

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



IN BONDS.

## TIED TOGETHER.

**T**HERE is a great art in making the best of those things whose disposal is beyond our own control. There need be nothing insincere in this, we need not make believe that we have our heart's desire if we have it not: we need only keep open eyes for the advantages and best uses of that which is imposed upon us.

Probably there is absolutely less difference between the raw materials of our lives, widely as they seem to differ, than there is between our methods of dealing with them. Have we not all friends to whom striking events happen, who come across entertaining adventures and meet interesting people? And do we not know others whose lives flow on flat and gray, amid conventions and common places? The secret lies with the people themselves. The old school-room story of "Eyes and No Eyes" has wider applications than that of the difference in powers of observation, for it holds equally true with powers of insight, imagination, memory and sympathy. All the stories and poems that were ever told or written lie close beside all of us. It is our own fault if we cannot see them! and then we are in the same plight as the lady who asked the great artist Turner where he saw the beautiful tints he put into his pictures.

"Why! don't you see them yourself on everything, madam?" he returned.

"No, Mr. Turner, I do not," she declared.

"Then Heaven help you, madam!" exclaimed the painter.

It is often good for us to be set down in circumscribed limits, and compelled to realise the riches to be found within these. What are commonly called "advantages" often have a great many disadvantages attached. The owners of princely libraries seldom have that passionate love for books which is often developed in the thoughtful child, who has to make the most of every volume he can get, and to exercise patience between each buying or borrowing. People with large visiting circles are often without a single friend, yet may not find out their lack till some day of bitter need. Where there is a great deal of anything there is generally a great deal of waste. It is the busiest man who answers enquiries by return of post and maintains a regular and faithful correspondence. He who has most leisure never has any! So the first hundred of a man's income buys the most. Each hundred he adds to it, buys him less, of all that is really necessary or good for him. Many of the greatest books have been written by those who did not survey a wide surface of human life, but looked deeply into it. In these days of eager running to and fro, it is worth remembering that the great literature of Greece, the philosophy and the poetry which have dominated all later literature, was produced by men who spent all their lives within an area no larger than a small Scottish shire!

Perhaps, if there is any limitation which

presses hardest on poor human nature, it is those circumstances which shut us in with unchosen, uncongenial, and even antagonistic companions. Of course the same circumstances generally shut out all for whom our hearts are longing. There are exiles, not only in far off countries—prisoners, not only in dungeons,—but also in kitchens and schoolrooms, and, alas, even in homes! There are those pining for love, and tenderness, and sympathy, whose nearest and dearest cannot understand what more such can want, when they have provided them with bustle, and gaiety, and comfort, and luxury. Many a life history is told in the American poet's pathetic words—

She died as many travellers have died,  
O'ertaken on an Alpine road by night;  
Numbed and bewildered by the falling snow,  
Striving, in spite of failing pulse, and limbs  
Which faltered and grew feeble at each step  
To struggle up the icy steep, and bear,  
Patient and faithful to the last, the load  
Which in the sunny morn seemed light.

And yet

'Twas in the place they called her home she died,  
And they who loved her with the all of love  
Their wintry natures had to give, stood by  
And wept some tears, and wrote above her grave  
Some common record which they thought was true.

One can understand all the secrets of this agony, its deadly damage inflicted not by any great stab or sudden blow upon the heart, but by daily friction, by ceaseless pricks, by an absolute antagonism of tastes and interests which makes companionship a terrible solitude. There is sometimes an awful pathos about it, for all this does not always destroy love, which may be rooted deep down in household custom, in mutual memory of vanished faces, in sacrifices made, in practical kindnesses rendered.

Think of a brother and sister, an aunt and nephew, a father and daughter, or any other near kinsfolk, thus thrown together. He wants to be kind to her, but his kindness takes the form of offers of theatre-going, of fine wine on the table, of many personal luxuries—all things which are not only undesirable to her, but absolutely repugnant to her tastes and principles, and which she is therefore obliged to set aside. The friends he wishes her to meet, gay, noisy people, living for money-making and pleasure, jar her at every point. The very life for which he honours her, the very sorrows which make her sacred to him, unfit her for the world into which he would fain force her. She is craving for books too costly for her own slender purse, for a glimpse of the mountains, for power to help some orphan child, or serve some struggling friend. And all this she could do easily with the largesse he proffers in the Tantalus cup which she is forced to put away from her. She would do anything to serve and please him, but he does not

care for the country walks she timidly proposes, nor for the people who are her friends, nor for the books and home-made gifts she proffers on his birthday. The volumes which she recommends to his notice may lie neglected on his side-table till she asks for their return. Some day, when he regretfully resents her inability to enjoy the "enjoyments" he proffers, perhaps she ventures to gently hint what her true pleasures are, and how easily they might be secured. He seems quite pleased at first, but presently he reflects that her endeavours to please him are equally wide of their right mark. Alas, she knows that too well! But what can she do? Can she set costly wine and dainty viands before him, when such a course would be contrary to all the principles he knows she has always held, and when in this case, perhaps, she believes such things to be specially deadly, since havoc wrought already by them among kith and kin may even have been one source of the very trials which have bound these two together

In pains divine  
Of spirits blent in mutual memories?

Can she shower upon him cigars, and silk stockings, and costly nick-nacks, when she thinks these would but nourish the growth of that thoughtless self-indulgence which she sees threatening to swamp the nobler manhood in him? And new influences bustle around him; the majorities of the world are on his side. He compares her, worn and weary, with vigils and labours for his sake, and for many sakes, with the blooming self-satisfaction of those whose one thought through life has been what they shall eat, and drink, and wear. And the sanction of success seems to be on the side of the latter. So life drags on with the sap and the bloom away. How can either explain to the other, when their souls speak different languages? Presently the two lives will drift apart. Circumstances will come to make that easy, and they will not be resisted. But this will not end the pain, for the cords of affection hold, though they become strained drags, instead of bracing bands.

There is no death but sin,  
No loss but change,  
No parting,—save the slow, corrupting pain  
Of murdered faith, which never lives again!

Yet love is greater than all these, and must remain immortal pain till it becomes immortal joy! In such cases it is actually the boundless love which is the sole limitation. There is no getting away from it! What comfort or counsel can we offer to such a plight? For counsel, we can only say, If there is any mutual ground at all, let the most be made of it. Let us search diligently to discern that it is not merely "our own way" on which we determine to stand, but only those ways which we feel are truly right and good. Let us do our utmost to be true to our own convictions, without striving to override or interfere with the convictions of others. It is so true that—

We are self uncertain creatures, and we may,  
Yea, even when we know not, mix our spites  
And private hates with our defence of Heaven.

Let us bear in mind all that tends to keep our love alive—not forgetting that the best we have ever seen in our friend must be the nearest to his true self—to what God sees in him, however much it has been overlaid and hidden by fresh temptations and new influences. Let us submit to misunderstanding and seek to remove it, knowing that the suffering is not all with us, and that we, too, may misunderstand, and should be ready to receive explanations. And, if the worst comes, and the old affection passes into utter silence, let us, instead of resenting the pain we still feel, be thankful for it, as a solid proof that our love was real and is still there. And let us keep faith that it may be the same in the soul of our friend, and cherish hopes that even in this world, Time may finally make wonderful revelations and explanations!

But there are other cases, without this tragic element of thwarted and "incompatible" affection, which yet have plenty of discomfort. People often have to live together, who respect each other, and are anxious to do their duty, and yet who do not like each other, or are so absolutely different in mental and moral calibre that they simply cannot approach. It is this which makes the irksomeness of any hired service which entails involuntary companionship. Doubtless there is a great deal of silent and perhaps scarcely half-conscious pain of this kind in many of our kitchens. There they are often, fastened up together, by day and by night, two women, between whom the only fitness of relationship is that one does the cooking and the other the house-work. One may be a steady, sober woman, well brought up and disciplined by life's duties and trials; and the other a flighty, coarse girl, hovering over the path of destruction, if not already of dubious morals. Or one may be a fresh, pure-minded lassie, come from a happy home, where she was loved and trusted, fond of her innocent books, and always ready to break into blithe laughter and song; and the other may be a soured, suspicious woman, who keeps her very workbox locked, and ostentatiously puts the key in her pocket, who thinks it idleness to read anything but a cookery-book, and whose talk is all of the wickedness of the world in general, and the special badness of certain individuals with whom she has been concerned.

Well! what is to be done? Those who find the position hard to bear may yet have other good reasons for not disturbing it. It is an evil which may have to be endured, and that not only for a short time, before it can be cured.

It is wise to recollect in such cases that there is no lot in life without its drawback. In the words of Thomas à Kempis: "Dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment; yet thou shalt ever find that of necessity thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the Cross . . . If thou bear it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a burden, and increasest thy load, which yet, notwithstanding, thou must bear. If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that perhaps more heavy . . . As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and

thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere. But, if thou trust in the Lord, strength shall be given thee from heaven. Set thyself, therefore, like a good and faithful servant of Christ to bear manfully the Cross of thy Lord, who, out of love, was crucified for thee."

It may help us in such plight, to think of one who for his Lord's sake was bound more closely than we can be, in society as little congenial as any we may encounter. Think of St. Paul fettered to the Pagan Roman soldiers—his guard for each day. Think of the high-bred, highly-cultured man, quivering with nervous sensibility and spiritual enthusiasm, hand-cuffed to these ignorant, bluff, unthinking giants! We need not imagine that he never suffered, that his heart never sank; but he rose above these human weaknesses. It was when he was "an ambassador in bonds" that, studying his guard's accoutrements, he made out the magnificent parallel of "the whole armour of God"—the loins, girt about with truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit! Thus the very portrait of his unchosen companion is stamped on the heart of the church! We can well imagine that he did not write these things without first talking them over to the soldiers who inspired them. Doubtless, he accepted this as his mission for the time being. We read that he wished his brethren to understand how the things which happened unto him had fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel.

This was, surely, God's way of bringing man after man out of the Roman army into the light of the good news, of peace and good-will, even as it had been God's way to spread it from city to city, among those with whom the apostle lodged and worked at his trade. For we know that many such were among the first converts. Therefore, if we find ourselves tied together with the ignorant and frivolous, even the coarse and brutal, let us hold up our hearts as he did, and respond to the call of the fettered apostle, when from his dungeon in Rome, he bids us "rejoice in the Lord alway."

We may help our undesirable companion to become more desirable, and we may "wring a benefit" from him, by making him a warning to ourselves. Those who suffer under the inflictions of the soured and disappointed, may take hints by which to save themselves from becoming soured and disappointed in their turn,—

Learn to be wise from other's harm,  
And you shall do right well.

But after all our pleading thus, on behalf of enforced disagreeable companionships, we must add one caution on the other side. Let us take care that such companionships are enforced by either duty or necessity, and not assumed by ourselves for any ulterior objects. For affectionate and congenial human companionship is the sweetest thing in life, and whoever waives it for any

other interest, such as ambition, money, or love of change, makes a wretched bargain! As Sir Philip Sydney says: "The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding." When a boy we know writes from Canada, "The salary I am earning is comparatively small, but the home is so good and the people so kind, that I think I had best stay where I am," we feel he is a true philosopher. For what would a larger salary do, if the people were cold and harsh? Yet we have known girls leave the comfortable service of a kindly mistress because a stranger tempted them with a pound more of yearly wage!

There is one relationship which, though the closest of all, is yet left in our own choice, until it is fairly entered upon, to the making or marring of all our future. Whoever enters the marriage state, should do so only with a full conviction that each has found a sympathising and upholding friend in the other. Where passion hurries the judgment, or vanity or self-interest warps it, a leap in the dark is made and disaster is likely to follow. If two people bound together are not going the same way, what will happen? Either the bond will snap, or there will be a violent struggle in each direction spreading discredit and ruin all round, or one will be led off as a mere slave stultified for life by his or her own mistaken step. There has been a great deal written of late concerning the miseries and misfortunes to be found inside the married state. It would be better for individuals and for society if more reflection were given to the folly, frivolity, rashness and unworthiness of motive which only too often lead up to it. There is none of life's knots which can be so galling as that which is wholly left to our own will to tie! It would be well indeed if everybody seriously took to heart the caution of a good old Scotch minister, who prefaced every marriage ceremony which he performed with these words: "My friends, marriage is a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty to all. Do you venture?" Nor did he proceed, till he repeated a second time and with great emphasis, "Do you venture?" We are told by ancient wisdom that houses and riches are the inheritance from fathers, but a good spouse is from the Lord, and there would be few mistaken unions if God was much remembered in the hour of choice!

But whatever may be our condition or position in life, however apparently free we may seem, or however free others may be from us, it is never to be forgotten that all humanity is bound in one, and that nobody is wronged or helped, made to suffer or to rejoice, except to the cost or gain of the whole community, nay, of the whole world. We may seldom see this, we may refuse to realise it, but it remains true that

We cannot stand alone, or walk apart,  
For—though but as with thread of gossamer,  
Invisible to wariest traveller  
Till mist-beaden with pearls—some brother's heart  
Crosses and touches ours with finest art.

I. F. MAYO.

## SOME PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND.

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

PREACHERS OF SCOTLAND IN THE "KILLING TIME."

RICHARD CAMERON'S is a name that took a quite exceptional hold of the heart of his countrymen. He had an extraordinary fascination while living, and his renown has not died away during the two centuries that have elapsed since his death. There is a halo round his name in the region of religion like that round Robert Burns's in the region of poetry and song. Enthusiasm, eloquence, a commanding figure and eagle eye, great personal courage, crowned in the flower of his youth by death on the field of battle, left a memory which the like-minded of his countrymen have never suffered to die. He had no training for the work of preacher. At first he had no sympathy with the cause for which he lived, struggled, and died. When he began to frequent meetings of the outed ministers he was rebuked by his own clergyman and commanded to abandon them. The effect was the very opposite of what was intended. The spiritual impression on his own mind was deep and irresistible, and his sympathies turned entirely to the cause of the Covenant. In those days some of the Presbyterian ministers had accepted from the king what was called an "indulgence," that is, liberty to preach under certain conditions. Cameron was one of those who denounced all who accepted this indulgence, because they were accepting from the civil magistrate what he had no right either to withhold or to give. This afterwards was one of the distinguishing features of the "Cameronians." Jesus Christ alone was head of the church; He was alone entitled to give His servants instructions as to His service; for the civil ruler to presume to regulate such things was to intrude into a province which he had no right to enter, and for a minister to accept the "indulgence" was to sanction this invasion of the Saviour's jurisdiction, and to join with His enemies in dishonouring His name.

It was the discovery of his gifts as a preacher by some of the older men that caused Cameron to be invested with the office; for even in those wild days the ministers were most particular to discourage all disorderly proceedings, and not to allow men even to preach who were not regularly called and appointed to do so. In Annandale and Clydesdale hundreds and thousands hung upon his lips, and were moved by his tender and melting appeals. In the year 1680 Cameron did a bold act, which brought on him the intensest hatred of the authorities, and separated him from many of his brethren. He published a declaration to the effect that Charles II., by his perjury, usurpation of spiritual authority, and tyranny in matters civil, had forfeited the throne and the allegiance of his subjects, and that it was lawful to bear arms against him. Only two other preachers had courage to avow this bold proclamation—old Donald Cargill, and, at a later

period, young James Renwick. Wild and daring though it was, it was based on substantially the same view of the king's conduct which the nation deliberately adopted in the case of James II. in 1688. In the eyes of the people who followed him, Cameron became all the greater hero now that he had spoken out what so many felt but dared not utter, and that five thousand marks were on his head. To give him a night's entertainment, or even a meal, was to run the risk of an enormous fine, or even more serious punishment; yet thousands of the people were ready to entertain him, and would have counted it a distinguished honour to have had such a servant of God under their roof.

There are two sermons of Richard Cameron's that have a remarkable interest. One of these was delivered a few days before his death from the words of our Lord, "Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life." Mr. James Dodds, a London solicitor, in an excellent work entitled 'Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters,' has given us a vivid picture of this great occasion, the scene of which was a place called Hyndbottom, among the hills of Lanarkshire. "Picture to yourselves this noble and majestic youth, with blooming countenance and eagle eye, standing on some huge rock uplifted in the wilderness. Ten thousand people are grouped around him; the aged, with the women and children, seated near this pulpit of nature's handiwork, the men of middle age and the stalwart youths of the surrounding hamlets composing the outer circle, many of them with their hands on their swords, or their trusty guns slung by their sides; and on each neighbouring height may be seen the solitary figure of the watchman, intently gazing in all directions for the approach of the troopers. . . . It is a Sabbath in May. How sublime and peaceful the moment, even in this age of violence and oppression, of the dungeon, the rack, and the scaffold, and murder in cold blood in the fields. Heaven smiles on the 'remnant.' All is hushed and reverent attention. The word is precious. . . . The psalm has been sung, and the echoes of the myriad voices have died on the moorland breeze. The prayer has been offered, the earnest wrestlings with Heaven of men who before sunset may themselves be an offering for their religion. The preacher rises. . . . There is in his manner more than his usual solemnity. . . . Yes, he knows that his days are numbered, and, but a few more suns, the heather sod shall be his bed of death. A strange, almost unearthly sympathy is visible, stirring those assembled thousands to the very depths of their beings. Rousing himself from the reverie which had passed over him, the preacher announces his text, 'Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life.'"

In a sort of historical romance, entitled 'Martyrland,' by the late Dr. Simpson, of Sanquhar, this sermon is the topic of conversation among some of the peasantry who are supposed to have heard it. "Were ye at Hyndbottom," one of the party asks, "any of you, that day that Cameron preached so shortly before his death from the text, 'Ye will not come unto Me, that ye might have life'?" "We were there," replied the shepherds from Lesmahagow, "and a great crowd there was from all the surrounding parishes." "I remember," said Gilbert, "how urgently he pressed the acceptance of Christ that day upon his hearers; we offer Him, he cried, to you in the parishes of Auchinleck, Douglas, Crawfordjohn, and all ye that live thereabout, and what say ye? Will ye take Him? Tell us what ye say, for we take instruments before these hills and mountains around us that we have offered Him to you this day." "Aye, Gibby," said his wife Grizzy, "and I mind how he cried and pointed with his hand, 'Look over to the Shawhead, and to all these hills, and take a look at them, for they are all witnesses now, and when ye are dying they will come before your face. We take every one of you witnesses against one another; and will not that aggravate your sorrow when they come into your mind and conscience saying: We heard you invited and obtested to come to Christ, and yet ye would not; now we are witnesses against you.' It was then, I remember, that the whole congregation began to weep, and when he observed it he cried out: 'I see some tenderness among you, and that is favourable to look upon, but yet that is not all. The angels will go up to report before the throne what every man's choice has been this day, and thus they will say: "There are some in the parishes of Auchinleck, Douglas, and Crawfordjohn that have received the Lord Jesus Christ, and He is become their Lord, and this will be welcome news there." These were his very words.' "Oh, but that was an uncommon day," said Gilbert. "I thought I was at the very gates of heaven itself, when sitting on the wild moor in Hyndbottom. There was scarcely a dry eye in the whole company. He was so affected that he could not speak, and leaned his brow on the Bible, and the tears wetted the leaves like a shower of rain." "Aye," said Grizzy, "the strong man bowed himself, for his great heart was pained and full of yearning for souls. I remember a poor young lassie sitting beside me on the bent, and her bit napkin, which she held to her een, was drenched through and through wi' greetin'. It was naething to see the women greet [weep], but it was extraordinar' to see strong men and auld men, a' melted into tears, and standing wi' faces as if they had been washed wi' a shower." "I was sitting close beside my father," said John, from Lesmahagow, "and he shook as if he had had the ague; and on his right there was a tall, swarthy man, with a firm and manly aspect, who seemed for the time to resist the general emotion; but by degrees his countenance relaxed, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. He had his bonnet in his hand, with which he sometimes wiped his eyes, and sometimes he dashed the tears away with the big sleeve of his

coat, and at other times with his rough bare hand." "Yes," said Gilbert; "the very rocks seemed to melt, and the heart of stone within was softened. . . The fruits of Hyndbottom did not soon vanish; the martyrdom of the minister so quickly after served as a standing application of the sermon, and enforced its truth till the present hour."

The other sermon that we notice is founded on the text Isaiah xlix. 24-26: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." . . . It is worthy of remark, although probably it has never been in print before, that this is the text from which, in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' Sir Walter Scott makes the Rev. Gabriel Kettle-drumle preach a wild discourse, and we shall have a good opportunity of ascertaining what was really true if we compare the imaginary discourse of Kettle-drumle with the real sermon of Richard Cameron. The manuscript to which we are indebted is in the possession of the Rev. J. H. Thomson, of Hightae, Dumfriesshire, a most devoted and affectionate Covenanter antiquary, and the sermon of Cameron is said to have been preached at Carluke, 8th July, 1680, like the other, a few days previous to his death.

Sir Walter's account of Kettle-drumle's oration is substantially as follows: The discourse was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application—two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised deliverances [in all 210!]. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions; the second, to the punishments about to fall on the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial; now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous. Some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, others sank below the burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every man to worship God according to his conscience, and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of the rulers, and on the sectaries they had tolerated—Papists, Prelatists, Erastians, Independents, Socinians, Quakers—all of whom he proposed by one sweeping Act to expel from the land. Then he took up the history and proceedings of Charles II., calling him by the names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other wicked king recorded in Scripture, and concluded with an emphatic application of the prediction: "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the King it is provided."

Let us do Cameron the justice of giving an outline of the real sermon. It begins by claiming on the part of his countrymen a special interest in the passage, because the chapter begins, "Listen, O isles, unto me"; and then follows a forecast of the use God would yet make of the island, or part of an island, Scotland, when her church was restored, in propagating the true pattern of His church to the ends of the earth. No doubt it would be objected to this that but



few of the people of Scotland had kept straight; also that the power of their enemies was overwhelming; they were "the mighty," and could the prey be taken from the mighty? Many were afraid, but here was God Himself dealing with the question. The first thing to be remarked was, that sometimes God's people were a prey. They were a prey in Scotland, and he could not think of a "badder" (worse) mark of any man at that day than that he was not a prey. Secondly, it was to be remarked, that it was part of God's plan that His people should be a prey to those that were very mighty. Yea, thirdly, they might in such a case be reduced to the verge of despair. Then, he says, God Himself undertakes and promises to effect the deliverance. There was no human being in Scotland from whom deliverance could come. But the Lord would do it. But when He came to deliver He would be very severe against all that had fallen away from His cause. Now, they might say, if the Lord is to do it, we need not fash our heads about it. Nay! the Lord would do it, but they must make use of the means incumbent on them. The rest of the discourse is taken up with the means they were to make use of. They might find several in Rev. xii. 11.

1. The blood of the Lamb. What is that? It is to believe on Jesus Christ, to give much credit to Him who was the captain of salvation, and who was made perfect by suffering. O sad, that there is so little faith in our days! O the noble victories that have been won in our land by faith! The devil and his angels have fought against Michael and his angels and prevailed not!
2. The word of their testimony. Fie on you of this generation that are so much against testimonies.
3. By not loving their lives unto the death.
4. "Pray always and faint not."
5. "Vow and pay unto the Lord your God."

By vowing he understood covenanting, and he urges this with the utmost fervour. If they had only been true to their covenants, they would have been in a better case. He does not spare "that abominable family, Charles, James and Monmouth too." The sermon concludes with a very fervent pleading with his hearers to use these means, and particularly prayer. He urges them to go to God with His own promise—to remind Him of His own very words. And he is thoroughly persuaded that God will respond: the prey shall be taken from the mighty; He will contend with them that contend with His people.

Such was Cameron's sermon on Sir Walter's text. The sermon of Kettledrumle is a perfect burlesque. Cameron, as is well known, was killed, July 1680, at the battle of Airmoss. No words could express the distress with which this disastrous incident in a disastrous battle filled the hearts of his friends.

With Cameron we usually couple the name of Donald Cargill. He was a much older man, but held the same views in regard to King Charles. There was a heavy price on his head too. Yet he succeeded wonderfully for a long time in eluding his pursuers. At last he was caught and condemned. Dreadful stories were circulated

as to the form in which he was to suffer death. Some had it that he was to be put into a barrel full of spikes and rolled down hill. Others that he was to be slowly roasted before a fire. If such tortures had been inflicted, they would not have exceeded, hardly even equalled, what had often been inflicted in the Netherlands, in Italy and in Spain. But the enemy was satisfied with simply hanging him and four others at the Cross of Edinburgh; after which the hangman "hashed and hagged his head off," to fasten it to the Nether Bow. He was a man of very attractive personal character, abstemious, tender-hearted, self-denied, generous to the poor, most sympathetic, yet full of devotion and faith. It was the position against the king taken up by Cameron and Cargill that exasperated the government, and made the persecution of the closing period of the Stewart dynasty so fierce that it was known among the people as "the killing time."

The last of all the martyr-preachers was in some respects the most interesting and the most remarkable. At the Cross of Edinburgh, on 27th July, 1681, as Donald Cargill was endeavouring, amid much interruption from the drums, to deliver to the spectators his last testimony, and assure them of the joy and peace that filled his heart now that he was on the eve of glory, there stood at the foot of the gallows, gazing on him with awe-struck face, and drinking in every word of his dying testimony a young man of eighteen, James Renwick, on whom his mantle was destined to fall. When Renwick was ready for the ministry, there were no ministers in Scotland to ordain him, Cargill having been the last of those who stood out after the other ministers had accepted the indulgence. Renwick had accordingly to be sent to Holland to receive ordination, for the ministers of the Dutch Church were not considered guilty of the defections of their Scottish brethren. When Renwick returned to Scotland in 1683, his special work was to testify against the defections. He strove to maintain, as he believed, the kingly rights of the head of the church untainted and supreme. The remarkable feature of his career was that during the hottest years of the persecution, when the whole resources of the government were let loose against the party formed by Cargill and Cameron, and when he was the only field-preacher left, he guided their affairs with consummate wisdom, tact, and success. On one occasion, he preached by invitation at Glenmuir Shaw, in a secluded glen, concealed from the public view. "The preacher," says the work already quoted from, "with his sweet and soft voice, in fervid eloquence, discoursed on the lofty subjects of the Christian faith, and on the affecting love of Him who shed His precious blood for sinners of the human race; and all this was done in a mood so tender, and so pathetic, that all hearts seemed to be bowed and moved, as the trees of the forest by the wind. The amount of good done on that occasion can be known only on the great day of final reckoning." Just as the service was about ended, a watcher on the Tor Hill gave warning of the approach of the dragoons. A rush took place in all directions. A good friend took

charge of Renwick, and a swift pony enabled him to escape.

For four or five years he led the life of an outlaw. It seemed as if the angel of the Lord really encamped around him and delivered him. There was a price on his head, and the dragoons were intensely desirous to catch him. At last, however, he was caught, tried, and condemned. When he appeared in court his enemies could hardly believe that the boyish-looking youth of five-and-twenty, little in stature, with red cheeks and a fair face, was the monster whom they had been hunting for years, and who had for so long

a period sustained the cause of the Covenant on his single shield. They would fain have spared him if he had made any sort of acknowledgment of his offence, but he would not yield. His marriage day had come; the bridegroom was ready, and he would not delay. On the 17th Feb. 1688, so near the hour of national deliverance, he died on the gallows at Edinburgh. In a lull of the noise, his voice was heard in a glow of triumph, "I shall soon be above these clouds, I shall soon be above these clouds; then shall I enjoy Thee, and glorify Thee, O my Father, without interruption, and without intermission for ever."

### THE PARABLE OF THE SEA SHORE.

MIDDLE age is perhaps the period of life when depression of spirits attacks a person more than at any other stage. "Time and change are busy ever," 'tis true, but in the days when hope ends, energy begins to flag. When children take the inevitable craze for growing up and going out into life, leaving the home empty and silent; when old friends drop off year by year, and new ones are not easy to find with congenial tastes and habits; when one is looked upon as an old fogey by youth, and has not yet attained the dignity of advanced age, so as to be considered worthy of the care and attention which such years demand; then it is that loneliness makes us its inveterate prey.

The time of year and the time of life harmonize. The swallows have fled; the equinoctial gales have stripped the trees; early frosts have blackened the last lingering of summer flowers. Howling raging winds have caused all nature to shudder and shrink from sight beneath the embrace of mother earth; then comes the sobbing rain, deluging all around, and completing the decay and ruin of everything about us.

A borrowed day comes; a day when the sun shines out with yet something of warmth and pleasantness, causing the leaves of ivy and evergreens to glisten, and encouraging a brave hardy lingering rosebud or two to lift up undaunted heads. Let us hasten to freshen up our weariness by a ramble on the sea shore; what matter if we are all alone as we turn our footsteps thither, 'tis better than the echoing loneliness of the parlour, now always so terribly tidy.

The scent of late-blossoming heliotrope is heavily sweet as we pass through the glazed porch; and chrysanthemums are opening their yellow buds on either hand, so as to cheer the approaching gloom of winter. White Japanese anemones and the scarlet plush of the salvia raise their heads from the mass of fallen leaves sodden with rain, and a few geraniums still look gay, though they will not bear close inspection.

The fields are more empty than the gardens; their crops are gathered in, their hedges bare, not a wild flower is to be seen. Stay, here is an acre of carrots, the frost has turned their foliage to

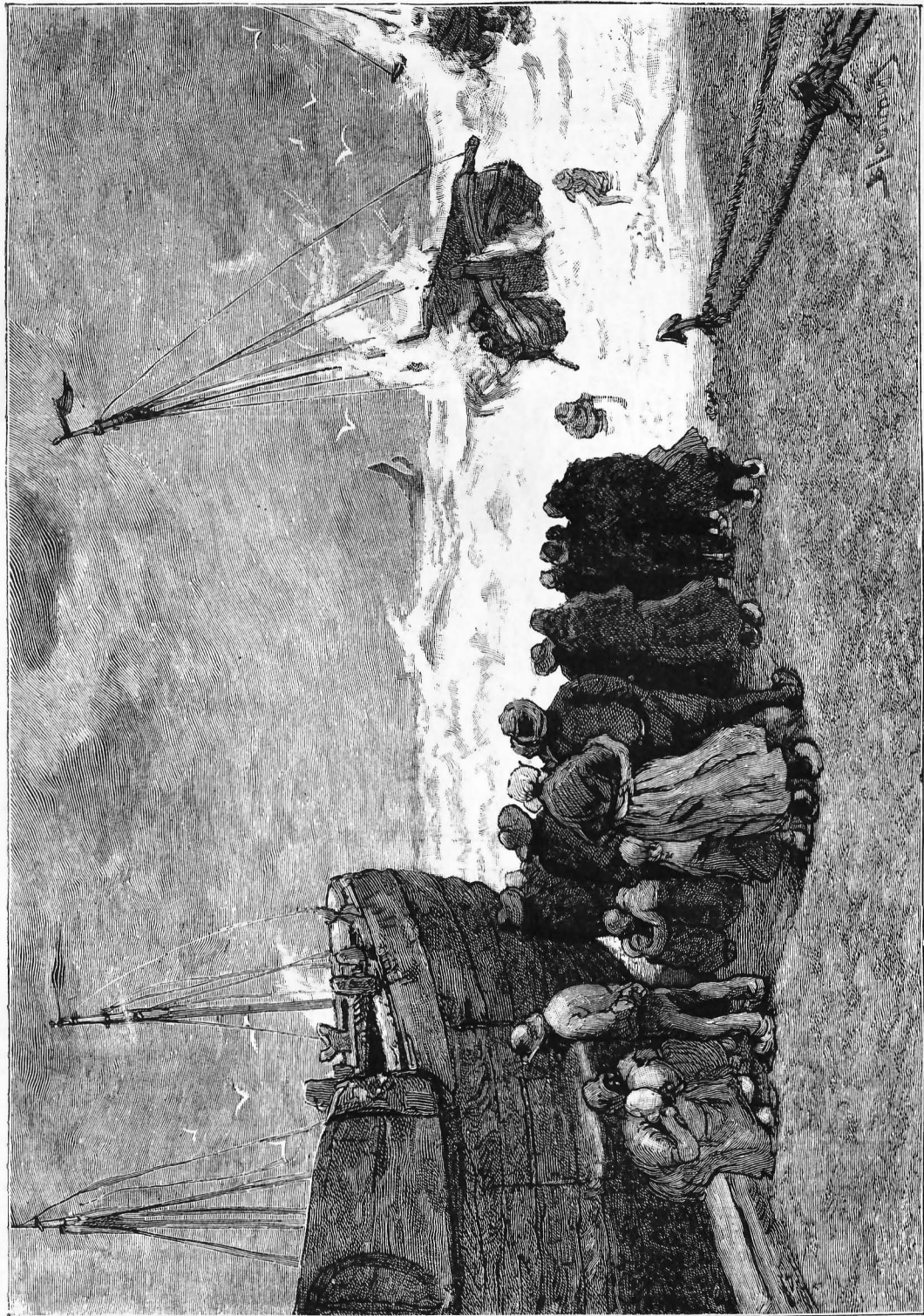
lovely hues of crimson and orange, gold and green and brown, lovely to behold. A rustic wooden gate is passed, and we emerge on a tract of marshy land fenced from the sea by a range of sand hills. Here the recent floods have gathered themselves into huge winding shallow lakes, where the breeze gently ruffles the water in which the blue sky is reflected, and where many little aits and hillocks are richly bedecked with moss, fringed with rushes, and further adorned by russet spikes of dock, gone to seed in masses.

The sand hills are easier to climb than when the summer sun blazed down upon them, turning the ground beneath our feet to powder; the last is soon surmounted, and there spreads the glistening level beach stretching away to right and left, met by the receding tide, which is rushing out with a roar of leaping billows, dashing their snowy foam in a line, miles in length. Not a living creature is in sight; not a vessel specks the horizon; not a sea bird soars above the waves, though the faint musical cry of a curlew is heard in the distance, plaintively lamenting. The black ribs of a skeleton day mark are raised on high to our right; and the black remnant of an ancient wreck appears among the whiteness of the breakers before us.

This is solitude indeed, we are here alone with nature, but this solitude is not lonely. The ever-recurring roll and rush of the waves are like the pulses of the mighty mother, beating from her heart centres; the changing lights and shadows on the gleaming sea are her smiles and deepening thoughts; the vastness, the expanse of land and sea and sky speak to us in silence.

We seat ourselves upon a piece of a wrecked ship; the strength and violence of the waves have beaten the chief part of it into fragments, they lie strewn around by thousands, hardly larger than a man's hand; yet those cruel waters have washed up little fragile shells by the million, without injury. There they are, tiny bivalves, whose delicate fringes are unbroken; the papery pholas, which a rude touch would fracture, yet is perfect in its dainty crimping; tubes of the terebella, slight things of gummed sand and microscopically small shells, hardly





T. J. Blommin, Salon, 1883.

NOVEMBER ON THE COAST OF HOLLAND.

larger than grains of the sand itself yet uninjured by the force which hurled the mighty ship to ruin. What myriads of such lives are running their innocent course beneath those foaming waves, while the argosies of nations float above, yet all have their definite use and purpose, are born to some career, and die to further some end. They do not comprehend the reasons for their own existence, and we, with our superior intelligence, divine it but dimly, yet know that they are there; and that the laws of their living and dying are ruled by an intelligence that understands what we do not.

The white breakers have slipped out to sea fast, they are thundering now on sandbanks a mile away; the sun has sunk also towards the west, and a long highway of golden light paves the sullen grey heaving waters. Night will soon

fall, and the lonely shore be yet more lonely; but the tide will rise again, the sun's rays gild the east once more in a few hours, and all the tiny shell-fish strewing the beach will be fed and comforted without exertion of their own.

It is time to go, though the breath of ozone on the air is strengthening, and the sound of the sea soothing to the soul. Between the high-water mark and the sand-hills are a troop of children gathering the wreckage into willow creels upon their backs; they will take it home and pile up cheerful fires with it in many a humble cot. In their wake trots a patient donkey, laden with sacks of cockles, and bestridden by a ragged, bareheaded, barelegged lad, his day's work over, his crust of bread earned, and he is singing merrily at the top of his voice.

G. N.

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## OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER XXVII.—HONORIA GOES HOME.



**But**

the going back was never to be.

so far as she might consistently with her profession, his life to take as the mould of hers.

Perhaps it needed the discipline of the last two years to open her eyes to the danger that may lie in exaggeration of the duty of renunciation, and to teach her that even the walls of home may compass opportunities of loving helpfulness which we may miss to our lasting loss. God, who willed that we should live together in families, who has taught us to call Him Father, in sign of the tenderest and closest relationship given man to know, surely meant us to learn this lesson. If further proof were needed, have we not the example of our Lord, who, taking upon Himself our form, was in subjection to Joseph and Mary?

"I shall ask for a few days, papa, to make arrangements," she said in parting.

"Certainly," he acquiesced. "If there is anything my man of business can help you in, you have only to consult him. If you should have any difficulty about your lease, for instance —"

"Oh, I think it won't be necessary to give up the house!" she said, flushing. "There is someone who can live in it; and you have always been so generous to me in money-matters that that need not be a difficulty."

"I do not wish to control your expenses in any way," he said, "do as you like. I think of going to Barford next month, if the fine weather continues; you will not be the worse for a little fresh air and change yourself."

"No," she answered as cordially as she could, "I remember how beautiful the country is in June."

But her heart sank. To go away from London—at once! she had not calculated on a giving up such as this, but as she went home in the omnibus she reasoned herself into a better frame of mind.

"What is the use," she chided herself, "of making a sacrifice, if you are to prescribe its limits and settle its conditions? God does not ask us to make a bargain with Him, He asks us to give all. 'Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, superfluous cares fly away.'"

Another little glimpse of comfort came to her as she was rattled over the lighted streets, leaving the stately West behind.

"I might get some of them down there," she thought, "poor Mary Myles, and Mrs. Nash, and that little fellow with the hip disease. There is old Black's cottage—papa told me the last day I saw him that it was vacant. I am sure he would let me have it, and oh, wouldn't they like it, the freshness and greenness!"

With that vivid, fervent imagination that could not rest in the present, but must always be making plans and schemes for others around her, she occupied herself now, finding her consolation in this ray of hope shot across the new path.

She broke the news to Miss Lemming that night, for it was her hope that this good woman might be induced to continue the task she was called on to relinquish.

"I would come when I could," she said, trying not to show how much she felt the separation, "perhaps every day when we get back to

London. There is the house, and the money would always be forthcoming; that is easy, and some one—a trained nurse, perhaps, would be best—might be found to help you."

Miss Lemming had not been told all the reasons for this decision, but no doubt her guesses went very close to the truth.

"You just rest and be quite easy in your mind," said the worthy little woman, "I don't say that we won't miss you morning, noon, and night, for that we will, as sure's there's a moon in the sky, but there isn't one of us that won't be fair thankful to see you turn your back on us. Yes, I mean it," she laughed, "and if this is Mr. Vivian's doing, or the doctor's doing, all I can say is they've shown more sense than is commonly given to men. For of all the stupid creatures for staring you right in the face and never seeing that you're ready to drop, commend me to a man!"

"But it isn't only for the present, I'm afraid, it's for always."

"Deary me, always is a big word," said Miss Lemming, briskly; "and there never was any good, as I could see, in taking in too much of the future at one gulp, as you may say. There's a better chance of it's agreeing with you, if you take it in sips. Maybe, we'll see you here again, and maybe no, but I'll stop here as long as there's any strength in my body, you may rest on that, and I'm not one of your weakly sort, neither."

"Thank you for taking it like that," said Honoria, gratefully; "you make it so much easier for me." She lifted her white tired face, and Miss Lemming bent and kissed it, and then she jumped up in an odd sort of way and said it was time for all Christian folk to be in bed.

Honoria woke next morning, feeling very ill, but she dressed and went out as usual, refusing to pay any heed to her own unusual sensations. There was a good deal of illness in her district—there always is, let the season be what it may—and she had some cases that caused her a good deal of anxiety. In attending upon these she succeeded, for a time, in banishing her own growing sense of lassitude.

"If I can only see them through the worst," she thought, "it will not matter so much my having to leave them." But outraged nature will not submit to be trifled with, the long strain scarcely intermitted during two years, the agitation of the last few days demanded their revenge.

Next morning when she tried to rise she fell back faint and dizzy, and by noon an urgent message had summoned Dr. Ellis to her side. He had spared a moment in his morning rounds to run up to the lodgings in the Euston Road with a book Janey had expressed a wish to see, and the messenger missing him at home had followed him there,

He read Miss Lemming's agitated scrawl with a sudden darkening of his brow and a clenched hand.

"I knew it," he said grimly, "why was I such an idiot as to listen to any scruple and refuse to interfere sooner?"

"What is the matter?" asked Janey looking at him in some wonder.

"Matter enough," he threw the note across the table, "She can't do anything by halves, you know," he said with an abrupt laugh, "and she is sure to go in for this hotly. Well, I've some fight in me too."

Janey read the note and even in the instant this occupied her, she had made up her mind.

"I shall go with you," she said, "or, no, I won't hinder you. Go, and I will follow you; I mean to nurse her."

"You?"

"Yes, I."

She looked at him unflinchingly, but he would not give in at once.

"You, a little thing like you? you are not fit."

"I know you have a very scornful opinion of my powers," said Janey, "but you do not know of what I am capable until you try me. Besides this is scarcely a question for you to decide; she has done more for me than any one living, in ways I could not tell you of, and there is one thing I will try and do for her."

"Very well," he yielded with a smile and a shrug, "but, perhaps, you will condescend to follow my instructions?"

"I will do exactly as you tell me."

"Good. Then take a solid meal before you set out and put on something warmer than this flimsy thing. That is all in the meantime, but remember I reserve my permission on the nursing question until I can judge of my patient's condition. I mean to run no risk either for her or for you."

He waited for no remonstrances, and she was obliged to submit. She was not long over her preparations. She wrote a note to Allie who was out on household affairs, and another to the professor who usually took his morning exercise in solitude while she studied. Then she neatly folded away her writing materials and books of reference, filled a little hand-bag with all that she held to be necessary, and, having eaten as she was commanded, set out.

But all the help that love could give availed nothing. The doctor who came downstairs to give Janey her instructions spoke with a gruff irritability that hid the depth of his feeling.

"Ill? yes," he said, "about as bad as she can be. She has been fighting the fever for days as if even her pluck could ward it off! And she couldn't do more to court it than she has done—fasting for hours, eating when she could or not at all, and sacrificing her night's rest, taking not the smallest care of herself."

"What is it?" asked Janey, looking very pale.

"Typhoid. That is what it always is; it is the martyr's fever," he said grimly, "and some of them die of it."

"Will she die?" she asked in a piteous whisper.

"I don't know," he said shortly, "not if I can help it. Now listen to me, and if you wish to do her any good, remember exactly what I tell you. I can't have you ill too, that will never do," his voice softened a little, "and there isn't the least

need for it if you will behave like a good, sensible girl and do as you are told."

"Try me," was all she said.

He proceeded to give her his instructions, fixing a rigorous limit to her services. She rebelled a little when he sent her to bed at nights, but he would not be disobeyed, and her utmost devotion and zeal could not have saved Honoria.

Short and sharp was her illness, a speedy passing from life to death.

In a few days they all knew the answer to Janey's piteous cry. Honoria was leaving her place and her work, but it was not to take up any other task on earth. Yet it was not a sad going away; after the first sharp crisis of the fever, when she had talked pathetically of her poor people and had seemed to be pleading—always pleading to be allowed to go to them—trying vainly, as it were, to surmount some invisible barrier that held her back from them, there was a lucid interval in which she suffered from nothing but extreme weakness.

It was against this exhaustion that the doctor fought at hand grips, but the victory was not to be his.

Her father had been apprised at once of her illness and had sent his housekeeper with jelly, and wine, and what not, and his carriage, with a written request that Honoria might be conveyed to her own home where she could have the benefit of Sir Henry Hornblower's ripe experience.

The doctor smiled over the note in spite of his anxiety, but he answered it promptly, saying that he could not sanction the removal of his patient. Upon that the great physician came himself, accompanied by Mr. Vivian, and the gutter children and all the idle population of the street were gratified by seeing a fine carriage pull up at the door and the two gentlemen descend from it and go to nurse's house.

Mr. Vivian stooped a little and looked more joyless than ever as he walked slowly upstairs behind Miss Lemming. The doctors together—for the younger man was waiting on the elder—went higher still to that little bare attic room where Honoria lay, and Mr. Vivian was left alone. He looked about him at the gaunt room, the benches pushed back—no guests came there now—the empty grate, all the evidences of that austere life of self-denial Honoria had chosen to replace the luxury of her early home. Poor gentleman, as he glanced round him, as he looked through the dingy windows at the squalid meanness of the street, he felt himself no nearer to understanding the child whom he was about to lose in another and a sadder way than by this way of renunciation.

The two physicians came downstairs, and Ellis drew the other into one of the little rooms upon an upper landing.

"Yes, yes, your treatment has been quite right," said the great man, "I could not have improved on it if the case had been in my hands from the first. It's a pity, yes, a sad pity, a fine girl, as I remember Miss Vivian to be, carried away by this fashionable nursing craze—a sad pity. Her father will feel it."

Did he feel it?

He straightened himself with an effort, and it was with a perfectly calm step and unmoved face that he went to his daughter's room when he was summoned there.

"Don't be long," said the young doctor, who went to call him when Sir Henry had rolled away after one or two conventional expressions of sympathy, "don't be long, she is very weak, she can't bear much."

He was not long in that small room where the last great act of life's drama was being played, and no one ever knew what passed between father and child in that solemn hour. He came out again grave, and grey, and silent as ever. Ellis crept out of that little side room where he was waiting, and offered him his arm, but he refused it with a courteous bow.

"Thank you, I need no support. I will come again—to-morrow," he said.

"Yes," said Ellis, gravely, "to-morrow."

After that parting Honoria seemed almost to have done with the world, but once she whispered to Janey, who was stooping over her bathing the thin white hands—

"I was so faithless; I thought our little effort here would fail because I had to leave it. And now God is calling me away altogether to Himself. It is as if He would say to me, 'My work shall never fail for lack of workers.' It was the last hour when He called me to His vineyard—you will not delay till the evening, Janey?"

"God helping me, I will begin now," said Janey, solemnly. She bent and sealed the vow with a kiss on the dying lips.

So Honoria's two short evening hours were over, and at sunset she went home to receive her wages.

Not all for nothing had she spent herself, and there were those among whom she had lived who would not willingly let the memory of her generous deeds perish. And for two who stood together and watched that triumphant home-going, in perfect love and humble trust and faith, the day of her death was the beginning of a new life.

Not all at once were their bonds loosed, not in a moment their freedom assured, but a glory was on their prison walls and by that shining sign they knew that the coming of the great Deliverer was near.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—CHARLIE HAS HIS CHANCE.

We who live in peaceful England where war-alarms never disturb us, shall we ever realise all that is summed up in those few words, "The Fall of Khartoum"? The news of that fatal 26th of January, as it flew to us, fell on every heart with the force of a blow; not a man or a woman but forgot for a moment his own private griefs and sorrows to share in England's lamentation for her greatest hero. No pen will ever fitly describe the horrors of that long watch before the final disaster, that sickening watch for the help that never came, the torture of death by slow starvation, which

was the fate of thousands—the sadder death of hope in the brave soldier's heart as he saw his poor people perishing round him, and knew that by man he was forsaken.

In the early spring of that sorrowful year a spy from Tamai crept into Suakin carrying the dreadful tidings there, and among those who heard it with grief and sorrow were an officer and private of the —th Hussars. These two found an opportunity to discuss it with many hot words and vain lamentations, and bitter indignation against those who were responsible for the delay which sacrificed Gordon.

Charlie and Vivian made part of the English expedition that, twelve months earlier, after the battle of El Tib, had taken part in the march against Tamai, and there Charlie had received his baptism of fire. The story of that victory is part of the nation's history now, and the sorrows that it brought—for all victories cost dear to some—are healed or scarred over; but at the time what a sickening suspense and dread filled the hearts of those in England who had lent their best and dearest to this service. It is the woman's part, as the poet tells us, to sit at home and weep, while the man goes forth to work and to conquer, and who shall say hers is not the harder lot?

Janey would have kept the papers from Allie's eyes in those days when rumour of an approaching attack first began to appear in them; but she knew it was no use. Allie wore a look which forbade it.

"I am not a child," she said gently. "Do you think I have not measured what there was to bear—what there might be to bear—when Charlie went away?"

After that Janey submitted; it would have only tortured her needlessly to argue the matter. And, early as Janey tried to rise in the morning, and softly as she slipped downstairs, Allie was there and had skimmed the day's tidings before her.

Janey never forgot the evening when news of the British victory was announced in London. She happened to be out that afternoon a little later than usual, returning with the professor from a concert whose programme had been unduly prolonged. She saw it staring at her from great posters spread upon the pavement; she heard it taken up by one newsboy after another, till the air seemed full of the one clamorous cry—

"British victory at Tamai—total defeat of the enemy!"

She paused in her walk, feeling as if she could not take another step.

"Did you hear what they were calling?" she said, looking up at the professor with a white terrified face. "A victory; but suppose it should be a defeat for us?" Then she rallied. "I must see the paper before Allie hears of this."

"I will buy a copy," said the professor, who had been dreamily following the music in his brain, living again in that world of sound, and had only now comprehended the reason of her agitation. "Wait here, lean against this lamp-post. Do not move till I join you."



She obeyed, too sick and faint to rebel. It seemed an hour—a cruel hour—while she watched him push his way through the throng round the announcement, buy a paper, unfold it, scan it, study it. Was it death or life that it held for her? Then he looked up and waved the sheet joyously.

"It is all, all well, dear mademoiselle," he said hurrying back to her side. "See, here is the list of the dead and wounded—not a long one happily and the name of neither of your friends is there."

"Let me see for myself," she cried, heedless or unconscious of the little gaping crowd of curious folk that was gathered round this eccentric pair. "Not there." Charlie's name was not in that list, sad in its brevity which we who have no stake in the venture read so carelessly.

"Not there," sighed Janey, "then we can go to her. It is others who will suffer to day, we have been spared."

In course of time Charlie wrote himself of that day's adventures. It was a much more inartificial and less scholarly account than that which appeared in the daily prints, but to the two women it was infinitely interesting.

"I'm all right," Charlie began, "came out of it without a scratch, and so did Vivian, but it was hot work while it lasted, and I confess, without being a coward, I hope, that it was rather a queer sensation to hear the ping of the bullets going over our heads as we camped behind the zareba. They were awfully badly aimed, or I mightn't be here to write this, but they kept us from sleeping, though they did little damage beyond hitting one or two mules and camels. We were up before sunrise, had breakfast, and then began to form up, we covering the flank of the infantry." Then followed an account as far as the writer could follow it, of the engagement. The dead stillness, the beautiful sunny morning, the wide desert green here and there with vivid patches of mimosa—rippling towards the horizon, emblem of a perfect peace, to be broken so soon with war's hideous clamour.

This letter now nearly a year old, was reread by Allie till its edges began to get worn and frayed, other letters followed it, scarcely less precious, for Vivian and Charlie did not return with the bulk of the troops speedily shipped home after the short campaign, but had remained with a small contingent left behind for the defence of Suakin.

All through the hot summer they had remained there with no actual fighting worthy the name to engage them, but occupied in constant little skirmishes with the rebels hanging on the outskirts of the town, who were emboldened by the reduction of the garrison to make nightly attacks.

Charlie wrote as gaily as he could, but perhaps this long time of inaction, while everybody was waiting and wondering what was to be the end of it all, and whether the policy of abandonment was once more to prevail, was the most trying to his temper and nerves. For his position was not without its discouragements. It takes a very

fine and well-balanced nature to step from a higher to a lower place, and to bear fortune's changed looks without complaint. Charlie was often galled and fretted, he often shrank from the companionship in which he now found himself.

But of this, never a word escaped him in those letters home which were Allie's joy, for he was learning, slowly and painfully, but effectually, the lesson of self-restraint and manly courage. The fire was refining our hero and burning the dross out of him. And all that one man could do to brighten his lot Vivian did. With a fidelity that never faltered he allowed nothing to stand in the way of their friendship, and, whenever opportunity occurred, he stood by him cheering and encouraging him. During the summer at Suakin, when discipline was necessarily somewhat relaxed, the two found many an hour which they could spend together, and when Charlie was promoted, as he speedily was, to be lance-corporal, their chances of intercourse were increased.

"There are very few victims of war now, but the hospital on Quarantine Island is still kept busy; this heat knocks many of our fellows up with fever, and the summer has swelled the row of British graves. But we two are as fit as possible, so don't be anxious about us, and there was never any one who had a stauncher or a truer friend than I have in dear old Vivian."

The summer, except for a touch of fever, left Charlie unscathed, as he wrote, and when autumn and winter succeeding found him still well and cheerful, the anxious hearts at home were beginning to beat less painfully on his account and the prayers were turned into thanksgivings for his safety.

Then, after months of inaction and suspense, full of rumours, Suakin was a second time the scene of lively preparation, for the expedition that was to avenge Gordon's martyrdom and give the Mahdi a much-needed lesson, the harbours thronged with transports bringing troops from India and England, and the great business of landing going on all day. The camps had scarcely been formed on shore before the enemy began, once more, those nightly raids which were their favourite forms of attack.

Again and again during the hours of darkness the alarm would be given, and men called to arms. One night a more determined effort on the part of the Dervishes called out the whole of the forces, and a short and sharp skirmish ensued. It was very quickly over, but it demanded its tithe of victims, and among the dangerously wounded in that little encounter which the newspapers did not dignify with the name of a battle and scarcely noticed at all, was our soldier Charlie.

A line told it all in the morning's prints: a brush with the enemy, a handful of Arabs killed, one or two British wounded, all of them slightly, except lance-corporal Lindsell of the —th Hussars, who was struck down while bravely defending his commanding officer, and severely wounded.



## "SINGING JOE."

### CHAPTER IV.

I LAID my hand on Molly's shoulder. "Will you give me Pat?" I said. "I will send him to school, and take care of him, and try to bring him up to be a good man."

She looked at me almost fiercely.

"Give ye my Pat? Troth, an' I'll do nothing of the sort!" she said roughly. "Is it me own Pat ye'd be after takin' from me?"—her voice rising more and more shrill.

At that moment her flashing eyes fell upon Joe's grave at our feet.

"Och an' och!" she moaned, with an instantaneous change in her face. "I'm a bad, bad woman! Thunderin' Molly still—an' at the very gate of the hivin that opened for Joe. The good Lord pity me. An' you just wantin' to do by Pat as I've axed Him to do scores of times. Poor Joe, he said to me, 'Molly,' says he, 'the good Lord will do for Pat now; but you must do your part,' says he, 'and send him to school to get the larnin'.' 'An', says I, 'I can't spare Pat, he's all I have.' 'An', says he, 'Molly, ax the good Lord, an' He'll open a way for Pat, an' thin ye'll be willing to let him go.' An' so it is. An' thank ye kindly, sir, an'—an'—the poor woman went on with a sob—"an' maybe ye'll let him come and see me of a time, and not be ashamed of his mother when he's the grand scholar?"

Pat had been watching anxiously, his bright eyes going from his mother's face to mine.

"Well, Pat," I said, "are you willing to come? I want a boy at home to do odd jobs, and I would like to have you for Joe's sake. You can go to school every day, and work for me out of school hours. I will give you lodging and food and clothes."

His eyes answered me before he spoke.

"Thank ye, sir, *iver* so much. It's just what I have axed the good Lord to do for me *iver* since Joe made me wish for the larning. An', mother,' he went on, looking into her face eagerly, 'ye'll not fret, for I'll get the larning, and thin I'll come back, and I'll work for ye, and read for ye, and sing for ye, an' ye'll be set up like a lady."

Poor Molly's tears fell like summer rain; but presently she applied the corner of the old shawl to her face and rubbed vigorously. Then she scrambled up and stood before me, dropping a succession of curtsies, between which she ejaculated—

"Thank yer riverence's honour! Blessings on ye! Take Molly's blessin' wid ye! Bless the good Lord! I'll misdoubt Him niver more—niver more. An' maybe Pat'll sing to me wan day like Joe, an' keep me heart up. Anyhow, I'll misdoubt Him niver more—niver! niver! An' I seem to hear Him say, 'Molly, poor Molly, go in pace.'"

I went home with them and settled matters.

I could not bear to leave poor Molly in the lonely back kitchen when Pat would no longer be with her, so I made arrangements with good Mrs. Butts, the woman with whom Joe had latterly lodged. She would take Molly in to work and wash for her, and I left money to clothe her. Mrs. Butts promised to see that she went to church, and would send me word how she went on.

Pat went home with me, and I never repented taking him. He was honest and true, and did his work with all his heart. He never became "the grand scholar," but learned to read and write creditably, and always took great delight in singing. I often heard him at it while he cleaned the knives, and I fancied he had caught something of Joe's spirit in singing the hymns *he* had loved so well.

Molly went on steadily, Mrs. Butts wrote. She did the work of two ordinary women, and was grateful and affectionate "past the common." In short, no one could believe she was the woman who had once been the terror of Balls' Court.

"She is clothed, and in her right mind now," good Mrs. Butts added.

Her great delight was to get a letter from Pat. They were truly a *labour* of love to him. I happened to see him once or twice when he was so engaged. He lay sprawling over half the table, his head very much to one side, and his paper to match; one eye shut, and his tongue out, following the gyrations of his pen. This last was a convenient arrangement, as, whenever he dropped a penful of ink on his paper, his tongue was handy to take it up. I believe no Egyptian obelisk ever presented hieroglyphics much more difficult to decipher than Pat's correspondence with his mother. Not that he attempted much. His letters chiefly harped on the fact of his being quite well, and "hopping she war the same, also getting on first-rate with the larning," and generally ended with a bit of a hymn to "mind her of Joe."

The sticking of his letter was another difficulty. He generally applied his tongue so vigorously as to take off all the sticking-stuff, and then there was a great expenditure of sealing-wax, dropped anywhere but on the right spot.

But his mother thought the letters lovely, and good Mrs. Butts read them with infinite pains, trying to decipher them by a frequent rubbing of her spectacles, and, after all, I dare say, giving a free translation of their contents."

Before Pat's school days were over, I moved to a living in one of the southern counties, and of course took him with me.

He developed a great taste for gardening, and took a pride in keeping the flower-beds tidy. I often heard him singing at this work. As he

grew older, his voice improved so much that he was promoted to sing in the choir, a new and great delight to him.

If the other boys or girls were giddy and inattentive, not so Pat. He reminded me of what Joe's mother had said—

"Joe's singing, it do seem to go right up to heaven."

Just as Pat was giving up school, I had a letter from Mrs. Butts, telling me she was going to live with a widowed daughter, and could not keep Molly. Now was the time for carrying out a little plan of my own.

There was a cottage just outside the Rectory gate, a tidy little place it was, with a garden in front, and it was vacant now. I wrote to Mrs. Butts, telling her to pack up Molly and send her to me by a certain day and hour.

Then I employed Pat to clean up the cottage, and arrange the furniture which I sent down from town. Very simple it was, and not over abundant, but Pat pronounced it "illegant." I made him nail up bright pictures and texts on the white-washed walls, light up the fire, set the tea-table, and put the kettle on the hob. He had not a thought of what it was for, but took a pleasure in making it nice.

When it was all done, and, as we locked the door, he looked round the little garden.

"If I only could get it to rights, too! it's a mighty purty place! An' there's some of Joe's clove-pinks! Will yer riverence plaze to put wan in yer button-hole? There, sir, ye're just like Joe of a Sunday!" a real compliment from him I felt it to be. "But," he went on, "there'd be small use in doin' up the garden, with may be siven or eight childer a-tearin' through it, an' routin' up everythin'."

I took Pat with me to the station that evening, telling him the tenant for my cottage was to arrive, and he must make himself useful.

The train came steaming in, and I saw Pat's bright eyes watching. Then, as a woman got out, with a bundle so large that she and it stuck in the doorway, Pat's natural civility sent him to the rescue.

I heard a loud exclamation, and the next thing I saw, was Pat's mother utterly collapsed, sitting on her bundle, and Pat, almost beside himself, dancing round her, and kissing her vehemently whenever he came in front of her.

Molly was now quite a respectable-looking woman, well dressed, and quiet in her bearing. She got up and curtsied when I went to speak to her, and then Pat and she waited for the next move. He had still no idea that she was the new tenant; for he suddenly looked round and said—

"Yer riverence, I forgot all about the new people, and I don't see niver a one! They can't have come."

I was afraid of a fresh explosion of joy in public, so I merely said—

"We will not wait, Pat; get the wheelbarrow for your mother's things and come away," which he did, following us. When we came to the cottage, I opened the garden gate, unlocked the door, and then, turning round, I bade mother and son welcome to their new home.

They looked bewildered. Molly clasped her hands and murmured, "Wirra, wirra!" then dropping on her knees in her old impulsive way, she caught hold of my hand and burst into tears. She soon quieted down, however, and I left her and Pat getting their tea ready, as happy a pair as I expect to see on this side of heaven.

I need not go on. Molly and Pat never disappointed me. He lives with me still—gardener and general factotum; his mother, now called Mrs. Reilly, is respected by all, a good Christian woman with a heart overflowing with love and happiness.

Her great delight is in going to worship. When the hymns begin her tears generally begin too; but they are tears of joy, perhaps mingled with recollections of how the glad tidings had first reached her through "Singing Joe."

## Things New and Old.

WHERE ARE THE TEN TRIBES?—In an article in the "Jewish Quarterly Review," Dr. Neubauer discusses the question, "Where are the ten tribes?" and the reply, after a learned examination, is "We can only answer, Nowhere. Neither in Africa, where they have still to be found in the Great Desert, nor in India, China, Persia, Kurdistan, the Caucasus, or Bokhara. We have said that a greater part of them remained in Palestine, partly mixing with the Samaritans and partly amalgamating with those who returned from the captivity of Babylon. With them many came also from the cities of the Medes, and many, no doubt, adhered to the Jewish religion which was continued in Mesopotamia during the period of the Second Temple. As to the prophetic promise that they will be gathered together in the Messianic time, we follow Akiba, who said that they will never return. Why should we be more orthodox than the great R. Akiba? But some of our non-Jewish readers may ask the question, If you cannot find them elsewhere, why not adopt the theory which is backed with so much evidence, if we are to judge from the countless books and pamphlets on it, that the lost Tribes are to be found in the United Kingdom? This question we would gladly answer (and could do so with the greatest ease, showing that the theory is contrary to ethnology, history, philology, and above all common-sense), if we had time to wade through this vast literature, and if our readers were not already wearied by our own too extended essay."

MISSIONARY LITERATURE.—The Religious Tract Society has recently entered upon publication work in some new languages. Help has been given to Bishop Crowther, of the Niger, for printing in the Idzo language, one of the numerous dialects spoken on the Niger. The Society had already aided the Bishop for the natives speaking the Ibo, Houssa, Nupé, and the Yoruba dialects. Primers, catechisms, and elementary schoolbooks have been prepared at the missionary press in Bonny. For another part of Western Africa a beginning has been made in the Bunda, or Angolese, Mr. Heli Chatelain having prepared the letterpress to illustrate some simple books on the Lord's Prayer and the Prodigal Son. The committee have just received a specimen copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in the Amoy colloquial, making the eighty-third language in which John Bunyan's book has been issued.