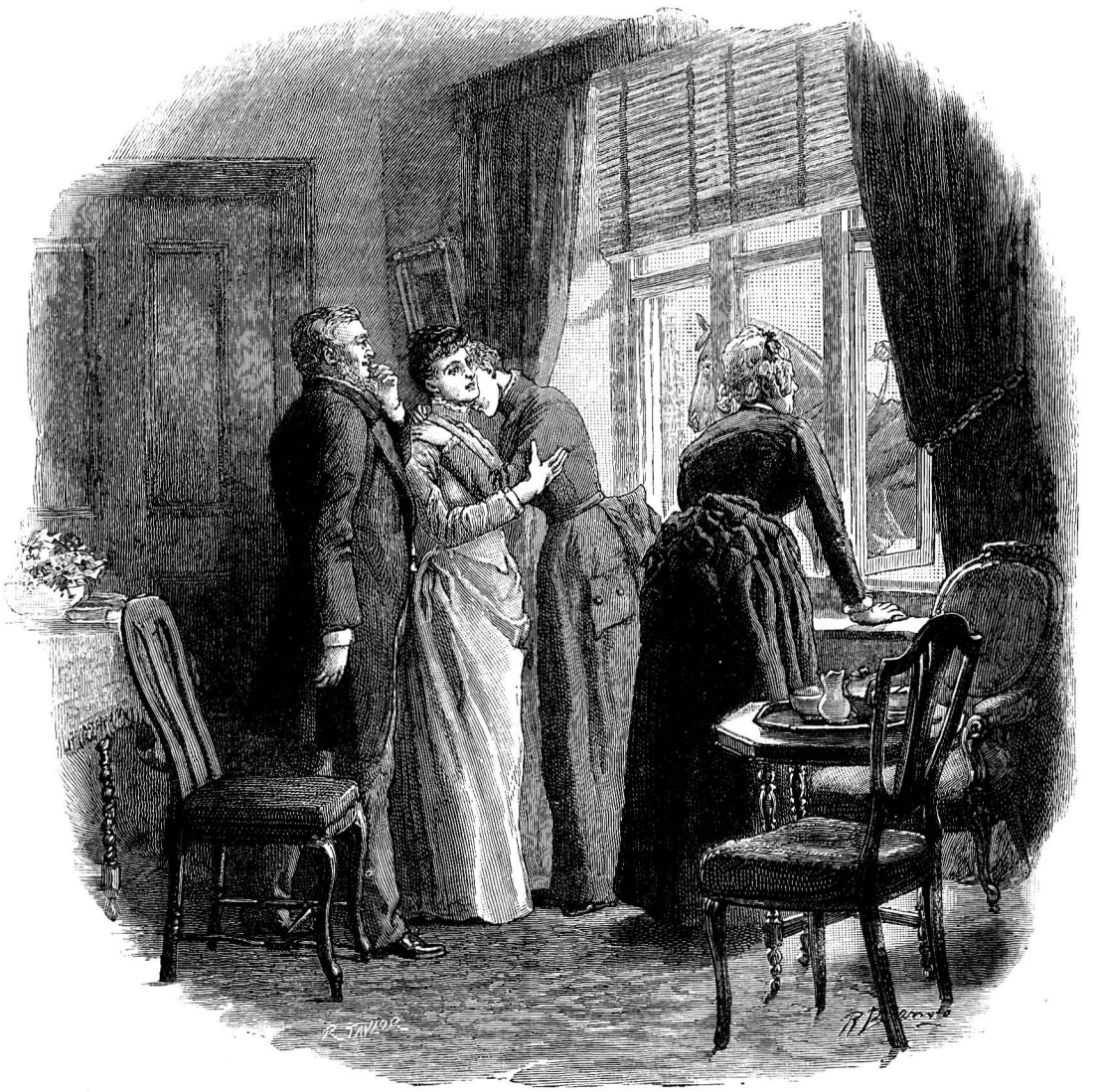
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OF ALL DEGREES.

CHAPTER XXIX.—GOOD NEWS.



NEWS OF CHARLIE.

THEY had carried Charlie to the hospital-ship *Dido*, and there, tenderly watched and nursed by one of the Red Cross sisters, he lay, no one knowing as yet how this duel between life and death would end. Vivian, quickly recovering from his disablement, had rejoined his regiment, and took part in the final repulse of the rebels at Tofrick, which practically concluded the campaign, but not before he had written home glowing accounts of his comrade's bravery.

"Mine was a very inglorious wound," he wrote, "I hadn't even a chance of shedding a

drop of blood for the cause. The alarm sounded one night, and we all turned out for a skirmish with the enemy. It was a nasty dark night, and in our desire to punish the Dervishes, who scarcely let us get an hour's rest, harassing us and spearing a sentry, one or two of us got separated from the others, and found ourselves beyond the lines in the open. In the mélée I got knocked over the head with a camel-stick, and was stunned, I suppose, for I remembered nothing more till I found myself in my own tent—but those who saw it say there was never anything to equal Lindsell's pluck and cool daring. His horse was shot under him, but he stood there defending me against those brutes who were thirsting to do for both of us, and they can fight with the bravest! But for him, I should not be here to write this. Some of our men, fortunately, came to the rescue before he was cut to pieces, and it is my hourly and daily prayer that he may yet be spared that I may show him something of my gratitude for the life he has given back to me."

This letter naturally was some time on the way, and it was while the mere bare announcement in the newspapers was all that any one knew of the circumstances, that Barford exercised itself about Alice.

As the result of many village conferences on the matter, the vicar was deputed to go and bring Alice back to her early home.

"It's her own folk she ought to be with," old Mrs. Smithson had remarked with vigour, "among those who have known her all her days. She would never have gone away if she had taken my advice, but young people are always wiser than their elders."

The doctor who had almost ceased to practice now and was thus available for errands, was sent to the vicarage at an early hour next morning—before he had time to swallow his coffee, indeed, grumbling and protesting, but obedient, to see that the vicar had remembered his instructions. The vicar was not to be trusted. Was it not known that the very last time he had been asked to dine at Oakdene, he had retired to his room, and, instead of preparing for the feast, had quietly undressed and gone to bed? The good man's memory for once however did not require jogging; the stout cob on which he performed his more distant parish duties was saddled and bridled at the door, and his lanky figure was issuing from the porch when the doctor got there.

"So you are off," said the doctor half envious, half grudging, thinking of that uneaten breakfast cooling at home—"you'll have a pretty long day of it, a fine time up in town. I suppose you'll come back to-night?"

"If Miss Lindsell is ready to travel."

"My dear sir, if you wait till a woman owns she is ready ——" The doctor gave a significant shrug. "You just pop her into a cab and tell them to send her bandboxes after her. Take the high hand, my dear sir, be firm, be firm, it's the only way, show your authority," said the experienced husband, of whom, however, it was whispered that his practice fell somewhat short of his theory.

"Now, I wonder," cried the doctor as he watched the retreating figure jogging down the lane on the leisurely cob, "whether he'll ever find his way there, much less bring Alice home with him."

But he found his way, and it was this odd, absent figure with the prominent, benevolent grey eyes that seemed mildly to bless the passers-by and the negligent, ill-fitting garments that Janey espied from the window where she stood in forlorn observation of the street.

"It is the dear good man himself," she cried, "and he has on one brown glove and one green one, as if he were afraid we wouldn't recognise him if for once he were like other people!"

She laughed with renewed cheerfulness, skipping downstairs and drawing him in with—

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, you will comfort Allie."

"I have come to take you and Alice home, my child," he said to Janey, letting a hand fall on her shoulder. "We all wish you to return to us."

"It is what would be best for her," she said gravely, "come upstairs and persuade her. She is very good and patient."

"Is there any further news?"

Janey shook her head.

"Nothing more since that last telegram from Captain Vivian. But he would have let us know if—if there had been worse news. I am sure he will get better."

"God grant he may," said the vicar heartily, following her upstairs. "He is a brave lad, and he may do good work in the world yet."

"Yes," she said, turning round, her dark eyes bright with tears, "Charlie had his new chance and he used it well, oh, far better than some of us who thought ourselves his superiors would have done. And even if—if he should not come back, it is a great thing to have done one brave deed, but—I think God will be pitiful, and give him back to Allie."

So it was to the old home that Alice went in those early days of waiting, learning anew the old, old lesson of submission. And God, who never tries any of us beyond our strength, had comfort in store for her there, for on the very first night, while her heart was yet touched with gratitude for the kindness of her reception in the village, a messenger rode post haste from Oakdene, where Mr. Vivian was now living alone, with tidings just arrived from foreign parts.

Oh, what a flutter it caused round Mrs. Smithson's early tea-table when the groom, easily recognised by his livery, tore up the little drive fronting the doctor's villa, and reined in sharply at the door. Life and death there seemed to be in his haste. Allie's cheek turned white as the cloth in front of her, Janey's great dark eyes were fixed in a kind of terror on the rider seen through the window pane.

It was the doctor who first recovered his presence of mind, but he convinced none of them, much less himself, when he said carelessly—

"Dear me, is that Roberts? somebody at the big house must be ill ——"

But they could not wait for slow stiff movements, and it was Mrs. Smithson, equal to every emergency, who turned from her tea-cups and opening the window fronted the waiting messenger outside.

"What is it, Roberts? a message for the doctor?"

"No, ma'am, good news, ma'am," he said touching his cap. "Mr. Vivian sent me off with it at once when I told him as how I had seen the ladies come by the up train, when I went down to fetch the new mare ——"

"Come, we'll take the new mare after," said Mrs. Smithson with gruff good humour; "out with your news; since it's good, you needn't wrap it up; we can stand the shock."

"It's a telegraph from foreign parts, ma'am, and the young capting (Roberts promoted Charlie recklessly) has took the turn and is getting on famous," said Roberts, with whom the lad had been a favourite as he was with so many. His honest face beamed and glowed with a delight which was reflected variously on all the faces gathered at the window.

"Well, you might have had some mercy on my gravel walk," said Mrs. Smithson, thinking of the half-crown the old jobbing gardener from the almshouses, sparingly employed, would extract for raking it smooth again; "you couldn't have cut it up more if the whole family at Oakdene had been dying. Alice,"—she turned from the window—"there's nothing to tremble for, my dear; drink this cup of tea and thank God that you are spared a great sorrow."

Ah, was she not thanking Him now, though she could not still her lips to speech nor control her falling tears? Tears of joy and of sorrow, too, when she thought of the darkened home from which these glad tidings had been sent.

Janey flew down the little drive after the groom's retreating figure, and arrested him at the gate.

"Roberts," she said, in a low voice, "it won't take you much out of your way—will it?—to go round by the vicarage? You will catch Mr. Durrant before service, and you will tell him, won't you? He was so fond of Mr. Charlie, too."

"That I will, miss," cried the lad, blushing and hearty. "It's twice as far I would go to carry such a rare bit of luck, and Sheila is as fresh as paint. I'm older a bit than he is, Miss Warner, and I mind him when he came here first, a little chap, as bold as ever was, a soldier like our own captain, every inch——"

Janey stroked the beautiful mare that had carried Honoria many a day, and when she turned away there were tears in her eyes.

And so in church, whither Allie and she presently took their way, there were thanks rendered to the Great Giver of all good, for sorrows spared and wounds healed and joy given back again. Oh, how sweet the hymn sounded on the children's lips, and how easy it was to praise! Peace came back to Allie in the little church where God had met her long, where she had brought some trials and found strength to bear them, where she had had so many happy hours, and this, perhaps, the happiest of them all.

And far away in the quiet morning hours as he lay on his sick-bed, Charlie too was sharing brokenly, feebly, scarce comprehending, as yet, in that humble thanksgiving for a life given back.

"I owe it all to you," Vivian was saying, in words that could not be very eloquent. "What did you think when you stood there, surrounded, Lindsell, and I lying like a log, unable to put out a finger to help you or myself?"

Charlie turned his head on the pillow, and looked at his friend with a faint smile.

"I thought, on the whole, you were rather better worth keeping in life than I was," he said, "and I thought of Astrid." The colour flushed his pale face. "You two did everything for me, that time."

Vivian could not answer. Surely it was no unmanly feeling that kept him silent; for he dimly guessed that Charlie's sacrifice had been costlier than he supposed, and he was abashed before the secret he seemed to have unveiled.

But Charlie turned on his pillow and shut his eyes.

"Allie will be glad," he said, as he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE HARBOUR AT LAST.

Of those with whom we have journeyed for a little while what more is there to tell?

When the summer was ripe at Barford, and all the world there a garden, Charlie came home to the love that was waiting for him, and had never ceased to bless him. It was as a hero that he came back, honoured and rewarded, with the Victoria Cross at his breast, no longer a fighter in the ranks. Charlie, who had seemed so perilously near to failure, had won his world again, and retrieved, in so far as a man may, his tarnished honour. Perhaps it was well for him that he could not forget those days of abasement—how else had he risen to the level of heroic effort? But, if we expect that he is to remain a hero to the end of his days, we ask that of him which it is given to no man on this earth to be. There was but One who trod life's high road and never swerved or faltered by the way, and He was perfect God as well as perfect man. For the rest, the greatest of us, "alternate between the highest height and the lowest depth," our meanest and our noblest are so near allied, that to be good and great, to be always a conqueror demands more than our own strength.

But as Janey had said—it is a great thing when we can rise even for a little while above our lower selves, and no spiritual effort is wholly lost. For our better deeds may make a "moral tradition" for us too, and to have borne ourselves courageously once seems a reason the more for a brave attitude towards our after life. Of Charlie, at least, we may prophesy that in such years as may be his he will never again wound the faithful heart that once ached for him or cause it another pang of shame.

In those June hours what talks he and Allie had in that green garden where they had played together in those far-off days before the battle had begun for either of them, for Battle House was empty once more, and they were free to wander in that green solitude where Allie's happiest and saddest memories had their roots.

"Old Vivian has been awfully good to me. He wrote to me, you know, and asked me to go to Oakdene, and yesterday, when I met him in the village, he shook hands with me as if"—Charlie gave a gulp and turned very red—"as if he were really glad to see me." Alice laughed.

"You gave him back his son, do you think he had no reason to be grateful for that boon? He is bound up in Captain Vivian, it would have killed him, I think, if he had died too."

"He is changed, he looks twenty years older. I suppose he felt Miss Vivian's death very much?"

"Yes," said Allie hesitatingly, "but I think he never really knew her or understood her till she left him. Oh, that is surely the saddest thing of all, to be so near to the best sort of love and yet to miss it and never to know till it is too late! I am very glad Captain Vivian is leaving the army and is going to live with him."

"Yes, Jim settled that when he got the news of his sister's death. It was a good bit of a trial to him. I could see that well enough, for he is awfully keen over his work, and there isn't a better soldier in the British army—but he's not the man to say much or to let you know that he's making a sacrifice. And now," he went on with studied cheerfulness, "he will marry, and Astrid will be a second daughter to the old man. He may not like it at first, but he will soon give in. She's good to the very bottom, and the most unselfish little thing that ever breathed. She'll do everything for him without seeming to do anything, and in a month or two he'll be almost as fond of her as Jim is."

"She has one faithful champion, at any rate." Alice looked at him fondly and proudly. Ah, how her boy had grown in self conquest!

"Here comes Janey," he cried, recognising the alert young figure advancing between the trees.

"Well, Janey," he called out when she came within hearing distance, "what news of the big Babylon do you bring us to-day, and which of our special correspondents has favoured your majesty?"

"There is news," said Janey with dignity; "but it is a secret."

"Then it is the doctor," said Charlie with mock disappointment; "and if it's a secret, it means that he is plotting treason."

"No, he isn't," she retorted, blushing very prettily; "he knows it wouldn't be any use. August is soon enough."

"Yes," said Alice drawing the girl towards her, "August is too soon for me. What shall I do without you?"

"You will stay here," said Janey, looking at her with curious tenderness and yet with a lurking smile—"here where you have so many who want you, and would miss you; and in case there are any of those newer friends whom you might sometimes wish to see ——"

"Now we are coming to the point," cried Charlie teasingly. "In case you should pine for Miss Lemming, Allie, or Mr. Augustus, or the Herr Professor with the jaw-breaking name, or even for the doctor, or even for the—doctress, you are to be allowed to revisit London annually for one week only, and the remaining fifty-one weeks you are to be delivered over to Mrs. Smithson's society, with occasional relaxations in the way of visiting the almshouse ladies and gentlemen, and teaching the rustic mind its catechism."

Janey laughed. She saw a brighter future than this shining before her friend; but about that vision she held her peace.

"Allie," she said ignoring Charlie, "Battle House is empty, as you know—suppose it were to be taken by a friend of yours?"

"Am I to keep you then, Janey, after all? Is Walter Ellis going to accept Dr. Smithson's offer?"

"No," said Janey; "he thinks—we both think—it is better not to change. I believe"—she smiled—"he feels it would be too smooth and easy a life. He is made of fighting stuff—a soldier in his own way too, and there are enemies enough for him to conquer there. No; it is our old professor who thinks of coming here—in summer-time, at least—to be near you, Allie."

"That little hint of yours about the uses of wealth has borne fruit."

"Oh, I hope I didn't preach," she cried, looking distressed—"he is so good, it would be presumption to try and advise him——"

The boy and girl both laughed at this.

"I don't suppose he's so virtuous that you couldn't make him better, if you tried," said Charlie, who had large faith in her persuasive powers.

"Allie didn't try," said Janey, with that same gay, half roguish look, "she just was—Allie. And one day it occurred to the professor—you must understand that my descriptions were very eloquent—that such a spot as Battle House would be a very haven for tired people, for over-worked shop-girls, for the little neglected children over whom Honoria's heart used to ache—for all the broken and defeated among those with whom we lived; and it seemed to this clever professor that if the season—say from May till October were parcelled out, it might yield for many of them a week or more of rest and freedom from care, of good food, of simple pleasure such as their stinted lives have never had room for. So he came ——"

"And saw and conquered," cried Charlie, "and Battle House is to be converted into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for those who have been wounded in the warfare of life, and who need an Allie to minister to them ——"

"And some of them will grow strong and will go back rested and refreshed to face the struggle anew," said Alice, her fair face lighted with pleasure, "and if there are others too feeble to begin again, he will let them end their days here

in peace. It is a noble use to put his wealth to, and many will bless him for the generous thought."

"Tell him so," said Janey, "and you will make him glad. He is here; he came last night."

But before the village had ceased to busy itself with the new tenant of the old house in the garden, or the first of his strange guests had arrived, Janey left the village for her new home in London.

When the doctor came to claim her he was touched by something like remorse for all that he was asking her to resign.

"I'll be a poor man all my days," he said; "there is neither fame nor fortune to be won in the life I have chosen. I made up my mind to that at the outset, but I didn't calculate on marriage then."

"Do you regret it?" she asked demurely.

"The question is, will you regret it? There will be bread, Janey, and sometimes butter, but never jam, my dear, nor cakes, nor pretty frocks, nor many holiday times."

"And do you think I shall find it so hard to renounce all these, I, who have never known them?" she asked, speaking gaily, though there were tears in her eyes. "If we are poor, shall we not get a little nearer the poor we have pledged ourselves to serve; if we sometimes have to deny ourselves, are not their lives one long need? Oh, Walter," her voice broke, "it was all dark so long, and now that the light has come, shall we turn away and refuse to follow it? Let me serve with you, let me help you, if I can."

"Then you have no doubts, Janey?" he still held her from him, remorse not wholly conquered.

"Not one," she looked at him with frank truthful eyes. "Allie was my only doubt, and she is one no longer."

"She will come to us, of course," said Ellis, settling the question in his offhand, masculine manner, wondering inwardly how Janey could have troubled herself over it.

"She will come to us, of course, sometimes," Janey echoed demurely, "unless she prefers to stay here."

Clearer than ever Janey saw that peaceful future dawning for her friend; but it was not till she had gone from the church door to begin the new life that Allie herself had a glimpse of its radiance.

The little group that watched that simple wedding service had melted away when bride and groom disappeared from sight; but Allie lingered behind in the churchyard, resting a moment on that flat stone where we saw her long ago, as she listened to the children singing within the church, and wondered whose praises it was they chanted.

It was a still afternoon, and the hush and peace of the place was upon her. Her mind wandered back instinctively over the long stretch of years between that young, eager girlhood and the present time. Her youth had faded from her, and some of the early dreams that visited her here had not been fulfilled; but yet she could give thanks for all the way by which she had been led. And surely it were but a poor proof of gratitude to doubt God for the future!

"Make the way plain," she whispered; "make Thy way mine."

And even as the prayer fell from her lips He was sending her the answer. She heard the click of the latch, and looked up, expecting to see Charlie come in search of her; but it was the vicar who walked up the little path between the sombre yews, and paused in front of her.

"Alice," he said simply, and without preface, "I hoped to find you here. I have come to ask a great thing of you."

"Ask what you will," she said, with gentle confidence. "If I can grant it, it is yours."

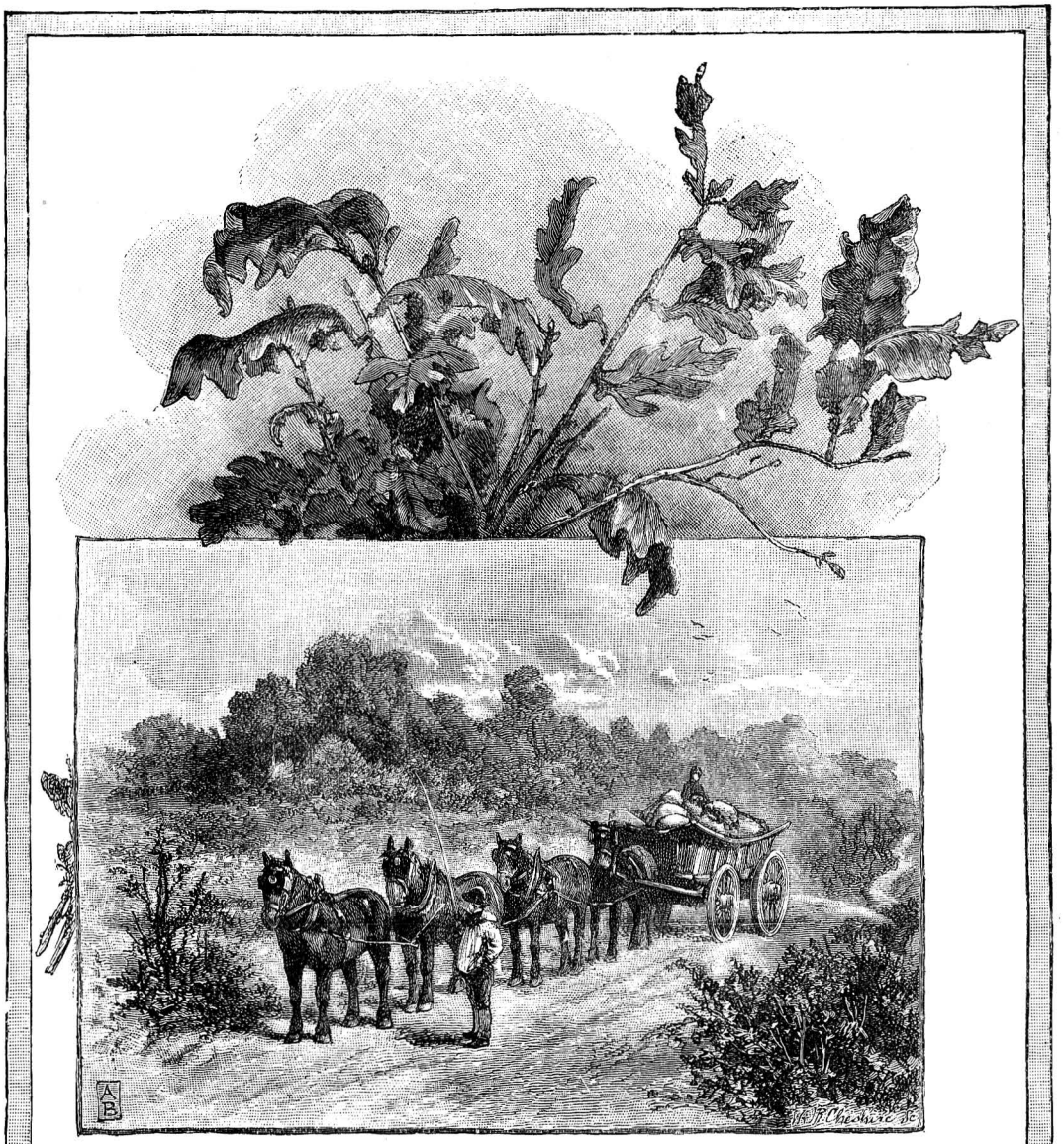
"You will not go away? You will not leave us? You will stay here always with me?"

It is the story-teller's way to drop the curtain when the wedding bells ring out. Perhaps he fears that the honest chronicle of the after days might belie the promise of love's morning; but when Alice put her hand in that of this long-tried and faithful friend to journey for what was left of life with him, we may forecast for her a future as serene and unclouded as Janey could in her young fervour have desired.

It was a safe refuge to which she had gone. The peaceful sky above these two seemed to hold in it a promise of a life lit with happiness, full of mutual helpfulness, of opportunities to serve, of tender pieties and charities towards others. And what better fate could those who loved Alice have wished for her than this?

Things New and Old.

MATTHEW POOLE ON SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.—The celebrated divine and Bible annotator, Matthew Poole, preached a sermon in St. Paul's on the 26th of August, 1660, which attracted much attention at the time. The Lord Mayor and other civic notables were present. The sermon was from the text St. John iv. 23, 24: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The sermon was published under the title "Evangelical Worship is Spiritual Worship, by Matthew Poole, minister of the Gospel at Michael Quern. Printed for S. Thomson at the Bishop's Head in Paul's Church Yard, 1660." At that time there was much controversy in the church as to forms and ceremonies, "a sort of men among us," as the preacher said, "that contend with greater earnestness for a cross and a surplice than ever they did for the faith once delivered to the Saints;" and when "a canonical garment is more respected than a canonical life." "Alas, a carnal ceremonial way of worship is easily practical by any person; the labour of the lip, the bowing of the knee, the tuning of the voice, the wearing of such and such garments—these they are capable of; yea, often times the worst of men are the greatest zealots in these things: yea, Christ makes it the character of a hypocrite to be violent in these things. . . but spiritual worship none can give but a spiritual man, one that hath the Spirit."



The Top of the Hill.

LIFE'S roadway has many a tough bit of climbing,
A fact soon found out as we journey along;
And voices that once were with merriment chiming
Are apt to grow chary of laughter and song.
The rapture of childhood has vanished for ever,
But deeper emotion the bosom can thrill;
And pleasant the moment when honest endeavour
Is crowned with a rest at the top of the hill.

The top of the hill! A steep path to retard one,
The everyday struggle 'twixt right and 'twixt wrong;
Ah! who does not know it is often a hard one,
Which needs a firm foothold, a stout heart and strong?
Rough and rugged the way, but if heavenward moving,
Stern duty's behest we elect to fulfil,
How sweet in the sunshine of conscience approving
To draw a long breath at the top of the hill.

Then work must be done; and real work is a pleasure,
For he who can earnestly bend to his task
Need envy no trifler a wearisome leisure,
Nor ever the lot of the indolent ask.
Their days may be jocund with pipe and with tabor.
Each hour with some transient delight they may fill;
But they taste not the joy of the brief pause from labour
Earned fairly and well at the top of the hill.

We stand there once more, when the sun is descending;
The shadows of evening fall thickly and fast;
The night is at hand; the long journey is ending;
The goal we are bound for is near us at last.
But hope is yet present our courage to rally,
Faith's sweetest assurance remains with us still;
And thus we behold, just beyond the dark valley,
Eternity dawn from the top of the hill.

SYDNEY GREY.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

VIII.

I HAVE devoted much space to Tatian's Diatessaron because its discovery has been one of first-rate importance, and has been so recognised by all students of Christian evidences. I must now restrain myself within very narrow limits in treating of the other topic to which I have called attention.

I have placed Tatian's Diatessaron in the first place because we became acquainted with it in 1881. I place the discovery of the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," in the second place, because the Christian world first heard of it in 1883. Let me tell the story, not in a scientific, but in a popular way. In the City of Constantinople there is a Greek quarter, just as in London, and in most English cities, there is an Irish and even a Jewish quarter. This quarter is called Phanar. Here the Patriarch of Constantinople has his residence, and here, too, the Patriarch of Jerusalem has an official residence and a monastery called the monastery of the Holy Sepulchre, reminding us of Crusading times: as also nearer home, St. Sepulchre's Church and the Temple Church in London, St. Sepulchre's Church in Cambridge, and the Lordship and Palace of St. Sepulchre in Dublin remind us in their names of the enthusiasm of the Middle Ages for the hallowed spot where the body of the Lord was laid.

In Phanar, too, are the town residences of the various Metropolitans of the Orthodox Greek Church and the chief institutions connected with that body. It is quite natural that it should be so. The institutions, offices and official residences of any church or society naturally rally where their adherents are most numerous. The Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre belonging to the Bishop of Jerusalem has a library, as most of the churches and mosques of Constantinople also have, a library, too, which has several times been inspected by Western scholars in search of treasure trove, and specially by the late Bodleian librarian, the Rev. H. O. Coxe, about thirty years ago. That is one point I will ask my readers to bear in mind.

Now let us turn our attention from things to persons. In the year 1833 a Greek boy was born of poor Christian parents in this same city of Constantinople. He was baptized by the name of Philotheos, or, as we should say, Theophilus Bryennios, a name destined to be famous in later years. He was a clever boy, with a natural bent towards theological studies. He worked his way up like many another, supporting himself by his own exertions, and for that purpose acted as choir-master in one of the large Greek churches of the city. His efforts attracted the notice of the Greek ecclesiastical authorities. He was admitted a student of the Greek theological school in the island of Chalce, near Constantinople, was thence sent to some of the leading German universities, whence he returned to take charge at first of a class in his own theological college, and then, subsequently, to preside over the Great High School in Phanar, which Greek liberality has founded for the diffusion of Christian education in the Imperial city.

Bryennios brought to his work a well-trained mind, rich in all the varied culture of the West, upheld and supported by a sound Christian faith. From his professional work he was called after a time to be Bishop of Serrae, the ancient Heraclea, in Macedonia, whence he has been again promoted to be Metropolitan of Nicomedia, in Bithynia, the ancient capital of the Eastern Empire. Bryennios some twenty years ago turned his attention to the library of the Holy Sepulchre. He found a volume containing seven ancient manuscripts. This very volume had been repeatedly examined by Western scholars, including our own Bodleian librarian and reported as containing nothing extraordinary. Yet Bryennios found there the rarest treasures.

It is not hard for any one conversant with manuscripts to see how this came about. A traveller goes into an Eastern library. He has but a limited time to examine some hundreds of volumes. He takes them up one by one, glances at the title pages, or, perhaps, only consults the imperfect catalogues, and then makes his reports. The case becomes quite different when a resident scholar can take the volumes one by one and quietly read them through and through. Then it is that the hidden riches of a library reveal themselves, and so it was with Bishop Bryennios. He found that this neglected volume contained several most important documents. He discovered in it the complete epistle of St. Clement of Rome, the earliest Christian writing next after the canonical books of the New Testament, and with it the so-called second Epistle of St. Clement, documents which Dr. Lightfoot has reproduced for the benefit of English students. That discovery which saw the light in 1875 was most important. The Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians is our earliest witness for the St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Clement wrote warning the Corinthians concerning their quarrels, and so in the forty-seventh chapter he says, "Take the Epistle of the Blessed Paul the Apostle into your hands. What was it that he wrote to you at the first preaching of the Gospel among you? Verily he did by the spirit admonish you concerning himself and Cephas and Apollos, because that even then ye had begun to fall into parties and factions among yourselves."

The First Epistle of Clement quotes the Epistle to the Hebrews also. Dilating in the thirty-sixth chapter on the glories of Jesus Christ, the writer says: "By Him would God

have us to taste the knowledge of immortality, who being the brightness of His glory is by so much greater than the angels as He has by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they," and then proceeds to quote passage after passage out of the Psalms as applied to Christ in the same manner as the first chapter of Hebrews. Every new fragment of such an ancient work contemporary with the apostles, a work which many of the earliest Christian writers and the Greek Church numbered with the Holy Scriptures, is most valuable, proving the historic character of the doctrines still taught by the Church of Christ.[1]

Bryennios published the complete Clement in 1875. He discovered in the same volume the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles and yet with true Oriental calmness, did not publish it till 1883. This work, like Clement's Epistle, comes from the earliest days of the church, and may be older than some even of the books of the New Testament. It was well known in the early ages of the church. Eusebius mentions it, and the great Athanasius tells us that it was used as a manual of instruction for catechumens in preparation for baptism, but from the tenth or eleventh century it disappeared till brought to light by the labours of Bishop Bryennios. This Teaching of the Twelve Apostles bears witness to its own ancient character and to the Christian Faith in various ways.

It witnesses for instance to the most ancient title of the Church. The Acts of the Apostles tells us that the disciples of the crucified were first called Christians—or Chrestians as the name was usually pronounced among the populace—in Antioch. The Antiochenes were famous for giving nicknames, and they imposed a name on the new sect which quickly followed it all over the world. But the name given to the church by its own members was, "The Way," a reminiscence doubtless of the Master's words, "I am the Way." The Revised Version of the New Testament brings out this fact vividly. St. Paul, in the ninth chapter of the Acts, desired letters of the high priest to the synagogues of Damascus that, "if he found any of 'the Way,' he might arrest them." At Ephesus the Jews "spake evil of the Way," and the great riot at the same city began after there had been "no small stir about the Way."

The Teaching of the Apostles recognises and uses this same early phraseology. The work may be divided into two sections. The first part contains moral instruction, the second part deals with church ritual and discipline. The first part begins in conformity with primitive usage thus: "There are two ways, the one of life, the other of death, but there is a great difference between the two ways. The way of life, then, is: first, thou shalt love the God who made thee; secondly, thy neighbour as thyself." The second part of the Teaching of the Apostles is equally important. It bears witness to the sacrament of baptism in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to the Holy Communion which is still joined as in the Corinthian Church with the Agape or Love Feast. In fact the Teaching of the Apostles is most valuable as a commentary on the tenth and eleventh chapters of First Corinthians. The Lord's Prayer appears in it, terminating with the doxology, "For thine is the power and the glory for ever;" while, again, the Church officials described are just such as we find prominent in St. Paul's Epistles—apostles, prophets, bishops and deacons.

The use of the word apostle is perhaps the most striking evidence of the early origin of this work; the word apostle is simply a Greek title, signifying a messenger. The Jews had a class of officials who were called apostles till the fifth century of the Christian era; they were the messengers of the high priest sent into various lands to collect the offerings due to him as primate or chief of the Jewish church and nation. The title apostle soon, however, gained a signification among the Christians too sacred, and its memories were associated with individuals too venerated to permit of its application to any living individual. It was then restricted to the twelve chosen by the Incarnate Master Himself; but when the Teaching of the Twelve was composed, this process had not begun, and the title was still applied as in the New Testament to many others besides those originally appointed.

The points of interest in this primitive church manual are far too numerous for a full exposition in this paper. We may say, however, that the more it is studied the more it will confirm our faith in the books of the New Testament; its tone is eminently that of New Testament times; the rules laid down, the sins forbidden, the spirit enjoined, the dangers pointed out are those to which our canonical books refer.[1] Surely such striking coincidences are most refreshing and consoling for the Christian heart. May we not go further still and trace in these two marvellous discoveries of Tatian's Diatessaron and the Teaching of the Apostles, an evidence of the good hand of our God upon us for good. The author of *Supernatural Religion* blew a very loud trumpet blast some fifteen years ago against the walls of the spiritual Zion, and some men thought that the genuine character of the gospel record was finally overthrown, and yet just then the providence of our Heavenly Father drew from its long obscurity the testimony of Tatian's Diatessaron which was specially needed, followed in due course by the renewed witness of the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. We do not desire to pry into mysteries of the unseen, but surely in such striking coincidences, in such timely finds, the devout Christian ought to look farther back than to mere secondary causes, and thankfully trace in them the manifest evidences of supernatural care and love.

It has been in our day as in the days when prayer was made for an imprisoned apostle, prayer has again been heard, and God Himself has come to His

[1] In the Alexandrian MS. in the British Museum Clement's epistle is numbered with the canonical books and placed after the Apocalypse.

[1] A very useful and cheap popular edition of the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles will be found in the second volume of the Apostolic Fathers in the Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature.

people's help. Since that time the same Divine Providence has repeatedly confirmed the faith of His people by fresh discoveries bearing on the Old Testament and on the New Testament alike; strengthening by the internal testimony of actual fact that sweet inner witness of the Spirit which the most unlearned may enjoy, assuring us that we have not followed cunningly devised fables in accepting the articles of the Christian faith, but are rather the disciples of Eternal Truth, and children of the Light of Life. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gifts!

WORKHOUSE LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY MRS. BREWER, AUTHOR OF "HOSPITAL SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD."

CHAPTER VI.—A VISIT TO ISLINGTON WORKHOUSE

THE Islington workhouse is an immense pile of buildings, raised from the level of the road by grass terraces and stone steps, and made pleasant to the eye by a row of young budding trees behind the handsome railing which divides the grounds from the road.

It is situate in St. John's road, Upper Holloway, in the north of London, and furnishes an example of workhouse and infirmary under the same roof.

In visiting these centres in various parts of London for the ingathering of the aged, infirm, and incapable, the question invariably presses itself upon our notice as to the causes and circumstances which keep them full to overflowing. And it is a privilege, if one really desires to get at the root of the matter, to find people in authority whose heart and soul and intelligence are all engaged in the work, and with a power of tracing cause and effect and suggesting remedies. Such we found in Marylebone, and such again we find here.

One of the problems of workhouse life arises from the fact that young vigorous people, quite capable of self-support, without shame put on the pauper-dress, live the pauper-life, and take the name of pauper as a life-long inheritance. Surely some tyrannous influence must have been at work to compel them to exchange everything that English people hold dear, to live the life of a pauper. It has been proved that drink and improvident habits, not always running together, are the tyrants in two-thirds of the cases; it is quite a small proportion who find themselves launched into pauperism by causes outside themselves.

The master here has given great attention to the circumstances of those whose poverty fills this and other London workhouses to overflowing. His opinion is that the ruin of our working-classes is want of thrift, and that the enforcement of this virtue by the State would help materially to prevent the degradation brought about by the two overwhelming forces whose power over the people is cruel as death. His idea is that it should be made compulsory for all state and public officials to pay to a pension and sick fund, and that public companies should insist upon all their servants doing the same. On my asking if this would not be interfering with the liberty of the subject, he replied, "Probably; but that it was the absence of this control which led to undue numbers finding their way to the workhouse, to be kept by the thrifty, industrious ratepayer."

This house contains mostly old people, the younger ones being sent on to Shadwell House, a sort of workhouse of ease to this one, which accommodates six hundred and ten inmates.

The thought repeats itself with every new workhouse we visit, that the aged and infirm inmates, more than any other people, stand in need of gentleness and tenderness, for to many of them this is their last earthly home, and one in which they must wait patiently for the Master's call to begin life once again.

I never so saw many old people together, and although it made one unhappy to see such numbers bereft of home and all that makes home lovely, yet certainly they were not miserable, nor did they give one the idea of being cast aside as useless.

All were busily engaged in work of some kind suitable to their age and capabilities.

In the large, airy day-room, many of the women were reading; some were at needlework or at the knitting-machines, for all the stockings are made here with a soft kind of fingering; while in the work-room, presided over by a paid needle-mistress, an immense amount of work was going on to the tune of sewing-machines and chatter, which gave a tone of cheerful activity to the room. The whole of the making and mending of clothes for the men and women is done here. The bedding for 1,400 inmates is made, together with several hundred articles for the school belonging to this workhouse; last year as many as seven hundred were made in this room. Still further, they make clothes and bedding for the vestry to disburse to those whose property has been destroyed through infectious diseases. Last year £60 8*s.* 7*d.* was earned, in addition to all this, for needlework done for warehouses. When we think of so much being done by the old people, we are struck by the results. It is plain that age is not "useless" here.

Noticing that each person went about her work

in a very capable manner, we heard that, as far as possible, they were given the same occupation as they had been accustomed to outside.

As we made our way through the spotless corridors, we enquired what provision was made for old married couples, and were very grieved to hear that while formerly they were accommodated with separate and comfortable quarters, now, owing to want of space, these have been taken back and turned into wards.

We now came to the babies' part of the house—first a small neat kitchen, then an ante-room, and next a bright sunny large day-room, liberally supplied with toys, rocking-horses, swings suspended from the ceiling, and bright pictures on the walls, presided over by a motherly paid nurse, who was occupied when we entered, sewing up an unfortunate and decrepit doll, to the great satisfaction of a little baby-girl.

All the children here were under three years old. One, a bright laughing baby-girl, was found some eighteen months ago in a corner of a locked-up deserted room, life almost extinct, and with no sign to tell who her parents are or what her name is.

At mid-day the mothers are allowed to come in and feed the babies. The food of those a little older is prepared in the matron's kitchen, and consists of mutton broth, beef tea, rice pudding and such like food.

At the age of three they are sent to the schools belonging to the workhouse, where there are four hundred children.

We next went to the ward where lunatics are kept until passed on to an asylum. The paid nurse was trained at Caterham. She told us a sad story of a woman here who had been a gentleman's nurse. He died and left her a legacy which seems to have unsettled her mind; for the first thing she did was to marry a man old enough to be her father, who wanted her money more than herself. After discovering this, she gradually grew worse till she had come down to this—a lunatic in a workhouse ward. She is most uncertain in her humours, sometimes quite quiet, and at others quite unmanageable. We found her in bed in a strait waistcoat, and she told us a long rigmarole about her early life and her future plans. Beside this woman there was quite a young girl suffering from "delirium tremens."

This lunatic division of the house consists of the nurse's room, a small bright day-room, and a night ward containing seven beds. The nurse has a woman-pauper to clean the place, and to assist in managing the refractory patients. An able-bodied pauper sits up at night, beside the regular night attendant who goes round the house to see that all is right.

We now made our way upstairs to the women's dormitories, or night wards—they are large and airy but a little crowded.

The bedsteads are iron, the beds flock, and the rest of the bedding good and sufficient with warm-looking red quilts.

The night nursery is a splendid room, with a good open view from the windows, and looking so pretty with the many tiny cots covered with blue and white quilts, and the pictures on the walls. A nurse sits up here all night

A large ward is set apart for nursing mothers and babies.

The large store-room with shelves reaching to the ceiling, was amply supplied with neatly covered and folded articles. Bales of stuffs ready to be cut up lay on the long tables; and on the mantelpiece were dozens of neatly rolled bandages made here. A smaller room running out of this was stocked with men's clothes, made under the supervision of the paid tailor on the premises, and boots and shoes made by the paupers under the resident shoemaker.

We next came to the beautiful chapel, with its polished wood seats and its organ, presented by Sir James Tyler. The lectern, which is wonderfully carved, is said to have been done by a lunatic. The chaplain attends the infirmary daily, and conducts Divine service in the chapel twice on Sundays and on Wednesday afternoons.

The Roman Catholic priest also visits the infirmary daily, but the Roman Catholic inmates go out every Sunday to their service—so also do the Nonconformists.

All inmates of whatever creed, over sixty years of age can, if they will, go out on Sundays, and one week day in the month.

We passed on to the spacious dining-hall, well furnished with tables and seats, leaving an alley down the centre: one side being for men, the other for women.

Breakfast commences at half-past six in the morning: cocoa or tea, and bread and butter. Dinner is at twelve. On Sundays, Australian meat and potatoes; Monday, pea soup; Tuesday, stew; Wednesday, bacon and rice; Thursday, pea-soup; Friday, fish, and Saturday, suet pudding. Tea is at four o'clock, but the inmates provide their own tea, each putting a pinch into one of the large urns we saw in the day-room. They also provide for themselves condensed milk, and jam if they like it. Supper is at six.

As it was Tuesday, we watched the cook weighing out the stew, four or five ounces to each person. Think of the number to be provided for, viz.: 866 in the house, and 540 in the infirmary; of course it is done with the utmost rapidity. The stew was very good, and the contrivance for carrying the food about was excellent: a tin fits into another filled with hot water, and the two are placed in a square box, with lid lined with green baize, and handles and straps outside by which it can be easily carried.

The kitchen was a large busy place with huge coppers and other cooking apparatus. On the walls hung diet tables, with the names of the various wards attached, and others with the days and hours when boilers and flues were to be attended to. Joining the kitchen was the bakery The baker and his assistant work fifteen and sixteen hours a day. The hours need not be so long if another oven were added and a little extra

help given. Forty-three to forty-eight sacks of flour are made up every week.

The laundry consists of a set of rooms, high, light and airy. There are twenty-three women washers and men assistants, besides engineer, stoker, and handy-man. The machines and hot presses are all good; and we found quiet and order throughout.

From this we went to the infirmary, leaving the men's side of the house till later. Each floor is divided by a partition running down the centre of the principal corridor, the men's wards being on one side, the women's on the other. There is, as a rule, a trained nurse to each ward, under whom paupers are employed "with safety and efficiency," the master says.

The names of the wards are peculiar, viz.:—

MEN'S WARDS: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Luke, John, Matthew, Mark, Stephen, Daniel, Samuel.

WOMEN'S WARDS: Charlotte, Rachel, Ruth, Leah, Hannah, Martha, Mary, Esther, Elizabeth, Eve (Lying-in), Sarah.

ISOLATED BLOCK.—INFECTIOUS, SKIN DISEASES, ETC.

MEN'S WARD: Lazarus.
WOMEN'S WARD: Magdalen.

LUNATIC.

MEN'S WARD: Ishmael.
WOMEN'S WARD: Hagar.

I asked if there was any special reason for the names, and the master said No—he had chosen Scriptural names with one exception for they were easy to remember and pronounce.

In the Isaac ward there were thirty cases, nineteen of which were advanced consumption.

Accidents happening outside are brought into the infirmary, though not so often as formerly, the Great Northern Hospital relieving them in this direction.

There is a very curious case of dementia here: a man who will persist that he is older than his mother, and when one tries to convince him of the contrary he is extremely angry. They not infrequently have doctors, lawyers, and clergymen in these wards, many of whom have been thus reduced by drink.

On our way to the upper floors, we looked in at what may be termed the kitchen-of-ease, where mutton broth, beef-tea and extras are prepared and served for the infirmary.

We next visited the women's wards which were made bright and pleasant with flowers, birds and plants. The lavatories and baths are at one end of each ward, and the nurse's sitting- and bed-room at the other.

The most depressing sight I ever saw was the lying-in ward. Most of the patients occupying the beds were domestic servants.

The old women's ward, which we next went into, was cheerful in comparison, with its red quilts and bright flowers, and spotless cleanliness. The head nurse in this ward had been trained at Guy's.

Leaving the infirmary, we made our way to the men's quarters, passing on the outside an iron staircase to be used in case of fire.

In the oakum room were about two hundred and thirty men sitting in rows, wearily picking away at the bundles of rope, reducing it to the fluffy condition in which it is used for caulking ships. Many of the faces were good and refined; and one old white-haired spectacled man was pointed out to us as having formerly been a man of property, and as having kept hunters.

We asked if it were not very hopeless work, and were told the men much preferred it to sitting and doing nothing, which is given as a punishment. When a man has behaved badly, his punishment is to sit in the master's office with him all day, to have his meals there, and be content to sit silent and idle. The master says he rarely has the same man a second time.

We now went down to the basement, every corner of which is utilised. In one part men were chopping up the preserved meat boxes for firewood, which has not been bought for a very long time. Then came the carpenter's shop, where some very beautiful work was being done under a skilful artisan.

The tailor's shop came next, pervaded by an unpleasant smell of corduroy, but the scene of cheerful industry was quite different from one's idea of workhouse life.

Another room contained a storage of rags, and men were sorting the white from the coloured, ready for sale.

Again we saw heaps of lead paper, such as is used for wrapping up tea, and asked what good they were. We learned that, as a rule, these were sold, but that lately when some of the pipes wanted repairing lead papers had been melted down by a pauper who understood the work, and had been used for the pipes.

Then came a room where the women's own clothes are kept for two years, and at the end of that time are sold.

Last, not least, was a large airy bath-room, where the women bathe, well provided with baths and towels.

Asking how much water was daily used in the house and infirmary, we learned that about 26,000 gallons was the amount.

Gas is used throughout the building.

The basement, like other parts of the house, was clean, light, and airy.

A paid bricklayer and carpenter reside on the premises.

The arrangements for casuals are exceedingly good. They are open wards with twenty-four single beds, and six double for women with babies. These beds are all provided with mattresses stuffed with cocoanut fibre, and having red woollen coverings. The allowance of food is one pint of gruel and six ounces of bread for supper, the same for breakfast, and bread and cheese for dinner.

Passing through the hall we saw a locked letter box, where the inmates put their letters for post and which is cleared five times a day. Out into a large yard we went next and saw the imbecile men walking about; and so on to the

carpenter's shop, where a large amount of work is done, seeing that no outside labour is used for anything in the house and infirmary.

These buildings consist of three pavilions, and cover an area of seven and a half acres. The average expense of each pauper is 5*s.* a week. Paid labour consists of—1 superintendent nurse; 12 day nurses; 3 night nurses in infirmary; 1 night nurse in workhouse; 2 lunatic nurses; 1 nursery nurse; carpenter, bricklayer, labour-master, needle woman, assistant matron; all the rest being pauper labour. This last is undoubtedly good and efficacious, under the excellent master and matron who are now in authority, but how would it be if they were removed?

Pauper labour reduces expenses, but it is only good when under close supervision.

The social questions of the great city are repeated in the workhouses. Dark and depressing as some of them are, there is yet reason to hope that the energy and charity which have effected so many improvements in these great establishments, may be enabled to answer them. The only sufficient cure for the worst evils is to be sought in individual reformation.

Things New and Old.

The Preaching of Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, 10th June, 1559.—In Dr. M'Crie's Life of this extraordinary person is described the event which Wilkie's picture (see p. 297) is intended to represent. "It took place during the regency of Mary of Guise, in the parish church of St. Andrew's, in Fifeshire, where John Knox, having just arrived from Geneva, after an exile of thirteen years, in defiance of a threat of assassination, and while an army in the field was watching the proceedings of his party, appeared in the pulpit and discoursed to a numerous assembly, including many of the clergy, when 'such was the influence of his doctrine that the provost, bailies, and inhabitants harmoniously agreed to set up the reformed worship in the town. The church was stripped of all images and pictures, and the monasteries were pulled down.' Close to the pulpit on the right of Knox are Richard Ballenden, his amanuensis, with Christopher Goodman, his colleague; and in black, the Maltese Knight, Sir James Sandilands, in whose house at Calder the first Protestant sacrament was received. Beyond the latter, in the scholar's cap and gown, is that accomplished student of St. Andrew's, the Admirable Crichton. Under the pulpit is Thomas Wood, the precentor, with his hour-glass; the schoolboy below is John Napier, Baron of Merchiston, inventor of the logarithms; and further to the right is a child which has been brought to be baptised when the discourse is over. On the other side of the picture, in red, is the Lord James Stuart, afterwards Regent Murray; beyond is the Earl of Glencairn; and in front, resting on his sword, is the Earl of Morton, behind whom is the Earl of Argyll, whose Countess, the half-sister of Queen Mary, and the lady in attendance upon her, make up the chief light of the picture. Above this group is John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, supported by the Bishop Beatoun, of Glasgow, with Quinten Kennedy, the Abbot of Cross Raguel, who maintained against Knox a public disputation. In the gallery is Sir Patrick Learmouth, Provost of St. Andrew's and Laird of Dairsie, and with him two of the bailies. The boy on their left is Andrew Melville, successor of Knox; and beyond him, with other Professors of the University of St. Andrew's, is the learned Buchanan."—*Royal Academy Catalogue*, 1832.

A Word in Season.—A remarkable instance of the power of the Divine word in piercing to the conscience and heart when directed by the living Spirit, occurred in the history of the late Mr. Henry Quick, Congregational minister, who died last year, after a long and eventful ministry. When pastor of the church at Castle Green, Bristol, where he laboured from 1855 to 1864, Mr. Quick sustained a sad series of domestic trials. In the course of eighteen months he buried his beloved wife and five of his children, including his eldest son. Almost overwhelmed, the disconsolate husband and father sought solitude, that he might think upon his griefs. For a time he wished to die rather than live, but in the dark hour he was not wholly forsaken. A Christian neighbour called to comfort him, and, on being refused admission, wrote upon his visiting card, "See Heb. xii. 9—'be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live.'" The Spirit of truth, the Comforter, almost instantaneously applied the words, so that the sufferer submitted, left his room for the study and the church, therein to find the sacred solace of service. Mr. Quick was in early life an artist, and had prospect of attaining great eminence in his profession. Having been converted through the preaching of a Wesleyan Methodist, he for some time devoted himself to itinerating services in that connexion. In 1840 he went to Hackney Academy to receive training for more regular duties in the Independent ministry, and his first post was as assistant to Dr. Joseph Fletcher, at Stepney. In subsequent years he was pastor at Taunton, at Bristol, at Sheffield, Brighton, and Bath. His special aptitude was for building up weak and struggling congregations, and this he effected in all the places mentioned. At Taunton, for instance, he was enabled to admit about four hundred members within a few years. His last charge was at Clifton Road, Bristol. He was actively engaged in the ministry for above half a century. When he finally retired, owing to feeble health, his Catholic and liberal spirit was seen in his attending the services at Redland Park Church, and at the Friends' Meeting House at Clifton. Few ministers have left so many spiritual children, in many places, to cherish his memory and mourn his departure.

Principal Tulloch and the Rev. F. D. Maurice.—Principal Tulloch, although often called a "broad churchman," was so chiefly in the sense of not confining his studies and sympathies to his own Presbyterian communion. In regard to the points regarded as essential to broad church views in England, he was more in harmony with the Evangelical than with the Rationalist theology. "If I am asked," he says, in his Movements of Religious Thought, "to pronounce an opinion, I must more often agree with his orthodox critics than with Mr. Maurice. Sin is certainly more than selfishness, and the atonement more than surrender of self-will to God. It is a satisfaction of Divine justice, as well as a surrender to Divine love. God is not merely Love but Law, and Divine righteousness is strong, not merely to make men righteous but to punish all unrighteousness. If it be a question between the Maurician theology and the Pauline theology, there can be no doubt that there are elements in the latter, the full significance of which Mr. Maurice failed to see."