. The poor woman then fell ill, and was taken to the Evangelical Hospital, where she died shortly after. M. Paschkoff was then away in the country. He was informed that Tatiana was dying. In reply he telegraphed the following words: "The Lord is near. Behold, I come quickly."

Strange to relate, an instant before receiving the message, the dying one had repeated those very words. Before breathing her last she left this testimony: "Whilst a breath remains in me, I will speak of Christ."

The Lutheran pastor, chaplain of the hospital,

was so struck with the triumphant death of this humble Russian woman, that he resolved to learn her language, so as to be able to preach the Gospel to the sick Russians in the establishment. Thus, although dead, Tatiana spoke again.

The Russian revival grew in extent and power. The meetings, which at first were held only among a few persons belonging to the upper class, became more and more numerous. As many as two thousand persons assembled every Sunday evening in Colonel Paschkoff's spacious rooms. This excited surprise and suspicion. The daily papers spoke of them. Sermons were preached against the movement in the churches of St. Petersburg and Moscow. One proceeding, although not very imprudent, brought about the death-blow of these meetings, and was, humanly speaking, the cause of the exile of Colonel Paschkoff and Count Korff. We refer to a religious conference, at which evangelical Christians assembled from various parts of Russia.

In the south, also, the kingdom of God had made progress. Groups of Christians spread over the country from the Neva to the borders of the Black Sea. Stundists, Molokans, Baptists, heard of the work that the Lord had done at St. Petersburg.

Two ladies, named Koslianinoff, had been led to embrace the gospel during a stay in the south of France.

On their return to their own estate in the government of Kostroma, they did not bury their new treasure in a corner of their dwelling; they began to speak of the Saviour to their relations, friends, peasants, to the priest—in a word, to every one. The news spread all around, and went from village to village, till at length it came to a Molakan community of a neighbouring government. These poor people were living isolated in the midst of a population who regarded them with the greatest hatred. In constant fear of the police, they met in secret to pray and to read the Scriptures together, their sole rule of faith. Their surprise and joy may be imagined when they learn suddenly that they are not the only disciples of the Lord in the midst of the darkness which surrounds them; that at some distance from them, several days' march, it is true—but what is that in Russia?—there are sisters in the faith, women who believe in the same Gospel and declare it without fear.

How shall they be assured of it? It would be like the joy of heaven to see them and to shake hands with them. They hold a meeting to talk over the good news, and they decide to send a deputation to Pitzkova. But whom shall they select? Prudence and tact are needed, strength as well to endure the long days' marches across the steppes, burned up with the piercing rays of a July sun.

A woman rises.

"Brethren," she says, "I am ready; send me!"

They hesitate a little; then consent in presence of what seems an indication of the Divine will.

"Go, and may the Lord go with thee," said at length the venerable chief of the community.

And Martha sets out with a stick in her hand, and the provisions for the journey knotted up in her handkerchief.

One evening the ladies Koslianinoff were walking on their terrace when they were informed that a poor woman-traveller wished to speak to them. She is not a beggar. She has a message which she insists on delivering personally to these ladies.

One of them goes to see her, and studies with interest the strange creature that is waiting at the door. It is a tall brown woman, with a coloured handkerchief on her head; she holds a stick in her hand, and her clothes and her dusty feet show that she has come a long way. At first sight, one would take her for a gipsy; but her expression is interesting. A mysterious light shines in her inquiring look.

Her mouth half opens as if to ask a question. The woman smiles, she cannot prolong the attempt, and suddenly cries out—

"Do you love our Saviour?"

That is enough. Mademoiselle Koslianinoff understands—Martha's look is no longer a problem for her.

"Yes, my sister."

And the two women grasped each other with that love which overturns all the barriers and prejudices of the world. It is no longer a question of the humble peasant and the ladies of the place. Are they not sisters in Christ?

Martha spent some happy days of sisterly communion; and she left happy, carrying with her the benedictions of those whom she had edified by her sincere and candid piety.

Since that time a close bond has been established between the evangelical sects of the south and those of the north.

They heard of one another, they wrote to each other, but that was not all. The more humble and less instructed brethren desired to have counsel from their co-religionists of the capital. The latter were willing to fraternise and to ascertain exactly in what points there existed any differences. At last it was decided by both parties to help each other and to form some new plan for the evangelisation of Russia. Letters signed by Colonel Paschkoff and Count Korff were addressed to the different communities scattered over the country, inviting the brethren to a conference.

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RECENT DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

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

VI.

WE pass on without further comment for the present to another pre-Christian work which this age has brought to light. St. Jerome was a very learned man and a great student. He was very fond of classical reading; his letters, which are, by the way, most charming models of epistolary composition, are crowded with allusions to the writers of pagan antiquity; though Jerome always felt rather uncomfortable in his conscience when making them. He tells us, however, that he was cured of his taste for classical studies by a sound whipping which the angels inflicted on him. He devoted himself thenceforth to the study of the Bible, and was the best qualified commentator upon the Old Testament furnished by the Christian fathers, as he was a thorough Hebrew scholar, a knowledge which he acquired at great risk and trouble from doctors and teachers of the Jewish school then flourishing at Tiberias in Palestine. St. Jerome and other early writers often refer to a book which they variously called the Revelation of Moses, the Little Genesis, and the Book of Jubilees.

This book was originally written by a Jew of Palestine in the Hebrew language, a short time before our Lord's birth, or during His actual life-time on earth. It is called the Book of Jubilees because it divides Bible history from the Creation to the Conquest of Canaan by Joshua into fifty jubilees of forty-nine years each. It is styled the Little Genesis, because it selects portions of Genesis, and comments upon them. This book also, though known in a Greek version down to the twelfth century, then disappeared, and was only discovered in 1844 in Abyssinia, whence it was brought back, and published in a German version in 1851, though it has never yet appeared in an English shape, a good account of it, however, being contained in Kitto's Biblical Encyclopædia. A few words will explain the character of this work, which probably was known to some of the New Testament writers; some seeing an express quotation of it in 2 Peter ii. 4: "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment": a verse which is practically repeated in Jude 6.

The Book of Jubilees is simply a Jewish commentary on the canonical books of Genesis and Exodus. It undertakes to arrange their chronology, and to explain the difficulties which occur therein. It accounts, for instance, for the serpent speaking to Eve, by teaching that all animals spake before the Fall; explains how Noah brought the animals into the ark; how the tower of Babel was destroyed; why Rebecca loved Jacob so dearly; why Esau sold his birthright; how Moses was nourished in the ark, and states that it was not God but Satan who hardened Pharaoh's heart.

I have now described the history, nature and discovery of four Jewish works, all emanating from the years immediately preceding the Incarnation of our Divine Saviour and the composition of the New Testament. Some of them doubtless may have been modified or re-edited by Christian writers, as the ascension of Isaiah clearly was, but in that case I merely take credit for the portion of the work which is purely Jewish. Several deductions and conclusions illustrating and confirming the Christian faith may be derived from this narrative. One thought is obvious. Three out of these four documents have come from one obscure corner of Africa. When Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Syria, Egypt are thoroughly explored, who knows what treasures of antiquity may come to light? And there are vast and precious remains yet to be recovered, notwithstanding all that has been found. The works of Hegesippus the father of Church History and of Papias one of our earliest witnesses for the Gospels, both of whom flourished in the middle of the second century, are known only by fragments embodied in the great Church History of Eusebius. There is no reason why the complete writings of both these earliest Christian authors may not yet be recovered. Those Jewish documents, far older than either Papias or Hegesippus, inspire the Christian with hope for many other helpful and precious discoveries in the course of God's providential governance of the world and its political affairs.

Then these ancient Jewish documents have much instruction and help for us either directly or by way of contrast. They show, for instance, the stage of religious doctrinal development reached by the Jews in the years immediately before Christ. The pious and spiritual Hebrews of that epoch clearly believed in the doctrines which the Pharisees of the gospels are reported as holding. They believed in a future life, in heaven and hell, in a future judgment, in the existence of Satan and of other angels good and bad, and in the resurrection of the body.

The particular kind of a resurrection taught, indeed, in the Book of Enoch would in some places seem to be a mere survival of the spirit in happiness or woe; but in the fiftieth chapter a bodily resurrection is indicated in the following words: "In those days shall the earth deliver up from her womb, and hell deliver up from hers, that which it has received; and destruction shall restore that which it owes. He shall select the righteous and holy from among

them; for the day of their salvation has appeared;" with which we may also compare the seventeenth and eighteenth verses of the sixty-first chapter, where, after a description of the last judgment by the Son of Man sitting upon the throne of His glory, the whole scene terminates with the following words: "And with this Son of man shall they dwell, eat, lie down, and rise up, for ever and ever. The saints and the elect have arisen from the earth, and have left off to depress their countenances, and have been clothed with the garment of life. That garment of life is with the Lord of spirits, in whose presence your garment shall not wax old, nor shall your glory diminish."

The Messianic doctrine again taught in the Books of Enoch and of Jubilees, explains for us the language of the Gospels, because they show how the popular religious mind of the age was permeated and dominated by an expectation of a Divine deliverer. In the Book of Enoch the Messiah is depicted, just as in Daniel, as a pre-existent being—the Son of God—Divine in His characteristics, and adorable by the hosts of heaven. His advent was to be the signal for the overthrow of the oppressors of the elect people, and their own perpetual triumph and glory. The Book of Enoch, in the nature of its Messianic teaching, explains and makes quite natural the popular question so often proposed to Christ in different forms: "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" the record of John the Baptist when the Jews sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to ask him, "Who art thou? And he confessed, and denied not, I am not the Christ!" and finally the decisive query of the high priest: "I adjure Thee, by the living God, that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God." The pious people of Galilee were full of Messianic expectation, derived from books of the type of the Book of Enoch, and of another book of which I have not spoken, the Psalms of Solomon, which was the product of just the same age and country.[1] It is no wonder that Andrew, the devout Galilean fisherman, should salute his more famous brother Simon with words which must have thrilled his heart with the joy of a nation's expectation at last fulfilled: "We have found the Messias."

But then while these books thus witness to the genuine character of the gospel tone, to the natural character of the questions and answers we find in our Gospels, and are most interesting as commentaries on the gospel texts, they illustrate and confirm them far more, perhaps, by way of contrast than by way of direct explanation. The Jewish apocryphal books are the best proofs of the inspiration and authority of the New Testament, for they show us what our Gospels would have been had the authors not been inspired from on high. Take the Book of Jubilees, and set it side by side with our four Gospels. It was written in the same country and about the same time as St. Matthew's gospel. It was not, probably, more than sixty or seventy years older, if so much. Take any of these books with which I have been dealing, and contrast them with the books of the New Testament. They were all written by Jews; but what a vast difference! One set of books abounds with legend and with the wildest, weirdest speculations, affording very little practical help indeed for man's spiritual life. The books of the New Testament, and especially the gospels which deal with the story of the true Messiah, are calm, dignified, abound with no wild revelations concerning the spirit world, are restrained concerning the state of the dead, enter into no details concerning future punishments.

What makes this vast difference, this striking distinction between the two classes of books? If the books of the New Testament are only the product of unassisted human thought, if they are only the outcome of the highest minds of the age, how was it that they rose quite superior to all other works of their time and country? How is it that the teaching of the books rose superior to the ideas of the human authors of the books themselves on these two great points, the character and nature of Messiah, and the character and extent of His dominion?

The Messiah of Enoch, of the Jubilees, of the Psalter of Solomon, was a triumphant prince, a conquering hero, destroying His enemies by the sword of His power, and rewarding His friends with glory, rule, and dominion in His kingdom. The Messiah and the Messianic kingdom described by the mere human books were carnal things, such as James and John expected when they asked for the post of honour in the Master's kingdom. The Messiah and the Messianic kingdom described by the same John and his brother evangelists are spiritual things. The Messiah is a spiritual Messiah, who conquers by suffering, and brings life through death; and His kingdom is a kingdom not of this world.

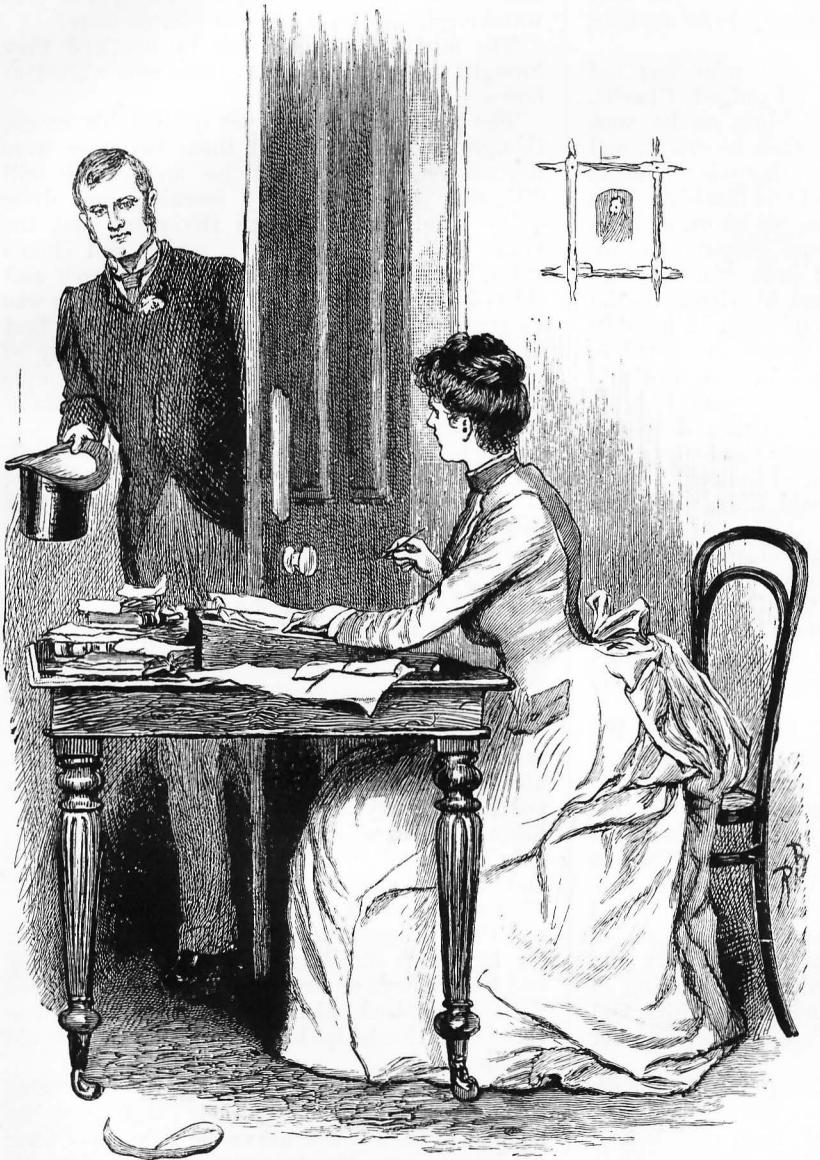
But the most striking point of all in this contrast is quite another. The human books picture the Messianic kingdom; but it is a mere Jewish, national, and exclusive affair. The kingdom of the Messiah is for the elect people alone; and in that narrow, carnal, exclusive notion the twelve apostles themselves shared till St. Paul dissipated it. The Messianic kingdom of the gospels, written by narrow, uncultured Galileans, is broad, comprehensive, universal, truly catholic. "Verily I say unto you, Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of Heaven; but the children of the Kingdom shall be cast out," that is the gospel motto, so contrary to Jewish expectation and Jewish prejudice. Is any argument for the inspiration of the Gospels half so powerful as this contrast? For surely we may ask, If this distinction was not made by a supernatural and Divine power, whence did it come? Did men in spiritual things ever gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

[1] I have not dealt with the Psalter of Solomon because it is not a modern discovery, no matter how widely we use the word modern, but has been known for two centuries and a half at least. These Psalms are eighteen in number, and deal largely with the current expectation of a Messiah. They will be found printed in the collection of Old Testament apocryphal books published by J. A. Fabricius.

OF ALL DEGREES.

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

CHAPTER XXV.—A CONSULTATION.



They saw Charlie again once or twice before the outset and that in some measure softened the blow. Alice bore it far better than they had looked for.

"I am a soldier's daughter," she said simply, "we have always given our best to the country."

And to have Charlie, the old Charlie back again, full of love and anxiety for her, full of brave intentions and humble hopes that he might yet redeem the past—was not this happiness enough? For it was a brave thing Charlie was doing, this taking of the lowest place, this beginning afresh in the ranks, to obey where he had once commanded others: it was a brave and a difficult thing. Was he able to carry it through?

"Vivian will help me," he said "there is no one like him. He will stand by me." His generous admiration of this gallant young soldier and friend knew no bounds. "You don't know what he has done for me," he said "he and—Astrid—" Then he told Allie a little of the way in which the captain had counselled him and cheered him and cleared his feet so that he could go forth unafraid of any man's reproaches to begin this world anew.

It was to Allie he told all these things, for Janey left them a great deal together. She pretended that she was busy with other things—her dear old professor whom she could not forsake, the little piano he lent her to practise on, the German obscurities she had set herself to master; but though she bent stubbornly over the page there was often a mist before her eyes that hid the words, and the task made no mighty progress.

Captain Vivian came also to the humble lodgings one day when Charlie was not there, and Janey did not leave the room this time; she felt a great deal of admiration not unmingled with awe for the upright gentleman and officer, whose grave, handsome looks and the stately carriage of his head reminded her of his sister. The visit comforted Allie very much; Vivian assured her that he was convinced Charlie was doing the right thing.

"He will have the respect of all honest men," he said, "and he is safe to rise. His heart is in his work as it never was in my father's business. I think there's every chance of a fair and honourable career before him."

Alice held his hand for a moment in her own soft little one. She was greatly agitated, and moved.

"How shall we thank you," she said, "for all that you have done for him?"

"I have done nothing," he answered. "Charlie and I have always been friends. But you may trust him to me. What one man may do for another, that I will do for him."

They had another visitor also who was not slow to own that he had misjudged Charlie. The young doctor, gruff and blunt as he was, could recognise an honest act when he saw it, and admire it too. He came in one day when Charlie was leaving, and held out his hand frankly. The two had never been friends, as we know, and the doctor at least had had some reason to think slightingly of the other, but here was one who had fallen and who had looked his shame in the face, not denying it, but confessing it humbly and striving to repair it; and was not an effort like this enough to lift a man back into his brother's regard? Charlie took the outstretched hand in his own with a twinge and a rising of colour, remembering how he had despised the doctor when he ought rather to have despised himself.

"I wish you good luck," said Ellis, "and lots of glory."

"And a safe home-coming," added Janey who had run in from the other room and her piano practice to say good-bye to Charlie. Janey was blushing and looking very bright, and she gave the doctor a smile such as he did not often receive. She thought him at that moment one of the noblest of men.

"And a safe home-coming," he repeated. "We humdrum folk will follow you, and some of us, I dare say, wish ourselves in your shoes."

Perhaps the struggling practitioner had his dreams of glory too. But the last words of all were for Allie. They shut the door and left them together. When he looked into her sweet, pale face, what remorse filled his heart: how he wished the past undone, the stained and sinful and selfish past, when he had torn this tender heart and stabbed it every day. She was not thinking of that when she kissed him, and blessed him, and committed him to the great Father's keeping; her love had no reproach in it.

He rushed away with a lump in his throat, stumbling down the stairs of the silent house. All his other good-byes had been said before, when every one in the house, from the professor to the little maid-of-all-work, who adored him for the gay words and the shillings he had often tossed her in earlier days, shook hands with him and wished him well.

Out in the street he looked up and kissed his hand to Allie watching at the window. He had no eyes save for her, and did not see the other faces peeping from the upper casements, Janey's bright eyes scarce able to see for the tears in them; and then he turned away with a heart that was very full and that beat with grief, and yet with excitement too, and with dreams of glory and valour and honour. A soldier's blood ran in his veins, and his pulses leapt at the call to battle.

"I will fight my way up, God helping me; I will win a place for her sake," he said to himself, as he marched with a firm step and a high-held head as though the trumpet call was in his ears already. "Some day she will be proud of me." And so cheered and full of hope and courage, he was lost among the crowd, and the eyes of love watching him from above saw him no more.

The months rolled on one by one, and they brought no great variety to those who waited at home.

The professor had not yet quitted his rooms, though he had smartened them till they were beyond recognition; and he aud Janey still diligently practised every morning, and drew quite beautiful music from the piano and the violin. It was mostly of a severe and classic order, but they learned a few of the simple and old-fashioned airs which Allie loved. Allie was no great performer, and her playing was at best but an inadequate tinkling, quite unworthy of cultured attention, but she understood simple music and loved it, and the pair did their utmost to give her pleasure.

She had not gone to Barford, because—well, because London is the great centre to which news of the world comes first, and to ask her to put two days between her and the morning's print was a cruelty which Janey could not perpetrate. Janey's leanings and inclinations were all on the side of London too, and she took a great deal of pleasure in the larger life she breathed there, and acquitted herself very creditably in her new social world.

It did not occur to any of them that with better circumstances they might flit into genteeler quarters. Janey was making quite a nice little income now, working diligently for a portion of every day, and finding, with the professor's aid, a ready market for her wares, but she only stipulated that Allie should be idle, or sew and knit, if she pleased, for her beloved poor. There was enough and to spare to give to others, and those diligent fingers need stitch no longer for hard-won shillings. But here where they had known days of stress and darkness, lightened with a hundred silent kindnesses, here where their best friendships had been made, they would remain.

Those they cared most to see did not value them for the grandeur of their lodgings or the fineness of their garments or the richness of their entertainments. Mr. Augustus, returned from his travels, still liked best to drop in for a cup of tea and a little didactic conversation, and came oftener now that he was left alone. Miss Lemming, full of bustling cares and bristling with anecdotes of the "young person" who had ousted Mary-Jane from her thoughts, paid them flying visits in the fragments of her time; and here Honoria, in her still rarer leisure, found a haven, and went from it strengthened and refreshed.

The doctor too must not be forgotten, and no

record of those uneventful days would be complete that left him out. For indeed he was the most frequent visitor of all, and scarcely a week passed that he did not appear on one pretext or another. He professed himself to be a lover of music, though it was well known to a certain young woman who was not deceived by this hollow pretence that he had failed to distinguish "God save the Queen" from "Rule Britannia." Sometimes he said he had come to discuss a difficult point with the professor, and on such occasions Janey was careful to absent herself; he was generally provided with a reason more or less good, which was rather remarkable, since he was welcome for himself alone and without any passport at all.

One day in early spring, however, he had an excuse for wishing to see Janey which was rather more substantial than the flimsy subterfuges he usually resorted to, and he was glad to find her by a rare chance alone.

She was bending over her writing and looked up with some confusion when he entered.

"May I come in?" he asked, hesitating in the doorway; "I'm afraid you are busy."

"Oh, do come in," said Janey, quite lively and at her ease all at once. "I was growing addle-pated over a sentence that will not allow itself to be made sense of. I wonder why the Germans love to be so obscure?"

"I'm afraid it's no good my offering to help. I never was much of a hand at linguistic puzzles. As a rule, they don't repay the fag of unwinding them."

"Oh, yes, they do; and it is so delightful to conquer."

"You like your work?"

"Immensely."

"You grind very hard."

"Not a bit too hard. I could do twice as much if I were allowed."

"Yes," he said meditatively, "that's the worst of you women. You are born without the sense of proportion; when you content yourselves with play, as most you do, you do nothing else; and when you work, you ——"

"When we work we work," interrupted Janey, with a laugh. "I don't see anything so very unreasonable in that. What would you have us do? Pretend to work and play all the time, or pretend to amuse ourselves when we are busy? I don't see how that would help."

"I would have you go in for a judicious mixture."

"Then," she said frankly, "I am sure you couldn't find a more reasonable compound—if you must consider life professionally—than mine. I work four hours and idle all the rest."

"Yes," he said, with a nod, "you are all right now, so long as you stick to your mixture; but you were no good as you were a little while ago—neither useful to yourself nor to any other human being."

She flushed a little, though she was used to his bluntness.

"Perhaps," she said meekly, "you think it would have been better to give up the struggle and die?"

"If I weren't a doctor, I should say Yes," he laughed. "But it's my business to patch up the crippled and halt, and so my lips are sealed. But, Miss Janey, take my word for it, those who are feeble and unfit to struggle, are of very little use to the world or to their fellow-men. They can't help themselves and they only keep others down."

"That's very immoral doctrine," said Janey, shaking her head. "I suppose you would like to imitate the behaviour of those people in the story who drowned off all the sickly and the old and the poor, and left only the strong and the young? Very pleasant for the young and strong; but, upon the whole, it is just as well for our old world that you haven't the making of its laws."

"It's what we want, though,"—he smiled at her thrust—"a race of strong and capable and healthy women and men, to make the world a decent place to live in, and to do its work properly. But we've got to take it as it is, we can't get rid of the incapables, though we can sometimes prevent others from following their evil example, and that's just what I want you to help to do."

"What do you want me to do? Tell me, and I'll do it, if I can."

"Yes, I'll tell you straight out. I don't generally beat about the bush, do I? I'm anxious about Miss Vivian."

"Honoria!" cried Janey, with a start. "Do you mean that she is ill? She was here only the other night, and she looked quite well."

"Anxious is perhaps the wrong word. I ought to have said annoyed."

"Annoyed!" she repeated, in her amazement, finding this a great deal more surprising than she had found his anxiety. Then she smiled. "What has she done to displease you?"

"Nothing to displease me personally—that is scarcely conceivable, seeing what Miss Vivian is—but something to displease the doctor in me. She is going a great deal too far; she is using herself up recklessly. You mayn't see it, because it isn't likely you could read the signs—but they don't deceive me. That strain in the autumn, when she was nursing those poor beggars night and day, has told on her, though it seemed to make no difference at the time."

"What would you have her do?" said Janey, in a troubled voice. "If you ask her to give up her work, it will break her heart."

"Your sex is adorable, Miss Janey," he said, with a kindliness that took the impertinence from the words; "but you jump at conclusions in a way that bewilders the plodding masculine mind. Who talked of giving up? She can go on with her work if she likes; I, for one, would be sorry if she didn't, but she ought to take it in more moderation. What will it all come to but a senseless, useless waste, if she goes on for a little longer, and then breaks down completely? She will kill herself and benefit nobody by the sacrifice."

"At least she will have set a noble example," said Janey hotly.

"A living example is better than a dead one," he retorted dryly.

"Don't you think it is a beautiful thing she is doing?" she asked, still a little angry over his very prosaic view of the matter.

"It is a splendid thing," he said heartily. "I don't think the whole saints' calendar can show a finer example of devotion. I don't know why she does it; sometimes, when I see her going in and out among these degraded wretches, who are not fit to touch her skirts as she passes by, I think there's more angel than woman in her. She makes me half inclined to believe there may be a better life after all, if only to reward such as she."

"Only half?" said Janey, in a subdued voice, and then she sighed. "I used not to like her," she said. "Can you fancy that? And I'm afraid I didn't quite believe in her. I used to think her enthusiasm was exaggerated and that she would soon tire of her mission."

"I wish she would."

"Ah, don't say that! When the old questions come back, as they so often do, and when nothing seems sure or certain or proved, it is a rest and a refuge to see her among her poor. One cannot doubt the sincerity of her devotion, and surely—surely a life such as hers to be possible here must be divinely guided. If there is no Christ and no future, she and Allie could not be what they are."

She spoke with difficulty, for the depths of feeling were stirred. Very rarely, and only when the need within was urgent, could she thus lay bare her inmost feelings, forgetting perhaps to whom she spoke.

He looked at her gravely, sadly; well he knew the assaults of that shadowy army that fight for the soul of man; but he had no victory to record. He could but have told her, answering that unspoken appeal for help, that he did not know.

"A force there is," he might have said, "that lies outside nature, intelligent possibly, moral certainly; that, at least, we may concede, but beyond that what do we know of its workings? And that this power is a living, creative spirit, a God whom we can love and trust and look up to, a Father over us all with whom we can enter into the closest personal relations—what proof have we of this?"

This was how he argued with himself, but he did not put his thoughts into words, perhaps the trouble on her young face deterred him. Why sadden her further with his own poor scruples?

"Undoubtedly," he said after a pause, "lives such as hers 'make' in your sense as in mine 'for righteousness,' but that is reason the more why we can't afford to lose them."

"What do you suggest?" she said, bringing herself back to the earlier issue. "What can be done?"

"You have some influence over her, haven't you?"

"I? oh, no."

"Well, couldn't you find an old professor for her, or share yours with her? A little tough German wouldn't come amiss, or better still, some of your music. Anything that would take her away from that land of grime and depression and give her thoughts a new turn. Best of all, if you could induce her to ride for an hour every day. She is a splendid horsewoman."

"I know, I used to see her ride at Barford. They said there was no one in the county so daring or so fearless——"

"It must have cost her something to give that up—one of those useless sacrifices you women think it disciplinary to make. Can't you persuade her to reconsider that decision?"

"I'm afraid not, if you have failed——"

"Oh, she thinks it is my business to croak," he laughed, "she told me the other day that I had lived so long among sick folk that I didn't know a sound constitution when I saw it. Well, she has a splendid physique, but nature will be revenged at last if you try her too much."

"I don't think I can do anything," she said doubtfully, "and if I could, I've forfeited the right to ask her to give up even a part of her work because—" she seemed bent that afternoon on confession—"I've done nothing to help her. I promised to go and sing to some of her people, and I haven't even done that. Perhaps if I were to go and—and—nurse some of them—the milder cases, you know," she said with a whimsical uplifting of the brow—holding this out as a sort of forlorn hope—"she might be induced to leave them for a little, then she could come here and the professor would play to her."

"No, no," he laughed, "that sort of barter won't do. In the first place you are not in the least cut out for the work—— "

"I thought woman was a ministering angel—I've the authority of your sex for the statement."

"So she is, or may possibly be—after she has been two or three years in a hospital."

"You don't give us all credit for angelic qualities, I see. Do you know," she said archly, "I don't think you wanted my help after all——"

"Indeed, I do," he was quite vehement. "Why do you doubt it?"

"Because you have snubbed every one of my suggestions."

"Only the impossible ones. To have you a patient on my hands would scarcely mend matters."

"Then I will really give you a little bit of advice, though I dare say you won't take it. If you want to persuade Honoria to anything, get her father to be your advocate."

"H'm, there's something in that——"

"There's something in it, but I feel like a traitor to have told you, for you will get him on your side, and she will let nothing—not her dearest wishes—stand in opposition to his. That's a sacrifice if you will! But you will break her heart if you insist on it."

"Nay," he said with wonderful gentleness, "hearts are tougher than you think, and I'll sanction nothing that will lessen her helpfulness. Good women are scarce, and we can't do without any of you."

"Oh, what an admission! I thank you for all the rest of my sex, sir."

"Only for the good ones."

"Well, here is the best of them"—she fluttered away from him to Allie.

"Allie, do you know that we are angels?" Janey was very gay and lively all at once—"that is, some of us. Those who have been to Barts for three years, and have learned proportion and logic, and the proper submission of the sex."

"My dear, what are you talking of?" said Alice looking from one young face to the other—Janey's mischievous and saucy, the doctor half-smiling, half-frowning.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, except that I've been promising that you will induce Honoria to study German and practise Bach with the professor. I think I'll leave Dr. Ellis to explain. Perhaps he will tell you what he really does want."

She ran from the room, and they heard her presently playing very vigorously on the small piano.

What did she mean by her sudden changes, her moods of depression, of defiance, of a gaiety that was almost flippant?

Were not these the outward expressions of a heart ill at ease, unable to still its own cravings, seeking peace and tranquillity, seeking rest and finding it not?

Things New and Old.

MANIHIKI AND RAKAHANGA.—MORE ANNEXATIONS.—About six hundred miles N.W. of Rarotonga, lie the twin atolls of Manihiki and Rakahanga, only twenty-six miles apart, inhabited by one race—descendants in fact of a single pair. They speak the same language and use the Rarotongan Bible, a revised edition of which was so lately carried through the press by me for the Bible Society. These natives—about one thousand in number—are orderly, intelligent, ingenious in the extreme. They subsist on cocoanuts, a coarse kind of caladium, and fish. On Manihiki, there is a valuable pearl fishery and anchorage.

When I started on my work in the South Pacific, Manihiki and Rakahanga were not known to be in existence. Some drift natives, half dead with exhaustion, picked up at sea, led the brethren to search for their unknown homes. The search, happily, was successful. The Gospel was subsequently introduced. Some of our best pioneer teachers in New Guinea are natives of these interesting atolls. Some of the brightest and pleasantest days in my life have been those spent amongst these poor islanders, on occasion of the annual visit of inspection and counsel made from the Hervey Group in the mission vessel.

They once thought themselves to be the only people in the world. When they first saw a ship, and a few paddled off to get a nearer view of the monster, they sagely concluded that it was an uncouth[1] canoe manned by ghosts, the sailors being in their estimation so deadly pale! Three who came ashore were forcibly detained as curiosities. When they begged to be allowed to return on board, the chiefs said to those who kept guard over them, "Hold them fast, or they, being ghosts, will leap into the sky and escape."

One would think these poor people might be let alone by the "great powers," seeing there is no let or hindrance to trade. But no: a few weeks ago a French war-vessel sought forcibly to annex the islands of Manihiki and Rakahanga. The natives strongly objected, and, much to the disgust of the Frenchman, hoisted the British ensign. The French captain left, after threatening them with awful penalties for so doing.

These islanders are enthusiastically British in their sympathies. Ought not our Government to accede to the prayer of these simple-hearted islanders that they too may be "protected" by Great Britain, even as the Hervey Group is?

Britain has already annexed Suwarrow's and Rurhyus, which lie on either side of the atolls. Why does France seek to intrude between? It is perhaps through national vanity; but chiefly, I believe, as part of the astute game now being played by the Jesuits in the Pacific to check Protestant missions. Shall we stand by and let them do as they list? God help these poor islanders!—*William Wyatt Gill, LL.D.*

IN NO WISE.—The apostle says Christ came into the world to save sinners. But will He save me? Yes, if you come to Him, for He says, "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." If you listen to unbelief, it will try to persuade you that it would be presumption in such a sinner as you to be saved. Stop the mouth of unbelief with these words—"In no wise." If He should cast you out it must be in some wise—either for the nature, number, or aggravation of your sins. But if His word may be safely taken, though you were chargeable with all manner of sin, if you had a sense of your need of mercy, and were willing to accept it in His appointed way, "In no wise" would give you a sure and safe warrant to trust in Him. The point is not, what you think of yourself, but what think you of Christ? Not, what can I do? but, what has He done? He has obeyed the law, made an atonement for sin, brought in an everlasting righteousness: He has lived, and died, and risen again; and now He reigns, a High Priest upon the throne; and all for us. "Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."—*Letters of the Rev. John Newton.*

M. R. SAINT-HILAIRE ON JULIUS CÆSAR.—In his lectures as professor of history at the Sorbonne, M. R. Saint-Hilaire, while he could not well introduce the religious topics that most occupied his thoughts, never failed to extol moral excellence above all outward greatness. He thus concluded his course of lectures on Julius Cæsar in 1866, when France was under the spell, or at least under the bonds, of the modern Cæsarism of the Second Empire:—

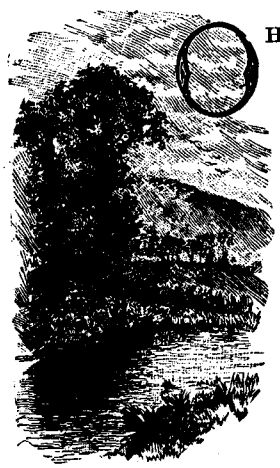
"Was Julius Cæsar, as some have said, the greatest man of ancient times? No! I reply; without hesitation I say No! My touchstone of greatness is the moral grandeur of character, which consists of forgetfulness of self for the good of others. To me the greatest men in history are not those whose personal ambition raised them to lofty positions, but the men who lived to illustrate grand ideas for the advancement of their country and of their time. Phocion, Lycurgus, Cato, in ancient times; and in modern times William the Silent, Washington, Lincoln—these are the great men and the great citizens—in a word, all who have lived, not for themselves, but who lived and died for a conviction, an idea—for faith, for country. In the eyes of a Cæsar and his admirers, these men and such like men are poor dupes, who preferred to sacrifice themselves to their country rather than sacrifice their country to their own interest. Certainly Cæsar appears great when, falling under the daggers of the conspirators, he utters his last words, 'And thou, my son!' But this is not so grand as the last words of William of Orange, 'My God, have pity on me and on this poor country!'"

[1] "Uncouth" because it had no outrigger.

RAYNHAM FARM.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

CHAPTER V.



H, Hugh, what shall we do?" said Caryl, trying hard to keep the sob out of her voice, as she heard the last echo of Tom's steps down the narrow stairs, and realised that they were prisoners indeed.

"I hate him; yes, I do, though I have tried my very hardest to like him, but now I don't mean to try any more."

"So do I, too, sometimes; but, oh, Cary dear, we mustn't give up the battle like this. Love must win in the end, and the time will come when he will be sorry," answered Hugh, little thinking how soon his prophecy would be fulfilled.

"It isn't so very cold up here, and we can explore while the light lasts and that will keep us warm. I wonder if there *is* a hidden treasure here?

"Come, Sis, we'll make a tour of the walls first."

Caryl's spirits revived as she saw his cheerfulness, and together they walked about the long room, tapping its bare walls in search of possible hiding-places.

Then they moved boxes, and finally set to work turning over the musty old volumes in the chest in the corner, and finding interest in their quaint pictures as long as the light lasted.

And again and again they shook the door and knocked and called, but no answer came.

Tired out at last, Hugh was glad to sit still, and Caryl drew out an old chair and footstool and made him the best couch she could.

"Oh, when will they come!" she said, shrinking as she chafed his cold hands, and thought with terror of the hours of darkness they might have to pass in this cold and dreary place.

The noise of the wind without, mingled with the rush of the waters, made the place seem more desolate, and, in spite of himself, Hugh shivered and drew closer to his sister.

"If we could only have a fire, it wouldn't matter so much," he said wearily.

"And why shouldn't we?" she answered with a hopeful ring in her voice, springing up so suddenly that Hugh was almost overturned. "Tom dropped those matches he was pretending to search with, and I'll burn some of the old books and boxes rather than have you so chilled."

And the busy fingers were soon at work on one of the old books, trying by the light of a match to wrench off the covers.

"You must help me, Hugh; it seems all glued together at the back."

There was a moment's sharp wrench, Hugh saying rather dubiously, "Do you think we ought to, Caryl?" and then the cover came off, and at the same time, from the hollow at the back, fell a little roll of yellowish paper.

"What was that?" said Caryl, stooping to pick it up and trying vainly to make out what the roll contained.

"Another match, quick!" she said eagerly, and soon the tiny light revealed the secret.

"Bank-notes," she almost shouted. "Look! Oh, Hugh, we have found the lost money, we have, indeed!"

Hugh's delighted astonishment was quite equal to her own, as together they took the notes apart and tried to read their value. There were not many in number, but who could say how many more might be stowed away in the books still untouched?

"And we might never have found them if Tom had let us alone," said Hugh, "this will pay for all."

"Never mind the fire, dear, I'm ever so much warmer."

"But I want to make it blaze," she said, unable to keep still in her excitement, "those pieces of old packing-case will make a good blaze, and some one may see the light outside and come to find us."

And so it proved. Downstairs there was great consternation as to what had become of Tom and the cousins, and the household were alarmed at the rising of the waters, which, by this time, had covered all the land below the garden and threatened to reach their door.

Mr. Raynham was riding homeward from a distant part of the farm, where he had been to look after some cattle, when he was met by Grantie at the top of the drive.

"The floods be upon us and no mistake, maister, never knowed the like in all my days afore. They say the 'bankment's gone a couple of miles down the river. And I hope Maister Tom ain't come to no harm with the two young harum-scarums I see him go off with, but if that ben't a sign o' summat wrong, I should wonder. Look there!"

Glancing up, the farmer was astonished to see a faint flickering light in the tiny window, far up among the ivy, which belonged to the secret room, and with a foreboding of some mischief, he said, "What do you mean about Master Tom, when did you see him go?"

"Just afore flood-time, he went towards the cliff with two more, and it's my belief they were going off to meet the tide."

With a heavy heart Mr. Raynham rode off down the drive, the faithful Bruce following him closely as usual.

What could be done with such a wilful disobedient boy, and what new trouble was impending through him?

At the door stood Mrs. Raynham, looking white and troubled, and hurriedly she told of the strange disappearance that had not long been found out.

Tying his horse hastily to the verandah, the farmer strode in, saying, "Give me a light quickly, there is somebody or something in the gable room." And hastily crossing the parlour, he pushed back the panel, mounted the stairs two steps at a time, and in another minute was standing beside the two children within.

"Hugh! Caryl! how came you here, and how long have you been here?" he asked. "Is this Tom's work?"

Hugh's teeth were chattering with cold, but Caryl answered for both "Oh! uncle, we're so glad you're come, and we're glad, too, we have had this time here."

"Just see what we have found!"

The farmer rubbed his eyes in bewilderment as he looked first at the children and then at the roll of notes.

"Found, where? What do you mean, child?"

"They were hid in the cover of one of the old books, uncle, and we think there may be ever so many more, and oh, we are so glad, because now you will have plenty of money again."

There was great gladness in the good farmer's face, but he would not allow the children to stay another minute, and, half carrying Hugh, who was cramped with cold, they went quickly down to warmth and comfort.

There were questions and exclamations without end when they appeared, and petting and kindness enough to make them forget all their troubles, but Mr. Raynham did not sit down for a moment. Finding, as he had suspected, that their imprisonment was Tom's work, and that no one knew anything of his whereabouts, he went out again with a heavy heart, intending to gallop towards the cliff.

But it was impossible, as he soon found.

There was water enough to drown a hundred horses on the fields which Tom had crossed so short a time before, and there could no longer be any doubt that the embankment had given way.

He rode on a little way, and presently heard, or fancied he heard, a faint cry coming from the direction of the cliff. In a moment he had turned his horse and was speeding away over the higher ground to Farleigh, where he knew a boat could be had. Bruce had followed him and presently took his place as a matter of right in the boat, which was soon in readiness and manned by a willing crew.

Lights and restoratives were on board, and the men pulled with all their might up stream, aided by the onward rush of the waters. Past Raynham, with its lighted windows and a broad band of light streaming out through the open door, where, half wild with anxiety, the mother was listening, past the home pastures and the waste lands now buried under acres of water, the little boat sped on, the men, who knew the currents well even now, guiding her safely.

And the father listened as he had never listened before, but no sound could be heard till they were nearly opposite the cliff, and then Bruce began to bark loudly.

The sound roused Tom, and seeing the lights and hearing voices, he had just strength for one more cry, and then the lost one was found.

It was a work of difficulty to steady the boat while he was lifted safely on board, and they were a long time on the homeward journey with wind and tide against them. But though to the anxious father minutes seemed hours, there were joy and thanksgiving in his heart.

It was greater still when home was reached at last, and Tom, awaking to consciousness, said feebly, "Forgive me, father, I'm so sorry." Then as remembrance came back more fully he started up hurriedly, crying, "Hugh, Caryl, the secret room, oh, father, let them out, let them out!"

They soothed him with assurances that the cousins were free, and both came into the room to show themselves and re-assure him; but again and again as the night wore on he started up in terror calling their names, or pleading with Norris to come back and save him, and before morning he was in high fever brought on by the cold and fright.

And while the father and mother were watching him and wishing for daylight, and the children, tired out by the many excitements of the day, were sleeping soundly, the waters were creeping nearer and nearer. When morning came, one vast lake stretched out before the house, broken only by trees and the tallest hedges. The wind had gone down, and the waves rippled and flashed in the early sunshine as if delighted with their new territory.

Soon a boat came to the door, brought by Farleigh watermen, in hope of employment, and the doctor was sent for. News came also that the boat, with Norris and Harvey on board, had drifted on shore farther up the river and that both had reached home in safety, thoroughly subdued by their adventure and thankful to hear of Tom's rescue, for the news of his escape had spread far and near.

The hours of danger they had passed through taught them both some useful lessons as to the difference between reckless daring and real bravery, lessons that neither would soon forget. But Tom had a longer time of suffering given in which to learn his.

He became very ill, and for many days it was doubtful if he could recover, while Hugh, who had taken a severe cold in the gable room, also needed loving care.

It was a testing time for the whole household, but Caryl and Jessie proved themselves good assistant nurses, and Norah, grown strangely quiet and humble, developed powers of usefulness unknown before, and between them all the invalids were at last nursed back to health and strength.

But in Tom's case it was not only restoration of body. In that terrible hour spent above the waves, and again and again during his illness, the folly and sin of the past were seen by him in their true light, and very humbly and earnestly he asked God for forgiveness and help to conquer his jealous, passionate temper.

He left his bed at last, weak still from his illness, but strong in spirit, for he was gaining the greatest triumph life can know—the victory over self.

During the few days when Tom's life had been in danger, Mr. Raynham, too, had many searchings of heart, and softened and touched by all that had happened and by Tom's repeated cries in his delirium for forgiveness, he was led to see his own need of a Father's forgiving love, and the cry that never is spoken in vain was breathed to heaven, "God be merciful to me."

In the cottage homes of Farleigh there was much distress and suffering at this time. At first the children thought it fine fun to live all day in the bedrooms, or slip from the upper windows into the baker's boats and take long journeys at one penny each. But pennies became fewer as the days went on, for all work was at a standstill, and in many homes there was real want.

It was then, in the overflowing thankfulness of his own heart, that Mr. Raynham chartered a boat, and sent supplies of good things from house to house for his poorer neighbours. A little while before he would have feared to spend money in such generous fashion, but now he felt rich in heavenly good and earthly treasure, too.

A visit with Caryl to the secret room had proved the fulfilment of all their dreams about the hidden store.

Many of the old volumes were found closely sealed at the back, and on being cut open other rolls of notes were found, and the good farmer knew that his long days and nights of pecuniary anxiety were ended, at least for many a year to come.

The books were carried to a place of safety, but some were purposely left untouched till the happy evening when Tom came downstairs for the first time.

During his illness nothing had been said to him of the wonderful find, as all excitement had been strictly forbidden, and he could not understand at all the telegraphic smiles and whispers passing between his sisters and cousins, which he saw from his comfortable place on the couch.

And when the table was cleared after tea, and a pile of the dreary-looking old books he remembered so well brought in amid the shouts of the children, his mystification was complete.

But soon the whole story was told, and Tom learned with amazement the happy sequel to his act of spiteful unkindness.

And never did gorgeous story-books in modern green and gold create such intensity of interest as these musty volumes when, one by one, Mr. Raynham cut them apart and disclosed their hidden wealth.

No one knew, or ever could know, how or when the notes had been secreted there, but it was always believed that the miserly Hugh Raynham, in his half-crazed dread of robbers, must have so hidden them and placed the books there in pretended carelessness, as if merely useless lumber.

And now, in the time of their greatest need, the long-kept secret had been discovered, so that Mr. Raynham could look out on the desolation wrought by the great flood without any fear of ruin, happy in the certainty that the old homestead would be still their own, and happier still in the hope of a better and more enduring inheritance in the home beyond.

And brighter days came for all—the mother's fretful and careworn look rapidly disappeared under the new order of things, while Hugh and Caryl rejoiced in the warmth of affection that now seemed to fill each day with sunshine.

Tom had many a battle to fight. But as the days went on, bringing the old health and vigour and many of the old temptations, too, each self-conquest made the next victory easier to win. Trusting in the strength which is enough for every human need he triumphed over self, and became a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and a true and lovable brother to Hugh and Caryl.

The flood went down at last, but long after all traces of the water had disappeared, the result of that memorable night were manifest in many lives.

In course of time the breach in the embankment was repaired and made stronger than ever, but it was not stronger or more lasting than the bonds of love which now united the family at Raynham Farm.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BONDAGE AND LIBERTY.

1. Give texts from the Bible which speak of—
   (*a*) the bondage of sin;
   (*b*) the bondage of the law;
   (*c*) the bondage of fear.

2. Where does Jesus claim the power of setting the bondsmen free?

3. Show from Scripture how Jesus sets us free from—
   (*a*) the bondage of sin;
   (*b*) the bondage of the law;
   (*c*) the bondage of fear.

4. Give two verses with reference to the nation of Israel which may serve to illustrate the contrast between the bondage of slaves and the liberty of sons.

5. Which Apostle gives us an allegory to illustrate the difference between the bondage of the law and the liberty of the Gospel?

6. What parable of our Lord's will show the difference between the service of liberty and the spirit of fear?

7. "His service is perfect freedom." Illustrate these words by texts from Scripture describing the character of God's service.

8. Show how this spirit of liberty sets us free from the slavish fear of man.

9. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free." Whose words are these? Show from the same epistle the reason for the exhortation.

10. Show by precept and by an example that the Christian's liberty is to be regulated by a spirit of love to the brethren.

11. Christ came to deliver us also from "bondage through fear of death." How?

12. We read of Creation itself being in bondage. When shall it be set free?

E. H. GREEN.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.

There is wrath gone out from the Lord.
What shall I do with thee, my son?
The dayspring from on high hath visited us.
How old art thou?
We have found the Messias.
I have considered the things which thou sentest to me for.

Give all the speakers' names, prophet, and priest, and kings,
And one who unto Christ his brother Simon brings,
Another as a lamb to sacrifice was led;
Initials, name, and spot where last farewells were said.

L. T.

A CITY OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. VI.

1. It was a "royal city."
2. Its king was deceived by a guest whom he treated as "an angel of God."
3. It is mentioned by the prophets Amos and Micah.
4. A treasure much valued by the Jews was taken thither.
5. A fugitive found refuge there; once alone, and again with his two wives.
6. A Benjamite rode thither on his ass, but the visit cost him his life.
7. It was one of three cities in which the Anakims lingered.
8. It was taken by David.
9. It was fortified by Rehoboam.
10. A king of Syria fought against it and took it.
11. A king, who afterwards became a leper, broke down its wall.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.—P. 576.—REDEEMER.

R-abshakeh	2 Kings xviii. 17–35.
E-zra	Ezra ix. 13; viii. 21, 22.
D-aniel	Dan. ix. 7; x. 7–12.
E-li	1 Sam. ii. 34; iii. 18; iv. 11.
E-lizabeth	Luke i. 45–47.
M-ordecai	Esther v. 13; vii. 10.
E-lisha	2 Kings iv. 2; vii. 1.
R-euben	Gen. xxxvii. 21, 29–33.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VIII.—P. 576.

1. A-himaaz	2 Sam. xvii. 17–21; xviii. 19–28.
2. D-oeg	1 Sam. xxii. 9–19.
3. O-ded	2 Chr. xxviii. 9.
4. N-athan	2 Sam. vii. 8–16; xii. 7. 1 Kings i. 24, 25; 1 Chr. xxix. 29.
5. I-ttai	2 Sam. xv. 19–21; xviii. 2.
6. J-onathan	1 Sam. xiv. 6–14; xviii. 1–3; xx. 9. 2 Sam. ix. 7.
7. A-bishai	1 Sam. xxvi. 6–11. 2 Sam. xxiii. 18.
8 H-iram	1 Kings vii. 13, 14; 2 Chr. ii. 14.