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The Watch-Tower.

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"*The Man of sorrows!*" This, then, is the subject discussed and attempted to be exhibited. Is this subject sufficiently considered? Is the man Christ Jesus—is the humanity of Christ, sufficiently considered and sufficiently appreciated,—that He was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; possessed of all our feelings, sensibilities, and sympathies; made in all things, sin only excepted, like unto His human brethren? We glory in the divinity of Christ, that He was God, God of God, very God of very God; and we do well. We abhor Socinianism, or aught in thought or theory that impugns the coequality of the Son with the Father, or robs Him of honour coequal with that of the Father; and we do well. But may we not, in this righteous jealousy for His divinity, possibly overlook somewhat of the integrity and claim of His humanity, and in so doing overlook also just that which not only renders that divinity available in all its perfection to our souls' salvation, but also that which, to human feelings, involves the very essence of attractiveness in Messiah's character? For wherein does that attractiveness consist but in the fact that Christ was our brother; that a fellow-feeling of the truest, the veriest nature exists between us; that He actually reciprocates all our experience, participating in the same, weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who rejoice? It is assuredly in this, in the sympathy of Jesus, that we exult; it is in

this that we behold His supreme attractiveness, His irresistible claim to our souls' affection: but wherein consists the very capacity for the existence of this sympathy but in His humanity? He feels *with* man because, and only because, He himself is man!

The Humanity of Christ! It cannot be too attentively considered, too deeply prized. GETHSEMANE brings it prominently to view. *There*, if anywhere, is Jesus exhibited in His personal human experience; in every circumstance and incident which there transpired, which marked that spot and characterized that "hour," it is the humanity of Christ that is brought into exercise, the humanity of Christ that is pre-eminently developed and prominently displayed. The beginning of sorrows, the thrice repeated prayer, the remonstrance, the betrayal, the surrender, the desertion, one and all tell of the "Man of sorrows;" and we may almost say of Him exclusively, of none but Him. Excepting the announcement that "more than twelve legions of angels" awaited His command, and the amazing fact that when He proclaimed to His enemies who He was, "they went backward, and fell to the ground," no intimation is afforded throughout Gethsemane's history of Christ's divinity; and, for aught that appears, none would know that the Sufferer there ranked beyond a perfect human being, or surmise that in that body—so humbled, so agonized, yet so patient, so submissive—dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, yea, "God over all, blessed for ever!"

That the subject of Christ's humanity is not unattended with considerable difficulty, and is liable, perhaps beyond other subjects, to misapprehension, might seem probable even from its own peculiar nature; but painful proof is also afforded of this in the manifold errors, not to say heresies, into which many, in attempting its discussion, have unhappily fallen: yet it follows not therefore that its investigation is to cease, or the subject itself to be precluded from our consideration and study. Surely not. It only follows that we who are instructors be more careful to derive our knowledge exclusively from the fountain of light, and that ye who are seeking instruction be less careful to make "a man an offender for a word;" and then we may hope that, despite the difficulty of the subject and the danger of its discussion, still shall truth be developed, and the ineffable beauty and attractiveness, the grace and tenderness, of Him who was the "Man of sorrows" shall, by the grace of God on our humble endeavours, be in some little measure brought to light, and commended to the devout affection of His loving people.

There was a crisis in the history of our Lord and Saviour's earthly career which was clear and marked,—marked unmistakably by Himself, and characterized by Himself with its own peculiar and distinctive appellation; He called it "THE HOUR!" It was in reference to this crisis that He said, "Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say?

Father, save me from this hour ;” and again, in reference to the same, that when about to pour forth His heart in His last prayer for His people, He made the announcement, “Father, the hour is come !”

This crisis, or “hour,” dreaded as it was by reason of its attendant and ineffable sufferings, was nevertheless desired by Christ in His inmost soul, by reason of the achievement it should involve. Thus He spake:—“I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished !” On this point His mind seems to have been ever and intently fixed. He never lost sight of it. It was for this, indeed, that, as declared by Himself in the passage already quoted, He endured to the end: “For this cause came I to this hour ;” as it was for this, indeed, that a body was prepared for Him in the beginning—a body wherein and whereby He might be susceptible of the sufferings of that hour, and thus, finishing transgression and making an end of sin, bring in an everlasting salvation for an otherwise lost and perishing world.

Between the announcement of this crisis, or “hour,” and its actual commencement, there was an interval in the Saviour’s history—a calm or lull, for so we may call it, exceedingly interesting and affecting. It was a period, though but short, of entire separation, on His part, from the unbelieving and ungodly world around Him, and of uninterrupted and exclusive fellowship with His own, His true and faithful disciples: the traitor was then gone out from among them, and none remained with Christ but the eleven alone.

Shortly after the announcement that His “hour” was come, in John xii. 23, and immediately in connection with the reiteration of the same in John xiii. 1, we have the incident recorded of washing the disciples’ feet, at the close of which the Lord dismisses Judas, admonishing him, by means of the sop, of the tremendous act he was about to perpetrate, and accompanying the admonition with the significant injunction, “That thou doest, do quickly.” Judas, we are told, “went immediately out ;” and Jesus, left alone with the eleven, having uttered the triumphant exclamation, “Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in Him,” proceeded at once to pour forth His soul in the surpassing lessons of wisdom and comfort, together with the unequalled prayer, found in the immediately succeeding chapters of the same Gospel. This was the interval, the calm or lull ; a period, no doubt, of exceeding enjoyment and refreshment to His own soul, so appropriate and so much needed on the eve of the commencement of that terrible “*hour*.”

Now it was, when these discourses were concluded, or, as the Scripture says, “when Jesus had spoken these words,” that He went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which He entered, and His disciples. And then it was, as we believe, that the crisis in question actually had its beginning ; then

sounded forth the first stroke of that "hour," of which, even in His eventful and "afflicted" life, no parallel, for interest or suffering, had as yet been realized.

He cometh to Gethsemane! Yes, and full well did He know all that awaited Him there; open and naked were all things before Him; not a drop in the "cup," not an ingredient in its mixture, but He knew altogether,—the power of darkness and its terrible pressure; the agony and bloody sweat; the betrayal of Judas; the desertion by his disciples;—all, all was before Him, as though depicted in a map; yet "He cometh," despite it all, "He cometh!" nothing doubting, nothing hesitating, "*He cometh to Gethsemane!*"

And He knew the place, and He knew it well. Oft had He resorted thither, oft for prayer and communion with God! For prayer; yes, it was a place of prayer, and therefore also a place of safety. Mark this well—prayer and safety are inseparably linked together: make every place a place of prayer, and you make every place a place of safety. Temptation may still come, as come it will, but fearlessly then you may meet it; Satan falls before God; temptation is powerless against prayer. Jesus knew this, and therefore the place of prayer was chosen by Him as the place where temptation, in its direct form, should be permitted to assail Him.

Gethsemane was a garden. A garden! How does man's lot, man's interest, seem associated, well-nigh bound up, with a garden! In a garden it was that he was created; in a garden it was that he was primarily placed; there did he realize his original perfection; and there did he lose it! The garden of Eden! what thoughts, what reminiscences, are stirred up in the soul at the very mention of its name! The garden of Eden! What was man originally in that garden? What did man subsequently become there? Like God in the first instance; like Satan in the second! Yes, so it was; modify and explain away the matter as we may, nevertheless the truth remains. Man was made in the image of God; and man, by listening to temptation, substituted for God's image the image of the tempter. He fell!—fell from light to darkness, from purity to pollution, from a state of perfection to one of ruin, from Heaven's brightness in destiny, to Hell's blackness in desert! He fell, and "God drove out the man!" The garden of Eden was no longer his!

Adam fell! But, behold, another Adam, a second Man, is prepared to remedy and rectify the catastrophe of the first; and another garden is ready for his reception. And again, not at the commencement, but at the close of his life, is man called to enter it; and again is the tempter, ever the same as before, to ply his power and exercise his subtlety; and again is man—this second Man, the head and representative of His own peculiar race—to enter the lists, and peril the encounter; and again is all of human hope and human prospect to be staked on

the issue! A garden still, yes, a garden still the scene of action; a garden still the place of trial; a garden still the arena of desperate conflict; a garden still the battle-field, where hell's united host shall make assault on the workmanship of God! Therefore He cometh;—for so it must needs be,—therefore “He cometh to a place called Gethsemane,” a place “where was a garden;” and in that garden is to be enacted a scene which, for interest and importance, is, if possible, unrivalled even by the history of Eden itself. It was well, it was needful, then, that He went to the garden. Let us bless God and be thankful that He did so. But He went not alone thither; others went with Him. We proceed to consider who they were. The eleven, it appears, all accompanied Christ into the garden; but when there He took three to be with Him as His immediate companions; these were Peter, James, and John. To the eight He said, “Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder;” to the three, “Tarry ye here, and watch with Me.”

These three apostles were evidently privileged, even beyond and above the rest. Specially were they chosen to behold the glory, the power, and the agony of their Lord, as manifested respectively in the spectacles of the transfiguration, the resurrection of Jairus's daughter, and the suffering in the garden. Difficult it is to say in which of these cases—of the first and last, at least—the greatest honour and greatest privilege was conferred upon them. To see the glory, as they did see it, on the “holy mount,” how entrancing, how overwhelming! It “was good indeed to be there;” but yet to be called to the fellowship of His sufferings, even as witnesses and watchers; to be with Him and near Him in the time of His agony and bloody sweat, what shall we say of this? What estimate can we form of such a distinction, such an honour? But we need not compare or contrast these things. We need not question or consider which was the greater privilege. They who were called to the one participated in the other; and so it is, and ever will be. The mount and the valley are rarely, if ever, disunited, at least in regard to the visitors of either. The most exalted experience is essentially connected with the deepest humiliation; to follow Christ in His temptation is the way to follow Him in His glory; and they whom He designs to behold Him in the latter He infallibly takes as His associates in the former.

But the companions:—why any companions on this occasion? Why take Peter, and James, and John, or any, to be with Him then? Various reasons, no doubt, might be assigned for this—all-sufficient reasons; but the obvious, and, as I believe, primary and real reasons were—the *Edification that the scene should involve to His companions and the Comfort their presence and sympathy should involve to Him.*

Christ has, by the assumption of the nature of man, and by the work done in that nature, so identified Himself with humanity, that He is

literally no longer independent of it—of it, not only as appertaining to Himself *personally*, but also *officially*. He is now head of the human redeemed body; and as the body cannot say to the head, I have no need of you, so neither can the head say to the body, I have no need of you. Oh no! He has need, great need, of us: His heart's affections are bound up with us; He loves us with an intensity of love inexpressible; our every interest is His own interest; our every feeling is His own feeling; if we are hurt, He is hurt; if we are happy, He is happy; if we rejoice in His love, He rejoices in ours; if His sympathy is precious to us, our sympathy is likewise, even now, now that He is in heaven's highest glory—for there is He still in humanity—precious to Him; and how much more so then, as we may safely judge, when on earth's highway, as "a Man of sorrows," or in Gethsemane's garden, as a Man of agony, He said to His disciples, His chosen three, "Tarry ye here, and watch with Me"! It was for His own comfort, as well as for the edification and benefit of the disciples themselves, that the Lord took with Him into the garden, and to the very scene of His agony, Peter, and James, and John. Other reasons, no doubt, weighed in His own mind, but these are obvious to us, and they are abundantly sufficient.

And now let us contemplate the experience of Jesus himself at the outset of His passion: "He began to be sorrowful and very heavy." *Began to be!* but how so? Had He not been so already? had not His life been a life of sorrow?—when had He been free from it? Surely sorrow had been His portion all the day long; even from Bethlehem up to that moment it had been bound up with His very existence. Yes, undoubtedly so; but there was a crisis in His existence, a crisis or turning-point, when sorrow such as even He—the Man of sorrows—had as yet been a stranger to was to begin. All hitherto realized had been but the sparks from the furnace; now was the furnace itself, heated even as God's wrath to the uttermost alone could heat it, to be encountered; all yet but the droppings from the cloud, significant indeed, and fearful enough, but now was the cloud itself about to burst, and the fiery storm and tempest about to be let go, in all its fury, on His devoted head. The "HOUR" was come—the "hour" so noted, so terrible, so dreaded, yet so inevitable and essential in order to the accomplishment of His work—that "hour" was come, and with it the commencement of the crisis;—"He began to be sorrowful and very heavy:" nor did it close; nay, verily, but rather did it, in all its appalling circumstances and characteristics, continue to gather strength, till all was expended that the vials of wrath contained, and the justice of God denounced against offending man; till the Substitute for a world's sin, the voluntary Victim for human transgression, had cried from the accursed tree, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost.

The sufferings of Christ were of course, and of necessity must have been, in many respects infinitely mysterious, and infinitely beyond human conception and comprehension. The very nature of Christ would itself even seem to involve this,—not His divine nature, but the perfection of His human: His perfection in this respect, physical and moral, would itself involve a kind and degree of sensibility, both as to physical and moral experience, which would place the subject of it at an infinite and unapproachable distance from sinful man, and cause that experience to be at a proportionate distance too. Besides, let it be remembered that Christ, when smitten, was smitten as a Son by a Father, Himself loving and being Himself beloved beyond all expression. How is it possible for man to enter into this? How is it possible for man, sinful man, man full of evil and enmity—how is it possible for such a one to appreciate the feelings of Christ when smitten of God?—to comprehend what those feelings must have been when, at the moment that the blows fell upon Him, He was, and knew that He was, the beloved Son, in whom the Father was well pleased? Ah, no! we know—we can know—nothing really about it; His sufferings, as to their actual experience, their intensity, must be for ever hidden from our perception; and all we can do is to skim the surface of the ocean into which He plunged, and observe the appearance and external circumstances, as it were, of the fiery ordeal to which He was subjected. This we will endeavour to do; and for our help, much information, valuable and deeply affecting, is afforded in the record of Christ's history.

The sufferings of Christ, viewed as to their origin, both in a moral and physical sense, were the result exclusively of external causes; as it was the sin of others, and not His own sin, which morally induced His sufferings, so was it the agency of others, and not His own agency—or the working of His own conscience, or of any internal principle at all—which *instrumentally inflicted* His sufferings. The agency through which and by which Christ's sufferings were inflicted was threefold,—*the agency of God, the agency of man, and the agency of the devil*. These three agencies were at work, directly or indirectly, simultaneously or separately, during the whole of His earthly career,—at work in regard to His sufferings, producing those sufferings, and incessantly accumulating those sufferings upon Him.

Christ was a sin offering; He became sin for us, and subjected Himself therefore to sin, in all its liabilities and penalties. Now sin arms all creation against its subject; heaven and earth and hell are all at one here; they are all united in this—though in nothing else,—that the sinner shall find no friend in either, no help, no sympathy, no comfort. God's blessing brings with it universal blessings; God's curse carries with it universal curse. When God smites, creation must

not only assent, but co-operate too. Tremendous truth! but truth it is, as will be found and understood by-and-by, and for ever, in hell. The soul in hell—the creature, both body and soul, the inmate of hell—will look in vain above, and below, and around on every side, for one particle of alleviation or aid; nay, in vain for exemption from the attacks and positive destroying and agonizing influence, so far as it can be exercised, of any and all other existing beings whatever. God will smite, and fellows will smite. Where the curse is, the subject is, and must be abhorrent to all. Sin is odious, necessarily and essentially so, even in the sight of every intelligent being. A sinner may love a sinner, but not for his sin, any further at least than that that sin may minister to his pleasure and advantage. The sin itself is not attractive, is not loved by the fellow-sinner. Sin, sin itself, is a principle of hostility, not only essentially so to its subject, but actually so to all other beings throughout the universe. The law of God contemplates universal concord and universal good; sin, which is a transgression of the law, of necessity militates against all concord and all good. It is a direct attack on universal well-being, and is, therefore, the converse of concord and good; it is, in fact and in operation, nothing else than a moral and intelligent being seeking his own supposed self-interest at the cost and damage of all others—whether God or man—in the universe of being. Look at the law, look at the commandments, in the transgression of which sin consists. In breaking the first table the sinner seeks to deify himself at the cost of the honour, and name, and glory of God; in breaking the second the sinner seeks to enrich and gratify himself at the cost of the life, or honour, or substance of his neighbour. *This is sin!* It is essentially odious, and must itself be odious in the estimation of all who witness it. Whatever I may be myself, I must still hate that which is thus necessarily directed in itself and influence against myself. Impossible to be otherwise! and so therefore will it be in hell. And as no distinction will there be observable, or actually exist, between sin and the sinner,—as both will be one,—so each person there will be, and be seen to be, sin personified, and consequently each person will absolutely hate, and be absolutely hated by, all the rest! As a fact, an unquestionable, demonstrable fact, each inmate of hell will stand forth an odious, a hated being, by all other beings in the universe at large; and as an equally certain fact, each being in hell will be the subject of universal assault. God will smite in judgment and righteous wrath; and devils and fellows will smite in hatred and incurable malice. Oh! terrible thought, desperate prospect for the sinner in hell! and no less terrible thought and desperate prospect in reference to Him who became the sinner's substitute, and so volunteered to the uttermost in His own person the sinner's portion. So it was with Him of whom we speak; and this

is the key to His sufferings—sufferings as inflicted by all creation, by God from heaven, by man on earth, by devils from hell! Creation was set in array against Him, and the shafts from universal being fell upon Him; the history from Bethlehem to Calvary throughout proclaims and demonstrates this. However, the grand proof was reserved for the experience of that “hour” which closed His earthly existence, and to the beginning of which our attention is now directed.

Now it is observable that, however the different agencies through which, and by means of which, the sufferings of Christ were inflicted, operated in a greater or less degree collectively, during the whole of His earthly career; or however true that, in a certain sense and to a certain degree, there was no moment, as we suppose, from Bethlehem to Calvary, during which it may not be assumed that the curse of God, the ill-will of man, and the malignity of the devil, were resting on, and in exercise against, Him; yet it is no less true that there were times when a comparative cessation in the operation of some of these agencies is observable, and times also when some of these agencies seem to have wrought with distinctive personality and peculiar force: Gethsemane and Calvary, at least, present instances of this. Different powers seem to have prevailed on these occasions; and each, in its turn, to have exercised an intensity of influence hitherto unprecedented in the Saviour’s history. On both occasions man’s agency for evil is discernible enough: in Gethsemane, in the cold and heartless neglect, and betrayal, and desertion of the Lord; on Calvary, in the actual crucifixion of Christ, and in the taunt and the raillery, by wicked hands and wicked tongues! But in regard to the invisible agencies of God himself, and of Satan himself, the distinction is evident. *On Calvary it was God*, God himself, God the Father, who smote the Saviour, who unsheathed the sword, and demanded and required its exercise against “the man who was His fellow!” Then it was that the finishing stroke was put to the expiatory work; and that the whole weight and consummation of the curse fell upon Him. That was God’s part of the hour, if we may so say, God’s time for afflicting Him and putting Him to grief,—grief to which, we believe, all that had gone before, even in Gethsemane, bore no shadow of a comparison! But *Gethsemane was Satan’s hour*; and the sufferings of that occasion will be found, I think, mainly and distinctly traceable to his agency, as Jesus implied and taught when, at the close of Gethsemane’s history, He said, “This is your hour, and the power of darkness.” Besides, it is evident that He was not at this time under the full bearing of the curse, and in that experimental banishment from God’s presence which the curse implies. He was then heard by His Father, and answered, too, by direct communication and suitable support;—“Angels came and ministered

to Him." No; we think that in the garden, and during the whole of the period of the passion there, it was Satan, the powers of darkness, whereby He was agonized and so deeply tried. The beginning of His sorrow was through him.

What was this sorrow? It is said, "He began to be sorrowful and very heavy;" and again, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The strongest expressions possible are these, as descriptive of internal grief and distress: consternation, amazement, anguish, overwhelming affliction, are all implied! "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Such sorrow as is well-nigh sufficient to induce death, to be itself akin to death; such sorrow as that, if continued or augmented, must at once resolve itself into death,—death is the next step! Or "sorrowful" in the anticipation of death—of such a death as awaits Me; My soul is overwhelmed in view of that which is before Me. This I believe to be the meaning especially; the essence of His sorrow *then* was the prospect of what was before Him; the sorrow of death that then came upon Him was the vision of Calvary, in itself so tremendous, in its prospect so near! Who shall tell, who conceive, what this vision must have involved? Clear, distinct, certain,—all naked and open before Him, all even of the experience which Gethsemane was to bring, and all of Calvary's final realities, from the anticipation of which Gethsemane's experience was to arise: the hall of Pilate—the mockings and scourgings—the crown of thorns—the way to the cross—the cross uplifted, and HIMSELF thereon—the hour after hour—the exhaustion—the thirst—the vinegar and myrrh—the inconceivable, mysterious work of expiation, when the soul as well as the body should agonize under the curse—the curse in all its intensity and fulness outpoured upon Him—the entire desertion by His Father, as yet unknown—for never before had this been realized, not even when all others forsook Him and fled; for then, or in reference to that very time, He said, "Ye shall leave Me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." But not so at the moment—the moment on Calvary—now referred to: no; then must God, even the Father, forsake Him, utterly forsake Him, for such is the essence and bitterness of the curse! And this it was, the desertion of the Father, with all else of His prospective woe outstretched in vision before Him, seen in its naked and terrible reality, no intervening distance scarcely to modify and soften the prospect,—this it was, as we suppose, which now so pressed upon Him, and which elicited the confession, whilst it mainly and actually constituted the experience therein involved, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

But what, it may be asked, had this to do with "the power of darkness"? or how, according to this view, is the experience in the garden—"the beginning of sorrows"—to be particularly associated

with the agency of Satan? Probably thus:—that this appalling prospect was kept vividly before the Redeemer's mind,—painted, too, in its strongest and darkest colours, by Satanic power, just as, in the wilderness, scenes of surpassing earthly attraction and glory were, by the same power, presented to His view; and by means of their allurements His integrity assailed, and His purpose tested. Satan had power, in that first temptation, thus to ply his art, and thus to attempt to influence the Saviour; he had power to raise up spectacles, or in some way to present realities, in the most glowing form, even so that he showed to Jesus “all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,” and, by virtue of the same, to attempt His seduction from the path of obedience, and from the work of redemption. Just so here, I suppose, Satan had power to present and keep fixedly and terribly before the Saviour's mind the frightful realities awaiting Him on Calvary; and not only so, but, in addition to this, to suggest, with the utmost force, the alternative at hand, the escape within reach, the twelve legions of angels, who only awaited His call to transport Him, in a moment of time, beyond the boundary of this miserable world, and deliver Him at once and for ever from the woe which was before Him—from the ocean of suffering on the brink of which He then stood.

Such an alternative, be it remembered, had once before been suggested by Satanic ingenuity. Peter, who, on the occasion of the Lord's predicting His coming death, exclaimed, “This be far from Thee,” was but the agent of Satan—dexterously employed for the carrying out of his purpose,—as Jesus taught when He said, in reply, “Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto Me,” thus identifying Peter, in reference to that particular act, with the person of the evil one; or determining, at least, that it was at the instigation of the evil one that such a proposition as the exclamation involved was then made. And thus, no doubt, in the garden, the influence of the power of darkness was directed to the same end—to deter the Saviour from the path of suffering, and so therewith from the path of duty! “*This shall not be unto Thee*,” or, at least, *This need not be unto Thee*, was, peradventure, the suggestion,—Thou mayest readily escape! Behold the fire and the wood; but God can provide Himself with another sacrifice! Or, at all events, look up and behold twelve legions of angels: angels charged with the care of Thee stand ready to do Thy bidding! Speak and be free—one word only, and death, and the power of hell, to which Thou art now pledged, are escaped for ever!

Such, we believe, or something akin to it, was the part played by the power of darkness in the garden of Gethsemane; and such—in some little measure—the sore trial, the deep temptation, to which Jesus was there exposed. This it was which elicited the affecting

and heart-rending confession, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" and this it was, therefore, as we believe, which mainly constituted the **BEGINNING OF HIS SORROWS.**

Beyond this, for the present, we shall not go; yet surely we have now abundantly sufficient for our meditation and improvement. We may, indeed, "tarry here," as the disciples were bid to do, and think awhile. What has been said will bear reflection: the garden of Gethsemane is not to be hurried through; it is a sacred enclosure, and step by step must it be trod, with sacred purpose and solemn pause. Let us, then, tarry here, tarry at the entrance, and ponder on, and apply to ourselves, the things we have already seen and already heard.

See our debt! It was for us, *all* for us, all He suffered, all He did, each drop in the cup, each sorrow as it came and thickened upon Him,—it was all for us. Wondrous thought! *For us!* "My soul," said Jesus, "is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." It was *for us!* Our sin it was, our folly and worldliness, our frivolities and rebellions, the sins of our youth and the sin of our manhood, the sin of our hearts and the sin of our lives—this it was then that pressed on His soul, that extorted the bitter cry, the touching expression of what was within Him and what was before Him! It was *our* sin! For in Him was no sin, and in Him, therefore, no cause of death at all: the cause was in others, the cause was in *us!* May our souls consider what they owe unto Him!—what is their infinite obligation to the Saviour of sinners!

See our duty! It is to witness His agony: to this were the disciples called, or why were they taken? To this, also, are we called, or why is that agony recorded? The record is clear, the visit to Gethsemane is detailed; each step He took, step by step deeper in agony, each is recorded, and the things that are written are written for us! This, then, is written for us, written for our benefit, written for our profit, written for our souls' very health and preservation; written to induce real abstraction, salutary and heartfelt abstraction, from the overwhelming power of this world's interests, and the exercise—at times and seasons, at least—of solemn thought and devout meditation! Verily, this is what we want, what we almost perish for lack of,—solemn thought and devout meditation! Default of this it is that our religion dwindles into the merest form, and profession becomes an empty name,—solemn thought and devout meditation! But then there must be materials, subject matter, to induce these, whereon they are to fix, whereby they may be elicited; and *here* surely, here if anywhere in the whole Bible, we have such materials, such subject matter—*here*, in the garden of Gethsemane! What, apart from Calvary, in Christ's own history, is equal to Gethsemane?—equal to it in interest,—comparable with it in importance? Oh, then, let us avail ourselves of it—let us profit

by it—let us improve it! Let us turn aside from all else, and visit this place; let us retire a little from the world and all around us, and, in solemn thought and devout meditation, watch with Him who there so agonized, so intensely suffered for us! To this we are assuredly called, if we will; yes, assuredly, in spirit and truth, it is said to us, and said by Him who once so spake to the favoured three, “Tarry ye here, and watch with Me.”

See our prospect! For that garden points on to another. Eden abused led to Gethsemane; Gethsemane improved leads back to Eden,—yes, and to a better garden than Eden itself could ever boast. So was it in Christ’s case: the anguish of Gethsemane opened the way—over Calvary, it is true, but opened the way to the glory of paradise. Trod, as it was, in patient endurance and uncompromising submission to His Father’s will, it introduced this “Man of sorrows,” at last a mighty Conqueror, into the realms of endless bliss; and trod, if it be, by us in a like spirit—a spirit of humble resignation, a spirit of simple faith in the agony there endured, and heartfelt devotedness to Him who there preceded us—without doubt to the same end shall we at last be led, to the same “building of God” shall we at last be brought! Yes, fellowship with Him in *suffering*, and then fellowship with Him in glory; followers of Him in His earthly pilgrimage, and then followers of Him in His heavenly heritage,—as He said, “If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.” Paradise then, oh! what a paradise, then, awaits us! There are “rivers of pleasure, and joy for evermore;” for there is “the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal;” and there is “the tree of life,” which beareth its fruit month by month; “and there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him;” and there “shall they see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads;” and there shall be “no need of candle, or even of light of the sun, to shine therein; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever!” But is this paradise the garden to which Gethsemane points, and into which Gethsemane’s sufferings and Gethsemane’s sorrows have opened the way? Oh, then, let us be visitors of the latter, if by any means thus we be travellers to the former; let us be content, indeed, to know, and sympathize too, in all that is possible of the one, if so be that it only help us forward towards the attainment of the other. Yea, let us, at any conceivable cost of sacrifice and suffering, seek to be included among those to whom Jesus will say, at the great and quickly coming day, “Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations;” and to whom will then be fulfilled the promises, that, having “suffered with Him, they shall be also glorified together.”

CHARLIE.

HE was our pet. I used to think
 My husband so proud of Charlie!
 When the dark shadow cross'd his brow,
 And he put me aside with a quick "Not now;"—
 When my thoughts were sad, and my heart would sink,
 To whom could I go but Charlie?

How soon he learnt to read my heart,
 My thoughtful, loving boy, Charlie!
 I have seen the fiery flash in his eye
 At the harsh word causing his mother's sigh,—
 Ever so ready to take my part—
 My brave little champion, Charlie.

I clung to the hope through all, so long!
 That he loved me and loved our Charlie,
 That the blow came sudden and hard when I read
 That he, my darling, my husband, had fled;
 The thoughts of my mind and heart went wrong—
 I had cursed him but for my Charlie.

"Bless you, my boy, for coming now—
 I have only you now," I said; "Charlie,
 See there!" and he read, "To a happier shore
 I am gone with the woman I loved before
 You wrote despair on my heart and brow."
 I should have gone mad but for Charlie.

He stole his hand into mine, and said
 (Like some sorrowing angel spoke Charlie),
 "Mother, forgive for Christ's sweet sake—
 Mother, let God the vengeance take,—
 Pray for our enemies, we have read;"—
 So I tried to be good like Charlie;

And my soul was led to the spirit-land
 By the simple teachings of Charlie;
 My grief was calm'd by the peace of Heaven,
 I forgave as I hoped to be forgiven;—
 Yet I could not fathom or understand
 The gentle heart of my Charlie.

They said he was dying. It *could* not be!—

My life, my comfort, my Charlie?

I would not hear—in my scorn I smiled—

Did I not best know my own sweet child?

Yet in doubt—in fear—and in agony

I watch'd the face of my Charlie.

My fears were still'd as the time went by,

And I thought of the future of Charlie;

How good, how useful, how great would he

In those long future years come to be!

I pray'd I might live to hear the cry

In praise of my noble Charlie.

My God! my God! I have lived to see

The dying glance of Charlie!

Have seen those dark eyes close in death—

Have heard the last long painful breath

Of the only being dear to me,

My angel boy—my Charlie.

Long years have pass'd, and my hair is grey,

Since the day I parted with Charlie.

One summer eve I went to see

The grave beneath the cedar tree

In the old churchyard, where buried lay

My hopes in this world with Charlie.

With the sweetest flowers and the fair fern leaf,

I strew'd the ground where lay Charlie:

His memory was dear as himself had been,

Though for twenty years had that grave been green.

The world said my heart was broken with grief,—

Yes, it died in the dying of Charlie.

I knelt in the dusk, 'neath the cedar tree,

By the quiet grave of Charlie;

As I rose, by my side stood a beggar-man,—

He look'd worn and spent, and his cheeks were wan;

But I did not hear what he said to me,

For his voice was the voice of Charlie.

Then I look'd again in the man's dark face,

And I knew him—the father of Charlie.

He knew me too.—“Grace Harvey,” he said,

“God has heap'd His coals of fire on my head.”

He knelt down before me: “Now curse me, Grace,

For the woe I have caused you and Charlie.”

Like a breath from heaven the childish words
Long, long ago spoken by Charlie
Came to my mind ; the slighted wife,
The shame and grief of her sadden'd life
Came o'er me too,—but gentler chords
Had been touch'd by that memory of Charlie.

I had no curse, no reproach to give
To the suffering father of Charlie.
“God bless you, Grace ; if you have forgiven
I may hope for mercy from even Heaven.
'Tis not long that I have to live.
Grace ! Let me see him—our Charlie.”

I look'd at the flowers and leaves at my feet,
Scatter'd over the green grave of Charlie,
But I could not speak, for I seem'd again
To be suffering over the killing pain
That had crush'd all things joyful, and young, and sweet,
From my heart with the death of my Charlie.

He guess'd the truth by one look at me,
And he fell by the grave of Charlie.
Christ save his soul—may his rest be sweet !
He begg'd to be laid at my darling's feet.
There are two graves now 'neath the cedar tree,
That I go in the evening dusk to see,—
They are those of my husband and Charlie.

THINGS NOT WORTHY.

How many things there are in the world which do not seem at all adapted for the position they occupy !

These things cannot be said to be vile in themselves, for verily there is little or nothing under the sun of which it can be said that there is no proper place where it can lie, dovetailed, as it were, in the peculiar spot marked out for it in the economy of nature, or jurisprudence of man.

But when we see certain things, albeit very good of themselves, so misplaced, either by casual and fortuitous circumstances, or by gross errors of judgment, there is ever excited in our minds a strong revulsion of feeling, which, according as our sense of propriety and good taste is worked upon by the palpable incongruity before us, disturbs the harmony of our ideas, and practically would set us to work to begin forthwith and put things to rights.

This powerful realization of the unfitness of multifarious objects for the situations in which they have been allowed to fall must not be confounded with those old-maidish notions of primness, order, and regularity, which are quite shocked if a chair be out of its place in a room ; and which would dispose of all things, either ornamental or utilitarian, with such a formal and geometrical precision, that all ease and comfort must be ever unknown anywhere in proximity to the atmosphere of frigid propriety surrounding their angust yet unlovable personality.

Man himself—that being who was made in the image of One who embodies all perfection—is now, by comparison, but a poor, unworthy object ; no wonder, then, that so many of the things he meddles with should be unworthy too.

It is noticeable in children, when they are just big enough to toddle about and get into mischief, that they, more or less, damage almost everything they touch. They cannot well improve anything they come in contact with, and so they are told to put one thing down, to let another thing alone, and not even to look at a third, till the poor little ones think they are in evil case, and long for a removal to a situation where they shall be under less restraint, and where their maltreatment of furniture will produce less evil result. So man, when he meddles with the works of creation—things of themselves very good—often maltreats but not beautifies the mate-

rials he takes in hand. Much that is disorderly in arrangement and unworthy in workmanship is brought about by not properly taking into consideration the object in view when a certain work is undertaken. In looking at the works of creation—those “parts of His ways” visible to us,—all show a perfect fitness and adaptation, so that it cannot be said of any portion that it would have looked better made otherwise and disposed differently. Construction and adaptation are, in nature, properly joined together; but how often, in the works of men, we find beautiful objects rendered unsightly by wrong position, and worthy creations rendered odious by being out of character!

Classic ideas are thus often rendered futile by misplacement, and designs, worthy of a better fate, degraded by wrong juxtaposition and incongruous amalgamations.

It does not tend to pacify our notions of harmonious grouping to see the bust of Venus worked into the superlative ornamentation of a door scraper, when the figure of a toad, or other crawling reptile, embodied in the design, would have been in far better keeping, and the lowly receptacle for the dust of our feet would be worthier for the change. It is rather degrading to our artistic feelings to witness the marble columns of ancient Greece worked up into the doorway of a modern pig-sty, yet associations equally revolting to good taste are witnessed in a short ramble through any populous neighbourhood. What is that gentleman about, who has exalted a large cast of a swan with two necks upon a flower-basket pedestal, in the front of his house? Graceful indeed may be the beauteous curve of those two arching necks, but Tom Thumb geraniums and calceolarias do not look at home growing out of his back, and our fingers itch to cast the bird and his burden into the nearest pool.

Some things seem ever to look ashamed at the figure they cut when put to unworthy use; as if, inanimate as they are, they would rejoice greatly to fill a position where their especial qualifications, though of ever so humble a character, would be in some measure appreciated, and where they would not, at any rate, so offend good taste as to be considered a nuisance. Thus it is with pieces of broken pottery, for instance, when they are used to form part of an artificial rockery, on which some tidy cottager has been bestowing much time and inventive talent in order to make it as unnatural as possible.

These mutilated crocks seem to look appealingly at us, as though they would be so grateful if we would only pitch them into a gutter, make road-metal of them, or even give them to the street Arabs to throw stones at for diversion,—anything rather than hold that conspicuous position for which they know they are so utterly disqualified. It is not often that we see anything like harmony preserved among the ornaments which are meant to beautify the chimney-piece of a

cottage parlour or best kitchen. Brass candlesticks, china dogs, fish-girls wonderfully constructed of shells and seaweed, pretty egg-cups, and the old-fashioned cast metal wheatsheaf, shoulder each other in such confusion, that the jumble of beauty and utility has anything but a pleasing effect to the eye of taste. Often a clean sweep of the whole lot, and a rearrangement of a few of them, with an eye to their congruity of appearance, taking care that each piece stands by itself, and is in no way intruded upon by its neighbour, will effect a great change for the better, and leave a large quantity available for other service. Neatness and order please the eye, almost as much as beauty of design and harmony of colour, so that often a few articles, simple and unassuming in themselves, if tastefully arranged, will give greater satisfaction than a number of real objects of *virtu* crowded together in a heterogeneous manner.

Severe simplicity rarely offends the eye, but an absurd display of meretricious ornament often does; and in ordering and arranging those interesting objects which give, as it were, the finishing touches to a room or a residence, it is better to be sparing, and not overdo the thing, than run into the opposite extreme by a too lavish and vulgar display. It is not desirable always to give the best room in the house the appearance of an artist's studio, or a twopenny picture gallery; nor does it conduce to general comfort to convert a cosy apartment, which really should be a snugger, into an old curiosity shop. When we see people go in for too much in this sort of way, we feel sorry for the individual works of art or objects of interest which get all jumbled together so unworthily, just like the numerous birds and beasts which the child hurriedly crams into his little Noah's ark.

Most of us know the feeling of mental weariness which creeps over us after staring too long and indiscriminately at the multitudinous objects collected in any large museum or bazaar. Now this is not the sort of feeling any humane person would wish to inflict upon his friends when they come to see him at home; and, to avoid overtaxing the brains of your visitors, pray do not stupefy their faculties by putting more before their eyes at a time than either eye or brain will comprehend without more labour and study than is compatible with comfort.

How rarely it is that one enters a private house or a public building without the eye being arrested by something or other that seems utterly unworthy of the place it has been made to occupy! Sometimes we blame the architect for wrong composition or violent contrast; frequently the decorator, for lack of harmonious colouring or the perpetration of absurd devices; and very often the occupiers of the place, for introducing objects wholly at variance with the general design. As in life it takes a great deal to make us comfort

able, while a very little serves to make us more or less miserable; so, as far as the eye is concerned, it takes a great deal, in a measure, to satisfy it, while a very little that is out of order, or in bad keeping, mars all the effect.

There is what we may almost call a kind of aristocracy in works which express the highest kinds of beauty, and it is not well to see such placed in juxtaposition with anything that is common or unclean,—lame attempts at artistic design, which fain would be something beautiful, but, utterly failing there, become the vilest of abortions, to which it would be well not to admit the light of day.

The Venus de Medici is one of the few statues which seems almost to incorporate our ideas of feminine beauty and proportion; but, charming as it looks in Carrara marble, and lovely as it may appear in a statuette of delicate Parian, when we see it vilely moulded in coarse pottery, and either painted green or vulgarly glazed over, we are inclined to anathematize the perpetrators of the deed, and earnestly wish they would in future confine their taste to the elaboration of more serviceable chamber ware. The abortive efforts of genius to rise by a few mighty bounds to a lofty seat in the Temple of Fame are among the things not worthy which we must take note of. Men who are naturally endowed with certain characteristic attributes of a high order, frequently fail in bringing before the world works adequately proportionate to the gifts imparted to them, from a neglect of commonplace precautions to which their elevated intellects can scarcely succumb. Thus we see matter-of-fact plodders—very tortoises in the race—winning the laurels, and justly too, from those whose superior abilities, if they were only well organized, and directed by prudence, would win all before them in a canter. Lacking that “prudent, cautious self-control,” which Burns says is “*wisdom’s root*,” their high-mettled energies are ever running away with them, or bolting aside, instead of steadily pursuing one undeviating course, which, in the end, would probably lead them on to honour and distinction.

Designs never completed, plans undeveloped, and ideal conceptions never worked out, even in thought, are among the unworthy productions of men so wanting in resolution of purpose and unswerving perseverance. When we see certain attributes or qualities combined in one individual, we are apt, in watching such a character through life, to expect commensurate results; and an unworthy achievement, or failure in accomplishing any given purpose, brings to us considerable disappointment, even though we are but lookers on in the field of labour the other is occupied in.

It seems as though so many good talents were buried or thrown away when the person possessing them does not apply them in the achievement of any great purpose. Just as well have been

furnished with abilities simply of an average calibre, if extraordinary endowments are to be altogether unproductive of those worthy results we may be led to expect. If any of us were to advance a business man so many thousand pounds to embark in some trade or other, we should look for a return something like proportionate to the sum advanced, and moreover should feel considerably piqued if, in lieu of getting a handsome return for our liberality, or having the pleasure of seeing our friend freed from the pressing liabilities which hampered him, we found our pecuniary aid made of little or no service by gross negligence or unworthy application.

It lowers sadly our estimate of human nature when one, in whom we have reposed the most implicit confidence, turns out to be wholly unworthy of our high esteem, having made use of us but as tools to work out his own base ends, and having simulated a reciprocative warmth of friendship, only to inveigle us into disclosures which may serve his own private purposes, if not to involve us in difficulties.

We value an attainment frequently because we know full well the patient toil, the pains and assiduity required to possess it; and we cannot help in a measure believing that the highest *earthly* prizes are not thrown about at random among mankind, but are so placed that access can be had to them by no royal road, and they must be fairly won before they can be enjoyed.

When we hear of a person possessing certain gifts, of his having been born with a mind which intuitively adapts itself to abstruse calculations, or which receives impressions and retains them with the rapidity and reliable correctness of the photographer's plate, we look upon such a person assuredly with a degree of admiration, and perhaps feel almost jealous of his surpassing powers; but how different is it from the awe and veneration we feel for the man who, by indomitable courage and unwearied perseverance, has at length attained the highest eminence in that path of life which he marked out for himself, and along which he has had to struggle, unaided by patrons and unfriended by fortune!

And we can count among our profoundest philosophers, our greatest statesmen, and our ablest generals, men of this stamp, who have set to work with mental and bodily faculties of no extraordinary kind; and having placed a worthy object before their prospective gaze, have nobly pressed onward, arrested by no difficulties and restrained by no obstacles which a less resolute determination would have found altogether insurmountable. It is indeed a sad sight when we see a bold resolution and a spirit sustained by adverse fortune starting on an erratic course, and holding the same against the advice of friends, the taunts of enemies, and the correcting hand of a kind Providence.

We cannot help thinking how such courage and bold persistency would have borne down all opposition if it had contested in any worthy cause, and volunteered those exceptional attributes of strength in a work which would have ennobled their development, and at the same time have heaped high-piled honours on the man.

Often do we see mistakes made in choosing occupations for youth. Some with ardent spirits, which cannot brook continual restraint, get tied down to occupations whose drudgery is detestable to their seething ambition, which frets and fumes at the uncongenial task, until bad motives of a rebellious character instigate the spirit to wilful resistance of rightful authority, and they become recklessly wild and unmanageable. Perhaps, had they been exercised in a calling of quite another character, where there would have been more outlets for their exuberant animal spirits, with now and then something more allied to adventure, to vary their more regular every-day life, they might not have degraded themselves by running into such excess of folly. It is as bad when we see characters of stern and imperturbable stolidity placed in positions where nothing is required so much as that *élan* which our Gallic neighbours possess in so extraordinary a degree.

There is a vitality of action required in some posts which no amount of phlegmatic doggedness of purpose will render a man fit for; and abilities of a very inferior order, if they are set off by a sprightly dash of vigour and an elasticity of spirit, will suit the purpose better than the most long-headed astuteness, backed by honesty of purpose and inflexibility of will, if the owner of these cannot impulsively bestir either mind or body, but requires mature deliberation for the one, and a certain time to overcome the *vis inertiae* of the other. It is vexing to see intellectual attainments of the highest order lowered down to a sordid level, and "grubbing this earthly hole" in a manner more befitting a meaner capacity.

If proud science has once taught a mind to soar, to tie that soul down to dig for its bread among the very moles of humanity seems as unworthy its high destinies as it would be to chain the golden eagle among the geese in the barnyard, who know not the joy—almost divine—of circling in ether, on elastic wing, ten thousand feet above the cackle of this nether world. Worse and more unworthy still is it when we behold a being, the calibre of whose mind seems unusually great, whose vigorous intellect one may well envy, and whose spiritual refinement we should imagine could not brook self-debasement, swooping down from its lofty eminence, like the vulture from the sunlit cloud to the stinking carrion, and apparently revelling in sensual excess. How men, whose self-respect in other matters appears of the highest order, can suffer to have their reason partially dethroned, and humiliate themselves

before their inferiors in age, station, and understanding, so as to become very objects of *pity*, is as strange as it is lamentably true. And that this should come to pass so frequently merely to pander to a vitiated appetite, or from the lack of exercising that simple resolution which should say, "Hold! enough!" before the monitory voice within has lost the reins of government, is a sad stigma on philosophy as well as morality.

Take the same men, and accuse them of any other weakness—of any shortcomings of a commercial character, or of exhibiting pusillanimity in any transaction requiring strength of will and energy of purpose, and they would be ready to knock you down for your base insinuation. But only to "get over the score" a bit—that is, to commit themselves so that their usual strong sense is turned into maudlin silliness, or that kind of boisterous and yet more ridiculous braggadocio which lays bare those egotistical traits of character which sober reason would ever suppress—is thought nothing at all of, or even laughed at, as something rather pleasing to reflect on.

Oh for a faithful mirror, which for once would show to the sensualist the contemptible figure he cuts before the same community, and I verily think he would hesitate before he again submitted himself to the pity of his fellow-men.

Dr. Young says that "all men think all men mortal but themselves," and I really think this must be the case with many who do not seem to know how they commit themselves before society when over-indulgence has *elated*, or rather we will say *degraded* them. They are aware, doubtless, how contemptible Brown, Jones, and Robinson appear under such circumstances; but they hang to a fond delusion that they themselves always manage to preserve such a decorum that no one will think much the worse of them for being, as they imagine, only a little more sprightly and animated than usual. It is not to be much wondered at if a fool or a drunkard thinks he is by far the cleverest fellow in the company; but it is rather surprising that a man, when he has again recovered his sound sense, should continue to think everybody was duped as well as himself, and that he did not lower himself after all, even to those whose brains were in no way obfuscated by alcoholic stimulants.

It is very humiliating to think how few things any of us really do that are in any way worthy of ourselves, our opportunities, and our times. How seldom is it that we can look back upon a performance well executed, on which we have thrown our best energies and talents, and can, with anything like a feeling of personal satisfaction, say that it is *very good*!

There is, in general, rather more than a suspicion that the work in question is in no way worthy of the man or his means. We can

tell how we might have given it more excellence if we had not flagged a little, and slackened our hand here and there; and the best parts serve to remind us how the whole might have been much better if we had only thrown lustily more of our being into it. The masterpieces of great minds show us what the human will can accomplish when all the energies of mind and body are concentrated to one focus.

In looking at a great work of human agency, whether it be an artistic design, executed so as to endure for long centuries—such as the Nineveh sculptures, the Elgin marbles, the grand masonic piles of Michael Angelo, or the sublime productions of Raphael; whether it be a philosophical record, such as the papyrus roll of Aristotle, unfolding treatise upon treatise to guide the learned of generations yet unborn; or the *Principia* of Newton, those leading thoughts which profess to take their start where most of us leave off; or whether it be the pouring of the soul into harmonious verse, as Homer and Shakspeare did;—in all these works we see that, to attain to what was ever after to be deemed a worthy memorial of their greatness, these men *gave themselves*, as it were, to their high emprise; and, unless all that we do is hereafter to rank among the “things not worthy,” we must follow in their track, and whatever we put our hands unto, “do it with our might.”

It is said of some lion-hearted fellows that the word impossible was not admitted into their vocabulary, and that they had the audacity to imagine that they could accomplish nearly everything they undertook. Such intrepidity may often lead a man to act unadvisedly, and cause him to rush with rash impetuosity at difficulties which he discovers are insurmountable by ordinary patient toil. But though we would not have our fervid spirits charge madly to achieve impossibilities, only to come out of the fray like the gallant cavalry brigade at Balaclava, covered with glory, but broken and shattered, without any good end accomplished; yet in all things it behoves us well to consider that we have strong faculties of one kind or other, and talents of a high or low order, and with these we can perform, if not the noblest deeds, still some work worthy of this active body and sentient spirit.

Though we may often rank among the unsuccessful candidates, and our ablest efforts be found by the world at large things not worthy of cognizance, there is yet time and opportunity for doing good unto all men, and retrieving the time we have wasted away. And, too, there are prizes to be won yet, if we bend ourselves to the task with manly zeal, and so use our slender talents that in the very application of them we increase our store of knowledge, and at the same time labour towards one definite end, which, if it be worthy of our honest ambition, will shine before us as a guiding star, to lure us on through dangers and difficulties, until our object is achieved. If we

stumble and fall, and give up before reaching the goal of our hopes, we reflect but little credit on our nature, our nation, or our Maker; for, doubtless, we are made with qualities which will cause our efforts to ripen into fruition, if we have not altogether mistaken our vocation, and are trying to sail against wind and tide. How many there are who, on walking over an ill-cultivated farm, can tell oracularly how this rushy piece wants efficiently draining, that furzy pasture cleaning, and the other parts ploughing deeper, and putting under a better system of tillage, before ever any crops will be realized at all adequate to the quantity and quality of the land under cultivation, who yet at the same time are looking for success to attend their own efforts when their mental culture is greatly neglected, and while parts of their mind, once fertile, are now lying fallow, other parts never probed to the requisite depth, and their brain estate generally worked without order and system! This is bad farming indeed. If one thing more than another is worthy of our attention, we should not rank as least the pleasure of ascertaining something like the range and power of our mental faculties.

And in the process we may discover new fields susceptible of good tilth, and deep soundings where we expected shallow water; and, learning better to know ourselves, may "put the right foot foremost" towards acquiring a more comprehensive knowledge of things in general. If, on the other hand, this investigation into our private capacities reveals to our inmost selves the naked fact that what appeared to others, and perhaps even to us, of a subtle and profound character, is altogether airy and superficial, and that there is in reality no solid substratum of knowledge on which we dare think of erecting a temple to Fame, we may at least learn not to make our folly conspicuous, nor to dishonour wisdom by drawing false bills on an empty exchequer. There are few things more unworthy of a man, with any pretensions to magnanimity, than the desire publicly to appear well versed on subjects about which he really is densely ignorant. A man with good tact and versatile conversational power may brave the deception, but a home question from one who really is thoroughly conversant thereon will easily make a big rent in such a bagful of moonshine, and the parader of false philosophy or assumed wisdom sinks (or at least should do so) to his proper level.

Looking out of the window from where I am writing, I see an old white horse with a chain round his neck, the end of which is not fastened to the ground, but drags after him to prevent his straying too far. He classes now among the things not worthy, yet he looks as though he had seen better days; and when his ribs were well covered and his pasterns less swollen, he may have cantered gaily along the highway, neighing with very joy, and as light-hearted as the bonny lassie who, with ruddy cheeks and waving tresses,

revelled in her morning's ride. There is something rather saddening in the thought that when we, too, get old and grey, and rather shaky about the legs, we may have to drag a chain of some sort or other about with us, and, ranking 'among the "things not worthy" of the world's approving smile, become an object for pitiful contemplation.

But "let us now be up and doing," and, recognizing our position mentally, socially, and nationally, strive to make the best of the implements and faculties given us to work with; nor let it ever be said of us that we neglected our opportunities, or scorned the use of small means for the attaining of great ends. If we can boast of high endowments, let us show that we know how to employ them; and if our natural gifts are few, let us tell the world how to make the most of a little, and prove that we do not despise the meanest of God's blessings, nor dare to rank them among *things not worthy*.

C. W. P.



BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

NO. I.—THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL.

“And Jesus said unto her, . . . Go, and sin no more.”

WHEN I commenced the labours which have since become the leading occupation, as they are the chief pleasure of my life, I had been bowed to the very earth by a heavy and crushing sorrow. As in diseases of the body there is a culminating period, a crisis which either kills the patient or enables him to shake off his fell enemy and become hale and well; so in disorders of the mind there is a climax of agony, a depth of blank, hopeless, helpless wretchedness, beyond which there is no passing, and after which the sufferer—I am speaking of the men of this world—is left panting, weary, and heart-sore, and with a more than half-indifferent curiosity as to the phase of torture he will be called upon to endure next. The capacity for suffering is limited, like the other powers of humanity; and while he who has most heart knows most sorrow, and while any one capable of a *real* sorrow is capable of good, if the sad incidents of life were massed together at one time, their aggregate weight would be enough to bow the proudest head and break the strongest spirit. And yet, as an American writer wisely and eloquently says, “suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. . . . It gives to fictions their deep interest. It wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life.” And this is the more obvious when we peer below the surface of what good old Archbishop Leighton called “the delusive hopes and false joys of this our wretched state.” Who among my readers cannot recall a time when the sunshine lost its brightness, when the beautiful uniformity of nature seemed an aggravation of the bitterness within; and when, after summing up the crosses, trials, and vexations on every side, and crying, like the patriarch of old, “All these things are against me,” the ever-absorbing desire has been to creep out of sight, like some wounded deer, and leave a world wherein the thorns are so cruel and the wounds so bitterly severe? It is at such a time as this when the undisciplined and unregenerate heart rebels most against the previsions of the Inscrutable, and is impiously disposed to question the wisdom of the All-wise. This is the time when the suicide loads the pistol

or drains the fatal cup ; when the worldling seeks, by unholy excitement and degrading pleasures, to drown care and purchase an immunity from memory ; when the philosopher finds he has been leaning upon a broken crutch ; and when the Christian alone bows his knee with tender resignation and humble gratitude to the Father, whose chastenings are so many proofs of love. Happy are they who have reached this stage in life's journey before the great trouble of their existence lays them low. Happy are they who have not to stagger to and fro like a drunken man ; to put forth the hands blindly for external aid, and to strain the eyes eagerly for some gleam of light, when the inevitable evil days come, and the grasshopper is a burden, and desire doth fail. It matters not from which quarter the blow comes. It matters not whether the honourable ambition of years has culminated in disgrace ; or the darling of your old age has been summoned away, or, worse still, has become an alien to you ; or the one sympathetic soul is estranged ; or your favourite projects have failed ; or the dear objects of your earthly hopes and love lie buried one by one in a dark hole beneath the churchyard yew—it matters not which phase your correction takes,—until you can say, with the sublime faith of the Shunammite woman, “It is well,” even when the heart-strings are strained almost to breaking, your sufferings will never be to you blessings in disguise. This is no mere pulpit truism. Even the polished cynic of that trifling nation whose irreligion is a proverb, tells his disciples that, though philosophy triumphs over future trials, present ills triumph over philosophy. We all—

“ Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong ”

when called upon to administer consolation or proffer sympathy to our brother who has fallen in the mire ; but when our own coat is bespattered, and we ourselves are under the chariot wheels, we are too apt to lose sight of the sublimity of suffering, and to remember only its pain. This, at least, has been my experience ; and, speaking from no platform of superiority, but as a wayworn, erring man, who has had many and heavy trials, I appeal to the inward monitor of all whether this be not their experience too. When indeed it is given us to say, with Job, “ Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,” we have taken an important step towards that faith which not only accepts meekly, but glories in temporal affliction. “ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation,” is the grand uncompromising utterance of a heart which had found this faith, and had come to regard suffering as a testimony

of the Creator's care. How many of us can say this? How many of us can kiss the rod, nor seek an anodyne of our own? How many of us try to absorb our individuality in a round of occupation, and to so gain that ease which is, if we would but accept it, freely offered to all the weary and heavy laden! It is because of this inherent craving for work and change on the one hand, and the absolute certainty of relief on the other, that I venture to address those who are suffering, those who have suffered, and those who will suffer—a category which comprises, alas! the entire human race,—and to point out means whereby their warmest human energies may find an ample sphere, and their spiritual needs a glorious sufficiency, at one and the same time. For we must not lose sight of the necessities of the body; and as the first resource of the goaded steed is movement and flight, so the instinct which prompts a healthy man, smarting under disaster, to plunge eagerly into action, is the earliest and strongest impulse of all. If, then, we can make it subservient to the great end,—if we can lead the wounded spirit, through the works of the flesh, to look for solace where real solace can be only found,—we shall effect a permanent, a substantial, and a practical good. Midway between the ascetic monasticism of the Papacy, and the fierce demand for exciting occupation which tinctures the world, lies my modest scheme. It possesses some of the self-abnegation, and infinitely more of love and charity than the one, and all the variety, engrossment, and absorption of the other. I know not why a broken spirit or a sorely tried heart should not be treated as a speciality, like some physical ailments; and I should be gratified indeed if my suggestions were adopted as a panacea by all who felt that the gaunt hand and sad presence of mental suffering was upon them. Let them, at the very first sign of its approach, plunge beneath the current of their daily life. Let them go out into the highways and byways, among the poor and miserable, the guilty and the fallen. If their regular bread-and-cheese-earning labours occupy them engrossingly, let them still set apart a specified portion of time for good deeds. If they cannot spare half a day in the week, let them give half an hour; but let it be a compact between us that there shall be neither lukewarmness nor hanging back when the hand is once put to the plough. It is not the amount of exertion, but the extent to which the whole soul is thrown into it, which makes the prescription effectual; and with misery at every street corner, and with anxious, careworn, pining hearts in many a house, it is impossible to doubt that the one may be relieved as much as the other will be assuaged.

It must be so. Holy Scripture declares it; modern philosophy enforces it; knowledge of the human heart confirms it; and personal experience, if it be needed, corroborates them all. Living in this vast London of ours,—

“The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;”

or, as I prefer to think of it, in the language of Carlyle, "this monstrous tuberosity of civilized life, the capital of England;" I was led, before the numb, stunned darkness of my affliction had been irradiated by the faintest gleam of light, to peer into the hidden places about me,—at first by that fierce unrest which those writhing under sorrow so keenly know; then by awakened curiosity, and a desire to know and see more; and finally by an honest, humble wish to alleviate, to elevate, and to console. These are the stages through which such patients as will accept me for their physician will probably pass too, and with the assurance—nay, the certainty—that they will gain that pearl of price, peace of heart, I shall surely find my followers neither halting nor few. Come with me, then, into the alleys and the courts, the hidden places, the secret dens, where the foulest ignorance, the densest superstition, the blackest sin, and the most degrading habits, are all festering in one huge and loathsome social sore. Come where unnameable vices rear their heads unblushingly; come where there are large tracts of densely populated country, to which, as Professor Kingsley said of one of the corrupt cities of old, "Paris is earnest and Gomorrah chaste." In many a noisome alley and foetid court, in many a thoroughfare where poverty, wretchedness, and crime go hand in hand, are fit objects for your sympathy and assistance. The vineyard has never labourers enough; and if, as the wise philosopher of Chelsea just quoted has it, "the wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he loves and is blessed by," there are assuredly riches for all in this London of ours alone. Still, it is one of the most cheering and encouraging facts connected with the experience of those who earnestly dive below the surface of society, that, concurrently with the horror their discoveries inspire, comes a recognition of the good inherent even in things evil, and of the self-imposed efforts of other labourers in the same field. There are both associations and individuals humbly and persistently endeavouring to elevate the poorer and degraded, of whom the world never hears, and who would blush, indeed, to have the sort of fame which tearing the veil from their anonymity would give. The newspapers publish an outline now and then of a refuge, or an hospital, or a workhouse, or an asylum; but we then see results rather than the means whereby they are reached. We hear of the practical working of a midnight meeting, a thieves' reformatory, or an outcasts' home; but the complex difficulties of their establishment, the constant care and trouble attending their supervision, and the fervent, prayerful efforts by which their leading spirits seek to bring lost sheep into the fold, seldom come before us. The ridicule and opposition of the world; the lukewarm competition of those who sympathize with our wishes, but demur to our mode of carrying them out; the obstacles which spring from and are an

integral portion of the very nature of such institutions as I have named, should be all estimated by those wishing to arrive at truth. It was not until after many a visit and exploration that I came to know this. For when my trouble was at its deepest I wandered here and there, objectless and purposeless; and it was by what fools call chance, and the wise recognize as the mysterious workings of Providence, that my desultory strollings became replete with interest and animate with life. Passing by the intermediate stages by which this was gradually effected, and deferring for a future season the details of the varied experience among criminals, outcasts, and others at war with the world, I have acquired since, I propose to briefly state how I became interested in the institution of which I shall give a necessarily imperfect sketch.

Years ago a girl in humble circumstances was tempted by a scoundrel, and yielded to temptation, as you and I, my brother, have done,—how often is only known to our God. Deserted, heartsore, and weary of the world, she was rescued, when on the very brink of suicide, by a dear and good friend who has long since gone to receive his reward. He either did not know of THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL, or thought its scope was confined to the professional harlot, or shrank from exposing the poor bruised reed to the chances of rejection, of harsh discipline, or of further contamination from bad companionship; and he therefore, not without considerable difficulty, procured her a private resting-place, where she soon afterwards died from what the doctors called atrophy, but which we knew to be deep contrition of spirit and a broken heart. The harrowing particulars of this poor creature's sorrow—she was a mere child,—her patient acceptance of suffering and degradation as her lot, was enough to rouse any one from the selfish contemplation of his own grief, and deeply interested me in the horrible social problem which such cases as hers compel all earnest men to endeavour to solve. Other circumstances tended to direct my steps aright, but I date from this sad incident my devotion to the pursuits which now absorb so great a portion of my time; and this it is which eventually determined me to inquire into the constitution and working of the various establishments designed to relieve such poor creatures as the one I saw sink under the heavy punishment awarded to her sin.

It was probably after some such shocking experience as this, that a small band of philanthropists met, more than a hundred years ago, to consider that great sin of great cities, to cope with which so many noble efforts have been and are now being made. In spite of "much ridicule and opposition," say the old minute-books of THE MAGDALEN—which, musty, yellow, and timeworn, contain an accurate history of the charity from its commencement until now,—they persevered, and at their third meeting upwards of a thousand pounds

was subscribed towards providing a home for such fallen women as were penitent, and willing to give up their way of life.

To Mr. John Dingley belongs the credit of originating this noble scheme, and it is gratifying to find his memory kept green within the walls of the asylum. Before his time, the dunghill, the lazar-house, and the hospital were not only thought the most appropriate, but the most righteous, dying-places for such poor women as had succumbed to the sinful wiles of man. It would be interesting to know what led worthy Mr. Dingley to consider the subject, not as an abstract question for fireside moralizings, but as a fearful stain on the conscience of the community, to be dealt with boldly and at once. It would be pleasant to clear the memory of this good citizen of the dust left on it by time, to discover his habits, tastes, and pursuits, and the surroundings of his life. It would be curious to learn his private history, and to see whether it was the softening influence of sorrow which brought about the desire to benefit the people of his generation. We learn from the same old brass-bound ledgers, from pages which are yellow, and in characters rusty from lapse of time, that he was appointed treasurer of the charity, and authorized to take the lease of the premises occupied by the London Infirmary in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields. Here, on August 18th, 1758, the Magdalen Hospital was opened, and fifty beds provided for the people it was designed to serve. The Rev. Jonathan Reeves was appointed chaplain, and preached the opening sermon on the above day from the 20th verse of the 15th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke:—"And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Surely these sacred words must have tingled on the ears and vibrated on the hearts of those assembled to ask a blessing on the new venture. Surely both teacher and hearers must have been affected even to tears at the thought of the poor prodigals to whom they were about to offer, not indeed a fatted calf, but life-giving food, in place of the wretched husks wherein they were wallowing with the swine. From the day on which this sermon was preached, interest in the institution gradually spread. Allusions are made to it in contemporaneous publications; it is named in the biographies of the period; and its anniversary sermons were almost invariably preached by men of learning and repute. On the two years immediately following the one just quoted, the unhappy Dr. Dodd was the preacher selected; and further reference to the old books of the hospital furnishes the text of each of his discourses. In 1759 this was the 12th and 13th verses of the 9th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew:—"But when Jesus heard that, He said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go

ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice : for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” Next year it was the 10th verse of the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke :—“ For the Son of man is come to seek that which was lost.” At this lapse of time how singular do the conjunction of preacher and hearers appear ! The man who seventeen years later was to die a shameful death on Tyburn tree, was now employing all his famous eloquence on behalf of women whose disgraceful lives formed their claim to sympathy. Dodd was then in the full tide of worldly prosperity. He had taken orders some six years previously, and soon after this date was appointed chaplain in ordinary to King George III. His society was sought after, his literary efforts appreciated, his preaching run after by the town. Did any warning voice whisper to him, on that sabbath morning, that some of the women before him would have honoured homes while he lay in Newgate, and would breathe their last amid the affectionate attentions of husband and children, while he expiated his crime upon the gallows ? It needs no very strong effort of imagination to see some of his congregation touched by his appeals, reclaimed by the philanthropic exertions of the good Samaritans about them, provided with reputable homes, and finally married, and carefully nurtured and cared for by generous and forgiving husbands. This is no poetic sketch or far-fetched fancy. Thank God, who blesses all efforts, however humble, to make His world brighter and better, such cases are happening around us now. To the honour of the wives and mothers of England, there are more applications for domestic servants who have been reclaimed from the streets than the supply can meet ; and it may prove a stimulus to the charitable to learn that, in the majority of instances, the women so employed become not merely efficient servants, but in due course are absorbed into the great current of life, and fulfil their legitimate functions as heads of households, and helpmates to honest men. The statistics of the homes which are worked in connection with the Midnight Meetings prove this ; and though, from the greater number provided for by the Magdalen, its managers are able to comply with nearly all the requisitions for servants made to it, the results, as I shall presently show, are equally satisfactory. Had any one on that Sunday morning whispered that the prosperous, well-seeming divine would offer a bribe for a metropolitan living, and be ignominiously ousted from his royal chaplaincy ; would afterwards wander to and fro on the Continent with his quondam pupil Lord Chesterfield, and when inducted into a country parsonage, would reduce his fortunes by extravagance and riotous living, until forging his patron’s name was the only resource left,—would not that member of the congregation have been condemned as a slanderer, and flouted as a false prophet ? Twice

again did Dr. Dodd preach on behalf of the Magdalen, the last time being on July 27th, 1769—only eight years before he was executed,—when the first stone of the present building in St. George's Fields was laid.

For good Mr. Dingley, Sir John Fielding, Mr. Jonas Hanway, and others of their fellow committee-men, were not satisfied with the asylum wherein their good work commenced, and as early as 1763 began to agitate for its transfer to a more commodious site and a more healthy locality. At meeting after meeting the subject was discussed, until it was finally decided to purchase six acres of ground in what was then the open country known as St. George's Fields. In 1768 authority was obtained to extinguish the commonage rights, and half the land thus obtained was let out on building leases, and upon the other half the present hospital stands. It is now a gloomy mass of dingy brickwork, with forlorn and soot-stained trees sparsely stationed along its front, but the bright and well-curtained windows of which have that indescribable air of solid comfort which belongs to a properly appointed English home. This portion of the building is appropriated to the residence of the chaplain, and the visitor must cross a spacious hall, and gain the quadrangle beyond, before he sees even the windows of the wards wherein the hospital occupants are. These are shuttered and guarded from observation with extreme care, and it may be here stated that the excessive precaution taken to prevent the poor women being seen reminds an uninitiated stranger of what he has read of the manners and customs of the East. Public service is held in the chapel twice every Sunday, and the entire hospital is thrown open to the public for a couple of hours one day—when the anniversary sermon is preached—in every year. But the inmates are so placed in the chapel gallery as to be invisible to the rest of the congregation; and while the house is being inspected, they are stowed away in the one ward not shown, so that it were almost as easy for a Christian missionary to obtain admission to the seraglio of a Mahometan as for an outside philanthropist to inspect for himself the poor creatures who are being redeemed from a career of bestiality and vice to one of decency and repute.

It is an open question whether the managing committee, in their laudable anxiety to avoid ministering to prurient and morbid tastes, do not carry their prohibitions too far. The effect of the heavily shuttered windows, looking, as most of them do, upon a perfectly private and rather desolate yard, is to give a penal aspect to all those portions of the building occupied as wards.

Looking from the doorway of the hall across a small railed-in space in the centre of the quadrangle, where some sooty shrubs and trees seem to be appealing pitifully for light and air, and where an ungraceful memorial stone has been raised to the memory of the

founder, Mr. Dingley; the pilasters of the closed chapel on the one side, and of the hospital on the other; the uniform angle of the sombre shutters to the right and left, the very smoothness of the broad path circling the enclosure, all speak of the dreary sameness of a prison rather than the quiet and peaceful snugness of a home. This dead level of regularity is of course unavoidable in an establishment of the size and capabilities of the Magdalen; but the effect on the mind of the spectator is not cheering, and it is only when the official rooms on the other side are gained, and the history and benefits of the charity are heard and appreciated, that he recovers his serenity, as the depressing influences of a first glance are forgotten in the absorbing interest of the particulars he learns. This paper being professedly a sketch rather than a narrative, any attempt to minutely trace the rise and progress of the institution from the days of Mr. Dingley to the present time would be out of place. It will better accord with my purpose to describe the mode in which women are admitted, how they are received after they are passed by the committee, and what is their subsequent life in and after leaving the house.

First, however, let me state that the list of clergymen who have preached the anniversary sermons of late years includes many names thoroughly familiar to us all. Among the bishops and archbishops who have pleaded the cause of the fallen, the honoured names of Howley, Blomfield, Sumner, Coplestone, Longley, Denison, Bickersteth, and Wilberforce, stand prominently forth; while in those of Melvill, Dale, Croly, and Moore, we have further proof, were it needed, of the eloquence which has, in our own day, been enlisted for this good cause. A board affixed outside the Blackfriars Road door of the Magdalen states that women are admitted on application between nine and eleven on the morning of the first Thursday in each month, and as this implies restriction to a specified day, it is satisfactory to know that no woman considered eligible is ever turned away, no matter when she may apply. This is a manifest advance on the system previously in vogue, and does much to remove some of the vague misconceptions which are abroad concerning the hospital. If it be not practicable to admit the poor penitent into the house,—and she cannot become one of its regular inmates until approved by the committee and certified by the surgeon,—lodgings are found for her in the neighbourhood, and she is put under the care of some matron whose trustworthiness has been proved. She then takes her turn, on the first Thursday in the following month, with the other new comers, and goes with them through a prescribed routine. After signing a printed form of request, all women are called upon to answer the questions of the committee, who accept or reject applications as they think the women before them incorrigible or likely to

be reclaimed. As a rule, those who are more than twenty-five years of age have not much chance of admission, while lengthened prostitution or confirmed drunkenness invariably debars the candidate from the aid she seeks. The committee, rightly or wrongly, act on the belief that it is almost hopeless to attempt to reclaim the woman who has been long in her sin, or whose age prevents her having that malleability of character and susceptibility to hallowing influences, without which persuasion and kindness is in vain; and, weighing the probabilities of contaminating the young against the chance of benefiting the more mature, make it their rule, save under very exceptional circumstances, to refuse admission to all who have concluded their twenty-sixth year. Assuming the surgical examination to have been passed, and the woman declared free of disease; assuming all committee-room questions to have been satisfactorily answered, age to have been no disqualification, father's and mother's name, occupation, and supposed whereabouts, and many other minute particulars, to have been candidly given, and the committee to have decided upon adopting the applicant before them as an inmate of the house, she is handed over to the matron, and "warded;"—(it should be also mentioned that preference is always given to young women who have been seduced, but who have not been prostitutes;—that is, she is put into a warm bath, with a bathwoman to see that she is thoroughly purified and cleansed. Her own clothes are then taken away, and—after having been "washed, boiled, or baked," as the presence of vermin or their degree of filthiness may demand—are dried and ticketed with her name, and carefully preserved, in order that they may be returned to her in the event of her prematurely leaving the asylum she has gained. After the bath she dresses herself in the sombre uniform of the house, and is relegated to one of its six wards, there to be employed on such labour as seems best suited to her capacity and antecedents. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of these wards are devoted to needlework of various kinds; No. 4 is the kitchen; No. 5 the laundry; and No. 6 the infirmary. In estimating the chances of reformation, much stress is laid upon the education received. This is nearly always of the scantiest,—five weeks ago there was not an educated woman among the one hundred and fourteen inmates,—but much depends upon whether it has been taught in a workhouse or in a national school. The women whose childhood has been spent in the former place are more incorrigible, and have an infinitely blunter moral sense, than those who have received instruction at the latter establishments; and this experience may be accepted as invariable. The treatment of the women is of the gentlest kind. By the practical knowledge they gain of household employment they are qualified for situations wherein they may honestly earn their bread; the chaplain exhorts them daily, and it is

one of the noblest boasts this charity can put forth, that no young woman who has behaved well during her stay in the house has ever been discharged unprovided for. From the personal inquiries I have made, and from the statistics furnished me, I am delighted to know that upwards of two-thirds of the whole number of women admitted into the Magdalen since its commencement in 1758 have been permanently saved. In proof of this, it is only necessary to say that great pains have been taken, on former occasions, to trace out all those women who left the house during the space of four years. The several periods given below were from 1786 to 1790; from 1839 to 1843; from 1846 to 1850; and from 1858 to 1862, viz. :—

FIRST PERIOD.

Discharged in the said four years, of every description	246
Behaving well	157
Behaving ill	74
Lunatic	4
Dead	1
Situation unknown (some, probably, have retired from observation, others, perhaps, being dead)	10
	— 246

SECOND PERIOD.

Total discharged in credit in four years	289
Behaving well (several married)	194
Insane	1
Dead	5
Behaving ill	43
Unknown	46
	— 289

THIRD PERIOD.

Total discharged in credit	378
Behaving well (several married)	273
Dead	4
Behaving ill	24
Unknown	77
	— 378

FOURTH PERIOD.

Total discharged in credit	313
Behaving well (several married)	232
Dead	3
Behaving ill	36
Unknown	42
	— 313

Surely the above figures require neither comment nor amplification. Flourishing in our midst is an institution which, by year after year housing and succouring the broken-down, jaded sinners, honestly fulfils the design of the worthy men whose good deeds live so long after they have passed away. Its size, its capabilities, and its usefulness place the Magdalen immeasurably above every other establishment of the kind. The impression which prevails in certain quarters, that it is to some extent a close borough, managed by a small clique, is manifestly incorrect; but it would notwithstanding be very gratifying to have more light thrown upon its internal arrangements. At present there is some unnecessary reticence, not on the part of the administrative officers, but in the rules laid down for their guidance; and it would be satisfactory if, by an amplified annual statement, by offering greater facilities of inspection to the benevolent, and by giving convincing proof of the catholicity of their mode of admission, the managing committee would extend the knowledge of the good they effect. This is now but imperfectly understood, and even the Charity Commissioners, by not publishing their report on the Magdalen, and by making a ridiculous stipulation that it should be considered a private document, have favoured the obscurity under which the operation of the charity labours. It is not impossible that improvements could be made in its rules; it is not impossible that the tacit regulation excluding women who have been long in their sin might be rescinded or modified; and that the already comprehensive benefits it confers might be still further enlarged. That the sad evil which the Magdalen is designed to allay is an embarrassing one, is no reason that the earnest and religious-minded should put off its consideration until that convenient season which is so hazardous a waiting-time.

I commenced by appealing specially to the sorrow-stricken, because I know that none have so much faith in the providence of God as those who have felt His chastening hand; but surely I have said enough to interest all in the establishment I have described. It forms but one link in a long chain of noble missionary effort; it benefits only the social pariahs of a certain grade; and its position and aims are exceptional and peculiar: but inasmuch as it has rescued brand after brand from the burning; and as it has bravely stood the test of time, of ridicule, and change, so, as it seems to me, does it call for extended sympathy and enlarged support in the name of Him who came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

THE INFLUENCE OF GAOL CHAPLAINS.

BY THE REV. C. B. GIBSON, M.R.I.A.

(*Late Chaplain in the Convict Service*).

A RESPECTABLE gentleman in the City had a son who gave him and every member of his family a great deal of trouble by his extravagant and felonious propensities. Complaining to his wife, one morning, of the sums abstracted from his cash-box, that lady replied,—

“Perhaps it would be as well to send him to our country cousins in Yorkshire. Let him work on their farm for his food. His labour may be an object to them.”

“I think you have hit on it, my dear; we will try it for a few years, at all events, provided our cousins will take him. I shall tell them to work him hard, and to keep his nose to the grinding-stone.”

The country cousins were consulted, and said they would be “delighted” to receive the lad and give him food and clothing for his labour. He was accordingly sent off. For a few years the reports of his conduct were most favourable; but after this there was a change, and the Yorkshire farmer wrote to say that he could “keep him no longer,” that “he refused to do an honest day’s work, and, worse still, was setting a bad example to every member of the family. Send for him at once, or I shall pack him off. I would not keep such a fellow in my house.”

“What *shall* I do with him?” said the father of the lad, with a sigh, to his wife.

“Send for him,—he is our own son,—and let us do our best *to reform him ourselves*. After all, it is hardly fair to expect our Yorkshire cousin to keep him.”

The question, “What shall we do with our convicts?” was easily answered some years ago: “Send them to Botany Bay, Van Diemen’s Land, or any of our colonies,” was the reply. So they were sent, and there was an end of them and the difficulty. They were provided for for life. But this state of things no longer exists: one colony after another has refused to receive our convicts; the colonists of the Cape of Good Hope had nearly risen in arms against us for attempting to send a ship-load there, and resolutely resisted their landing; and we were obliged to give in, and send our merchandise elsewhere. There is but one colony—Western Australia—

which is still willing to receive a portion of them, but a pressure has just been put upon it and the mother country by the Colonial Government at Melbourne, which, there is little doubt, will effectually close this port against our convict ships. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the English Government has succumbed to the pressure put upon it by the people of Melbourne. They think we ought to deal with our own moral sewage, and not direct its course towards them, or deluge our colonies with it. "We have enough of our own to deal with, without yours," is their language; and we must confess there is reason in language like this.

This being the state of things, the question is no longer "What shall we do with our convicts?" but "*How shall we reform them, or any portion of them?*" To this most important question we would now address ourselves.

The machinery for the reformation of a convict is of a twofold nature,—moral and material, physical and spiritual; between which there should exist as much harmony as possible; and where there appears no real harmony, there should be no clashing. There should be a perfect understanding between the governor of the prison and the chaplain. The governor's duty is to see that the sentence is fairly carried out and the discipline of the prison maintained. It is the chaplain's duty to watch over the mind and heart of the prisoner, *and to mark well the effect of the prison discipline upon the moral nature of the convict.*

We say this emphatically and advisedly, inasmuch as there is an impression abroad that chaplains have nothing whatever to do with discipline. We happen to know a chaplain who was summarily dismissed for publishing a book, in which he attempted to show that a new feature in convict discipline was producing a large increase in prison relapses. As a rule, the less a chaplain interferes, the better he will be liked. Let him take his salary, eat his bread and butter, and hold his tongue.

But suppose he should see his *own work* marred and brought down *by the discipline*; that he be placed in the position of a clergyman who feels his church shaking and crumbling about his ears from the working of a large and powerful steam-engine; what is he to do?—Politely tell his neighbour to stop it, and be laughed at for his folly? No; the man who does the injury must be publicly prosecuted.

Let us notice the various kinds of discipline to which each convict is subjected, before he becomes a perfectly free man, such as he was before his imprisonment; and the effect, or probable effect, of the discipline in the way of moral reformation.

The convict commences his novitiate in one of our cellular prisons. If an Englishman, he is sent to Millbank Prison, on the

Thames, near Vauxhall Bridge. The majority of male convicts are drafted in here from the county and borough prisons, where they are confined previous to conviction. A prisoner regularly confined in a county, city, or borough prison, *after* conviction, is not a "convict," as this term is now understood. In these prisons the longest period of detention is two years. It requires a sentence of five years, and an incarceration in a Government prison, to have the convict brand properly and legally burned in.

Millbank, though a separate and cellular prison for females, is little more than a receiving-house for males, where they remain but a few weeks, and are then sent to the beautiful model prison of Pentonville, in Islington. We call it beautiful, and so it is,—a beautiful piece of machinery—a beautiful man-trap, or mouse-trap, but one almost too complicated for unskilful hands to meddle with: for a few more turns of the screw than are laid down in the scale by the late Sir Joshua Jebb—by whom the machine was constructed,—and you injure both the body and mind of the prisoner.

Here, at Pentonville, the prisoner may be truly said to commence his novitiate; but as the Roman Catholic chaplain of the separate prison of Mountjoy, Dublin, said, with surpassing *naïveté*, "These poor people *are not called by God* to a contemplative life; and hence their minds soon require to be relieved by occupation. If this be denied, the almost inevitable consequence is idleness and *ennui*, from which they take refuge in reminiscences nowise favourable to improvement."

There was an attempt made some time ago in Ireland to introduce what is called the "idle discipline;" and as this discipline was supposed to be new—although it had been imported from America,—it "took" for a time, and was countenanced by people who should have known better. "Idleness and dislike of steady work," write the Four Visiting Justices of the West Riding prison of Wakefield, "are probably the most universal characteristics of the criminal class. We in England have sought to correct that by making labour as penal as possible, by the treadmill and the crank. The directors of Irish convict prisons have adopted the opposite plan, they have made idleness penal, work a privilege."

This seems to sound well, but let us read a little farther:—

"The prisoner, kept in the strict seclusion of his cell, and forced to be idle, soon feels that to have something to do would be a great relief to the intense monotony of his existence. The want of work becomes the severest punishment; so severe indeed, that were it continued too long, the mind would give way under it."

To say nothing of the mental and moral evils arising from the idle cellular discipline—among which we find madness and suicide, examples of which have come under our own observation, some of

which we relate in "Life among Convicts,"—to say nothing of these, the attempt to *force* a man to be idle seems directly opposed to all our preconceived notions, and as much opposed to the laws of nature as to the command of God, who has said, "Six days *shalt* thou labour, and do all thy work."

But we cannot violate any one of God's natural laws—for the laws of nature are the laws of God—with impunity to ourselves or others. This idle discipline would not succeed even with the lower animals. Let us, for example, introduce honey into each particular cell of a beehive, and deprive the bee of the power of gathering and manufacturing for itself, for the space of three months, or even three weeks, and we shall have every bee in the hive in the condition of the gentleman that Doctor Abernethy advised to live on a shilling a day and earn it. The late Doctor Bayly, physician to the Queen, and for many years superintendent of Millbank Prison, says, in one of his reports on cellular or solitary confinement, "When the punishment is continued for many months, and especially when it is carried out in all its integrity, it exerts, as might be expected, a depressing influence on the whole nervous system of the convicts. The result is shown partly in the loss of physical vigour, and of the power of resisting external impressions, and partly in an impairment of mental energy."

We regret to say that some prison chaplains have given their sanction to the idle cellular discipline, on account of the advantages which they imagine it gives them over the weakened mind of the prisoner. One of these gentlemen, speaking of this system, says, "If protracted long enough to be adequately penal, *and to give the chaplain a fair chance*, it renders the wits and will *limp and flabby*." "Minds," says another chaplain, "suddenly separated from all external associations," and, as we learn from the context, without industrial employment, "generally present at first a perfect chaos of feeling. Here solitude, compelling reflection, *soon does its work*."

Yes, but it is a work of darkness, and not of light:—

Εκ Χαιρος δ' Ερεβος τε μελαινα τε Νυξ εγενοντο.

Men of good understanding—and there are men of this stamp among prison chaplains—were not long in discovering the fearful evils likely to result from the idle discipline. "Industrial occupations under qualified masters should be provided, to such an extent as would serve to alleviate the feeling of loneliness in the cell, and to convey a knowledge of such handicrafts as would prove useful to the prisoner in after life," writes the Episcopalian chaplain of an Irish convict prison, in 1852. "My decided conviction is," writes the Presbyterian chaplain of the same prison—Mountjoy, "that the separate system adopted at Mountjoy, in cases where the health of the prisoner

will bear the discipline, has special advantages for the reformation of offenders, but only when associated with regular employment in the several trades or other occupations suited to the prisoners."

We are therefore disposed to the opinion that separate and cellular confinement, notwithstanding the objectionable adjuncts with which it has been associated, by prison empirics and pseudo-prison reformers, is the wisest and most reformatory discipline with which we are acquainted. That it is better than the lash and the treadmill we have no doubt whatever. Indeed, we very much doubt the reformatory power of the lash or treadmill at all. We accept, therefore, the separate and cellular system, when relieved by rational employment, as a safe and proper punishment. A professional thief has pronounced it "the worst kind of punishment ever adopted." A prison chaplain thinks we should read *best* for "worst."

The privacy of the cell affords the prisoner the opportunity of self-examination, and of making the acquaintance of the man with the frieze jacket. But convicts do not like to enter the "chamber of horrors" in their own hearts, or to make the acquaintance of the SEAYTON which Socrates whispered in the ears of the men of Athens. I had a prisoner under my care in Spike Island Convict Prison, who was in the habit of starting out of sleep, and of screaming with terror at what he asserted to be the apparition of the man he had murdered. He was not more than seventeen or eighteen when he committed the murder, but I understand he was found dabbled like a young hound with the blood of his victim. When I left the prison this young panther slept in a wired cell, under the eye of a warder, for it became positively cruel to leave him to the terrors of his own imagination. He seemed on these occasions like one "possessed."

Some prisoners, after a time, begin rather to like their cells, though at first the discipline is fearfully depressing. I raised the iron cover of the "spy-hole," and looked in upon a prisoner at Mountjoy, who had murdered a night warder at Spike. The murderer was lying on the floor, picking, like a bird, at a piece of bread. There were circumstances connected with the murder which induced the late Lord Carlisle to commute the sentence of death, which had been pronounced upon Power and another, to imprisonment for life. At the time the murder was committed the prisoner was a large, broad-shouldered, muscular man; but when I had seen the change which a few months of solitary confinement had produced upon his frame, and had marked his pale, blank face, without one ray of hope to light it, I reproached myself with having done him and his companion in crime an irreparable injury by the exertions I had made to save their lives. "There they are, buried alive," I said,

“inside the walls of the jail. The *latter* part of the judge’s sentence has been carried out, at all events.”

I saw Power, in the same prison, some years after, when the separate or solitary discipline had been relaxed towards him, and he had been provided with rational employment; and made the following note on the occasion of my visit:—“The expression of Power’s face is greatly changed. It has lost its heavy, stolid, and ox-like appearance. He looks less muscular, and more intelligent. He has less of the brute, and more of the man. He has learned to read and write, and seems to take an interest in the improvement of his mind. I do not *now* regret that I aided in saving his life.”

Power evidently knew himself now, and better understood the nature of his crime. I could not but feel that the mind had become more changed than the body; though when I saw him bloody, and a good deal battered about the head, by the enraged warders, a few hours after he had committed the murder, he struck me as the most inhuman-looking villain I had ever set my eyes upon. I attributed this great change to the opportunities which he had possessed of mental and moral improvement—to the instrumentality of the chaplain and the schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster of Mountjoy makes a remark on the injurious effects of the idle discipline, which is worthy of note:—“The teaching of prisoners in the first stage is very laborious. In a great majority of cases they are in a frame of mind anything but favourable to improvement. They are fidgety, peevish, and irritable. It is a month or two before the prisoner gives his mind to instruction. It is not till the *vis inertiae* is got over that he makes any decided progress. In the first month it is least; in the last, *when he has rational employment in his cell*, it is greatest.”

As certain conditions and circumstances are favourable and others unfavourable to moral and religious improvement, such as the quiet seclusion of a cell, which enables a chaplain to deal with his man in a way in which he cannot with a mass, there is a danger of our supposing that the reformation is rather the result of the arrangement of prison machinery than of divine truth. We suspect there is a great deal of *pure materialism* afloat on this subject. We find not only hard-headed lawyers and ex-chancellors, but soft-hearted and pious-minded women, talking very foolishly of the moral effect of this and the other kind of prison discipline in annihilating crime. “*Annihilate*” is the word. With these people, not only the chaplain himself, but the chaplain’s machinery of divine truth, occupies a very secondary place indeed.

What are we to understand by the encouragement which this phase of materialism has received for the last half-dozen years? What sort of belief does it imply on the part of those who entertain

it? Plainly that prisoners may be "converted," and made "new creatures," by an inferior kind of agency to that which is employed in the moral reformation of other men; or that prison machinery, and new-fangled notions of "*individualization*," are more powerful than the truths and principles of Christianity. Our prison materialists, and their enthusiastic and unwise admirers, may choose either horn of the dilemma.

There is a general impression abroad that chaplains are very easily deceived by prisoners; that if a prisoner makes a strong profession of religion, he will be able to "do the chaplain," and get him to recommend a mitigation of the sentence, and other good things. The chaplains are never consulted as it regards a mitigation of the sentence. At one time this was the case—and it had its advantages as well as inconveniences,—but it is so no longer. The convict now understands perfectly that he has nothing to depend on but his *prison conduct* or character, which is quite a manufactured article. And in the manufacture of this article—"prison character"—we find old offenders far greater adepts than the new men. Old and confirmed thieves are, as a rule, by far the best-conducted prisoners. Indeed, their conduct is so unexceptionable, that the officers cannot but admire and respect them for it, and treat them accordingly. Their superior behaviour is carried out in every department of the prison—at church, as well as on the public works. These are the men who manage to lead the singing in church, to carry the chaplain's Bible or Prayer-book to the desk, or to arrange his vestments. As worshippers and hearers they are most exemplary. They thoroughly understand a good sermon, and enjoy it. Let the chaplain even select the text, "*Thou shalt not steal*," or the words, "*Let him that stole steal no more*," they may wince a little, and acknowledge that it is all true; but, notwithstanding, they will steal again at the first favourable opportunity: "I cannot deny the truth of what you say, sir; but I cannot leave off stealing. I have been brought up to it. It is as natural to me as preaching is to you."

There is no deception of the chaplain here, or attempt at deception; neither is there deception in the manufacture of prison character. The prisoner does what the rules of the prison require. He is obedient to his warders, submissive to the governor, respectful to the chaplains. What more can be demanded?

We do not say that prison chaplains are *never* deceived by hypocritical prisoners. All we say is, that it is not *likely* that men who have so much experience of the thousand and one dodges practised by prisoners would be often or easily deceived by a hypocritical profession of religion. Many men have tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to deceive me; but I cannot give myself much credit for cleverness in detecting the deception. Take the following instance:—

It is the business of the chaplains to read, and, if approved of, to initial, the letters which prisoners write to their friends. This correspondence between prisoners and their friends has generally a happy and wholesome effect. Prisoners, according to their classification and conduct, are allowed to write once every two or three months. A convict—a confirmed pickpocket, with the pointed nose and bright eyes of a rat, who had assumed the name of “Church,”—his proper name was “Brizzle”—got paper to write a letter to a clergyman in Enniskillen, and, after a few hours, laid before me the following pious production:—

“In consequence of your kind permission I take the liberty to trouble you with another of my ill-written letters.” [I may here observe that, as far as the writing went, the letter was excellent.] “I trust you have too much of your blessed Master’s lowly, meek spirit and humble mind to be offended with a poor, simple, ignorant creature, whose intentions are pure and sincere in writing.

“My desire is, that I, a weak vessel of His grace, may glorify His name for His goodness towards me. May the Lord direct me by His counsel and wisdom. May He overshadow me with His presence, that I may sit beneath the banner of His love, and find the consolations of His Spirit sweet and refreshing to my soul.”

Take so much as a specimen. The letter, in all its full-blown beauty, will be found in my second volume of “Life among Convicts.” In the postscript he says, “Be so kind as to send me the certificate 1124.” He was an Orangeman, and 1124 was his number.

“Church,” I said, calling the little hypocritical thief into the vestry-room.

“Well, sir,” looking self-complaisant.

“This letter won’t do.”

“Why not, sir?”

“*It is too pious!* There,” writing “Too pious” on the top of it, “go and write another.” He had copied the pious passages out of Baxter’s “Saints’ Rest,” and “The Dairyman’s Daughter.”

I never saw a little thief looking more astounded or crest-fallen. He was under the impression that no letter *could* be “too pious,” and that his was a *chef d’œuvre*, a masterpiece of composition and piety.

But this little rogue stuck to his profession of piety even after he had been liberated from prison. He wrote to me from Manchester, saying he had married an English girl, and had set up a pedlar’s box. He had some kind feeling towards me, notwithstanding my plain dealing with him, for he sent me a knife with a great number of blades, and three pretty Bible-markers for three of his fellow-prisoners — “Holy Bible,” for John M——; “Peace be within thy Walls,” for James P——; and “The Friend of my Heart,” for Alexander M——.

It was against the rules to deliver the markers, or messages which accompanied them, but it did not much signify, for he was very soon

back again to Spike with the friends of his heart. He is there now; and, I have little doubt, is writing with the same unction and piety.

This Mr. James Church, or Brizzle, is the type of only a small class. The largest class among Irish convicts is composed of those whose "line" is to make "prison character," and to get drafted as quickly as possible to the convicts' paradise at Lusk, where they are in clover. As the majority of these men emigrate, we can say nothing about their permanent reformation.

But there is another class—and we believe it to be the largest class in England—who leave our convict prisons reformed; who, remaining in England, where their relapses are known and registered, are found, in the course of nine years, to give but ten per cent. of re-convictions, and seven per cent. of revocations of licence. There were 12,332 male convicts discharged from English convict prisons from October, 1853, to December, 1862. Of these, 1,281 were re-convicted—that is, just 10·3 per cent.,—and 897 had their licences revoked, which is but 7·2 per cent. On both classes it is but 17·5 per cent. in nine years; that is, less than two per cent. per annum.*

A great deal of infidelity prevails respecting convict reformation. An able writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks of the reclamation of a regular thief as quite a hopeless affair. We would say to this writer, as St. Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" We can point to one penitent thief, he who cried, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Thieves have hearts and consciences as well as other men. We regret the prevalence of an unbelief which is calculated to paralyze our moral and religious efforts for the reformation of this unhappy class. We cannot think so badly of even a thief's nature, as to believe its cure surpasses the power of Christianity. A *little* of the good seed will spring up in any sort of soil; so with the poet, who has so beautifully paraphrased the prophet, we would say,—

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

"Beside all waters sow,
The highways, furrows, stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

"And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length."

* See Sir Joshua Jebb's last Prison Report, edited by the Earl of Chichester. London: Hatchard and Co., 187, Piccadilly. 1863.

We are happy to know that the infidelity or unbelief respecting convict reformation, of which we complain, does *not* prevail among convict chaplains. It would be terrible if it did. They preach and administer the ordinances of religion as if they believed that the words of divine truth, and the power of the divine Spirit, could change and soften human hearts. The reports of prison chaplains abound with examples of reformation of a most satisfactory kind, confirmed by the lives of convicts *after their discharge*. We could show the reader hundreds of letters from discharged convicts, and their friends and relatives, fully bearing out these statements. Some of these letters are very beautiful; but we shall confine ourselves to three short notes, written by a husband and wife after the discharge of the former:—

"REVEREND SIR,—I return you my sincere thanks for your kindness to my dear husband when he was with you; from all appearance you have won a soul from the burning. I hope God will send you a blessing for it.

"Your obedient Servant,

"———."

The next is from the convict himself:—

"REVEREND SIR,—I owe G——, in C——, a shilling. He is Number —. Please give him this from me, and you will much oblige your humble servant as before. May the God of grace and love give you every happiness.

"———."

The next letter is from both husband and wife:—

"June 23rd, 1857.

"REVEREND SIR,—I am in good health, thank God for all His goodness towards me. I received your letter with much joy to hear from you. I am working every day with Dr. C——. I shall ever mind you all my life, for the goodness you showed to me when in need. I think great long not seeing you, as indeed from what my husband says" (here the wife cuts in) "I cannot let your kindness out of my mind. Will I ever see you here, *was it only riding through the town!* Should this never be, may the God of peace and love rest a double portion of His Holy Spirit upon you, here and hereafter, in this life and that to come. We feel very happy since he came home.

"We remain, your sincere Friends,

"———."

The shilling which this poor man owed, he sent back in stamps. It was not much, but it said something for his honesty.

But what would our readers say if we told them of a discharged convict, who, of his own free will, returned property *worth many thousands*, supporting himself and family on the proceeds of an uncertain situation? We *know* of such a case, and that it was the power of truth and religion which brought about the restitution, and not prison machinery, which nearly drove him to commit suicide. The party defrauded had the option of proceeding either civilly or criminally against the person who had committed the fraud. He could not do both. Criminal proceedings were taken. The party

had his "pound of flesh." The defrauder got a sentence of six years' penal servitude; *and after that* he made over, for the interest of the prosecutor, and without his knowledge, every farthing of the property of which he was possessed. Does not this look like genuine repentance? Well, we say, *we know what we have stated to be a fact.* We could show proofs of it.

Let us give an example of another kind. If not so noble as that we have just recorded, it is far more touching. It is that of a female convict, the young wife of a respectable tradesman. In an evil hour she put forth her hand to steal. Though it was her first offence, she was sent to a convict prison, leaving an infant with her husband behind her. The disgrace she had brought upon her husband formed the burden of her sorrow. She neither wrote to nor heard of him during her imprisonment; and not daring, at its termination, to return to his house, she went into service elsewhere. Her husband heard of her discharge, and wrote to her, telling her that all was forgiven and forgotten for ever, to return to his bosom, that his love was unchanged, informing her that the first name he had taught their child to utter was that of "Mother!" She could not read the letter herself, but her mistress read it for her. She took the letter from her mistress's hand, and retired with it to her own room. As she stayed there longer than usual her mistress called her. There was no reply. She opened the door, and found her on her knees, with her husband's letter spread out, on the bed, before her. She approached and bent over her. *She was dead!*

We have heard it stated that joy never killed any one, but here is an example to the contrary. But this was a joy of which the world understands little or nothing. "Withhold Thy hand, O Lord! Thy servant can bear no more," was the exclamation of a sainted man who nearly died of joy. "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell," describes the condition of St. Paul when "caught up to the third heaven."

There are in England ten convict prisons (not to mention the "Refuge" at Fulham, near Putney Bridge, in which, if I mistake not, the young woman whose death I have described was domiciled), namely,—Millbank and Pentonville, separate and cellular prisons; Brixton, a female associate prison; Portland, Portsmouth, and Chatham, public works prisons; Woking and Dartmoor, invalid prisons; Broadmoor, a convict lunatic asylum; and Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, formerly a juvenile male, now a female prison.

Nine months is now about the average period that convicts—male or female—are kept in separate confinement. At the expiration of this period the men are sent to the public works prisons we have mentioned, where they labour in gangs, and take their meals together, according to their classification; and the women to asso-

ciate prisons, where, during a portion of each day, they sit at their needlework, at their cell doors, and *see* each other, but are not allowed to speak. This must be very tantalizing to a woman; but they meet in the work-rooms, at school, and in church.

The question of association among prisoners is one of great difficulty, and one on which we hesitate to speak very decidedly. Nothing can be better designed or conducted than our great public works prisons. The convicts work as hard and as well as the navvies outside; but the great question remains, *are they morally injured by association?* As a general rule, a convict's state of mind on entering a public works prison, after an incarceration of nine months in a separate and cellular prison, is a hopeful one. Do years of association in a public works prison nip or blight the "*picciolo*," or green leaf of promise, which had sprung up in the seclusion of the separate cell? We hesitate to answer this question, for to labour in association seems the natural state of man, and our prison machinery has hitherto worked so well—notwithstanding all the clamour that has been raised against it—that to meddle with it might be injurious. We are not fond of tinkering. But whether it might not be wise to allow the convict to *finish his imprisonment* by six, or even three months' seclusion in a separate prison, is a question worthy of consideration.

Of "ticket-of-leave" and "police supervision" we should make short work, and abolish them altogether. We think it a wise arrangement, and one of the strongest motives or incentives to good conduct, to afford a prisoner an opportunity of earning a reasonable mitigation of his sentence. Without some such motive or hope there would be no governing a large associate working prison; but let the mitigation of the sentence *be real*. Don't say to the prisoner, "You may go out of this prison, but we must keep a string on your leg and a policeman at your heel. You must say where you are going, and when you change your residence you must tell the police."

The effect of this is anything but wholesome or reformatory. It puts a convict off his parole. He feels he is not trusted,—and to trust a man is to furnish him with one of the strongest motives for reformation. There are but few so fallen who will not make an effort to do and be what they get credit for. It is on this account that Baron Holtzendorff calls police supervision "*a predestination to a career of crime*." We cut it out, and prepare for the emergency. There is no moral reformation in machinery of this kind.

We regret to say that the tendency of legislation, at the present day, is in the direction of increased severity. There was a bill passed last session in favour of police supervision, and for abolishing sentences of three and four years, making the shortest sentence to a

convict prison five years. There is now lying before us a copy of a new prison bill, called "*A Bill to Consolidate and Amend the Law relating to Prisons*," about to be introduced by Sir George Grey, in which we again hear the sound of the "tread-wheel, shot-drill, crank, and crank pump." These gentle and reforming appliances are for our county, city, and borough prisons and jails. The Home Secretary has been at Winchester Jail (where Lord Carnarvon has been operating or experimenting on the kind of machinery just referred to), and there seems to have got a "wrinkle" or two for his new bill. We hold the Chief Secretary for the Home Department to be a most intelligent and amiable gentleman, but we believe him to be a thought too facile. He dislikes contention, and wishes to see things go easy, more especially his own bill, while passing through committee. He, in a somewhat timid way, gave up his opposition last term to police supervision, though supported in that opposition by the Lords, who are far better instructed, as it regards prison discipline, than the Commons. Had Sir George Grey persevered, the bill would have fallen through, and the labours of the Royal Commissioners have gone for nothing. We cannot say that this would have been a source of regret. The Convict Prisons bill, which became law a few months ago, contained, correctly speaking, but two clauses; one enacting police supervision over prisoners discharged on ticket-of-leave, and another making the shortest convict sentence five instead of three years.

As late as 1857 the shortest convict sentence was for *four* years; but during that year, and by the Act 16 and 17 Vict., cap. 3, the sentence was curtailed to *three* years. It hence appears that our legislators have arrived at no very fixed or definite conclusions, or they would not be shifting their ground and undoing their own work in this sort of way. But the fact is, that most of our late prison legislation has been rather the result of the pressure from without, on the part of empirics and quacks, than of calm, deliberate, and enlightened statesmanship.

We very much doubt the wisdom of increasing the length of the sentence. Of course, due respect, in the shape of punishment, must be had to the nature of the crime; but this being done, the shorter time that any man is left in the company of evil associates the better. Those who expect to convert prisoners from their evil courses by the operation of mere prison machinery—as old men and women, by passing through a mill, were at one time said to be ground young—may insist on a longer time for completing the process; but honest Christian people, who believe that genuine and real reformation can only result from the operation of divine truth and the Spirit of God on the mind, do not see the necessity of *very* long sentences.

The Government will soon be made to feel the inconvenience of

lengthening the sentence. Indeed, they feel it at the present moment, in the want of accommodation in convict prisons. There are, whilst we write, between forty and fifty convicts in Coldbath Fields Prison, who have no right to be there. It was unwise of Sir George Grey to issue something like a reprimand, regarding the overcrowding of that prison, when he had left there a number of men with convict sentences. The report of Mr. John P. Perry, on which Sir George Grey acted, is calculated to keep up the bad odour of Coldbath Fields; though the *odour* now is not from the "prisoners' cell," but from a sleeping-room, with a hundred and sixty beds and hammocks, lying and hanging so close together that the prison officers on guard cannot get through them, to keep order, or remain awake at night, from the operation of the noxious gas and "smell." Read *ward* instead of *cell*, and the following lines by Coleridge will suit the Coldbath Fields of 1865 :—

"As he went through Coldbath Fields,
He saw a prisoner's cell;
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prison in hell."

With the exception of a tendency to increased severity, already referred to, there is nothing objectionable, or indeed particularly new or striking, in Sir George Grey's bill. He calls it "A Bill to Consolidate and Amend the Law relating to Prisons;" but, if we mistake not, Sir George Grey's object, in introducing such a bill, is to assimilate, as much as possible, the discipline in all our county and borough prisons. Here we may reckon on opposition from visiting justices, who follow pretty much their own ideas of things. Indeed, we very much doubt that we are yet sufficiently instructed to lay down general and fixed laws for our prisons. More time and a little more clashing of opinion may be necessary before a final decision is arrived at. Prison discipline is still a vexed question.

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

“And they had read together a book called ‘Heaven our Home,’ which had interested him very much.”—From “*Last Hours of Prince Albert.*”

HEAVEN our Home !
 A citizen *he* hath grown
 Of that great and unseen world—
 An angel clothed with light,
 With sparkling banner furl'd,
 And a shining robe of white.

Heaven our Home !
 Then say why should we moan ?
He took the words with trust,
 And rested on them all *his* pains ;
 For he knew his God was just,
 And with Him now *he* reigns.

Heaven our Home !
 With God on His glorious throne ;
 And the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Christ Jesu ! our Lord and King,
 Saviour born to bear our pain,
 And for us salvation bring.

Heaven our Home !
 A temple with a shining dome,
 Where angels hosannas raise,
 And the swelling anthems ring ;
 Where His people meet to praise,
 Where the ransom'd sinners sing.

Heaven our Home !
 A glorious city mighty grown—
 The gates of pearl—the streets of gold ;
 With the glory of God for light ;
 The Lamb of God to watch the fold
 Of those who've won the fight.

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

Heaven our Home!
 Those we love around the throne;
 Those gone before in Jesu's train,
 The perfect spirits of the just,
 Purged from their scarlet stain,
 Wash'd of their sinful rust.

Heaven our Home!
 And is this glory our own?
 We that are so deep in sin,
 Are *we* to call the Lord of Light
 Father! Saviour! King!
 And see Him radiant and bright?

Heaven our Home!
 With Christ the Corner Stone.
 Life's cares and struggles past,
 In His image we shall rest;
 All our burdens on Him cast,
 Resting ever on His breast.

Heaven our Home!
 Yes, noble wife, thou'rt not alone;
 For *he* hath trod the sparkling shore;
 He hath stood at Jesu's shrine,
 With pride the golden lyre bore,
 Yet through all *he* still is thine.

Heaven our Home!
 And unto *him* is surely known
 Thy weary weight of care and thought.
 On quiet wing, when thou dost sleep,
 He watcheth.—Hast thou not caught
 A whisper of his spirit-voice so deep?

Heaven our Home!
 Mourner, then thou art not lone,
 When *he* touches some hidden string,
 Awakes a note thou loved well;
 Or strikes, with *his* passing wing,
 A chord from out some ancient spell.

Heaven our Home!
 Not only o'er *thy* earthly throne
 Doth *his* spirit vigil keep for thee,
 But on thy heavenly seat
 Thy crown and robe are ready see!
 And *he* waiteth thee to meet.

THROUGH THE FURNACE.

Book the First.

MARTHA'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

COME back out of the shadows, dear memories of my childhood. Mild faces of the loved and lost, smile upon me once more across the mist of years ; look at me, loving eyes, shining like pale stars in a dim evening sky ; softly, sadly radiant, tender as the colour of violets seen faintly through morning dew.

What is the first thing I can remember ? An old white house, with many chambers, a dear old rambling, tumble-down mansion, lying in the heart of a grassy little valley far away in Cornwall. There are people who associate the name of Cornwall with nothing but rocky ruggedness and incomprehensible miners ; but in this valley the roses and myrtle and honeysuckles climb up to the queer old chimney-stacks, and the outhouses and stables are so nearly bowers of roses.

The old white house belongs to my grandmamma, and I am living there with my sister Sophy—my pretty little sister I very often hear her called, and I begin to understand that there is some difference between us, for my grandmamma's visitors are always taking Sophy on their knees, and talking about her beautiful hair and eyes ; while, as far as I am concerned, I should be just as well without any hair and eyes, for all the notice any one takes of them.

But though I begin dimly to comprehend that my younger sister wins for herself praises and caresses that I never receive, I am exquisitely happy notwithstanding. Who could be otherwise than happy in a paradise where apple pasties and clotted cream are to be had all day long, and where I am free to roam about in gardens and orchards, where the plums are bigger and riper, and the apples rosier and sweeter, than any fruit I have ever tasted since ? Sometimes I am tired of the gardens, where I have little plots of my own, and stick cut roses and fuchsias into the mould, and wonder why they don't immediately take root and flourish ; for ah, what a little cockney I am ! and what a new thing this world of trees and flowers appears to

me as yet. Yes, there are times when I am tired of the gardens, as I suppose it is the weakness of our earthly nature to grow weary of everything, and then I play in a courtyard where there is a cat without a tail—to my mind a highly privileged animal, distinguished from all other cats by that physical peculiarity,—and a dear old blind dog called Toby, who lies flat upon his side basking in the sunshine, midway between the kitchen and the dairy, and who is always ready to accept anything nice to eat. Sometimes I sit upon the ground by his side, and we partake of newly baked biscuits in alternate mouthfuls. I suppose there were dull skies and rainy weather sometimes in that western valley, but looking back I see only cloudless blue heavens, and the summer sunlight shining on the sloping meadow-lands and tiny wandering streams. There is a trout-stream that crawls in and out of a little woody nook of the gardens, and then loses itself in an orchard; and, having heard vague talk of fish to be caught in those sluggish waters, I sometimes sit upon a rustic wooden bridge, and do a little angling with a line of packthread and a crooked pin. I believe I have dim views as to the capture of cod and salmon, such as I have seen on cool slopes of slate at a London fishmonger's, for I *am* such a cockney child, and all this out-of-door paradise, where the cawing rooks and the cooing pigeons make music all day long, is still so very new to me.

How do I come to be in Cornwall? I look down at my black frock and find the answer to that question. Papa is dead, and this is grandmamma's house, and I live here. I can recollect a long, long journey in a coach, a night arrival at a noble old inn at Exeter, two tired children awakened in the early sunlight of a summer morning, and then another long, long journey, during which the tired children are always asking, "When shall we be there?" and, pointing to every desirable habitation in the landscape, demand eagerly whether that is grandmamma's house, until depression of spirit comes upon them by reason of reiterated negatives, and they sink into discontented slumbers, from which they awake by-and-bye to find themselves nestling in the laps of aunts in a delightful parlour, and the jolting coach vanished away.

Am I sorry for papa? No; I don't think I quite know what that word sorrow means; and then papa is little more than a shadow with black whiskers, though I *have* some faint notion of myself seated on his knee and called a good little maid; but that seems half a century ago, though my black frocks are scarcely shabby yet. And I have the same faint notion of a house in London, where the rooms are dark, and, as I think, rather dirty, where there is a shabby, faded look about everything, which makes the brightness here seem so much brighter by contrast, and where I hear my nurse complain of the misery of living in lodgings. It is so long since I lost

sight of a pale, wan shadow lying on a big four-post bed in a great gloomy house, that it is only by hearsay that I know it is the shadow of my mother. I don't even know where the house was ; but sometimes when chance has taken me, on a dull summer evening, into some of the dreariest streets at the back of Manchester Square, I have been impressed with the notion of having known the neighbourhood in some previous state of existence. But of course these are later fancies, which have nothing to do with me now, while I am still a little child living in my grandmamma's house.

No, I am not sorry for papa, but I think I have an inquiring mind, for I find myself listening to my aunts when they talk about him, and I notice that they shake their heads and look very grave when they mention his name. One day I hear a male visitor say that my papa was a SCAMP ; I have not the least idea what the word means, but I guess at once that it is not right to be a scamp.

My aunts ! how much can I remember about them in these early days ? Above all, I can remember that they are kind, that they have tender, caressing hands, gentle voices, inexhaustible compassion for childish misfortunes in the way of bruised knees and grazed elbows—and, oh dear ! how many sharp angles perpetually exposed to vicissitude one seems to have in childhood ! First there is my aunt Matilda, who paints flowers on rice-paper, and embroiders wonderful chair-covers in Berlin wools and shining silks : I have only to close my eyes, and I can see her sitting in the pretty bow-windowed parlour, with her soft white hands moving about among the rainbow-coloured silks and worsteds that lie loosely scattered on a big embroidery frame. And then there is my aunt Penelope, who is of a more domestic turn of mind, and whose footsteps are always accompanied by a musical jingling of keys, and whom I associate with the mysterious delights of a delicious chamber, in which there are rows of jam pots stretching up to the very ceiling, and lemons hanging in nets, boxes of figs and chests of oranges, an actual loaf of sugar and a pair of real scales, like those in a real grocer's shop, with which it would be such enchantment to play. The scent of the myrtles blows in at an open window as I sit upon a wooden dresser watching my aunt Penelope make pound-cakes with her own pretty hands, from which she has drawn the rings that lie in a little heap of splendour that glitters in the sunlight. I ask her if I shall have rings like those when I grow up. I have an idea that the perfection of grown-up life must be such a life as my aunt leads ; and foolish as many of our childish fancies are, I do not know but that this may have been rather a sensible one.

Then, after my aunts, there is my grandmamma ; the benefactress who has taken her dead son's children under the shelter of this dear old roof ; my grandmamma, to whom, the servant who takes

charge of us has told me, I owe so much. I am afraid that I am not quite so fond of grandmamma as I ought to be under the circumstances. She is a very stately old lady, in perpetual black silk, and her lace collars and cuffs, and caps and mittens, are the most delicate things imaginable. There is a perfume about these laces and all she wears that I have never met with since; and I fancy that faintly delicious odour might be symbolical of her pure life, which had been spent almost entirely in this happy valley, where her own sloping meadows and wide-spreading gardens encircled and shut her in from the outer world.

No, I do not love my grandmamma as dearly as I should love her, for she has Spartan notions, handed down by her mother and her mother's mother, on the management of children. She is peculiarly solicitous for "my good," and I find that my good generally involves something unpleasant. But my aunts indulge me slyly, and the Spartan notions are rarely put into practice. I can remember sitting on a soft hassock in the old-fashioned fireplace, half enveloped in the silken skirts of my two aunts, while my grandmamma gravely relates certain experiences of her own childhood, which had been perseveringly made miserable, in accordance with the stony-hearted educational system popular in those good old days.

"I called my mother 'madam' when I took the liberty to address her," concluded my grandmamma, with intention, as the French say; "and if I had presumed to speak without being spoken to, or to ask questions, I should have been ordered to pass the remainder of the day in my own room. Little girls, in *those* days, were not allowed to sit idly upon carpets, staring at the fire. We had our tasks, and our samplers, and our plain needlework, when I was a child, and the day was scarcely long enough for what we had to do. At the age of nine I was able to make a shirt from the side-seams to the button-holes."

Such speeches as these were apt to exercise a depressing influence upon me for some moments, during which I mused despondently on my own shortcomings; but I think my grandmamma was satisfied with the enunciation of these awful discourses, and was very willing that I should be petted by my aunts, inasmuch as the errors arising from pernicious indulgence afforded her ample grounds for solemn reprobation.

And this was my grandmamma, from whose mild blue eyes no angry lightnings had ever shone, and whose tender nature made her the victim of every tramp and beggar, every sham sailor and smooth-tongued gipsy who found his way to her gate. I smile now as I think of the gentle creature whom I feared; but in those days I had an implicit faith in the severity of her intentions with regard to me.

What else can I remember? My uncle Hugh, who comes to dinner every Sunday. He is my grandmamma's favourite son, and I see him walking slowly by her side along the wide walk in the flower-garden, deferential and devoted. Do I know that it is a very beautiful sight to see them thus? I am not quite sure about that; but I know that I love my uncle Hugh very dearly, and that he gives me a new shilling sometimes before he mounts the bay horse that carries him to and fro between my grandmamma's house and the town in which he practises as a solicitor. One summer Sunday evening comes back from amongst all the other Sundays, and I see the bay horse standing by the open glass door of a little lobby, champing the tender young shoots of a rose tree that shelters the porch. My uncle carries my sister Sophy on his shoulder, and I am clinging to his coat, when I hear him say to my aunts, as if in continuation of some conversation that I had not heard,—

"No, there was nothing saved out of the wreck, not a sixpence. Poor little children!"

I know the meaning of that word wreck; and I ask my aunt Matilda by-and-bye if there has been a ship lost on the coast, and poor little children drowned. But she only looks at me with surprise in her pretty blue eyes, and asks me what put such a foolish notion in my head.

And now of all the people who were dear to me in that early time there remains the dearest of all, my sister Sophy. Oh, my darling, how amongst all the other images your image comes back, brighter and more beautiful than the rest, like some solitary star shining steadily in a heaven whose lesser lights have only a fitful glory! My beautiful pet, how poor and common my words seem when they try to shape themselves into you!

Yes, she shines upon me out of the past. Across the trackless years I see her to-day as I remember her in this early time, a fair-haired child with wondering blue eyes, and the sweetest voice that ever made childish words into music. I can see her again. She is three years younger than I—little more than half my age, and I carry her in my arms sometimes. When I look in the cheval glass in my aunt Matilda's room, what do I see? A dark-faced, ungainly girl of seven holding a child-angel. I am only seven, and yet I think I begin to know that it is rather a sad thing not to be pretty. Ah, yes, I know it; and all that my grandmamma can say about the supreme beauty of handsome doings as compared to handsome lookings cannot quite hinder a little pang shooting through my heart when I hear a visitor say one day, "Yes, certainly, Miss Penelope, your little Sophy is the loveliest darling I ever saw, and poor Martha is a very sweet child too, but compared to her sister, so unfortunately plain!"

CHAPTER II.

OUR COUSIN.

WHAT can I remember next? Two little white-curtained beds glimmering in the dusky morning; two happy girls dressing before an old-fashioned looking-glass in a rustic window, and beyond the window an old walled garden, with soft grass and homely flower beds, and just one sheltered nook shadowed by a sycamore and a mulberry tree, where it is so pleasant for Sophy and I to sit in the long summer days with our work and books.

This is no longer Cornwall. The happy valley has melted away into the past, vanished like the shadows of my father and mother—as much a shadow now as the big gloomy house in the unknown regions behind Manchester Square. Our grandmamma is dead—I say *our* grandmamma advisedly, for my sister Sophy is a personage now instead of a beautiful plaything or a child-angel, and there is nothing I have in the world that I do not share with her. So I almost fancy the pronoun *my* will disappear henceforward out of the record of my life. Our grandmamma is dead; a sweet and peaceful end has closed one of the purest lives that ever elevated womanhood into saintliness. My aunts have married. The inevitable change which comes to all things upon earth has come to the dear old house under the shelter of the myrtles and woodbine. Strangers inhabit there now; and the feet of strange children patter up and down the passages in which I used to walk with my sister Sophy in my arms.

We are no longer children; Sophy is seventeen and I am twenty-one, and we live with our uncle, Geoffrey Champion, rector of Sandy-coast. I know my father's history now; and I know to my sorrow that it is one record of folly and extravagance; though tenderness and ineffable compassion have softened every word in which that story has been told to me. I know that my father's death left his two children as entirely destitute as any helpless paupers who ever shivered waiting for admission at a workhouse gate; and I know that the same Providence whose decree left us fatherless raised up for us a second father in the person of my uncle Geoffrey.

I scarcely know how we came to be adopted by this dear uncle: for there are some people whose goodness is so quiet a virtue that it comes at last to be accepted as a matter of course by those who benefit by it—like the sunshine which makes earth so beautiful for us, and which we yet regard as such a common thing, only grumbling piteously now and then when the sky is dull. My uncle adopted us, and from the hour in which he first brought us to his house until the

mournful day in which I left it, no sense of obligation ever clouded my happy confidence in his love.

Perhaps the little town of Sandycroft is one of the duller and quietest spots in England, and yet, Heaven knows, it was never dull to me. There was a grave, calm peacefulness of aspect in the place which reminds me somehow of little fragments here and there amongst Mr. Tennyson's poetry—a cool, shadowy grace which is less gorgeous than beauty, and infinitely sweeter. Yes, I love the dear old place with its crooked streets, and clumsy gateways, its empty market-place and narrow river, licking the outskirts of the town and crawling slowly towards the dim, grey sea which makes the boundary line of our quiet world. Sandycroft is near the sea, and yet is not a seaside town, and no buff-slippered foot of cockney visitor has ever trodden on its rugged pavements. Sometimes—once in six months perhaps—some wandering tourist with a taste for architecture comes to spend a morning in our grand old churches; for Sandycroft was an important place once, and Roman galleys have floated proudly on that sluggish river where the coal barges now lie lazily at anchor by the stone archway at the end of our high street. For the rest, a solemn quiet pervades the place, and on a rainy day you could almost count the drops as they fall pattering on the stones below the rectory windows.

St. Augustine's Rectory my uncle's house is called, the dearest old house in all the world, as I think, though by no means imposing of aspect to the passers by. In the narrow street St. Augustine's Rectory only exhibits a wall, whose blankness is solely broken by two low casement windows and a narrow oaken door; and yet, oh, what a comfortable dwelling-place it is within! what dear old passages, and scraps of winding stair, and ups and downs, and ins and outs pervade it from cellar to garret! and what a cosy homeliness there is in every chamber,—from the drawing-room, where I see the same old Chelsea china shepherdesses and painted hand-screens that I remember when I first came to Sandycroft twelve years ago, to the long, low room which Sophy and I call ours, where there are projecting windows that overhang the garden, and oaken window-seats deep enough to hold quite a small library of our favourite volumes.

I am one-and-twenty; quite—quite—quite a woman—almost old, I think, for it seems so long since I first twisted my hair into a knot at the back of my head and wore a dress that touched the ground. I feel ever so old, as I sit amongst the chintz-covered cushions in our favourite window, and talk with my sister Sophy.

The child-angel has grown into the loveliest girl whose sweet face ever beamed out of an encircling halo of golden hair; and I love her, ah, how passionately! with a love which has something morbid in its intensity; for if her face looks palely at me for

a day or two, I am seized with a panic, and think that she is going to die.

But to-day we are very happy, for it is a grand day in the simple history of our lives. My uncle's only son is coming home from travels that have lasted four years; and oh, what long, long years they have seemed, unbroken by the low music of Bernard Champion's earnest voice, unillumined by that calm smile, whose like I have never seen except in an Italian picture, which stern art-critics have told me was *not* painted by Raffaele!

Yes, Bernard has been away four years. He left us when his university career had come to its honourable and triumphant close; he left us as much elevated by success as a man can be who is so entirely a Christian as to be almost above the common triumph that attends success, or the common bitterness that waits on failure. I think the pleasure he felt in his university honours had very little relation to himself, but oh! it was unutterably sweet to see the father's pride in his only son, his only child, the sole representative of a wife who had died just a week before the first anniversary of her happy wedding day.

Let me go back to that midsummer day on which my cousin came back to us, and write of it as a day standing alone, distinct from all other days, one happy standpoint in the history of my life, which holds its brightness in itself, and needs no tender glow from the memory of the past, no magical sunlight from the hopes and dreams of the future. It is so seldom that we live quite in the present, but that day I think the veriest dreamer would have been content to exist in the waking happiness of the moment.

My cousin Bernard had been my friend and companion during the vacations which he spent at Sandycoast, and whatever little stock of learning I possessed had been gathered with his help. My sister and I had been educated in the usual manner by a daily governess, and we sang a little, and played a little, and drew a little, and talked French, and Italian, and German a little, after the manner of other young ladies in my uncle's parish. Whatever I had learned beyond the ordinary schoolgirl routine I had learned from my cousin Bernard, or the books he lent me. I had taken charge of his library while he was away in the desert, under the steady stars that look down upon the trackless Nile; and oh, what a happiness it had been to dust and arrange the pretty little chamber every day, every day; until it seemed as if the big folios and tiny duodecimos, the morocco despatch-box and massive inkstand, the line engravings by Raffaele and Albert Durer, were so many living things, which must have pined and perished had I forgotten to tend them!

And now he was coming home, and I should be his companion once more, just the same as in the dear old days. Always, always

now, with no sad partings to break the tranquil happiness of our home, for my cousin was to be ordained, and was to preach his first sermon at St. Augustine's—the biggest and grandest of my uncle's two churches. He was to live near us for some years to come. This was the happiness to which my uncle Geoffrey had looked forward, as the realization of his simple ideal of perfect bliss. Was it strange that I loved my cousin when to love and praise him was to give my uncle the only tribute he cared to receive? Is it strange that I set no check on my affection when it could thus shape itself into gratitude for the goodness of my more than father? But I doubt if I ever thought seriously of these things. The same fond pride that might have filled my heart on hearing the triumphs of a brother, filled my heart now when I heard people praise my cousin. And if beyond that there was—no, I will not think of that now; it was only afterwards that the cruel truth came home to me, and I knew how foolish I had been.

Let me think of myself as I was that day, happy amid the general happiness around me, unconscious of anything but a sister's joy in a dearly loved brother's return.

I sat with my sister in our favourite window while she knelt upon the oaken seat, half in and half out of the casement, with her arms resting on the sill, and her head lying lazily upon those round white arms, the sunny curls faintly stirred by a warm summer breeze.

"I wonder what he will be like, Patty?" she said, dreamily; for it was growing late in the afternoon, and the long day's idleness and expectation had tired her.

"Like what he used to be, darling, I hope; I don't think he could change for the better."

My sister pursed up her lips thoughtfully.

"Was he handsome when he went away?"

"Why, you must remember him, Sophy."

"Oh yes, I remember him well enough, but I don't think I quite know whether he was handsome. You see, I was only thirteen, and one has such silly notions at thirteen." My sister said this with the tone of a Methuselah. "Tell me what he was like, Patty; do, please. I want some one to tell me something, if it's only because I'm so hungry, and Jane says I mustn't eat anything before dinner. Such a dinner: she was whipping creams and making all sorts of things this morning; though you can't call the Lesters and my cousin Bernard a party. Tell me what he was like when he went away, Patty. First and foremost, I know he has grey eyes."

"With long black lashes."

"That curl upwards. Yes, I remember the black lashes, and the eyes very often look black, only they have more light in them than

real black eyes; and his nose is aquiline, like the nose of the marble bust in Mr. Lester's hall—the warrior type of nose, Mr. Lester says; and he is tall and dark—a sallow kind of darkness, that has rather a foreign look; and he is very strong, for I can recollect how he used to carry me on his shoulder when I was ever such a big girl. And that's all I can remember about him. I think, somehow, he will look more like a soldier than a clergyman. He isn't a bit like Mr. Vandyce, of Hallow's Green, who has such a low voice, and such gentle manners, and always seems as if he had such a dreadful weight upon his mind. But please tell me all about Bernard."

"What can I tell you beyond what you know, darling? You know how good he is—you know how clever he is."

My sister made a little wry face.

"Oh, Patty," she cried, "the very idea of his cleverness frightens me; and yet he must have been very kind to us, I think, for I can't remember being frightened of him when I was a child."

Frightened of him! I told my sister what a tender friend and kinsman Bernard Champion had been to us, and how little need there was for a shadow of fear to darken our thoughts of him. We sat in the window talking of him till the hands of the little watch my uncle had given me pointed to half-past five, and then Sophy skipped away to the looking-glass to arrange her pretty curls for the last time before we went down to the drawing-room. I sat lazily watching her as she stood before the glass with those abundant curls falling in a rippling rain of gold about her white shoulders. The child-angel had grown into the loveliest girl I had ever seen, and to look at her seemed like contemplating a wonderful masterpiece of the painter's art; one could scarcely look without discovering some fresh beauty, some newer and more subtle charm of colour or expression.

We went down-stairs together by-and-bye, and found my uncle in the drawing-room, walking up and down with his watch in his hand, waiting for his son. He looked at us with a pleased smile.

"My darlings are dressed for a festival," he said; "Bernard will scarcely know you two tall girls for the cousins he left behind him four years ago."

The glass over the chimney-piece reflected us as we stood near my uncle. Two figures in simple white dresses, of the same height, but oh, how different in all else!—one fair and slim as a tall white lily, the other dark-browed and clumsy. Just one sharp twinge of the old pain that I had felt when I was a child shot through my heart, and then I remembered how good every one was to me, and what a happy life I led in a world where so many innocent creatures were sorrowful. I had not much time to think of myself, for in the next moment there was the sound of a carriage stopping, a loud ringing of the bell, and then a general rush into the hall. My cousin Bernard was

amongst us again, taller, bigger, and darker than when he had left us, and with the soldier-like aspect which Sophy had spoken of, heightened by his thick beard and bronzed skin. He took us both in his arms, and pressed our foreheads lightly with his bearded lips, and then he held out both his hands to his father, and led him away into the little study which had been so long my sacred care, and which was odorous to-day with the old china bowl of roses I had set on the table to welcome my cousin home. Bernard closed the door behind him. That first meeting between father and son was very sacred, and my sister and I went back to the drawing-room, and composed ourselves for the reception of my uncle's friends—Mr. Lester, the banker of Sandycroast, and his two pretty daughters. They were announced while my uncle and Bernard were still in the little study, and Sophy and I had to answer their eager questions about the returned traveller. Bernard was a very great favourite with the banker. The young man shared many tastes with his elderly friend. Both were ardent workers in the cause of the weak and poor, eager wrestlers onward in the mighty march of progress, faithful believers in the latent fount of goodness lying somewhere in the rocky depths of every man's heart, and only needing one magical touch from the real Aaron's rod to unloose its frozen waters.

My cousin Bernard came in presently with his father, and there was a pleasant meeting of old friends. My uncle looked younger and brighter to-day than he had looked for many long days ; for that dear uncle's declining health was the one phase under which I knew sorrow, and my strongest hope for his perfect restoration lay in Bernard's influence.

We strolled out into the garden after dinner—Agnes and Lucy Lester, Bernard, Sophy, and I—while the banker and my uncle, staunch Tories both, talked politics between slow, thoughtful sips of some very wonderful port, which I took the liberty to consider rather nastier than inferior vintages. We loitered up and down the one broad gravel walk, and my cousin told us some of his adventures in that fair land of holy traditions and divine memories whence he had so lately come. He was very grave ; the frank, boyish cheeriness of spirit, which I remembered so fondly in my kinsman, seemed to have departed from him ; and I watched his sombre face regretfully as he walked slowly to and fro, talking very gravely of his Eastern travels.

I discovered the reason of this change by-and-bye ; for when Sophy and the Miss Lesters were leaving the garden, Bernard laid his hand upon my arm,—

“Stop with me a little longer, Patty ; I want to talk with you.”

I obeyed him, as I had always obeyed him, with a childish trust

in his superior wisdom, a child's reverential love of the most perfect creature I knew.

"Patty, my father is very much altered."

I started. Ah, there was an alteration, then, though I had so tried to believe that my uncle's illnesses had been only passing troubles, that left no mark behind.

"Oh, Bernard, do you really see a change in him? He was ill in the winter, but we hoped he was quite himself again now, and we thought that your return would work wonders. It will do so, please God; he has looked forward to it so fondly, cousin."

That word cousin was the next best name to brother, and I always felt a sense of protection when I called Bernard Champion thus. Yes, I think there was some wisdom in Sophy's fancy, and he ought to have been a soldier. Alone with him in a besieged fortress—famine inside the walls and a host of foes without,—one would have felt safer than in the midst of a battalion of meaner men.

"He has looked forward to my coming," said my cousin, tenderly. "Ah, Patty, Heaven knows so have I; but when I thought of the deep joy of our meeting, I never dreamt that the smile with which he greeted me would be fainter and weaker than his old smile. Oh, my dear, you do not know, you cannot understand, the love there is between my father and me; and yet, perhaps it is the kind of love that only a woman *can* understand. I am to read the word of God under yonder spire, and I had need to be a Christian, Patty; but Heaven help the man who hurts my father, for I think I should be terribly like a pagan to him."

A dark change passed over his face in the pale summer moonlight, and then he turned to me with a sweet, sad smile.

"Oh, my dear little cousin, my sisterly little cousin," he said, "what weak creatures we must be, when, after consecrating our lives to the service of God, we think it so hard a thing that those we love should go to Him a few years before us! Will the Psalmist's words *never* come home to us, that we waste so much of our care on the life which is only like a tale that is told? We stand on the sea-shore sadly watching the low clouds that darken our narrow horizon, and forget that there is a fairer land on the other side of that dreary ocean. Heaven help me! yonder, among the palm-crowned mountains where He lived and suffered, I taught myself to believe that I had put my hand upon the plough, and should be brave enough to follow it to the end; but there is no heathen creature upon this earth who could feel a selfish human sorrow more than I feel mine."

He had said all this in a low voice, but there was a concentrated passion in his tone and manner which was peculiar to him when he was deeply moved. It was not until long after this that I came to analyze my cousin's character; but I did come to know it, as I think,

very thoroughly. It was a passionate nature, impulsive and ardent as that of the veriest sinner who ever went headlong to his ruin. It was the nature of a man who, with all his fellow-man's capability for evil as well as good, chose the right, and held to it by force of his own iron will, sustained by an unquestioning faith in spiritual things. Bernard Champion was a man who had seen the face of Satan, and had seen it looking up at him, dark with baffled fury, as he set his foot upon the breast of the fiend, and passed onward upon the path he had elected to tread.

We walked up and down the garden from end to end, under the shadow of the old wall, for some little time in silence. The elder blossoms smelt faintly sweet in the still evening air. Ah, how peaceful it all was! and yet we two were so sorrowful, and the day that had been so happy ended in sadness.

"Patty," said my cousin by-and-bye, "neither you nor I can hinder the working of God's will, but between us we may make our father's life happy. I think you love him as well as if he really were your father, eh, Patty?"

As well! The sudden tears choked my utterance for a minute, and then I answered him:

"He is more than a father to me, Bernard," I said; "a father's love is the payment of a debt of duty. His has been a free gift."

"And you will never vex him, dear? I can bear sorrow and trouble, but I sometimes think my father's heart was broken long ago when my mother died, and that his existence since then has been, at best, only a sacrifice. I want to mould my life for his pleasure, Patty. I know the cherished wish of his simple heart; God grant I shall be able to gratify it. How lovely your sister has grown!"

The sudden change from one subject to another startled me, and yet there had been no change of tone. Bernard spoke of Sophy as if the thought of her had grown out of that other thought about his father.

"Yes," I answered, proud of his praise, "she is very lovely." "A fragile, poetical kind of loveliness," said my cousin, thoughtfully, "a loveliness that will scarcely bear translation into words; the outward expression of a nature that is badly adapted for the wear and tear of this world, I should think, poor little girl!"

He spoke of her with a thrilling tenderness in his voice. Did I grudge her his praises? Did I envy this glorious gift of beauty in the sister I loved? Oh no, no—again and again, no! But all at once, while he was speaking, a dull, sickly chill came over me, that was worse than pain. For all the world I could not have answered him just then, and it seemed an inexpressible relief when Mr. Lester came out into the garden to look for his daughters.

CHAPTER III.

“IS IT WELL TO WISH THEE HAPPY?”

THE days crept quietly by in the dear old house. Bernard left us for a little while, when he went away to be ordained, and then returned to begin his holy career as curate in our own quiet Sandycroast. My uncle's face brightened under the influence of his son's presence, and new hopes grew up in all our hearts. Perhaps those few months of a sweet calm comprised the happiest period of my womanhood. I read and studied with my cousin; I executed all his little plans for the comfort of our poor, and between us we contrived to lighten my uncle's labours, which hitherto had been very heavy; for his last curate had been a frivolous young man, who thought more of his white hands and his rounded periods than of the work to be done amongst an ignorant population of fishermen and agricultural labourers. Now my uncle felt what it was to have an earnest man for his coadjutor, and strong shoulders pushed against the wheel which was so slow to move. Before the first three months of his service came to an end, my cousin Bernard had contrived to make his presence felt in Sandycroast. The people were afraid of him, but they liked him. They liked his genial presence, his deep, hearty voice, his quick decision, his inexhaustible power of argument, his wealth of irony, now playful as the gambollings of a Puck, now cutting sharp and deeply home into the heart of some foul ulcer, like the knife of a skilful surgeon. Yes, the people liked him as thoroughly as they feared him. He was powerful; and I fancy that the weaker we are ourselves, the more readily we throw ourselves at the feet of anything that represents power. Are there not hapless heathen creatures who cast themselves beneath the car of Juggernaut, only because the idol is big and strong?

So already the steady march of progress began to be visible in Sandycroast. Drunkards, who had defied my uncle's mild remonstrances, did not like to be seen slinking out of a public-house on a Sunday afternoon by Bernard Champion; slipshod women, who had laughed to scorn the rector's gentle hints at amendment, winced under the lash of the curate's ridicule, and little by little the hearth came to be swept and the Windsor chairs laboriously polished, in order that Mr. Bernard might find a comfortable seat when he dropped in for a chat. And then, if he was apt to deal sharply with drunken reprobates and silly slatterns, everybody knew that, with the sick and the feeble, he could be as tender as a woman, as compassionate as an angel. It was my happiness to help him in his work; and oh, how proud I felt of this strong soldier of the church militant!

My sister sometimes tried to help me in my rounds amongst my uncle's parishioners, but the fragile nature, with which her fragile beauty harmonized so exquisitely, shrank wounded and sorrowful from the sight of so much sorrow. Sophy was morbidly sensitive: and when I found her waking, in the dead of the night, from some confused dreams of the sorrowful things she had witnessed and heard of in the day, I determined that she should never again encounter the miseries which my stronger and ruder nature was better fitted to cope with. My poor darling was so anxious to help me that I was obliged to appeal to Bernard, whose authority was supreme upon all subjects in St. Augustine's Rectory.

But even after this appeal Sophy would scarcely be persuaded to abandon all share in our work.

"It seems so hard that I should be of no use to any one in this world," she said, pleadingly. "Oh, Bernard, if you knew what a poor, weak, selfish creature I feel when I sit in the garden on a sunny morning, reading a novel, while you and Patty are away doing all sorts of good for the relief of miserable people! and you know, Bernard," she continued, with her soft eyes lifted earnestly to his face, "sorrow may come to me some day, as well as to all these poor people, and I shall have no power to run away from it then."

My cousin looked at her with unspeakable tenderness. "God give you a strong shelter in the day of your sorrow, my darling," he answered, gently. It was so much his habit to treat my sister like a child, that even such little tender speeches as these were slow to awaken me to the truth. It was so much this strong man's nature to love the weakest things, that I looked on his affection for Sophy as a matter of course. And then I loved her so dearly, my beautiful, trusting, clinging darling, who, from the very first, had awakened in my breast a love which was almost as deep as a mother's adoration of her one fatherless child.

Ah, well, the day came very soon when I was to discover for the first time the selfishness and wickedness of my nature. Ah, how sad it seemed to have lived among good people all my life, and to know the gospel by heart, and yet to be so weak and sinful a creature after all! The agony of that day comes back upon me all at once as I write: across half a lifetime the old pain comes back, almost as sharply terrible as when I felt it first; it returns to-day, as it will twenty years hence if I live so long; as it has returned to me sometimes, when I have been calm and happy in the midst of happy people, conjured into sudden life by the magic of some chance association.

My cousin Bernard had been with us nearly six months, and it was winter weather, dull and bleak and windy; but oh, such pleasant weather for a sturdy battle with hard duties in the day, and a sybarite

rest in a cosy nook by a happy fireside in the evening. Christmas was close at hand, and Sophy and I had been working all day long, and every day for a week and more, at the decoration of my uncle's two churches. The work pleased my darling, for it gave her some opportunity of demonstrating the grateful affection with which her heart overflowed; and the slender little hands had done good service in the intertwining of evergreens, and the pretty white fingers had been cruelly wounded with the thorns upon the holly boughs. She was tired out at last, when our work was finished, and sat on a low stool at my feet by the fire in the dusky drawing-room in that pleasant hour which comes before a six o'clock dinner in December.

She was sitting at my feet, with her head resting lovingly upon my knee, and her face quite hidden by her tangled curls. She had thrown her bonnet and shawl upon the sofa after coming in from the church, and had sat down in her dark merino morning dress, and with her hair disordered by the day's work; but as she stood before me for a moment in the fitful firelight, I thought she looked prettier with that loosely falling hair and sombre brown dress than in the gayest or brightest costume I had ever seen her wear. But just now I could not see her face; I only saw the wealth of falling hair, and two little hands trifling nervously with a slender gold chain, twisting it in and out, in and out, amongst the tremulous fingers.

"You are nervous and tired, my dear," I said, "and I think you have worked too hard to-day; but there was never such an energetic, ambitious little puss, always anxious to do three times as much as anybody else. Bernard shall scold you if you don't take care." She did not answer me, but only repeated my cousin's name softly, as if there had been something strange in the sound of it to-night.

"Bernard, Bernard, do you think it's a pretty name, Patty?"

"I don't know, darling. I like it better than any other name, because it means him."

"I don't understand you, Patty."

"I dare say I'm talking nonsense, dear; but I can't separate the name from the man who bears it. If I were to go away into some foreign land, divided from you all, and hear some stranger called by the name, I think the pain would almost kill me. How should I know whether it is what people call a pretty name? I don't suppose Sandycoast is what people would call a pretty place; but I know that if I were to come back to it after a long absence it would shine upon me like a vision of heaven."

"And Bernard," she said, softly, "you like him very much, Patty? you think him very good?"

"My darling, everybody knows his goodness."

She gave a little sigh, and the tremulous fingers twisted and untwisted the chain ever so many times before she spoke again.

"Patty," she said, "I want to tell you something."

She put up her hand, and the loving fingers twined themselves about mine. Did I know what she was going to tell me? I think I did. I think the pain began even then; but I have heard of people falling from a height and violently hurt, who on recovering could not remember anything that happened just before they fell. I have only a confused recollection of what went before my sudden agony.

"Bernard and I are going to be married," said my sister; and then, when I started and shrank shivering away from her, she cried eagerly,—

"Oh, not for a long while, Patty darling; not for more than a year; and even then, when I am married, you and I are not to be parted. Bernard knows how dearly we love each other. My own dear sister, I wouldn't leave you for all the world. It was almost the first thing I said to him, dear, when he asked me to be his wife; and he told me that he had never meant to be less than a brother to you. 'Our home shall be Patty's home,' he said, 'till she leaves it to make some good man's home happy,—all her life, if the fortunate man never comes; and we shall not be eager to bid him welcome, shall we dear?' He said those very words, Patty."

"He is very good."

I dropped my face upon her curls, and let it lie there hidden in the tangled hair. There were no tears in my eyes, but I think a low wail broke from my lips as the truth came upon me all at once. I loved him, I loved him; all my life, since I could remember, had taken its colour from him. He was so much a part of my life, that until this moment I had never known *what* he was to me; but the one great agony of my existence came suddenly upon me, and passed away. For a little while I was a wicked and hateful creature, envious of the happy destiny which had given my sister this man's love; but presently I felt the soft arms clinging round my neck, and the darkness had passed away.

"God bless you, my darling," I said. "He has given you the best and purest of all earthly treasures, the love of a good man."

"Yes, he is very good," she murmured, in a slow, thoughtful way. "I wish I were worthier of so good a man."

"And you love him, Sophy?"

"How can I help loving him when he is so good? Yes, Patty, I love him dearly, and am very grateful for his love. And then, dear, he told me that it was our uncle's wish that he should marry one of us—an old wish—an old plan formed when we were only children. 'I cannot leave them a fortune, Bernard,' he said, 'I want to leave them at least a protector.'"

"Dear uncle!"

"And Bernard says he will be so pleased by our marriage; and I



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BERNARD'S QUESTION.

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hope you will be pleased, Patty. I would not for all the world do anything to vex you."

"Vex me, my pet, by your marriage with a good man? Can anything vex me that will secure happiness for you?"

"Yes, I am sure I shall be happy with him. He is so good."

The secret in my own heart should have taught me to read hers better than I did. If I could have truly read that innocent heart, how much pain, how much anguish might have been spared! There would have been sorrow, perhaps, but only a gentle sorrow as compared with what came afterwards.

"It was all so sudden, Patty," said my sister presently, "that I think, even if I had not known and loved my cousin as I do, that I should have been startled into saying Yes. You remember when Bernard came into St. Augustine's this afternoon while we were decorating the font? You left us, you know, dear, to pay the old women their club money, and while you were in the vestry my cousin began to talk to me. I was standing with the last of our garlands in my hand, very tired, and Bernard was leaning against the font, looking down at me with those awfully searching grey eyes of his, which would turn my heart cold if I were very wicked. I can't remember what words he used, Patty, or how he came upon the subject so suddenly, and yet quite naturally, as it seemed, but I know that all at once he was telling me that he loved me, and had set his heart on winning my love. He did not tell me of my uncle's wish until afterwards, and then he said, 'Remember, Sophy, however sacred this wish may be to me, it must not turn the scale by so much as a feather's weight. I love you too dearly to accept less than your love, freely given, for myself alone. You are so young that any error as to this matter would be fatal. Unless you can give me all your heart, Sophy, give me your hand now and be only my friend and sister from this time forward. I am strong enough to bear a disappointment, and you shall never be reminded of what I have told you to-day. You must think how solemn a question this seems to me, when I ask it in such a sacred place.' It was something like this that he said to me, as we stood by the font. He spoke very earnestly, but with that proud manner which he has sometimes. He wasn't a bit like a lover in a novel, and I think if I had said No, he would have taken it as quietly as the most commonplace answer to a commonplace question. And yet, Patty, I do believe he loves me very dearly."

"And you love him, darling?"

"How can I help loving him," she asked again, simply, "when he is so good? And now come and dress, Patty. It must be nearly six o'clock."

We found our candle on a table in the hall, and lighted it at



EDM. BYARS, JR.

BERNARD'S QUESTION.

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1. *What is the purpose of the study?*
 2. *What are the research questions or hypotheses?*
 3. *What is the study design?*
 4. *What is the sample size and selection method?*
 5. *What are the variables being measured?*
 6. *What are the data collection methods?*
 7. *What are the results of the study?*
 8. *What are the conclusions and implications of the study?*
 9. *What are the limitations of the study?*
 10. *What are the strengths of the study?*
 11. *What are the future research directions?*
 12. *What are the ethical considerations?*
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 14. *What are the conflicts of interest?*
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 16. *What are the references?*
 17. *What are the appendices?*
 18. *What are the footnotes?*
 19. *What are the tables and figures?*
 20. *What are the conclusions?*

-- saw candle on a table in the hall, and lighted it at



GUARD.

H.M. EVANS, SC.

BERNARD'S QUESTION

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the hall lamp. That one candle only made a little spot of light in our long low room, so my sister did not see my face until I had bathed my head and eyes with cold water, and rearranged my hair. Our toilets were very simple; the brown merino dresses were changed for black silk, the plain linen collars of the morning gave place to smarter collars of worked muslin, and that was all. Never since we had been under my uncle's roof had we known what it was to ask him for anything. Whatever a man in his position would have given his daughters he gave to us, unasked; and the children of a duke could not have been more inexperienced in anything like worldly difficulty than we were. It was by his particular desire that we always dressed alike, and the variation of so much as a scrap of ribbon would have vexed him. We found him standing on the hearth in the drawing-room, looking radiant with happiness, and I guessed at once that Bernard had told him all about the interview in the church. He held out his arms as we went towards him, and took us both to his breast—that noble breast on which my sister Sophy had slept so peacefully long ago during our journey from Cornwall to Sandycroft.

"My darlings," he said, "I have nothing left to wish for in the world. My little fair-haired baby!" He laid his hand on my sister's curls, and smoothed them tenderly away from the innocent, blushing face. "It seems so short a time since Bernard came with all his toys to lay at your feet on the night I brought you home. I wonder whether he loved you then, Sophy? one hears such romantic stories about love at first sight."

And then he turned to me, with a bright smile on the genial face that never had been darkened by so much as one passing storm-cloud of passion.

"I suppose you and I are to keep house together when these two birds have set up a nest of their own, eh, Patty?"

But my sister cried out eagerly,—

"Oh no, Patty and I must never be parted; and I can't part from you either, uncle Geoffrey. Must married people always go away and live by themselves? Why can't Bernard be your curate for ever so many years, uncle, and our dear old home unbroken? If you knew how happy I have been here, you would never be so cruel as to talk of my going away."

"But Bernard is not a man to stop long in such a place as Sandycroft. He is fitted for a wider field, my pet; and wherever Bernard is, Bernard's wife will be happy."

My cousin came in presently, and the conversation drifted into other channels. After dinner we sat round the fire talking, Sophy and I side by side, my uncle half buried in his great arm-chair, my cousin Bernard sitting in the corner with his face darkened by the

shadow of the broad chimney-piece. We talked a great deal, or I should say, rather, they talked; for I was content to sit very quietly with Sophy's fair head resting on my shoulder, and her hand linked in mine. They talked of the future, and all that was bright and enthusiastic in my cousin's mind appeared on the ascendant to-night. There was a little confusion in my thoughts as I listened to them; a little difficulty in keeping hold of time and place, and even of my own identity; a little likeness in my sensations to those of some benighted wretch lost on the moors, who hears the faint chime of his native village bells grow fainter in the thickening snow, and knows that he can never reach the home that lies so near.

My life was over: my own individual life and its one great joy must be buried together in the same grave. Ah, what a weak and foolish creature I must have been! What hope had I ever had? what treasure had I lost? No hope, no treasure. Only a dim, shapeless dream, which had melted away all at once and left me desolate. Desolate, with my sister's soft hand clasped in mine; desolate, with the dearest and truest kindred who ever sheltered an orphan in her helplessness. On my knees that night I acknowledged my sinful weakness, my base ingratitude. On my knees that night I wrestled with my sorrow, and Heaven gave me help in the battle, for I rose with peace in my heart, and the tears that flowed so silently in that still winter night were not altogether bitter.

I looked at myself in the glass the next morning, and smiled at the reflection of my own plain, homely face, and homelier figure. "Just the sort of person for a maiden aunt," I thought; and I fancied myself, in the years to come, sitting in the pleasant firelight telling fairy stories to Sophy's children.

Henceforward I have little to say of myself. My story is only a chronicle of the lives with which my own life has been intertwined; a story of human weakness and human sorrow, but the sorrow and the weakness of mortal creatures who, when earth's fires were fiercest, and the burden of humanity heaviest, still carried in their breasts—too often flickering and unsteady, but quenchless to the last—the one spark of that glorious light which linked them with the Divine.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW FACES.

THE change in Sophy's relations with my cousin Bernard made no change in my sister herself. She was still the same simple, loving creature, with an almost childish dependence upon other people, a morbidly sensitive desire for the approbation of those she

loved. Knowing her as I did, and loving her as I did, it would have been strange if I had been altogether free from that anxious watchfulness, those vague fears, which wait upon all earthly affections. She was so dear to me, so beautiful in her confiding love, her innocent truthfulness, that it was very difficult to remember she was not quite perfect. But there were times when some trivial circumstance, too insignificant to be recorded, awoke me to the sense of the something wanting in her character. What was it? Firmness of principle—individuality—strength of will! I scarcely know how best to designate the missing quality, whose absence only made itself felt now and then. Oh the beautiful shining sands! how lovely they are in the golden light of the morning! reflecting all the splendours of the changing sky so beautifully, that we are apt to forget how little colour they have in themselves, and how frail a foundation they would be for any temple we might build upon them.

Sometimes I fancied my sister's character had something of this quality—so apt to take its colour from others, so little adapted to hold to any course of opposition, even if opposition should become a virtue or a duty. The very sweetness of her nature, which made her more charming than any other woman I ever knew, seemed closely allied with this weakness. I fancy that the Mary who sat at her Saviour's feet may have been such a woman—a beautiful tender creature, eager to accept all holy teaching, peculiarly adapted to reflect the light shining on her from a diviner nature than her own.

If I sometimes felt some slight anxiety about my sister's future, the shadow passed as swiftly as a hurrying cloud in the grey March sky. She was to be Bernard's wife; and the very qualities wanting in her nature were those in which his was strongest. It mattered little that her weakness was to reflect the attributes of those she loved, since she was to be the wife of a man who, to my mind, seemed as nearly akin to perfection as mortality can be. I thought of this, and thanked God for the brightness of my darling's destiny! I fancy there can be no such thing as an enduring sorrow which is entirely selfish; for I know that the quiet days, and weeks, and months, which passed so gently by, seemed to carry my foolish grief away from me as safely and imperceptibly as a floating weed is borne upon the bosom of some lazy stream. Already my folly lay far behind me; already it seemed as if there had never been a time in which I had thought of my sister otherwise than as Bernard Champion's plighted wife.

Midsummer came, and Bernard left us for a brief holiday, which he was to spend with the family of a college friend—a young man who had been my cousin's chief companion at Oxford, and of whom he had talked to us a great deal, so much that we had formed a kind of familiar liking for a person whom we had never seen, but whose name had become a household word. The young man was the second son of a

baronet, whose estate was within ten miles of Sandycroast—a penniless younger son, who, with a versatility of talent that was perpetually winning him new friends and new opportunities, seemed lamentably deficient in all practical adaptability.

“Poor Lawrence!” said my cousin; “if he had only seven thousand a year, or if his friends would let him live upon thirty shillings a week in some country cottage on the banks of a trout-stream, I think he’d be one of the happiest fellows in the universe, and the most harmless. But when people call upon him to choose a profession; when they tell him that life is a battle-field, and that it is time for him to pin his colours in his hat, and begin his march upon the dusty highway that leads to the field where the strife is thickest, he shrugs his shoulders and promises to join the march to-morrow. He was one of the brightest men at Brasenose, but he wasted the time in which other men were reading for their examination in the composition of sentimental poetry for a London magazine. He began to study half a dozen Oriental languages while we were travelling together in the East; not because he had any tangible idea as to how they were ever likely to be of use to him, but because the whim of the moment drifted him that way. His brain must be a perfect treasury of odds and ends, the tangled and ravelled shreds of all manner of incongruous studies. He is one of the most indefatigable men I ever knew, and yet I have never known him to accomplish anything. If he had been the owner of the Koh-i-noor, he would have left the cutting of it unfinished. Should he ever build a house—and you may be sure if he does he’ll be his own architect—I am positive he’ll forget the staircase. Just now his friends have reduced him to extreme submission, and I am invited to Colethorpe in the hope that I may be able to persuade him into reading for the Church. They want him to read with me, and seem to fancy that in this quiet place he will do better than amongst the distraction of the university. But I doubt my dear erratic old friend when it comes to a question of perseverance in any course whatever; and yet, Heaven knows, a purer or a better man could scarcely be devoted to the good work. Do you remember what Bettina von Arnim’s brother said of that wild, unaccountable creature? ‘Her mind is like a bunch of flowers, among which there are some very rare and beautiful blossoms, but there is no ribbon to bind them together.’ Perhaps the influence of some good woman might do that which Lawrence Annesley’s friends have never been able to accomplish. If he could find such a wife as our dear, earnest, indefatigable Patty!”

He looked at me half smiling, half serious, and then turned to my sister with the love-light on his face that always shone there when he looked at her. I think he was so happy himself that he wanted to find some kind of happiness for every one else. Ah, I

fancy I hear his firm, soldier-like footstep on the narrow pavement as I stand at the single casement which looks out upon the street. I fancy I see him again as I saw him in the hopeful brightness of his youth, when life lay before him like a vision of paradise, glorified by the radiance of a pure and happy love.

He went away from us for his brief holiday at Colethorpe, and the house seemed to slip back into the stillness of the past. Bernard took the spirit of life and progress away with him, and a lazy quiet fell upon us all in his absence. Oh, how we missed him ! how blank our quiet evenings seemed without the voice which had been wont to open all the world of history and science, art and poetry ; the genial intellect which had shed for us its own pleasant light upon subjects that are so terribly dull when handled by a duller man ! Busy though his life had been, and much as his duties had taken him away from us, we missed him in almost every hour of the day ; and even in that brief interval I saw how much my sister Sophy depended upon the man who hoped to be her husband. With him she was everything ; without him, the soft and gentle nature lapsed into its old childishness—a loving, clinging, innocent nature always, but too weak for perseverance, too soft for constancy. The studies which Sophy had pursued almost diligently, so long as Bernard was near to direct and approve, were all neglected now that he was gone. The German declensions were *so* difficult ; Schlegel, and Goethe, and Schiller were such dreadful creatures to cope with in their original tongue ; and when Sophy had carried a whole German library to our favourite nook in the garden, it would happen somehow or other that she had so much to say to me that must be said before she began her work ; and thus a long morning would melt away, and nothing was done with the Schiller and the Schlegel, and the grammars and dictionaries, there being no terror of Bernard's grave looks, mutely reproachful of her idleness.

“He wants me to improve myself, you know, Patty ; but improving one's self is so dreadfully difficult, especially in summer. I don't know how it is, but in very warm weather Schlegel's sentences seem to buzz round and round in my head like so many great booming bees ; then I begin to wonder whether it wouldn't be better for Bernard to marry some really clever woman, instead of trying to improve me.”

It must not be supposed for a moment that my sister was a stupid woman. Harsh judges might have sometimes pronounced her silly ; but I fancy that the quality which people call silliness is very apt to go along with a highly imaginative and poetical nature. The poet who can write a *Deserted Village*, the gentle humorist who can create a *Primrose Family*, is the same man who takes childish pleasure in a peach-blossom coat, and whose silly speeches afford prim Boswell

ample food for laughter. The "inspired idiot," inhabiting a bright and wonderful universe of his own, is apt to be a little awkward and out of place when he descends to that lower sphere in which the common inhabitants are so delightfully at their ease. My admiring love is not so ambitious that I would draw any parallel between my sister and Oliver Goldsmith, but after experience demonstrated how rich a mine of poetry lay undeveloped in the mind which could not concentrate itself on any one subject long enough to master a difficult language.

My cousin had been away from us a little more than a fortnight when chance brought about a meeting between my sister and me, and some members of the family at Colethorpe. Sir John Annesley was by no means a rich man, and he had been residing on the Continent with his wife, his elder son, and his two grown-up daughters, for some years, during which the Sandycroft people said he had been nursing his income under the pretence of recruiting his health. He was not a popular man in our neighbourhood, and he had kept himself a good deal aloof from society during the few months that had elapsed since his return to Colethorpe. Thus it was that neither I nor Sophy had met any of the Annesley family until this summer morning in July, on which Sophy and I carried our books to Rixmount Castle, with the intention of spending a long, dreamy day under the shadow of the ruined Saxon wall. Rixmount was three miles from St. Augustine's Rectory, but we country damsels thought very little of a three-mile walk on a summer morning.

The ruins of Rixmount Castle crown a bare hill above the sea, and command the noblest view of that changeful ocean to be obtained anywhere in the neighbourhood of Sandycroft. Ah, how often, shut in by the black walls of some dingy London street, I have fancied myself on the green slopes where the sheep crop the stunted grass, and the summer air blows fresh and pure from the wide, grey sea! The ruined wall is a little too old to be interesting, for I cannot carry my sympathies back to the fair-haired Saxons who may have defended it in the days of the Heptarchy; but the spot and the atmosphere about it were always delicious to me, and the thought of them comes back to me like the memory of some calmer world.

We sat upon a fallen block of stone under the cloudless blue sky, Sophy reading a novel aloud, while I worked, when the sound of voices and footsteps arrested my darling's lecture, and looking up we saw my cousin Bernard with two ladies and a young man of his own age, whom we guessed at once to be Lawrence Annesley. Of course there was an introduction, and Sophy and I very quickly found ourselves quite at home with two rather high-nosed young ladies, whose easy manners, self-possessed without being self-assured, entirely dispelled our rustic shyness. These two young ladies were Lawrence Annesley's sisters, Clara and Fanny, both some years older than I. They were

tall, showy-looking women, and had been very much admired in Parisian society I heard afterwards; but the popular Gallic idea seems to be that an English *mees* must needs be an heiress, and the dowerless Miss Annesleys had won no better tribute than the elegantly unmeaning compliments of their foreign admirers.

Sophy's lovely face brightened with the excitement of this unexpected encounter, and we found ourselves presently grouped in a little circle among the fallen stones under the ivy-covered wall, talking as familiarly as if we had been old friends. Was it possible to be otherwise than familiar and friendly with Lawrence Annesley, the brightest and most genial creature who ever trifled with the solemn duties of life? I can find no words that will paint him as he really was. He was one of those men of whom it is so difficult to speak without "extenuating" something; yet about whom the basest slanderer would scarcely have the heart to "aught set down in malice." His life was a perpetual apology for its shortcomings. Never was a man more conscious of his deficiencies, more truly penitent for his faults. Ah, what a bright, versatile creature he was! and how strange it seems that he should have been of so little use in the world! I watched him as he lounged with his back against the wall talking to my sister—the two bright faces turned towards each other, and something that seemed to me a shadowy likeness between them. What was that faint resemblance between two faces so unlike in form and colour? What was it? and what significance was there in that vague likeness which caused a dull pain in my heart as I watched those two? and yet two happier faces never reflected the sunlight of a summer heaven. Lawrence Annesley's bright hazel eyes had a pleasant sunlight of their own; there were gleams of ruddy gold in his loose brown hair blown away from his forehead; and his frank boyish smile might have lighted the face of a lad fresh from Eton. I never saw a countenance so instinct with youthfulness as Lawrence Annesley's; my cousin and he were almost of the same age, but Bernard looked ten years older than his friend.

Our little party broke into two groups presently, and while Bernard talked to the elder Miss Annesley and me, Lawrence was talking and laughing gaily with Sophy and his sister. I could hear their conversation mixing with our own every now and then. They were talking of my cousin, and Lawrence sang his praises with a fond enthusiasm which inspired me with a very hearty liking for this frank, genial young man. Of himself he spoke in the apologetic tone which I found afterwards was natural to him.

"Yes, he is the best, dearest, truest, bravest, goodest—who is it that says goodest? Charles Lamb, isn't it? or one of those dear old creatures who used to write delightful dreamy lucubrations, that are such jolly reading for a long summer afternoon,—he is

the noblest fellow in creation, and I congratulate the happy lady who can boast of such a Bayard for her own liege knight. Why should there not be a Bayard of the church militant? Is there any fight harder than a good man's single-handed battle with the arch-enemy? Every day, every day the demon lies in wait, and the struggle must be renewed afresh, and the warm heart's blood must be spilt again, and the weary soldier creeps back to his tent wounded, but not vanquished. To-day Satan lies grovelling in the dust, and the Christian hero stands triumphant with his mailed foot upon the breast of the fiend; but to-morrow his foe confronts him again, erect and terrible. Ah, how many disguises he wears! in what unthought-of corners he hides himself! now playing bo-peep among the pages of a book, now looking out of beautiful earthly eyes, now shining in the glamour that hangs about a bishop's mitre, now crouching amongst sacks of gold. And the fight goes on all through the long, long day, and it is only when the darkness closes in, and the dying soldier sees his enemy crawling away maimed, and stricken, and humiliated, it is only then that he feels himself a conqueror. And my poor, dear, hopeful mother asks *me* to fight such a fight! Oh, Miss Champion, if you knew what a pitiful creature I feel myself when I associate with your cousin Bernard, and how I should envy and hate him if he didn't happen to be the dearest friend I have in the world!"

Fanny Annesley laughed heartily at her brother's concluding words. "Only imagine my brother hating any one, Miss Champion!" she exclaimed. "If you knew him as well as I do, you would know how unutterably preposterous such an idea seems to me. Clara and I call Lawrence the zoophyte. He is such a dear, good creature, of the morally invertebrate order; very clever, but with no backbone to hold his intellectual attainments together. He is very fond of drawing; but you should see his portfolio, full of heads without shoulders; beautiful faces, with one eye filled in and one cheek shaded; sketches from nature, with one tree worked out, and all the rest the feeblest indication of what he meant to do. He plays the piano delightfully, but he never masters the last page of a fantasia, and his musical repertoire is the merest rag-bag of odds and ends; and poor dear mamma is so anxious that he should enter the Church, and cannot bring herself to see that he is entirely unfitted for it. Our only strength lies in Mr. Champion's influence; if any one can mould Lawrence into something good and useful, he can—and if he fails, farewell to all our hopes."

I could not help listening to this conversation. I could not help stealing a glance now and then at those two bright faces whose indefinable likeness puzzled and perplexed me. In spite of my perplexity, however, I was considerably amused by the calm manner

in which Lawrence Annesley stood by and allowed his weaknesses to be expatiated upon by his sister, who took very much the tone which she might have taken if her three or four years of seniority had been half a century.

"Yes, I am the most useless fellow in the universe," he said, as cheerfully as if he had been remarking the brilliancy of the summer day. I observed that he always spoke of himself contemptuously as a "useless fellow," or a "preposterous creature," or an "absurd and anomalous being;" and that he always chose the biggest and most alarming words in the English language to express what he meant. "I am an utterly incongruous and unnecessary wretch, and unless Bernard can do something with me I must come to no good.

He said this in his airiest manner. I stole a little look at Sophy while Bernard and Clara Annesley were deep in a discussion about the provincial character of our church architecture, and I saw that my sister was half amused and half bewildered by Lawrence's wild way of talking. It was so unlike anything she had been accustomed to, and she scarcely knew whether to laugh or to look gravely reproachful.

We spent a very happy day upon that bare hill above the sea, with no better shelter from the July sun than the old Saxon wall. Mounted upon this stout old wall Lawrence Annesley delivered a serio-comic lecture upon the history of the ruined castle, and the manners and customs of its Saxon inhabitants. Ah, I fancy I see him, now, with his young face steeped in the summer sunshine, and the outline of his light, boyish figure sharply defined against the blue summer sky. I have only to close my eyes, and I can see him, and Bernard's darker face looking up to him in wondering amusement. Two faces so wondrously unlike!—two faces which make up the history of my sister's life. Ah, what a sad and tragical story it was which began in a happy, idle summer ramble among the ruins of an old Saxon fortress! Was there any battle ever fought upon that castle hill half so terrible as the strife and the passion, the anguish and the sin, which were to mingle darkly in the story of our lives?

AGNUS DEI.

SWEET Love of God, all other love exceeding,
 O come and purify the sin-stain'd soul!
 Hear Thou our prayer while painfully 'tis pleading;
 Heal Thou our hearts—Thou canst—O make us whole!

The love of earth is dear, but Thou art dearer;
 And sweet as summer is the joy of life;
 And every cross we bear still brings us nearer
 The everlasting rest for sin and strife.

We feel our sin, and know its deep defiling,
 And mournfully we cry unto our God:
 Break Thou the spell too long our hearts beguiling;
 Help us to tread the path which Jesus trod.

Help us to walk more closely to our Saviour;
 O help us to receive the life He gives!
 Help us to seek to order our behaviour,
 And here on earth to live as Jesus lives.

Take Thou our wills, and mould them to Thy pleasure;
 Take Thou our hearts, the strong desire to still.
 Give us, O Lord, Thy Spirit without measure;
 Fill Thou our wills with Thy most holy will.

Give us Thy law, that we too may obey it,
 And hearing His kind words may we be blest,
 Who dearly bought Himself the right to say it,—
 “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

A. D.

ECCENTRICITY.

It has been said by a great authority that the tendency of this generation is towards a uniformity so slavish and so senseless, that eccentricity has become valuable in and for itself, simply as a protest ; and that it is, therefore, to be cultivated and respected wherever it is found. We doubt both the assertion and the inference.

Of course we may take it for granted that only harmless eccentricity is meant. But even so, the position seems to require a somewhat stricter limitation than it has received. There are a hundred perfectly harmless eccentricities—mere violations of ordinary conventional rule—which it would be extremely difficult to value, or to regard with respect. Indeed, the mere idea that this view of eccentricity *per se* could ever prevail fills us with alarm. Suppose my eldest son chose to wear a wreath of roses ; no one can say that such a habit would be, in itself, injurious ; yet I, as a father, could hardly be expected to value the protest which it involved. The flowers might be Foster's best ; the decoration might be graceful in itself, and becoming to its wearer, just as there are women who always look their best in men's hats. The sole objection to the thing would be its eccentricity. And can anybody say that this would not be a serious objection ? Would any bishop ordain him in it ? Would any clergyman marry him in it ? Would it not be an insuperable bar to his advancement in any profession, or to his success in any competitive examination ? Will it be answered that the fact that it is such a bar proves the existence of that very slavish monotony of custom into which it is so desirable to insinuate a wholesome thrill of occasional discord ? We think it rather tends to show, what we believe to be the fact, that eccentricity is *not* valuable for its own sake, but that, whenever a custom is violated, the first question which a wise man asks is, whether any good was obtained by the violation which could not have been obtained as quickly and as thoroughly without it.

We go a little farther. We think that the breach of general custom is always in itself an evil—perhaps slight, but still an evil ; and we think that the question to be asked is, whether the good attained is greater than the evil ; whether the occasion demanded the sacrifice ? Where this question is answered in the affirmative, let the imputation of eccentricity be fearlessly incurred. We honour the man who defies the world for the sake of something better than the world ; but we are very far from honouring him if the thing which

he presents to us as better than the world is, not to put too fine a point upon it, simply and solely himself.

There are several other ways of looking at the matter. The rule which it is proposed to break is either good, bad, or indifferent. If it is good or bad, the question of its observance is a question of right or wrong, and does not belong to our subject. It is the breach of a rule in things indifferent which constitutes eccentricity; and we say that it is not worth while to bestow so much consideration upon an unimportant rule as to take the trouble of purposely breaking it. Nobody breaks a rule purposely without secretly commending himself for so doing; and the habit of secretly commending yourself because of certain unimportant differences from your neighbour is a bad habit. It comes from, and it tends to, littleness of mind.

It may be said that it is not worth while to bestow so much consideration upon an unimportant rule as to take the trouble of purposely keeping it. Eccentricities which arise in this way, which are simply neglects or oversights, can hardly be said to have any claim on our respect. We make allowances for them. If the object aimed at be worthy of pursuit, we forgive the man who disregards trifles in pursuing it; but we do not think him a greater man by reason of the number of small considerations which escape him. We say that if his mind was not capable of attending to things both great and small, he was wise to take the great and leave the small; but we should have respected him more if he had been capable of attending to both. And if the oversight or neglect was not the accident of a mind engrossed by high thoughts, it must be looked upon as a weakness. If my strong-minded daughter tucks up her petticoats to an unusual height, and goes into the water to save a child's life, I commend her, even though she may forget to let down her petticoats when she comes out of the water. But if she habitually tucks up her petticoats to an unusual height when she is walking on the pavement, I object to her. Till she has been remonstrated with, the eccentricity is, perhaps, simply an inadvertence, and in that case I take leave to consider it a foible. After she has been remonstrated with, if she persists, and defends herself by saying that she prefers convenience to custom, it becomes one of those intentional eccentricities which we are called upon to admire in and for itself. I resolutely decline admiring it, especially if she has thick ankles. If she has *not*, I may perhaps admire, but I shall be admiring her ankles, and not her eccentricity.

Two things are to be noticed as characteristics of eccentricity. It generally is a little ludicrous, and it generally diminishes influence. The latter characteristic is probably the result of the former. You may love the man whom you laugh at, but if he provokes laughter at the very moment in which he intends to move you

to tears, he must needs fail in his purpose. There are cases of abandoned loyalty, it is true, in which the most trifling, nay, the most ridiculous peculiarities become objects of enthusiasm. If your idol speaks through his nose, you will be tempted to revere all nasal utterances for his sake. But it is nonsense to say that you revere him because he speaks through his nose. The personality of the man includes and dignifies his defects. His very tricks are venerable. But the greatest leader will always be the man whose eccentricity is to be found in his acts, and not in his habits. Garibaldi's liberation of the Two Sicilies was a highly eccentric act; his subsequent withdrawal to Caprera, enriched only by honour, was more eccentric still. But the grandeur here lay in the daring devotedness and unselfishness, which were exhibited on a scale so vast that they seemed to be almost superhuman. If these eccentricities became the fashion, should we be called upon to respect a protest against them? Is not our admiration for the man who did these things increased when we find that he actually suffers from his own incapacity for breaking small rules of politeness, and getting rid of importunate visitors by a little pardonable bluntness?

There seems to be confusion of thought on this subject. Standards of action are doubtless generally lower than they ought to be, but it does not follow that whenever you depart from them you rise above them. There is falling short, and there is simple aberration. And we think that there is another point to be considered. There is such a weakness in the world as over-estimate of self. It does sometimes happen (of course not to *you*, my reader, but to most of your particular friends, as I dare say you will allow) that a man is tempted to think a little too highly of himself. Of course this temptation besets him most easily when he is in the act of preferring his own opinion to the opinion of the world at large. Therefore we think it well that he should try to be a little cautious and modest about his own opinions; and, considering it to be impossible for him accurately to weigh all subjects, that he should make his selection, and having made it, should defer to the collective opinion of his generation on the points which he does not select for his own special study. And if the points which he *does* select for private trial and legislation are small and indifferent points, such as questions about dress, manners, times, or seasons, we shall be apt to conclude that he has rather a small and indifferent sort of mind. And if, while busy with larger matters, it should be his habit and his pleasure to differ from his generation upon the smaller, we shall be apt to conclude that he thinks himself wiser than his generation. And if he differs merely by oversight, we shall forgive him if we have good reason to love and respect him on higher grounds; but we shall not forgive him if he expects us to approve the oversight, because in that case we shall

not believe it to be an oversight at all, but an intentional act, and we shall therefore judge it for its intrinsic merits or demerits.

If all this be true of men, much more is it true of women. We are not among those who hold the inherent equality of the sexes in matters intellectual. But not the less do we believe that women have powers to be cultivated and gifts to be used, and that these powers and gifts, when fairly dealt by, may sometimes develop a peculiar charm and merit of their own, out of their very difference from the powers and the gifts of men. But it is one of a woman's difficulties that her gift is often too big for her; she cannot handle it without help, or she falls into grotesque attitudes as she carries it. It is not helping her to bid her lay down her burthen; she wants to have it properly adjusted, so that she may walk steadily under it. We seriously think that every woman who is born with a gift, a taste, or a capacity above the average, should be trained to look upon eccentricity as, in some shape or other, her besetting danger. We think that she should make a study of conformity. In almost any company, if we were called upon to pick out the gifted woman, the woman who "does something," we should expect to detect her by some undesirable peculiarity. She is the woman whose hair is badly dressed, whose costume is in some way or other conspicuously unlike the prevailing fashion, who turns her back upon you when she wants to look at a book, who stares at you in blank defiance when you ask her a civil question, who snubs you or who patronizes you, who is downright rude or offensively deferential, or prodigal of caresses which mean nothing, or elaborate and complacent in her display of politeness. There is no medium for her; either she will wear a pearl brooch on her forehead, and a *décolleté* dress by daylight, or she will disdain crinoline and corsets, and look like a great boy in disguise. The result of all this shows the mischief of it. Half the people who see her, whether they be men or women, come to the conclusion that it is best for a woman to be commonplace. She ought to be ashamed of helping to bring about this conclusion, because she thereby helps to lower instead of to raise the tone of thought about women; and in reality she is higher in her aims, in her hopes, in her habits, than the generality of those with whom she associates; only it has, unhappily, never occurred to her that it is her special duty to bring no discredit upon her aspirations. Surely you would not ask her to lay such aspirations aside; surely you would not speak of them as her misfortune, if not her fault. It is much simpler to ask her to get rid of the foibles which accompany them.

For eccentricity is a foible when it is not a fault, and this is what we wish to establish. Want of taste—want of observation—want of humility—want of sympathy,—in one of these four regions its root will be found, and the resultant blossom can hardly be one which

you should wish to wear in your button-hole. Of the eccentricities which come from want of sympathy we have scarcely spoken except by implication. They are sins rather than faults. If the multitude of minute pangs which an untender nature inflicts on its way through life could be added together, they would appal the conscience. The acquisition of tact through sympathy should always be a part of Christian education, and if a glaring deficiency in this respect were looked upon in its true light *as a symptom*, the cause of which we were bound diligently to explore, we should often be surprised at the diagnosis of moral disease which would result from the examination. The discovery might not be pleasant, but it is a necessary step towards the cure.

MR. GLADSTONE AS AN HYMNOLOGIST.

WHAT a chapter might be written on the private occupations of public men! Some of them have been trivial enough: monarchs have ere now devoted their leisure to mending locks—even to taming flies! It is one advantage of the classical education given to English gentlemen that they can find in it endless amusement, intellectual, yet not fatiguing. To turn an ode of Horace into tolerable English verse; to write an inscription or an epitaph in tolerable Latin, are harmless and not unpleasant employments for men who have had their share of the toils of life. There are those whose fervid spirit carries them much farther. The Earl of Derby has just completed a translation of the “Iliad;” Mr. Gladstone is said to be similarly occupied, and has already furnished us with an example of what he can do in a rendering of the first book. For, like Richelieu, and with perhaps higher qualifications, the illustrious statesman claims to be also a poet.

Sacred poetry gave to the Latin language new forms, greater flexibility. Some of the Latin hymns of the mediæval church have wonderful beauty and power. It may not, perhaps, be out of place in this connection to attempt a rendering of one of the most beautiful,—

*Cælestis O Jerusalem,
Mansura semper Civitas!*

“Jerusalem! the city
Abiding evermore,
How happy who hereafter
Shall crowd thy golden shore!
Peace ever waves her silent wing
Thy mighty mansions o’er;
The angels of the Eternal King
Kneel on thy glimmering floor.

“The glory of the Godhead
Doth make thy dwellings light;
The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Fills every heart with light.
Daily unto Jerusalem
Comes rest from all affright,
For those who wear Christ’s diadem
And saintly garments white.

“A voice of love calls ever
Up to those mansions fair;
Eternal weight of glory
Shall quell our sorrows there.

O therefore let our every breath
 With anthems fill the air
 To Him who suffer'd shameful death
 To save us from despair."

Mr. Gladstone, in a volume of translations lately published in conjunction with Lord Lyttelton, has most felicitously and completely caught the spirit of those Latin hymns. Before giving an example of this, let us quote a single stanza of his translation of Bishop Heber's verses to his wife,—

"But when at morn and eve the stars
 Behold me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.
 "Rite mî flexis genibus precati,
 Supplices et Te sociare palmas
 Stella nascentis videt ac diei
 Stella cadentis."

The sweet singer whom he has thus rendered would, we think, acknowledge that his own thought is improved by the form into which it is thrown. But we pass on to Augustus Toplady's beautiful hymn,—

"Rock of Ages, rent for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee,"

Mr. Gladstone's rendering of which, besides its intrinsic value, is of extreme interest as showing that the modern English hymn is in essence the same as the old Latin hymn—that the same spirit actuated the unknown or forgotten hymn-writers of the church, which in later times inspired Toplady, Charles Wesley, Newton of Olney, Cowper, Heber. For if we had found Mr. Gladstone's translation of "Rock of Ages" in some ancient hymnal, we should not have imagined it the product of to-day. Thus it runs:—

"Jesus, pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus.
 Tu per lympham profluentem,
 Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
 Inpeccati mî redunda,
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.
 "Coram Te, nec justus forem
 Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
 Fletu stillans indefesso:
 Tibi soli tantum munus;
 Salva me, Salvator unus!
 "Nil in manu mecum fero,
 Sed me versus Crucem gero;
 Vestimenta nudus oro,
 Opem debilis imploro;

Fontem Christi quæro immundus
Nisi laves, moribundus.

“Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes;
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.”

Perhaps the least successful lines in this fine translation are those which begin and end the hymn, for Toplady's sublime couplet is in truth untranslatable. But in other respects the rendering is admirable; observe, for example, the noble line which ends the second verse,—

“Salva me, Salvator unus!”

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scanty leisure yields further fruit of this kind, there are countless readers who will rejoice to welcome it.

OUTDOOR CLERICAL AMUSEMENTS.

It seems now universally recognized that all human beings must have their seasons and means of recreation. The old and utterly idiotic ideas, that a man does not need recreation quite as much as he needs food and drink, are exploded. *Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.* The bow must not always be bent, or it will soon lose its elastic spring. The wretched hack must not always be in harness, or it will soon only be fit for the knacker's yard. And the human brain and hand must not always be at work, or you will soon have a miserable and hopeless paralysis of both. There is equal force and philosophy in the familiar proverb about "all work and no play;" and the clergy, like other human beings, must have their recreations. They must have their recreations not only in the form of certain holidays, when they have their parish behind them, and go away elsewhere for a time altogether from their professional work and worry, but they must have them every week and every day. A certain portion of every day should be devoted exclusively to innocent enjoyment. Nor let any one imagine, when his minister acts thus, that he is idling his time or neglecting his duty. He is discharging his duty—his duty both to himself and his people, according to God's law and appointment. The laws of health are well understood and defined; and these laws are no more to be defied by a clergyman than by any one else. It is sheer suicide to be always at the oar; and it is cruel murder on the part of the pragmatist blockhead (and there are such) who demands it at his hands. Let a man have certain hours and days of recreation, and he will do more work, and better work, when he is at it than if he never relaxed for a moment. And then he will retain his health and vigour, if spared, far into old age. Who does not know the talk in some quarters about the clergy, and how, regardless of all considerations—in defiance of all the known laws of health, they should "spend and be spent" in their Master's service? Work them as some ministers have been worked, and they will soon enough be spent. It is notorious how many quite young and robust men in all churches,—men who can ill be spared,—men who might have been an ornament and blessing to their age,—are at this moment "laid upon the shelf," their nerves shattered, their health gone, prematurely aged and dying, all because of the stupid and wicked demands made on their overtaken strength and time.

Men of England, don't grudge your clergymen the necessary leisure for recreation and amusement. They need it, as all do, to repair the tissues of the brain, to invigorate the muscles and members of the body, to purify the blood, to raise and quicken the animal spirits, on which so much depends, to the healthful, cheerful working point and pitch. It is really sickening to hear the demands often made upon a class already monstrously overworked, and, let it be added, in the majority of cases, scandalously under-paid. People are a long time arriving at common sense. It is something to be thankful for, that the dawn is now appearing, and the night of ignorance and stupidity passing away.

But even in quarters where it is professedly admitted that recreation and amusement are indispensable to all, and that the clergy are no exceptions to the rule, being men "of like passions" with all the rest of the race, there seems some doubt as to the *kind*, in respect of such, lawful for them to indulge. A not uncommon idea is that they are debarred by the restraints of their profession from participating in pastimes open to the laity; that many things lawful to these last must be eschewed by them. To some extent the idea is right, and based on the inherent and essential fitness of things; but to a much larger extent it is wrong, and fit only to be ranked with those "old wives' fables" that are altogether unworthy of the enlightened views and robust and manly sense of this nineteenth century. I confess, indeed, that it jars with my notion of the propriety of things to see a clergyman whirling round a ball-room in the dance, with some idle girl in his arms—his face greasy and shining, his hair dishevelled, his coat-tails standing out with the centrifugal action of the roundabout spin, his collar limp and hanging down with moisture, his whole appearance a satire on the dignity of the cloth. Brothers mine, leave that sort of thing to the scented and vacuous dandies,—the becoated, the becollared tailor's blocks who frequent such scenes, and whose loftiest ambition is to ogle the girls and obtain the reputation of a lady-killer. It is beneath the position of a clergyman to disport himself after that fashion. A quiet quadrille, on a chance occasion, among intimate friends, may pass without remark; but rapid and rotund dancing! faugh! let it not be thought of for a moment! The people who see you careering in a galop, or jogging in a schottische, on Friday or Saturday evening, will not be very much impressed, depend on it, with your preaching on Sunday morning. A clergyman must never forget that he *is* a clergyman, and that a certain gravity of deportment, with which such amusements are inconsistent, should never be wholly laid aside.

On the other hand, there is a limit to such restraints; and, as a rule, what is right in a layman ought to be equally right in a

clergyman. A thing is either right or wrong. If it is right, it is right for all ; if wrong, it is wrong for all. I am not aware that in Scripture any distinction is made in obligations, or that one class of men is required to be more strict and self-denying than another. The clergy undoubtedly are to be "ensamples to the flock," but no more than ensamples. The essential idea of an ensample involves community of practice. What is required of a clergyman is that in all things, to the best of the grace granted him, he shall exhibit a pattern of Christian living ; but then this is equally required of the layman who professes to be a disciple of his Lord. It is to be borne, moreover, in mind how frequently a clergyman's presence at, and participation in, this or the other amusement will regulate its propriety ; preventing indecorum or excess ; checking conduct on the part of persons who, in his absence, might be tempted to say or do what, in his presence, they would not ; and generally promoting the use and preventing the abuse of "a good creature of God."

The object of this paper is to point out some of the *outdoor* amusements which a clergyman can recommend, and in which he can safely indulge. I suppose it is unnecessary to show how desirable, and indeed indispensable, it is, for persons following sedentary occupations of all others, persons kept much in the house, poring over books, or writing at a desk, to get out into the open air, to inhale the invigorating ozone, to exercise the limbs, and promote the circulation of the blood. To be permitted to do this, every medical man will tell you, is life ; to be shut off from it, death. The process of destruction to the vital principle is less speedy, but not less sure, than to be put under water, or deprived of food and drink. Now what kind of outdoor amusements are open to the clergy ? What are suitable ? Before proceeding to specify any, is it possible to lay down rules that will help towards a safe and judicious selection ?

Always bearing in mind the fitness of things, the outdoor amusements of the clergy should be, first of all, *decorous*. I do not refer, of course, to outdoor amusements that would not be decorous in any one, to say nothing of a clergyman, and from which, therefore, he is excluded. There are pleasures which it is a shame for any one to indulge in. Even the layman who takes delight in cock-fighting, or "ratting," or pugilistic "mills," is a person equally brutal and contemptible, and from whom all men with any pretensions to decency should hold aloof. But apart from such as these, inadmissible in any one, and therefore inadmissible in a clergyman, there are others of a less questionable kind, which it would be also well for him to avoid. I have spoken of dancing as an indoor amusement which a clergyman would do well to avoid ; there are outdoor amusements of the same stamp. Hunting, for example, is one of these. I am not sure that hunting, however delightful, is permissible either to layman or clergyman.

It is abominably cruel. There can be no doubt about that, whatever hunting men may say to the contrary. You will hear them gravely assert that foxes are vermin, and should be destroyed. Very good. Destroy them in the most rapid and painless way—shoot them. But it is notorious that it is not to get rid of foxes—to make away with a nuisance, that men hunt. The breed of foxes is carefully preserved for the purpose of hunting ; and then, unlike a deer or hare, when run to earth it is worth nothing. The others are food for man : this is useless—mere carrion, to be devoured by the dogs. “ Well, but it is such a sly, cunning brute,” it is often replied. “ You can’t like a fox ; a brute of such a nature and disposition.” Can it help its nature ? Was it not made by the Great Creator as it is ? And is that a reason for setting a great pack of excited and ferocious hounds on it, and torturing it for hours, as often happens, before it is killed ? No doubt a fine burst across country on a swift and steady weight-carrier, on a bright November morning, in company with a field of eighty or a hundred horsemen, well mounted, and sitting their fliers like men, is a splendid thing. But the cruelty of the sport is to me insuperable. It is scandalously cruel to the fox ; and it is often not much better to the poor horses. Many are killed ; most return from “ a run ” sick and exhausted, refusing to feed for days, and sometimes strained and injured for life. The expense of the thing, too, may well be considered a barrier to most—certainly to most clergymen. The cost of a good hunter is great ; the “ keep ” is considerable ; and you must have at least a couple to do even a day or two in the week. Worst of all, the company at “ a meet ” is not the choicest. A clergyman would be brought into contact with a good many “ rough customers,” whose language could not but shock his sense of propriety, whom he could not well rebuke in the circumstances, and who would pay no respect to him if he did. Hunting, therefore, is not a decorous amusement for a clergyman. No amusement is in which he cannot choose his own company, and be sure that neither his class nor his religion will suffer in its pursuit. The first thing a clergyman has to look to is, then, whether an amusement be for him decorous.

Next, it should be such as will fully occupy and engage his mind for the time : it should be distracting. No amusement is good that does not distract the thoughts from all other things, and fix and detain them on itself ; for the very end of amusement to a person in the position of a clergyman is to obtain relief from mental labour and worry. But relief from mental labour and worry is only to be had by engaging the attention of the mind on something else. Worn out with mental exertion, a thoughtless friend will bid you do nothing—be idle till you obtain relief ; forgetting that your mind can’t be idle, can’t do nothing. It must have occupation : and relief is obtained, not by *no* occupation, but by *change* of occupation, by substituting one class of

interests for another. Now take the case of a clergyman who has been busy in his study all the morning, working his way through some difficult theological point, or preparing his sermon for Sunday. He lays it aside to take his needful afternoon's recreation. What shall it be? A *walk* is the most common thing fixed on. But if it be alone, or for no specific object, as to botanize or geologize, what relief from labour is furnished to the mind? Absolutely none. The workman has changed his workshop, the student his study, that is all. Out in the field or on the roadside, as he saunters and muses, he is still brooding on the work just left; he can't help it; his mind, undistracted by some other special interest forcing the attention on itself, wanders inevitably back to the knotty theological point, or the further excogitation of the sermon, and at the end of an hour and a half he returns from his walk unrefreshed, possibly more weary and jaded than when he set out. It may be said, indeed, that to the man of taste and discernment nature should present enough features of beauty and interest to engage the eye and thoughts of the pedestrian. The changeful sky, the shifting landscape of clouds, the trees, the hedgerows, the wild flowers, the streams and rivers, or, if near the shore, the sight and music of the sea, should be amply sufficient for the purpose in view. But then they are not: experience proves that. Many clergymen live in towns, where such things are names and nothing more: then many more don't care for them. All clergymen are not poets and sentimentalists; and those who are, are not always in the vein and mood for the appreciation of nature. If you are worried with your work, or very much absorbed with some subject, nature, unless presenting some striking and unusual appearance, will avail little towards affording relief. A very splendid sunset, a thunderstorm, the rapid growth of buds and flowers in spring, decking woodland and field in startling glory; or the rapid fall of leaves in autumn, leaving clothed boughs and branches suddenly bare; snow in winter, and the like, may occasionally lend interest to the "constitutional," and divert the mind from self. But the best of all is a storm of wind. Go out and battle with the blast, and, struggling against it with might and main, you will be forced to attend to outward things, and so be withdrawn from work and worry. But then, glorious sunsets, storms, thunder, sudden, startling changes in the landscape, in spring growth or autumn ruin, are the exception, not the rule. Nature from day to day looks very much the same, and the familiar road is trodden without a thought of what the surrounding scene is like. Study goes on in the open air as in the house, and the mind is as busy as ever, as haunted and harassed by care. No; the constitutional walk won't do. It is not mind-compelling; it makes no sufficient demand on the attention; the limbs move; the direction is taken and followed without an effort, and

effort is absolutely essential to the ideal recreation in which a man of studious and sedentary occupation should engage. The circumstances in which such a man is placed when his work is done, and he means to amuse himself, should render it impossible, or all but impossible, for him to think of it at all. His recreations, therefore, should be of a sort to shut it out from his mind; they should be a distraction; so shall he obtain the coveted and needful relaxation which previous exertion has won, and return afresh to his work with renewed energy and power.

Another most important requisite in the recreations of the clergy, and all persons engaged in sedentary occupations, is that they should call into vigorous exercise all the limbs and muscles of the body: they should be health-giving. The object of outdoor recreation, besides the mere pastime, ought to be the preservation of health, or the recovery of health, together with a further and fuller development of the whole animal and muscular system. The importance of this cannot be overestimated when it is remembered how largely the views and sentiments of human beings are coloured and affected by the state of their health. Apart from the fact that a man's happiness depends very much on the regular action of the gastric juices, the circulation of the blood, the flow of the bile, and the like,—for let a man's outward surroundings be what they may, sick, headachy, infirm, he is wretched,—the views he entertains of life, religion, spiritual manifestations (I don't mean the preposterous Yankee sort), are sure to be jaundiced, exaggerated, and false. The stomach and the brain, the body and the mind, are closely associated. They act and react on each other in a painful degree, and sound and healthy views are no more to be expected where there is a sick or debilitated system, than "grapes from thorns," or "figs from thistles." Hence the pernicious effect on his preaching, and so on his congregation, when a clergyman is not in the enjoyment of good health. He takes a lugubrious and miserable view of life; he imposes a severe and unjustifiable "mortification" as alone entitling to the name of Christian; and keeping in shade the bright side of the believer's experiences and hopes, he dwells with persistent exclusiveness on the dark, the fears and forebodings, the pains and sufferings to be endured. All this is bad; it gives men wrong impressions of our blessed religion, and scares many away from embracing the truth. "If there must be an end to all pleasure and happiness when we turn Christians, we had rather not be Christians at all," is their feeling. Now get the liver right, the brain clear, the depression of spirits that comes of bad health, the moral mephitic vapours that cloud and distort the view, dissipated, and your parish priest will preach sounder sermons, and set forth healthier views of things. And much of this is to be got by being some hours every day in the open air, interested in some occupation

that makes a demand on bodily effort and exertion. It is by bodily exercise that we strengthen the limbs, open the chest, harden the muscles, regulate the ganglionic apparatus, make the body a fit companion for the mind. If it is a sin to let the mind go to seed, and become enfeebled through want of exercise, our bodies were given by the same beneficent Father to be tended and developed in all their powers no less. Why should the student and clergyman be a bent, in-chested, weak-legged, flabby-muscled dyspeptic, as he too often is? Some of the cleverest and most studious men I know, are men like Professor Wilson, who could lift a ton, or do their forty miles, fair "heel and toe," in a day. Let clergymen have done with tea-sipping, toasting toes over a slow fire, the ensnaring pipe, the dawdling hands-in-the-pocket lounge in which so many indulge, and go out daily into the fresh air, fair or foul, for three hours' tough work to limb and arm. Then will the stooping back grow straight, the hollow chest expand, the wan cheek catch the glow of health, the whole man be what a man ought—as vigorous in body as in mind.

Decorous, distracting, and health-giving,—such being some of the characteristics that should be combined in clerical outdoor amusements, where are they to be found? Let me instance a few, in my humble judgment, satisfying all the conditions.

There is *riding*, if it can be afforded. Some clergymen, to their people's disgrace, are so poorly paid that they cannot afford to keep a horse. When they can, let them ride. There is no better exercise. It calls into play all the muscles of the body, and shakes the whole system into health and life. And let the animal bestrode be, if the rider can sit him at all, rather a gay and fiery steed than a perfectly mild and tractable one. We want the mind engaged, the attention absorbed. If riding is made too easy, if the rider is mounted on a quiet, steady, jog-trot old nag that goes right on, unmoved by sights or sounds, he has the *exercise* of riding, but not its *distraction*. As in the "constitutional" walk previously alluded to, no demand being made on the attention to manage the animal, the mind goes back to its old work and worry, and receives consequently no relief. But mount a gay, fiery young thoroughbred, all life and quicksilver, whom a touch of the switch would set off like a locomotive, or a check of the curb set up like a bear on his hind legs,—that needs riding, *i. e.*, constant wakeful attention, if you would not be landed in the ditch or left sprawling on the roadside,—and you will have your mind thoroughly distracted, I guarantee, from your work and worry. Then there is the strange rising and exhilaration of spirits that comes from the bounding life beneath you, and the rapid "breather" over the turf, that you are sure in a mile or two to fall in with, even on the public turnpike. With what a flush of health, a

bounding of the pulse, a feeling of recovered youth and strength, and last, but not least, an appetite for dinner, you return from your two hours' "airing" on the back of a game "six-year-old," gay, but without the suspicion of a vice! You have been splendidly shaken up, and shaken out of yourself. You have taken more oxygen into your lungs and blood than you would breathe in your close study in a year; and you are screwed up for future work, and better, and easier. The theological difficulty will melt away before your quickened mind, and the "numbers will come" with a rush and flow when you "tackle" to your Sunday's sermon, as you never felt before. In short, your system has got what it wanted, a fillip and general stirring up, and you are a better and healthier man.

It is barely possible some old lady may object to the sort of recreation just suggested. "I see you ride and drive about a good deal," said a well-meaning but singularly weak old woman to a clerical friend of mine. "Why do you do it? It will injure your usefulness. The Apostles were not in the habit of doing so; neither was our Saviour; and I think it is unbecoming in a clergyman." "Indeed," said my friend, "I didn't know there was any harm in it; half the clergymen in England both ride and drive." "Ah," said the old woman, "but not as you do, on a fine thoroughbred horse, and with a servant in livery sitting beside you." "Oh, then it is to the style of the thing you object," responded my friend. "Yes," she said. "When the Saviour rode, it was on an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass. There was no ministering to *His* carnal pride or vanity there." Be it observed, the old woman drove out herself daily in a handsome carriage and pair of horses, and with a couple of men attending her; but she thought that when her clergyman rode or drove, it should be in such fashion as that the exercise should be a source of mental mortification as well as bodily exertion. An old screw, spavined and broken-winded, should have been the style of animal he bestrode, and a rickety old rattle-trap, just falling to pieces, time-worn and moth-eaten, the conveyance in which he appeared. Poor old lady! Let us hope she stands alone, or represents at most but a small minority of either her own sex or the other.

Rowing, if you are near water, is good. The exercise is just of the sort suited to men of sedentary occupations. The muscles of the arms and chest are exerted, and so strengthened and developed. Even the most studious man, the man most tied to his desk and books, has some walking exercise that keeps his limbs in a passable sort of condition; but the upper portions of the body are left without anything to do the same for them. Hence, how many clergymen are narrow in the shoulders, weak in the arms, short in the wind when forced to exert themselves, feeble in the back, well enough below the waist, but scarecrows above! For such, rowing is just the recreation

required. It will broaden the shoulders, develop the limbs, strengthen the arms, improve the wind, make the weak back as strong as iron. And then, besides the health-giving exercise, there is the admirable distraction which rowing insures: in guiding the boat, pulling and feathering the oars in time and with grace, putting on the occasional "spurt," listening to the purl and ripple of the water as the little naiad cleaves her way through, or fighting against wind and wave, if on the sea, when it is fresh and blowing. Every stroke is fraught with life; every moment with joy. Out there, in the sun and on the water, gliding on river or tossing on sea, books and bother are forgotten. We grow boys again for the nonce; and when we land and become men once more, we shall be none the worse for our temporary renewal of the old days before the hair grew grey, or the scalp got bald.

To those who care for the sport, *fishing* is a good recreation. There are, however, some drawbacks. You are very apt to catch cold, wading knee-deep, as you are often obliged to do, in the water, even though well protected by india-rubber boots. Then, when the fish won't take, it is dull and wearisome, and worse than useless as a distraction. For myself it lacks excitement and interest. Doubtless, when you get a big fellow of four or five pounds weight, or a fine salmon of twenty or thirty pounds weight, on to the end of your line, there is excitement and interest enough; but that happens about once or twice in a lifetime. Some men, however, are enthusiastic about fishing, and could stand over a bucket of water all day casting their lines and twittering their flies. *Chacun à son goût*. If a man delights in the piscatorial art, and finds it a distraction from work and care, by all means let him fish. It is a pursuit for which there is apostolic example, and higher than apostolic authority.

Shooting is admirable, *totus, ter es, atque rotundus*. Here mind and body are both engaged, and engaged so as to make it impossible for other things to intervene and harass. Whether it be out over the purple heather, after the dun grouse, or in merry greenwood, after the nameless varieties of game that abound in the covers, it is all that could be desired for health and distraction. There is fine gentle exercise, and constant excitement. The excitement, indeed, is intense. At every step you may put up your quarry, and you never know when or what—hare, rabbit, roe-deer, pheasant, pigeon, woodcock, partridge, snipe,—I have seen them all rise almost simultaneously from their hiding-places, like Roderick Dhu's men from their heather-covered retreat. Then there is the skill to single out your bird or beast, and bring him down. You are breathing invigorating air; led into strangely beautiful scenes on hill or in woodland; have your limbs and lungs tried by the walk; your mind and soul absorbed by a mighty and indescribable combination of interests. There is something intensely cheery and stirring in the crack of

the guns, the cries of the beaters, the working of the dogs, the sudden rustle amid the long grass or ferns of the startled game, bounding away before you like the wind, or the booming whirr of the heavier birds or twitter of the smaller, as they rise from their lair and spread their wings for a flight. But it is a cruel amusement, say some. Why? More so than fishing? Not by a half so cruel. You lift your fowling-piece, and your bird drops dead without a moment's pain; and even if only wounded it is got in a minute by a beater or a dog, and all suffering is over; but in fishing, the representative and model clerical amusement, the very sport of the thing lies in this, that you shall not land your trout or salmon too soon, but that it shall show "play," *i. e.*, be tortured with a cutting, horrid hook in its mouth for half an hour, a whole hour, two, three, four. Of course "two blacks don't make a white;" but I never heard fishing objected to as unclerical, even by the most strait-laced; and if not fishing, why shooting? The wild animals the sportsman pursues are given by the beneficent Father for food to man, no less than the ox or the sheep, and there is infinitely less of pain inflicted in securing them than in doing to death either of these last. My clerical brother, don't be afraid to shoulder your breech-loader in the season, and betake yourself to Highland moor or Lowland cover. As an amusement you will find such recreation all you desire. It is a perfect and complete distraction from work and worry, and it will insure you such a stock of health and strength that your professional labours will sit lightly on your shoulders, and sickness be known only as a name.

Cricket is another pastime admirably adapted to the wants of the student, calling, as it does, all the muscles of the body into exercise, and furnishing, in its demands on the attention, a thorough and complete distraction from care. Its only fault lies in this, that the exercise is just a degree too violent, and requires a special training to stand it properly. A certain bishop, I understand, disapproves, if he does not entirely prohibit his clergy from this amusement. On what ground, it would be difficult to say. Well, my brother cleric, if you happen to be in the diocese of a weak old woman, you must recognize constituted authority, even when so represented, and abstain from what your own conscience would permit you to indulge. A bishop is a bishop, whatever else he may be, and a certain respect is due to the office, though not to the man.

Golf is another game open to the clergy, and admirably adapted both for exercise and distraction. I am not sure that it is much known south of the Tweed. It might with advantage. It is played out on an open heath, with small balls, hit by a variety of instruments or bats prepared for the purpose. The object of the game is to put your ball into a given number of holes arranged in the ground, with the fewest possible strokes. Immense skill is shown in

doing this—in giving the right strength to a hit, and selecting the right weapon for delivering it on different sorts of ground. The exercise is splendid. Arms and limbs are both engaged. It is calculated you walk at an average of four miles an hour, and as you have an object in view, the interest is constant and enchainning, and furnishes a glorious distraction from work and worry. Indeed, so fascinating is this game, that many regard all other amusements as poor and tame in comparison. One hunting man of great celebrity I know of, has sold off his stud, and, wet or dry, is almost always to be seen challenging a brother of the bat to a friendly encounter upon certain “links” near a famous old university town, and declaring that golf is the only amusement worthy an intelligent and athletic man.

In summer there is *bowling* and *croquet*. Here the exercise is gentle, as becoming the season, and may be of the most dignified, as becoming the “cloth.” Of the two, I think *croquet* the best. There is not so much standing in one place, and not so much stooping. When played, too, by good players who understand the game—which the majority of players do not,—it allows of a far greater variety of play, and a far higher standard of skill. *Bowling* is more or less monotonous from the sameness of play; in *croquet* the variety is endless. Then ladies can join in the latter, which they never do, so far as I know, in the former; and as a mixed house party of the sexes is infinitely preferable to a meet of bachelors by themselves, so *croquet* is preferable to bowls. I know men, however, who prefer the former. Well, we sha’n’t fight; choose either, you can’t go wrong. The most exacting old “tabby,” who watches with catlike eye for the tripping of the “parson,” will scarcely blame you for taking a hand at bowls or a mallet at *croquet* as some relaxation after work and toil.

In winter-time there are *skating* and *curling*, both admirable and thoroughly clerical amusements. Even amongst the most bigoted Presbyterian dissenters in Scotland both are permitted to their ministers. As to their respective merits, the former is good to the man who has never tasted the pleasures of the latter; but begin to curl, and you will never put skates on your feet again. *Skating*, of course, is an admirable exercise, and the gliding birdlike motion is at first delightful; but the perpetual repetition of the same thing, especially if on a limited sheet of ice, becomes tiresome after a time to the average human being. I find an hour quite enough. And then your thoughts are not much distracted. No doubt, if you set out to try something new, to cut out a difficult figure where there is a chance of a severe “cropper” in case of failure, your thoughts will be distracted from other things, and your attention fixed on this. But few are equal to such feats, and the chances of the threatened

"cropper" are too imminent to be run. In curling, again, while you are perfectly safe, the excitement is ever fresh and warm. I never saw an uninterested or unexcited player—a man who could think of anything else while engaged in the game. The skill required to give the right strength to the gliding stone—to overcome a bias in the ice—to get round another stone thirty yards off without cutting it, by the fore or back-hand twist, as you would screw round a ball at billiards—to lay the needful "guard"—to creep up through the narrow "port" just the breadth of your stone without fouling on any other—to take the artistic "wick" off some outsider, and in upon another and another, and so to "lie the shot" as you would do a difficult succession of cannons at billiards off cushion and balls—the generous rivalry—the keen, exhilarating frosty air—the buzz and flutter of excitement both among players and onlookers all around—the strange comic exclamations of wild delight when a good shot is played, and the lugubrious faces and words when a damaging one brings hopeless ruin to your side,—all combined make curling stand alone—a princely game, health-giving, distracting, glorious—a thing to dream upon, and, as many do, to go almost mad about.

All the year round, to the clergyman living in the country and possessing even the smallest bit of ground, a patch not exceeding a quarter of an acre, the exquisite and distracting pleasures of *garden-ing* are open. Here is a perennial source of delight, innocent, ennobling, increasing. To lay out your little patch of mother earth with taste and effect so as to make the most of it—and it is marvellous how much can be made out of the veriest "pocket-handkerchief" of a place—to plant and tend and watch your shrubs and flowers, from the first snowdrop in spring to the "last rose of summer"—to secure a constant continuance of bloom, when one flower fades to have another to take its place, so that some bright colour showing in the surrounding green, like a gem in its fair setting, shall never be wanting—altering walks, shifting plants, improving, even spoiling in your tentative experiments,—all this furnishes a charm difficult to express in words, and which only those who have experienced it can appreciate or understand. But you must work yourself to feel it and enjoy it thoroughly. Have a paid gardener certainly if you can afford it, but don't leave all to that functionary. You will then be a stranger to the true joys of gardening—that love and interest in your plants and flowers which, from being nursed and tended by yourself, rivals the love and interest of a parent for his children. And then you want exercise to strengthen your muscles as well as distract the mind. So get hold of your spade and "do a turn" occasionally. Shoulder your rake and ditch-hoe, and trim your borders, or wage war against the weeds in your gravel walks. Keep a big pruning-knife in your pocket likewise, and as you wander

round your "place," lop off the decayed or ungraceful branches, or strip off carefully below that you may thicken and spread out the foliage above. For men of larger means, of course, there are the further, not higher—for against the dictum of the mathematician, the law holds good in gardening, that the less contains the greater as well as the greater the less—pleasures of green-houses, falling cascades, rustic bridges, mazy wildernesses, sloping lawns, artificial lakes, and an endless variety of other sources of delight.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

So say I of the man who has no soul, no taste for gardening. Clergyman or layman, he is a beast. Cut him. Have nothing to say to him. He would be a Müller or Palmer if opportunity only offered, or temptation impelled. Seriously, the man to whom, by the make of his being, such pleasures are denied, is deserving of profoundest pity, as we mourn for the blind, or sympathize with the deaf.

Here, then, is a goodly array of outdoor recreations consistent with our conditions,—decorous, distracting, health-giving. What do you say to them, my brother priests? I don't think I have stinted you; and I don't think I have suggested any in which you may not safely and becomingly indulge. Of course each man must judge for himself; and circumstances alter conditions, especially the elastic conditions of propriety. What is becoming in one man may not be in another, and what will do in one place, and with one class of people, might not do elsewhere. Exercise, therefore, a wise discretion, and indulge or abstain as you see occasion. It must never be forgotten that a clergyman's amusements, whatever they may be, must be made subservient to his work, both in kind and degree. A clergyman's first business is to attend to the interests of his parish and people up to the very best of his ability. He is set "to watch for souls, as one who must give account," and too great earnestness and zeal in prosecuting this solemn and responsible end can never be shown; but if he is known to do this, he will be allowed to do anything else he likes. Let him go always well-prepared to his pulpit; let him be scrupulously attentive to all his weekly parochial duties; let no one have occasion to say that he neglects one; that the business of the parish is not well and efficiently done; and then, for his recreation, I believe he may do anything—he may shoot, fish, even hunt. One of the most popular and respected clergymen I ever knew hunted regularly once a week with the county fox-hounds. But he did his work like a man on all other days. No one could lay his finger on a single instance of negligence, and his people found no fault with his hunting. "We know him to be a good man and true," they said, "and it is for himself to determine how he shall take his needful amusement." In truth, a minister's people, in the opinions

they form, are very much what their minister trains them to think. If he does his work as he ought, they will ask no questions about his pleasures ; nay, will approve all his proceedings, for they know their man, and have implicit confidence in him. Above all, in any case let a clergyman be perfectly open and above-board in whatever he does. There are some who indulge in what they think half-doubtful amusements on the sly. A clerical friend went with a large party a trial-trip not long since in one of the great American steamers. After luncheon, when he came on deck along with two or three more, he lit a cigar and began to smoke. A vulgar dissenting minister came up to him and said he was surprised to see him smoking in public:—

“I smoke in private, but I don’t like to do so in public, for fear of remark.”

“I am never ashamed to do in public,” was the manly reply, “what I think it right to do in private.”

This sort of thing is pitiful. If I were an English bishop, or a Scotch presbytery, I should depose every such man on the spot as a wretched and contemptible sneak, unworthy of his profession, or of the name of gentleman.

“Speak truth, and shame the devil,” says the proverb. Act truth, say I, and do the same by his sable majesty. “An honest man’s the noblest work of God.” A dishonest one is the dirtiest prentice-work of the father of lies. I know the cant talked about expediency with which such wretched folk seek to cloke their hypocrisy, but I can accept none that is not honest out-and-out. The other is a practical lie. Either indulge like a man if you can see no harm, or desist altogether if you find your usefulness would be marred. Even prejudices are to be regarded by the minister of religion ; and if doing this or the other interferes with your influence, even with stupid people, even with the weakest brethren, however innocent it may appear in your own eyes, and however attractive to your tastes, stop it, and stop it forthwith. It is not for an instant to be put into the scales and reckoned against your usefulness. But think of its coming out that you do *sub rosa*, in the dark, what you should scruple to do in the broad daylight ! For shame ! I cannot write of such conduct without an indignation that all but paralyzes my powers of expression. If we are to have expediency let it be an open and honest expediency—an expediency that has nothing to do with masks, or closed doors, or hole and corner meetings, but an expediency that can face the sunlight and invite scrutiny and inspection—the expediency which every true-hearted servant of his Master will be willing to practise in total self-denial and abnegation if occasion demands—the expediency set out in those noble words of the apostle, “If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.”

THORNDALE.

AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, AUGUST 26, 1864.*

Not for pride of rank or glitter of wealth that scene ;
 The day was *his*, and the great stream of plebeian life
 Came pouring in,—earnest, self-reliant manhood ;
 Meek, suffering, patient, glorious womanhood ;
 With joyous, careless childhood in their train.
 All eagerly breathing the perfumèd air,
 Which, like the cooling freshness of a desert spring—
 Silver-white and crystal clear—was unto them
 As the refilling of the cup of life.
 They stood, a tangled web of good and evil,
 And gazed with a grave wonderment and awe ;
 And as when in the aisle of an ancient shrine
 A perfumed offering is borne on the air,
 So there came on the breeze a thousand scents ;
 For each flower bent to her sister flower,
 And borrowèd a sweetness yet more rare,
 Tossing to the skies a carnival of incense
 From out their slender stalks and dewy leaves.
 Rich, dropping, ethereal music stole o'er the ear,
 'Till the very trees sang in gladness and joy,
 And the dance of sun-shadows threw cobwebs of gold
 O'er the silver tissue of the laughing cascades,
 Whose rippling streams danced and splash'd as they ran,
 And mingling with the joyous sunlight, made
 A golden network—a tessellated carpet.

* * * * * *
 Grave, still, voiceless, look'd *he* down upon them ;
 Mighty in form, and on his lips a smile
 Wanting but a Promethean flame, it seem'd,
 Ere changing into words of love and blessing—
 A mighty spell lasting through life, mighty in death.
 And the sun, like an omen of joy, came and threw
 Golden arrows around his form, as if to show
 The seraph's glittering robe that now he wears.
 And all the people's woe came back tenfold ;

* The Horticultural Gardens were thrown open to the people on the anniversary of the late Prince Consort's birthday by the Queen's command.

And thought on swift pinion cast a holy spell,
 A sweet sadness, o'er the great surging throng,
 Fathoming their depth of love with strangest charm.
 Children, too sad to be rebellious, paused,
 And in vague reverence spake with hush'd delight;
 For in their fathers' eyes brimm'd unshed tears,
 And they but faintly smiled upon them;
 The bursts of music had a sadden'd cadence
 Unto them, and became a dirge of solace;
 For memories glad and sad were swiftly borne
 On balmy winds, waking painful thoughts
 From out the half-closed book of Time.
 And the memory of that sad day came back
 When the muffled mantle of death swept by:
 That day, when men of iron nerve bow'd down
 In childlike terror at the shadow o'er the world;
 That day, when a nation's heart was turn'd; that day,
 When a nation's pulse stood still in silent horror;
 When men in hush'd accents told of England's grief,
 With a hope weary and aching that their words were false.
 And with reverent love they spake of her,
 The dewiness of whose life hath pass'd away;
 Who, with her hands outstretch'd imploringly,
 Still graspeth nothing save cold, black misery;
 Who, mourning over buried hopes full of one image,
 And with a spirit out of tune with mirth or joy,
 Now heareth but one voice—seeth but one face,
 Yet knoweth still the noble alchemy
 Of transmuting into blessings unto others
 This her bitter woe—her deepest sorrow.
 Time cannot break the potent charm, or bear away
 On his rapid wing the thought of what *he* was.
 For ever in the measureless march of Time
 Will stand *his* memory, distinct and clear.
 At *his* name thought shall ever trail her wings,
 Nor wear the shadowy garments of the past.
 Victoria! belovèd Queen!
 Each tear that thou hast shed for him so good and pure
 Hath added to thy crown a rare and priceless gem.
 That day became thy offering—not ours—
 To a stainless soul, whose most inner chamber
 Knew no guile, and was unstain'd with sin.
 'Twas not thy noble queenship, but thy glorious wifehood
 That gauged the tribute we should pay that day
 To him so deeply mourn'd, so early lost.

And from on high he hath look'd down upon thee,
And smiled, and gather'd with a miser's care
Thy people's praise and love ; and with a holy pride
Hath laid them at his heavenly Father's feet.
In a rough crucible hath thy love been tried,
O sovereign lady ; through the heated furnace
With it thou hast walk'd untouch'd,
And thou knowest it the lasting sorrow of thy life ;
The shadowy arrow must probe thy heart for ever,
For no man is there who may draw it forth.
Yet He who ruleth all—the King of kings,
The Lord of lords, shall send from His throne to thee
An angel of comfort, who shall in thine heart
Fold its wings, and soothe with the warmth of its plumage.
Then brighten, O Queen, the cold grey ashes of thy grief ;
Tune again with joy thy broken heart-strings :
For while his praise through England's land is heard,
Their melody hath not wholly pass'd away.
Light up with festal breadth thy shadowy life ;
Soothe thy stripes with the balm of joyful hope :
For to *him*, the loosening of the silver cord,
The breaking of the golden bowl, was but the glad
Fulfilment of a long and joyful dream.

M. R. C.

HELEN CARR.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE down platform of the King's Cross station in London was thronged with a crowd of travellers on one glorious summer afternoon fourteen years ago. Doubtless on many similar afternoons before and since, there has been precisely the same busy scene on that platform, the same pushing and crushing, the same variety of faces, anxious and merry, young and old, and the same air of bustle and confusion pervading all; but it is with that especial afternoon, the 27th of July, 1851, that our story has to do.

The down train was on the point of starting, when a young lady hurried across the platform towards the first-class carriages, and paused with her hand on the door of one of them. "Does this train stop at Deanswood?" she inquired of a passing porter.

The man told her that it did, and then she stepped into the somewhat crowded compartment, for Helen Carr was one of those who thought there was safety in numbers, and took her seat near the window. She was a very pretty girl, tall and slight; she had wavy chestnut hair, and honest dark blue eyes, which looked earnestly at you when she spoke, and were only wont to fall at the sound of their own praises. Sundry newspapers were offered for Miss Carr's perusal by her fellow-travellers, but all were politely declined; one or two of her nearest neighbours made stray remarks with the view of drawing her into conversation; but short though courteous answers were all they could obtain in return, and by-and-bye they respected her evident wish to be let alone, and left her to herself and her own thoughts, while the train sped on its way through the glorious summer sunshine and the lengthening shadows.

Helen Carr did not lack food for reverie. A hasty telegram had summoned her to the bedside of one of her dearest friends, and, mingling with her grief at her approaching loss, came thoughts of the future which lay beyond,—for ere long she was to be a wife, so it had been settled, and go with her husband to distant lands.

Helen Carr was an orphan, her father and mother having died within a few weeks of each other when she was a mere infant. Her mother's sister, Mrs. Ross, had had the care of her ever since, and with her Helen had found a fostering, affectionate home.

Mrs. Ross was a widow who had seen bitter trouble. Her husband was taken from her by a malignant fever in the second year of their marriage, and twenty years afterwards, their only child, a fair young daughter, clandestinely married a man of a character so questionable that he had long been an outcast from the society of Deanswood and its environs. The pair sought Mrs. Ross that the young wife might sue for forgiveness when her vows were irrevocable, but intense grief and anger nerved the gentle widow to the one hard act of her life. She shut her door against her daughter, and vowed that she would never see her again. "I had rather she had died," was the sole answer which attempted mediation could wring from her; and the words came from the depths of a breaking heart. The pair wandered away to the Continent, it was said, and meanwhile the widow strove to harden her heart, and to forget that she had ever had a daughter.

It was just after this time of trouble that Helen Carr, as a helpless orphan, was cast upon Mrs. Ross's care. "She shall live with me," said the widow, when she heard of her niece's helplessness, "and I will see that she wants nothing; but I shall never have the heart to love anything again."

By-and-bye, however, the child's winning ways gained for her a sure place in the bereaved heart, and as Helen Carr grew to womanhood, the widow felt almost as much pride in her as she had once felt in the lost Adelaide.

Then, as years crept on, a new generation of young men of the neighbourhood seemed to have made up their minds that Deanswood Cottage was a pleasant place at which to make a morning call, and Mrs. Ross began to tremble. Suppose her orphan niece should involve her in such another trouble as that which had well-nigh broken her heart just nineteen years before?

But Helen was not likely to err as Adelaide had done. She was frank and open as the day; and the first thing she did when John Locksley, the surgeon's son, asked her to be his wife, was to lay the whole matter before Mrs. Ross and seek her counsel. "I like him, auntie," she frankly confessed, "rather much, you know, but I should like to do what you think right."

The flush on Helen's cheeks, and the tremor in her voice and manner, betrayed to Mrs. Ross that there was true, earnest love in the case, and so she sent for Mr. John Locksley and questioned him concerning his prospects. She knew that she could trust him to tell her the plain, unvarnished truth, and so he did. It was his intention to emigrate to New Zealand, he said; he had always had a fancy for the colonies, and his father's brother had settled there and was flourishing. When he came of age he would inherit a small property bequeathed to him by a rich godmother, and it had been settled that the money should be laid out in the purchase of a New Zealand farm,

his uncle selecting and buying it for him ; and that he should then sail at once, and take possession of it. He did not wish, he went on, to expose Helen to discomforts and privations, so he was afraid he must not ask her to go with him on his first voyage ; but he thought he would be able to get a nice home for her in a year or so, and then he would come back and fetch her if she would wait for him. He hoped he had not done wrong by wishing to make sure of her ; he was afraid somebody else should carry off the prize ; and he loved her very much, he added, in his downright matter-of-fact way.

Mrs. Ross listened attentively, and gave a hearty consent to his marriage with Helen, for she liked John Locksley, but she ventured to suggest an alteration in his plans. She did not like long engagements, she told him. She would much rather that Helen should become Helen Locksley, and go out with him on his first voyage ; and she thought it might be managed, if she were to spare them a portion of her income till the New Zealand farm became sufficiently remunerative to enable them to live in comfort. "At any rate," she concluded, "wait a little while before you decide ; nearly a year must pass away before you come of age, and we don't know what may be in store for us between now and then. Whenever anything happens to me, Helen will inherit all I possess, and then she will be able to do as she likes. I have no one else to leave it to." The widow's voice faltered, as she thought of her erring daughter.

The twelve months had nearly gone by when Mrs. Ross was seized with a fatal illness. There was no hope for her, her doctor (John Locksley's father) told Helen ; she might linger a long time—a few months perhaps, but ultimate recovery was well-nigh impossible. For weeks Helen watched and tended her with all a daughter's care ; then Mrs. Ross began to fancy that her young niece showed symptoms of languor and weakness, and insisted that she should go for a few days to some friends in London for change of scene.

It was not till Helen saw that her continued resistance to the proposal worried her aunt, that she consented to go, and even then it was with a heart full of misgivings.

"You will find me as you leave me, please God, darling," were Mrs. Ross's parting words to her. "I wouldn't send you away if there were any immediate danger, but Mr. Locksley assures me there is none. You will find me as you leave me."

But Helen had not been in London twenty-four hours, before a message, sent by John Locksley, reached her :—

"Mrs. Ross is dying. You must come directly."

That was the telegram which had caused her hasty journey in the down express on that sunny summer day. Afternoon had melted into evening, and the moon was rising over the hills, as the train drew near Deanswood, and one by one the familiar objects of her own locality grew out of the twilight on either side. The undulating

meadows, the river, the village houses, the village church, the signal lights of the station, then the station itself, and John Locksley, with anxious face, on the platform.

"How is she, John?" was Helen's first question, as he grasped her hand.

"Worse—much worse," was his answer; "she is alive, and that is all. My father says there is no hope. We must hasten, Helen: the servant is down here—come to meet you,—he can carry your bag."

"Will she know me?" asked poor Helen through her tears, as they left the station behind them and turned into the Deanswood Road.

"She knew me when I was there an hour ago," said John, "and charged me with many loving messages to you; but you will be in time, I hope, Helen."

"Oh yes! don't tell me now, I couldn't bear to hear them. Oh, John, she was as much as a mother to me. What shall I do when she's gone?"

"I will try to take her place, Helen," he said, quietly. Many men would have made all kinds of pretty speeches on a like occasion, but John Locksley had never made a pretty speech in his life; he had great faith in his plain, unvarnished English. "I will work hard for you, Helen,—lead an honest, upright life, please God, and you shall help me."

She pressed his arm by way of answer, and then they went on in silence for a long way. A hundred yards or so from Mrs. Ross's house, however, John Locksley stopped, and said abruptly,—

"Helen, I *must* tell you before you go on. You mustn't be surprised to find an addition to the household;" and he added, in a low tone, "This morning your aunt got a letter from her daughter, written just as she was dying—abroad somewhere,—and she has sent her son, to make peace, I suppose, and Mrs. Ross tells me she has forgiven her."

"Oh, John, I'm so glad—so thankful!" Helen clasped her hands in the fervour of her joy. "You don't know how I have longed for this. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I thought it best to put it off till now," said John, rather shortly, his face half averted.

To tell the truth, the subject was not pleasant to him. To tell the truth, there was a spice of selfishness at the root of his dislike to it, for John Locksley was subject to mortal failings like the rest of us, and the thought had struck him that, as Mrs. Ross had forgiven her daughter, it was just possible that Helen might lose the fortune which had been promised her.

John Locksley was not a mercenary man in a general way, but

this money had made a great part of his calculations and schemes for his future life, and the loss of it would involve a considerable change in all, and the entire overthrow of some.

Helen was so busy with her own thoughts, that she made no further comment upon his reticence, and a few minutes afterwards they were in Mrs. Ross's house, making inquiries with hushed voices.

Mr. Locksley senior met Helen on the stairs.

"She is sensible," he whispered, "quite so; but I fear it is only the wavering flicker before the light goes out."

"Helen's quick steps soon brought her to the hushed and solemn room. There was but little outward change in Mrs. Ross; her pale face seemed only a little paler, her slender hand only a little weaker, than when Helen went away. There was one change, and that for the better. The weary, woeful expression which care had written on her countenance, was all gone, and peace had settled there. Helen thought the cause was to be traced to the forgiveness she had accorded at last, and to the presence of the little golden-haired child whose head nestled trustfully on his grandmother's shoulder.

"Helen, I knew you'd come," said Mrs. Ross, as Helen knelt beside her. "You are only just in time, darling. I have longed for you so much." But Helen's head only sank lower and lower; she could not find voice for words.

"Helen, dear, you *must* listen; you must hear what I have to say. Lift up your head, and then I shall know you understand me."

Helen did so, and Mrs. Ross drew from beneath her pillow a letter, and handed it to her.

"It is from my Adelaide, Helen; she of whom I vowed never to hear more; but she sent it by a trusty messenger, and with it this darling,"—Mrs. Ross's feeble hand stroked the boy's curls;—"and, Helen, I could resist no longer. I was thinking of her a good deal yesterday, and was beginning to see that it is not for such as I—with a load of sin of my own—to be so severe. Would that I had seen this sooner! she is dead and gone now."

"In heaven it will be all right, auntie," faltered Helen, softly.

"Yes, I think so, I trust so, for our Saviour's sake," murmured Mrs. Ross, humbly; and then she went on, her voice weaker than before,—

"Never destroy that letter, Helen; read it when I am gone. And now I am going to confide a trust to you; I know you will fulfil it for my sake. Will you treat this boy in every way as I should have treated him if that miserable cloud had never come between me and his mother? Will you carry out the spirit of her letter—as I should have done if life had been spared me? It is not for us to *atone* for the past, but we can at least make *amends*. Helen, will you promise?"

"Yes, aunt, I do, faithfully ; you may trust me ;" and Helen's honest eyes confirmed her words.

"My darling ! I knew you would. Thank you." And then, with Helen's hand firmly locked in her own, Mrs. Ross seemed to fall into a peaceful sleep. She only spoke once more, to ask for some of her favourite texts, which Helen, with a violent effort, forced herself to repeat. "I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." That was the last ; with the words in her ears Mrs. Ross sank into unconsciousness.

An hour more, and she was gone ; and John Locksley's hands grasped Helen's, and led her away.

In the stillness of her own room, before she went to bed that night, Helen read poor Adelaide Clinton's letter. It was dated from Milan, and written evidently by a trembling hand :—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—So I must call you, in spite of all that has passed, for my experience of life has taught me the exceeding value of the love and kindness which I so recklessly flung away.

"I have been too proud to write to you before, but pain and sorrow have crushed me at last. I am not writing now to beg any favour for myself, but for my boy. He is my only one now ; five more—three sisters and two brothers—sleep in the English Cemetery at Paris, and my husband sleeps with them. I will not write much of him. I will not even ask you to think kindly of him ; but I could not die peacefully if I did not tell you that, with all his faults (and God knows he had many), he was ever a kind husband to me.

"For myself, mother, I am a dying woman, worn out with grief and trouble. Before many more days have gone by, I shall be laid to rest here in this strange city, where nobody knows me, and where there is nobody who will care.

"I have confided all subsequent arrangements to a maid-servant whom I believe I can trust. As soon as I am gone, she will start for Deanswood with my boy and this letter. I do not send to you before, for I could not bear a repulse, and while there is only uncertainty I can believe that you will forgive me, take care of my boy, and not let him suffer for his mother's fault ; and I shall believe too, mother, that when we meet in heaven all this miserable estrangement will be as though it had never been. I say *we*, though I know I have no right to go there ; but I have been thinking a good deal lately of the lessons and truths I learnt at home, and some of the labourers in the vineyard were hired at the eleventh hour, were they not ?

"I am writing from my bed, and am so weak and faint that my hand will hold the pen no longer.

"YOUR ADELAIDE."

Over and over again Helen Carr read that letter—over and over again, till her brain almost refused to take in the sense of it ; and then she pushed it away from her, buried her face in her hands, and revolved in her mind all her aunt's parting words ; for, looked at in the light of Adelaide Clinton's letter, they seemed to her to bear a new and terrible significance.

"Will you treat this boy in every way as I should have treated him if that miserable cloud had never come between me and his mother ? Will you carry out the spirit of her letter as I should

have done if life had been spared me?" Mrs. Ross had asked her, and Helen had faithfully promised, had given her solemn word of honour that she would.

Once more she read over Adelaide Clinton's letter; it was just possible that she had taken a wrong view of it; but no, it still appeared to her, as it had appeared before, that the spirit of it was to beg that the child might not suffer for his mother's fault. If the estrangement had never been, who would have inherited Mrs. Ross's property—thus Helen reasoned in her honest heart—but Adelaide Clinton; and after her, her son? And if Mrs. Ross, having perfectly forgiven her daughter, had lived to carry out the spirit of her letter, and treat the boy without any reference to his mother's fault, would she not have altered her will, bequeathing all her property—or at any rate the greater part of it—to her grandson, remembering her niece perhaps by a trifling legacy? Reasoning thus, it seemed to Helen Carr that, according to strict honour and honesty, the boy should still inherit all, and that she could not touch a penny of it without robbing him. She doubted not that, in her aunt's existing will, the whole of the property was left to her; and she knew that, in that case, the law of England would give it to her; but it was a question of conscience, not of law. The reconciliation between mother and daughter had come too late to allow of an alteration in the will, so Mrs. Ross had entrusted her wishes to her niece's high principle, possibly forgetting, in the weakness of her last hours, the trouble which might thereby be caused. That was the light in which Helen looked at the matter, and she felt that she would sooner die than betray the trust.

And yet it was a terrible blow to her, this sudden change in her prospects;—all her bright hopes of happiness as John Locksley's wife dashed to the ground—for many years, at any rate; no relatives who could give her a hospitable shelter till brighter times came—nothing to depend upon but her own exertions.

The tempter was busy in Helen Carr's room that night; and over and over again she fought against the conviction which had forced itself upon her. Was all this fearful self-sacrifice absolutely necessary? Was there no loophole through which an escape might be made? Why should she suffer instead of Adelaide Clinton's child?

But at last the honest heart refused to fight against honour any longer, and Helen Carr flung herself on her knees and prayed for strength to keep her resolve.

A long time she knelt, till the summer dawn struggled with the light of her wasting candle, and then, weary and worn out, she lay down and sank to sleep.

And meanwhile John Locksley, on the opposite side of the road, had been congratulating himself that Mrs. Ross had died without altering her will.

CHAPTER II.

"WANTED AN ORGANIST for the Parish Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Minsterleigh. Salary £50 per annum. Good references, musical and otherwise, indispensable.—Address, The Rector, St. Michael's Parsonage, Minsterleigh."

SUCH was an advertisement which appeared in a midland county newspaper in the October following Mrs. Ross's death. The rector of St. Michael's had plenty of applications for the situation, and among them a letter written on paper having a very deep mourning border, and signed "Helen Carr." The writer frankly stated that she had never filled such a post before, but that unexpected circumstances had obliged her to seek employment to gain a livelihood, and, having studied under good masters, she thought she might be found capable of conducting the musical part of the St. Michael's services; she concluded by giving the needful references.

The young rector liked the frank tone of the letter; slipped it into a packet of applications labelled "apparently suitable," and wrote to Miss Carr, to appoint a day for her to display her powers on the St. Michael's organ, in turn with the other applicants. He seemed to know that he was addressing a lady, and felt constrained to add that he was sorry to subject her to such an ordeal, but that the appointment did not rest wholly with him, and there were others in the parish who would only be able to judge of the various candidates by such a means.

It was with some trepidation that Helen read his letter, and it required a desperate effort to make up her mind to go to Minsterleigh, as was proposed; but she summoned her courage at last, and began to practise vigorously in preparation for the ordeal.

Poor Helen! She had undergone a terrible trial in that summer which was now fading into autumn. Firm and unshaken in the resolve which she made on the night of her aunt's death, when the funeral was over, and the will, bequeathing all Mrs. Ross's property to her, had been read, she communicated it to John Locksley.

He refused to look at the matter in the light in which she looked at it, and expressed his disapproval in plain terms.

"If Mrs. Ross had told me," he said, when he and Helen began to talk the matter over, "that she wished her grandson to inherit all her property—if she had signified it to me by one single word only—I would have been the first to persuade you to regard that will as so much waste paper, and to throw it into the fire, though, I tell you, Helen, I should have thought it a cruel injustice to you; but for you to build up a theory of your own upon a fanciful interpretation of a dying woman's words, I call it preposterous. When I see a

thing plain and straight before me, I can act up to it ; but I never had a turn for sentiment and romance."

Their argument met the fate of many other arguments ; it grew into a quarrel, and high, angry words passed between them. John Locksley was one of those who never give up a point, and Helen, though gentle and yielding where trifles only were concerned, could be firm enough when right and wrong hung in the balance.

Another time, and yet another, John Locksley sought her and urged his persuasions, but all in vain.

At last, in an excited moment, when he was so angry that he scarcely knew what he was saying, he ventured upon a threat that, if she did not give up the point, he would not marry her.

Of course Helen's pride took fire. More high words followed, bitter remarks which years would scarcely rub out of their memories, and then they parted—for ever, they said ; and six weeks afterwards John Locksley sailed for New Zealand, without a single farewell word to Helen, his heart full of bitterness towards her, and persuading himself all the time that she had ceased to love him, and would not care. He should have seen her standing at her bedroom window, her head bowed, and her hands clasped in mute anguish, watching the train which bore him from Deanswood as it glided away ; and he should have heard the low wail which escaped from her lips when it was out of sight. All her hopes seemed to have gone with that receding train ; all the bright fancies which she had woven of happy days and years to be spent as John Locksley's wife ; all the airy castles of domestic felicity in the New Zealand wilds ; all these, and everything else, it seemed to Helen just then ;—and she was left well-nigh penniless, with only her own exertions to depend upon, the bare world before her, and her love for the man who had parted from her so cruelly, stronger than ever.

Many kind-hearted friends pressed invitations upon her—so many that she scarcely knew how to answer them. She could not accept all, for Helen was of too high a spirit to brook the idea of living upon her friends, but she selected one which offered a seaside sojourn,—necessary to her health, her friends urged,—and also a cheerful circle, in which she would be able to regain her spirits, and, at the same time, seek for employment.

There were many duties to be performed at Deanswood before she left. She had constituted herself the sole protector of Adelaide Clinton's child ; and her first step was to place him under the care of friends who would give him a home-like training, and at the same time fit him for future school and college days. Then she consulted an old friend of her aunt's ; and under his advice invested the child's fortune, that the interest might accumulate until he came of age ; and last of all, she sold the cottage and land at Deans-

wood, the proceeds being laid by, to meet his present wants and the expenses of his education.

It was during her sojourn with her seaside friends that she saw the advertisement respecting an organist for the church of St. Michael, Minsterleigh; and it was from their house, and in company with one of the members of their household, that she set off to take the first step towards gaining her own livelihood.

It was a bleak autumn evening when she and her friend reached Minsterleigh. They had been detained on the road, and were later than they had intended; the lamps were lighted, and gleamed upon them through a watery mist, as they drove through the streets to an hotel.

"I wonder whether that is St. Michael's," said Helen, pointing to the tower of a church which grew out of the fog on their right, as they stopped at the hotel door.

Upon inquiry they found that it was, and Helen took a last look at it before she went to bed, and dreamed all night of the ordeal which was awaiting her on the morrow.

By two o'clock it was over, and the last echoes of the organ had died away among the arches of the dim old church. The decision of the young rector and his parishioners was not to be made known till evening; and it was with a fluttering heart that Helen watched the autumn day fade into twilight. There were a great many candidates—twenty in all—and at least half of them Helen had thought quite equal to herself. She had chosen to play a grand piece of one of the old masters—one of those pieces which seem like words from an unknown tongue, too beautiful, and too far above all earthly things, to bear translation.

Six o'clock came and went, and Helen's heart began to fail: it would not be pleasant to have to go back unsuccessful; but at seven a waiter came and announced the rector of St. Michael's, and the tall young clergyman, with his honest, open-hearted face and kindly grey eyes, came into the room with congratulatory words upon his lips:—

"Miss Carr, I am most happy to say that, after a due amount of contending opinions, necessary to the conferences of such an enlightened body of individuals, my parish officers have given a unanimous verdict in your favour. I hope I need not say," continued the young rector, politely, "which way my own inclinations tended; if I had been deaf to the merits of that glorious piece, rendered as you rendered it, I should have dubbed myself a Goth for life."

With a flush of pleasure on her face, Helen thanked him gratefully. She was not one to deny herself merit when she felt that it rightfully belonged to her—not one to say that she wondered how

her poor performance could have won her such praise. Such remarks always seemed to her to savour of dishonesty. She had a happy consciousness that she had played very well indeed, and she was thankful for the strength which had been given her.

The young rector stayed about twenty minutes, carrying on a kindly, pleasant chat with the ladies, and then he rose to go.

"I do not think Miss Carr will lack kind neighbours among us Minsterleigh folk, Mrs. Dale," he said, as he pressed her friend's hand. "I can answer for her having one—my sister, Mary Vere. I mustn't say too much about her, as I am her brother; but I think you will hear that she is the sunbeam of the parish. At any rate, Miss Carr," he added, as he shook hands with her, "you must take us for good-natured folks till you find us otherwise."

The next day was taken up in securing nice suitable lodgings for the new organist; and on the next, Helen took her friend to the station on her homeward journey, and then went back into the city to her new home, with the strange, sad feeling in her heart of being all alone in the world. The loneliness, however, did not last long; the afternoon brought Mary Vere—in truth a sunbeam, as her brother had called her. She was followed by a boy laden with a basket of indoor flowers.

"I don't know whether you like flowers, Miss Carr," she said, "but I think they make a new room look so homelike. If you had come earlier in the year you should have had better ones, but these are the best I have got."

Helen thanked her gratefully; it was so pleasant to find that there were kind hearts everywhere; and the two girls were friends directly. By-and-bye Helen bethought herself of tea.

"Oh, I should like some so much!" said Miss Vere. "Do you know, I told Edmund that I thought I should have tea with you, for I fancied you would not feel so lonely then; and I told him, if I was not home as early as usual, he was to come here and fetch me. You see, we have designs upon you already," she added, laughingly.

In a few weeks Helen Carr found that she would have visitors enough. Her Sunday playing on the organ charmed the congregation of St. Michael's; and Mr. Vere and his sister having set the fashion of calling upon her, most of their middle-class neighbours followed their example. Moreover, rumours got afloat of the love-story which had driven the organist out into the world, and the half-understood romance threw a delightful air of mystery and interest around her.

Before the winter was over, Helen Carr had made herself well known and much liked in Minsterleigh.

The St. Michael's poor had learnt to love her honest eyes, pleasant

voice, and winning ways ; and the wealthy ones of the parish had found out that the young organist was a lady in every sense of the word, and welcomed her to their houses accordingly. They invited her to their parties, being quite willing to number her tall, graceful figure among their guests ; but these invitations Helen declined : it was not that she disliked society—she was very fond of it, in fact ; but her sensitive nature shrank from the remarks which might be made upon her position by those above her in social rank. It seemed hard, sometimes, to resist the temptation of musical evenings, and to sit at home by her lonely lamp and her lonely work-basket, but when Helen made up her mind to any course, it was her nature to keep to it, and she was faithful to it now.

And so the years went on, and no tidings ever came to her of John Locksley or his whereabouts. And yet she loved him still, as much as ever. In her hot anger she had returned his presents and letters, all but one little locket, with his hair in it, which she had retained ; it was a small, simple one, of little or no value, a birthday present when they were scarcely more than boy and girl, but she always wore it suspended from a slender chain round her neck, and it was always under her pillow at night. Sometimes, too, her Minsterleigh friends would lend her a newspaper, and Helen's hands would tremble as she unfolded it ;—suppose it should contain an account of his marriage or death ! But no news of any sort came to her, and she made up her mind that he had quite forgotten her, and was happy in the wilds, busily winning gold to build up a splendid fortune.

Every day her prayers went to Heaven for him, that he might have strength given him to keep his soul pure amidst it all.

Ten years passed away, and Helen's thirty-second birthday came round. She had altered but very little in those ten years ; the tall, graceful figure was graceful still—a little rounder and fuller, that was all,—and there was not the slightest streak of grey in her chestnut hair. "Miss Carr is just the same, only nicer, because we know her better," was the verdict of Minsterleigh generally ; and the rector of St. Michael's held the same opinion, but in a magnified degree.

On her birthday morning the postman brought the organist a disagreeable letter, from the master of the school where Mrs. Ross's grandson was being educated. It ran thus :—

“MADAM,—I regret much to have to inform you, that on Tuesday, the 19th inst., Henry Clinton left my house without the knowledge of myself or any member of my establishment, and has not since been heard of, though the most vigilant search has been made for him ; the only clue we can obtain is that he inquired the nearest route to Liverpool of a man whom he met in the road, from which fact we come to the conclusion that he has run away to sea, he having always displayed an enthusiastic passion for all maritime matters.

"May I beg that you will not disturb yourself unnecessarily in consequence of this untoward circumstance; but be assured that I will do everything in my power to track the truant, and the first tidings shall be immediately transmitted to you.

"Begging to offer my best compliments,

"I remain, madam,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"CHARLES DODD."

The letter reached Helen just as she was starting for the church for her usual Saturday's practice on the organ. It grieved her much, for the warm-hearted boy, in her ten years' dealings with him, had wound himself round her heart, and made himself very dear to her. Her first impulse was to invent some plan of her own for tracing the path he had taken, and not to rest till she found him; but upon a second perusal of Mr. Dodd's letter, it seemed to her that there was nothing she could do; he had taken the matter quite out of her hands. If she could have chosen, she would far rather have had all the trouble of the pursuit thrown upon her, than be obliged to sit still at Minsterleigh, and trust to other people.

However, she had not time to give way to her grief and anxiety just then, for the Saturday's practice was a necessity; but many tears dropped upon the keys as she played, and she could not train her thoughts to her work. She had just finished a voluntary of Mozart's, and her hands had dropped listlessly in her lap, when a quick step sounded on the stairs, the curtains were pushed aside, and Mr. Vere stood before her.

"Miss Carr, you in trouble!" he exclaimed, as she turned her tearful eyes upon him.

Helen explained, for she had grown to look upon Mary Vere's brother almost as if he were her own; and she gave him Mr. Dodd's letter to read.

He read it over—twice or thrice Helen thought, for he was a long time about it—and then he returned it to her, saying gravely,—

"Miss Carr, I should like very much to help to bear your troubles."

She looked at him wonderingly, and then his long pent-up story came flowing from his lips in eager, passionate words. How he had loved her almost ever since she came to Minsterleigh, and how his love for her had grown greater year by year, and how insurmountable obstacles had alone prevented him from speaking before; but now the obstacles were removed; his sister was going to marry, and leave him, and would Helen be his wife, and take her place at the parsonage?

At first Helen had tried to check his rapid current of words, but finding it impossible, she had sat listening to him, a bright flush on her cheeks, and her hands nervously playing with each other.

When he had finished he bent towards her, expecting her answer,

and Helen forced herself to speak. She thanked him for his good opinion of her ; and then, in broken sentences, she told him the whole truth, the whole story which Minsterleigh had been so eager to know,—how she had loved before, had been on the point of marriage with the one she loved, and how she loved him still, in spite of the hot anger in which they had parted. She explained the cause of the disagreement, and added, that she knew the probability was that they would never meet again in this world, but she could not think of anybody else.

“ But, Miss Carr,” the rector pleaded, “ what you have told me has only increased my love and respect for you tenfold. Is it wise to sacrifice your future life to a buried—pardon me, you told me it was buried—to a buried hope?”

“ Yes,” she said, “ it *is* buried. I never think of seeing him again, but I could never care for anybody else—not in that way, I mean. Mr. Vere, I esteem and—and I like you very, very much, but you ask of me more than I can give.”

Once again the rector pleaded ; he had put the question to her suddenly, when she was unprepared for it ; would she take time to think of it ? He would wait as long as she pleased, if only she would give him hope.

“ No,” said Helen, softly, her voice quivering, for she saw how earnest he was, and she was sorry for him, “ time will make no difference. I would do anything almost for you and Mary—anything but this. Mr. Vere, you must not think me unkind ; I don’t mean it. I have valued your friendship so much, and I can never forget your kindness to me since I have been here.”

“ It has been returned to us doubled, Miss Carr,” he said, and then he pressed her hand, and left her ; but on going down the stairs five minutes later, feeling that further practice was impossible that day, Helen found him waiting at the church door. He walked home with her, carrying her music-books as he had often done before, and gave her hand another lingering, affectionate grasp as they parted at her own door.

Three years further on, three years unmarked by tidings either of John Locksley or Henry Clinton, and Helen Carr was laid low upon the bed of sickness. She had caught a violent cold which brought on rheumatic fever, and for a week she lay between life and death.

One of her old friends, a kind, motherly old lady, came many miles to nurse her and take care of her, and Minsterleigh friends vied with each other in their kindnesses. Mary, the rector’s sister, but Mary Vere no longer, sent loving messages of inquiry from her far-off home, and the rector himself, on his own account, called twice

daily at Miss Carr's door, and sent kindly offerings—sometimes a bouquet of splendid flowers, sometimes a tiny nosegay of hedge-violets gathered with his own hands, and sometimes a dish of fruit, a present to himself from some wealthy neighbour.

After a great deal of care and attention, Helen began to mend; but returning health disclosed a sad misfortune: rheumatism had taken such a violent hold of her that it had left both her wrists perfectly useless—at any rate, as far as organ-playing was concerned,—and the doctors gave no hope of their ever regaining their former strength.

It troubled Helen dreadfully. What was she to do? How hard it would be to begin the world afresh!

"Trust in God, my child," said her old lady friend, over and over again; "He sends the trouble, and He will find a way out of it."

And Helen tried to trust, but it seemed very hard nevertheless.

One afternoon, the first of her coming down-stairs, as she was sitting in front of the fire in her easy chair, she said to her old friend,—

"I wonder what made me dream so of John Locksley last night? Just when I fell asleep after tea I dreamed that he came into the room with you, and I heard you talking in a quiet whisper; and I heard him say, 'Poor thing! poor Helen!' and then I heard his footsteps as he went away, as plainly as if I were awake and he were really there."

"My dear, suppose I were to tell you that you were more awake than asleep, and that he *was* really there?"

"I should say you were joking, dearie."

Then, as she caught a strange look on the old lady's face, her eyes grew suddenly large and anxious: "He wasn't, was he? Don't trifle with me, please."

"He was," said a manly, cheery voice close behind her; and the next moment Helen's poor weak hands were clasped in a pair of strong hearty ones, and a weatherbeaten face, dark with beard and moustaches, was bent down to kiss her.

"Helen, my own, I'm come back in the character of a man who has found out how wrong he was at a certain critical part of his life, and who is truly thankful to discover that he is not too late to regain the treasure he so thoughtlessly flung from him. Helen, for a long time I wondered how it was that all my bright prospects in New Zealand failed to please me; but at last I found out that it was because I had not you to share them with me. Will you forgive and forget?"

Their old friend left them then, and stayed in her own room for an hour, but when she came back she found them just the same

as before. Helen, with her hands clasped in John's, and John standing on the rug, looking down at her. It was all settled then. John had made a moderate fortune in New Zealand, and intended to remain in England for the future, and they were to be married in the course of the summer.—But not at St. Michael's, Minsterleigh. Helen stipulated that, and told John the reason.

"The sharp-eyed parson!" remarked John. "He showed his taste, but I'm very glad he didn't get you!"

"Helen, can you bear anything more to-night?" her old friend asked her, as the evening wore on.

Helen nodded.

"Because, dear, John can tell you something of poor Harry Clinton."

"Oh, John, can you?" Helen turned her eager eyes upon him. "Do let me hear."

"You must keep yourself quiet, my own, and then you shall hear all. The way I made acquaintance with him was this:—It was in our last New Zealand summer, in the week which I hoped was to be the last of my colonial sojourn, when I had made up my mind that I could never forget you, and should never rest till I had come to England, sought you out, and persuaded you to forgive and forget all that had passed. I had made arrangements with the captain of a homeward bound vessel, and my passage money was paid. I was paying a farewell visit to my sheepwalks one morning, when a lad on a rough pony came up to me and inquired the way to the nearest town. We began talking, and he told me his history. That he had run away from school and gone to sea, and that he had run away from his ship at Auckland, and intended to make his fortune in New Zealand; but with all his openness, the lad concealed his name, and everything that might serve as a clue to possible pursuers. I took a fancy to him, and told him that if he liked to stay the night with me I thought I could get him employment the next day with a friend of mine. The boy was as grateful as if I had made him Governor at once, and we rode home together. Within twenty yards of my own dwelling my horse threw me, and I lay on the ground with a broken leg. We had not the best surgical skill near us, and the accident induced a violent illness, which forced me to forfeit my passage in the homeward bound vessel. I don't believe I should have been here now but for that grateful lad. He stayed with me, and tended me as if he had been my son. The little bit of impulsive kindness I had shown him was repaid me tenfold.

"Just as I was recovering, he fell ill with a fever, which was raging around us, and it was my turn to tend him; but I was not much used to that sort of work, and I am afraid he had but a rough nurse, poor fellow! For days and nights he tossed on his hard bed in the wildest

delirium, and the doctor came, and shook his head at him over and over again. I could not make out what he said in his delirious ravings, his words were so rapid and incoherent; not till the last night of his life at least, and then—bending over him to moisten his poor dry lips—I caught the words ‘Helen’ and ‘Deanswood.’ You may think how I listened for more after that, but no more came. The poor lad laid his head on my shoulder an hour afterwards, and died.

“It was not till he was gone that I thought of Henry Clinton, and then I rifled his pockets and found letters which showed me that it was he and no other.

“Helen, I can’t tell you what I felt when I saw that boy lying dead before me in the moonlight. While he was but a stranger to me I would have done a great deal to save him; then I felt that I would give all I possessed if it could bring him back to life.

“The next day, poor lad, I buried him in a nook among the hills, with trees shading him, and a brook making music a little way off. We were in the wilds—churchyards and clergymen miles away,—but I took my Prayer-book with me, and said over him the texts and prayers out of the Burial Service; for I thought of you, Helen, and I knew you would like him to be buried as if he was at home. Then I sat down and thought about coming to England and to you; but a disagreeable idea had crept into my mind. ‘Now that Henry Clinton is gone,’ I said to myself, ‘Helen will have Mrs. Ross’s property after all. Suppose she should think that has anything to do with my going back?’ A long time I sat ruminating by the boy’s grave, till the sun went down, and it began to get damp and cold, and then I went home. But I couldn’t sleep all that night, and for many nights after, the thought worried me so much. At last I could bear it no longer, and I flung it from me, and made up my mind to come home at once in spite of it. ‘My own conscience is quite clear upon the point,’ I said to myself. ‘I hope I shall never stoop to such meanness as that; and if Helen thinks me capable of it, I must try to persuade her that she is wrong.’ But I don’t think she will.”

His eyes turned inquiringly towards her as he finished, and she put her hand in his.

“No, John,” she said, “such an idea would never have entered my head. If I had not trusted you too much to think of such a thing for a moment, I should not have promised to be Helen Locksley.”

HAPPINESS.

DREAM of sweet summer! vision of delight!
 Filling with radiance life's unquiet night;
 Smiling with sunlit gleam on all below
 Of joy which earth can give or heaven bestow.

Spirit of peace, unfold thy golden wings,
 To shudder over all created things;
 Fling thou the blessing from thine outstretch'd hand
 In showers upon the thirsty, sin-stain'd land,

Where many a wanderer, tired and tempest-toss'd,
 Starts to a sense of all that he has lost;
 Sudden and sharp the arrow onward glides,
 And in the wounded, waken'd heart it hides.

Wounded by sin—torn by its deadly force—
 Lured by its lies to agonized remorse,
 Till far away the happy past appears,
 Hidden, it may be, by a storm of tears!

Hidden for ever, seen but in our dreams,
 Where all we feel unsatisfying seems,
 While sullen, with its sad and gloomy eye,
 The shadow of the future passes by.

Youth may be happy; but the touch of care
 Has often left its impress even there.
 E'en happy childhood's untried trusting heart
 To sorrow's sting has learn'd sometimes to start.

Yes! with but few exceptions, over all
 The curtain of unhappiness will fall;
 But those must suffer most whose wilful choice
 Has been to listen to the tempter's voice,—

That syren voice, which with its lovely lies
 Has taught the proud their birthright to despise;
 To grasp the fleeting, perishable toys,
 Which earth so freely gives and time destroys.

Nothing is stable—nought of earth can last;
 All that we care for vanishes so fast;
 And slowly, sadly, does conviction come
 That we have wander'd far away from home.

Home! in the music of that one sweet word
What wealth of happiness for man is stored!
Home *here* may be a rest from sin and strife,
But home in heaven is everlasting life.

And all may turn there from destruction's brink,
And into life eternal all may drink;
The reckless sinner on his downward road
May still return in penitence to God.

Yes; it is not too late. Before our eyes
Our loving Lord in love still holds the prize;
His strong, kind voice is speaking still for heaven,
To tell thee, sinner, that thou art forgiven!

No hand can tear thee from His loving breast,
Who bids thee come, in Him to find thy rest;
Pardon'd for Jesus' sake—thy pardon see,
Seal'd in His blood, who freely died for thee.

The Watch-Tower.

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THE LIFE OF

JOHN ADAMS

BY

JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS

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JOHN ADAMS



"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

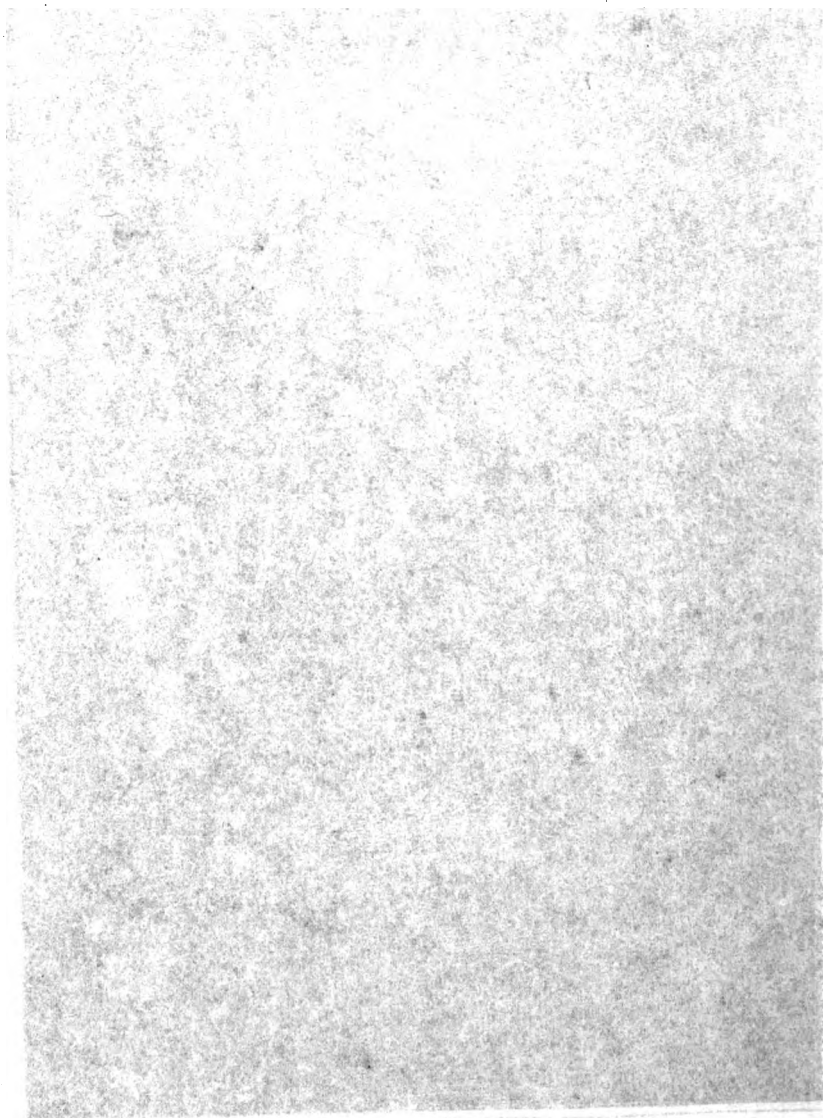
P. 145.

The Watch-Tower.

IN THE VICARAGE.

NO. I.—AUTUMN WORK.

SEATED in a well-worn Windsor chair, before a round study table, bearing on its once bright surface many a record of labor, I have just put the finishing touches to a manuscript written on lined paper, and have closed the covered and rusty box of papers in a case containing it. Half carelessly, half thoughtfully, I turn over these dingy leaves, and rushing on the enabled and disabled handwriting, which has altered so little while its author has been changing so gradually and surely, I am trying to analyse the difference between the writer of to-day and the writer of almost two score years ago. For the ideas I have been slowly working at were first given from the pulpit when I was young, and the yellow, time-worn characters of the manuscript I have closed were recorded by a grey-goose quill, while the bold black marks, crosses, and interlineations now disfiguring its pages, have been added this evening by the steel magnum which pens this article. I have, in short, been adapting one of my old sermons to the feelings of the hour, and propose to repeat next Sunday a discourse first delivered more than a generation back. The thin sheets I speak of were ruled with pencil by myself, for neither the blue printed lines, nor the ingenious machine for so perforating paper as to guide the truant pen, were so common in my youth as now, and the carefully arranged divisions in black-lead speak to the care and preciseness bestowed upon these unobtrusively arranged thoughts. Strange to say, the pencil marks meant to be temporary have survived time and change better than the words they support, and are almost as distinct now as



THE MATCH-BOX.

IN THE VICARAGE.

NO. I.—AFTER WORK.

SEATED in a well-worn Windsor chair, before an old study table, bearing on its once bright surface many a notch and blur, I have just put the finishing touches to a manuscript written on lined paper, and have closed the creased and rusty black leather sermon-case containing it. Half carelessly, half thoughtfully, turning over these dingy leaves, and musing on the crabbed and formal handwriting, which has altered so little while its author has been changing so gradually and surely, I am trying to analyze the difference between the writer of to-day and the writer of almost twoscore years ago. For the ideas I have been slowly working at were first given from the pulpit when I was young, and the yellow, time-worn characters of the manuscript I have closed were recorded by a grey-goose quill, while the bold black marks, erasures, and interlineations now disfiguring its pages, have been added this evening by the steel magnum which pens this article. I have, in short, been adapting one of my old sermons to the feelings of the hour, and propose to repeat next Sunday a discourse first delivered more than a generation back. The thin sheets I speak of were ruled with pencil by myself, for neither the blue printed lines, nor the ingenious machine for so perforating paper as to guide the truant pen, were so common in my youth as now, and the carefully arranged divisions in black-lead speak to the care and preciseness bestowed upon these anxiously arranged thoughts. Strange to say, the pencil marks meant to be temporary have survived time and change better than the ink-written words they support, and are almost as distinct in their faint

individuality as when they flew from the ruler, in that distant little village lodging of mine, in which, by long usage, every incoming curate was expected to reside. There are seasons with all of us when the smallest and least considered of external trifles assert themselves with unwonted prominence, when the stones and the running brooks will make their teachings heard, and when incidents we ordinarily pass by in silence, or utterly ignore, are invested with a weight and significance not their own. Can it be that everything animate and inanimate with which we come in contact has its peculiar lesson ; that hidden away in the storehouses of memory are similes and comparisons we have never consciously made ; and that when all hearts are opened, we shall each find our own charged in a way we little dream of now ? It may be so. It may be that the feeling which makes me symbolize in these pencil-lines tastes and aversions unwittingly conceived, habits unknowingly formed, and life facts of which no cognizance was taken ; which makes me see in the faded ink, knowledge laboriously acquired and rapidly forgotten,—it may be that this feeling is but one link in a great chain, and that from the flickering fire-shadows I see dancing over my old carpet, to the arrangement of the musty volumes in the little book-shelves within reach of my hand, there is not a single object in our outer life which has not its secret mission and its hidden story. Wordsworth must have had some such thought as this when he wrote,—

“ The eye,—it cannot choose but see ;
 We cannot bid the ear be still ;
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
 Against or with our will.

“ Nor less I deem that there are powers
 Which of themselves our minds impress ;
 That we can feed this mind of ours
 In a wise passiveness.

“ Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
 Of things for ever speaking,
 That nothing of itself will come
 Without for ever seeking ? ”

When, therefore, you see a beautiful view for the first time, or are introduced to a new face, or go through some fresh experience, does it not often happen that you seem to have looked at the landscape, talked to the acquaintance, or acquired the special knowledge before ? I think so. It is so with me ; and though the sermon which has given rise to this train of thought has lain quietly in an old valise—purchased when valises were—long enough for children to become men and women, and for men and women to have grown old, it yet seems that I have noted its shortcomings, strengthened its arguments, and amended its style, in dreamland or in reality, many

times before. And what a satisfaction is it, by the way, to feel that we are able to alter for the better the efforts of our youth! Is it not one of the most beautiful compensations accorded by a merciful Creator, that—the Archbishop in “Gil Blas” notwithstanding—long after the bodily powers have begun to fail the intellect should continue to gain strength and force? This reflection is consoling to all who are well advanced down the vale, and has made me alter still further some of the passages in my old sermon. And let me say that every modification has been on the side of cheerfulness and serenity. For denunciations I have substituted appeals, and for terrifying inferences have written kindly, earnest exhortation. I know not how it may be with my brethren, but I find the great fault in my early compositions to have been their tendency to gloom. To the query of Mr. Tennyson’s verse,—

“What shall I be at fifty
If nature leave me alive,
When I find the world so bitter,
And I am but twenty-five?”

most healthy-minded men can give a satisfactory reply. If life has been well employed, age is a happier season than youth. It gives quiet and settled calm for feverish restlessness; and I strictly hold with a well-known writer who said, “My own experience in the sixty-seventh year of my age is, that notwithstanding certain ailments and infirmities, and the privations they occasion, it is just as happy as all the preceding seasons were, though in a different way,—so happy as to cause no regret that they have passed, and no desire to exchange what is for what has been. If youth has hopes and prospects and wishes that enchant it, age has no inferiority even in this respect.” Yes, it is even so. If we have really mastered the great but simple secret; if, whatever be our state and condition, we have learnt therewith to be content; if our cumulative experience has taught its true lesson, and we

“Gain in life, as life advances,
Valour and charity more and more,”

rely upon it after-work is as pleasurable a season as when, in the plenitude of youthful health and strength, we eagerly courted all, and more than all, of the burden and heat of the day. For example, I can smile, not without a touch of pleasurable sadness, at the crude rawness of the discourse I have endeavoured to amend. If, too, as old Fuller has it, “the preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul,” what a grand advantage is it that I can now draw upon my own heart—upon its trials, sorrows, temptations, and shortcomings—for arguments and illustrations meant to reach the hearts of others; and, in the place of theory and surface knowledge

drawn from books, can proffer the wisdom only gained from experience, and exercise the toleration which springs from an intimate and personal acquaintance with the errors of poor fallen human nature!

And here, stretching my hand to the little book-shelf to my right, I take down a familiar old volume, and turn to a well-remembered passage in the writings of that good bishop whose graceless pupil was the second Charles, and who, after suffering as a patriot royalist during long years of civil war, suffered subsequently as an author by having his favourite work—a Latin translation of “Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Polity”—destroyed by fire. Neither from Hooker, nor from Earle’s other pet bit of erudition, the “Eikon Basilike,” which he translated too, do I propose to quote now. The passage I have so often read, with equal amusement and approbation, is couched in more homely Saxon than it is the fashion to use in these latter days. It abounds in little bristling words which hit like well-directed pellets from an air-gun. But because it is germane to the matter before me, and because the words of a Churchman of two hundred years ago express, I am persuaded, the unspoken sentiments of some Churchmen of to-day, Bishop Earle on inexperience in the pulpit shall have place. “A young raw preacher,” he writes, “is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale till the clock stops him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself is the faces. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of twenty several men’s, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered; he has more tricks with a sermon than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school divinity a catechism.”

This is the language of a man who was a humorist, as well as a scholar and a theologian, but how terribly some of its satire applies, let every one who is no longer young, but who remembers his youthful eloquence, declare. For it is necessary to stand apart to appreciate such hits as these. We must be seated out of reach of the strife of the arena before we can judge or criticize the blows given and received. And, after all, can we seniors be sure that our views are entitled to the consideration we claim for them? When the lion in the fable was asked his opinion of the hunting picture, wherein one

of his species was lying vanquished at the feet of the triumphant sportsman, he answered bitterly, that it was obviously painted by a man, and that until lions learn to wield the brush and maulstick, the element of fairness will be wanting whenever man and beast are portrayed. I can quite imagine a young preacher reading Bishop Earle's criticism in this spirit, and will not insist that he would be utterly wrong. It is only to the old that the young appear hasty, impetuous, and impulsive, and it is undoubtedly true that the bishop wrote the preceding after he had passed his prime. And this reminds me of a conversation I accidentally overheard the other day, and which I have frequently reverted to when alone, but have put on one side until I could take its lesson properly to heart. I had been to the stable to look after a favourite old pony whose health has been declining, and upon whom the lengthened severity of this winter has told almost as palpably as upon the old men and old women of my parish, many of whose vacant seats at church bear testimony to the illnesses and ailments under which they labour. To gain this stable from my door, you pass down a short garden walk which is periodically covered with the little round pebbles only obtainable at the sea-side, and, opening a small iron gate, find yourself in the churchyard. Wisely eschewing the path to the left, which would only take you to the river-side, and lead you to inspect the now neglected boathouse, which I once took such a pride in building, and turning sharply round directly you leave the garden, you reach in due course the stable standing at the end of the wall, and almost in the churchyard itself. Another and more usual mode of approach is from the village street, upon which its gates open, and up which my modest little vehicle has been so often driven. As a short cut and purely for convenience, I habitually stroll by the way first named, and thus it was I overheard the remark—for I was wrong to term it conversation—of my good and faithful man-of-all-work Stephen, to his friend and neighbour William Stubbs, who was employed in renovating the churchyard wall. Stephen was in his shirt-sleeves wringing out the piece of wash-leather with which he had been zealously cleansing and polishing some of my equine chattels and ornaments, and Mr. Stubbs looked down upon him from the top of the ladder whereon that worthy craftsman had perched himself, the better to manipulate with mortar and masonry, and generally carry out the behests of the churchwardens employing him. You will readily understand that the plashing of water on the one side, and the attrition of stone on the other, caused these cronies to raise their voices, and that as the stable door nearest my house was open, I stood at the head of the steps leading into the yard where Stephen was at work before either of them knew of my approach. Mr. Stubbs had evidently been passing a favourable criticism upon a sermon de-

livered on the preceding Sunday by the son-in-law of the gentleman in whose hands the patronage of this living lies, and who, having held a curacy (his first) in the South for some two years, is now visiting in our immediate neighbourhood, prior to starting for a lengthy Continental tour. My servant Stephen, who not unfrequently favours me with his opinion on my own compositions, had concurred in his friend's estimate, and added, in my hearing, that he "shouldn't wonder when anything happens to the old master [myself], if he [the young preacher of the Sunday before] weren't brought down here." Thus, in a succinct form, I had the speculations of a member of my household on the results of my demise. I have heard it stated of a great statesman still living, that he once hoaxed the newspapers with an account of his own death, that he might read the opinions of his contemporaries on his character and career. It may be a gratifying experiment to elicit an estimate of your public actions from the public press ; but when your life is as private and retired as mine has been, there is something rather startling in hearing from the man with whom you chat every day of what shall be sown there, or pruned off here, and what will most benefit the few fields you farm,—with whom, in short, you talk over your little plans for the future freely and at length,—it is, I say, a little startling to hear that man speaking calmly, nay, cheerfully, of a contingency which will cause you to have no share in the produce of what is sown, which will make the augmented or diminished fruitfulness or beauty of your garden trees a matter of supreme indifference, and which will hand over the fields in whose fertility you take such an interest to some one you do not know, and of whose existence a few years back you never heard. And it was for the moment the more bewildering, because Stephen's tone and manner implied a continuity of interest for himself. The "something" after the "happening" of which another gentleman is to sit in this study, and another figure is to plead from the pulpit I have occupied so long, is a "something" which is not to affect Stephen in any personal way. My junior by some three years and four months, it gives this good fellow a pleasant sense of superiority to speak of his master as old, and to build up little air-castles as to what will happen under the new *régime*. When I gave a warning cough, he blushed and cleared his throat with such ostentatious promptitude and manifest confusion, that I spoke to him about his wife, who has been long bed-ridden, and in other ways endeavoured to show my esteem for him to be unabated, and my self-love unmortified. If I could have made it seem that I had not heard him speaking, I should have gladly done so, but unhappily I had closed the door I found open, and retreat without noise and discovery was impossible. So I not only know that Stephen talks pleasantly of what will occur when I die, but Stephen knows I

know, and we constantly eye each other—for I am, alas! much alone now, and not a little dependent upon dependents—with a guilty shyness quite disproportionate to the simplicity of the incident.

And this brings me to the great question, Why do we make such a bugbear of death, that even an illiterate serving-man employs a euphuism to express it, and is remorseful, as one who has sadly erred in thinking of it at all? If Seneca could quietly ask, "What is death but a ceasing to be what we were before? we are kindled and put out, we die daily; nature, that begot us, expels us, and a better and safer place is provided for us," surely our faith might teach us to regard the shedding of the mortal husk—the throwing away of the casket that the gem within may shine in purer radiance—with a nearer approach to cheerful satisfaction than we do. "Joining the majority" is not a flippant witticism, but a sober truth to grey men, such as Stephen and I, when contemplating our departure hence. I number in the churchyard over which my windows look many of my dearest friends. The partner of my life, the dear sharer of my early hopes and fears, the one sympathizing soul who knew my every mood, to whom my weaknesses and infirmities were as nothing, and with whom I lived and loved and was truly happy for the greater portion of my life, lies beneath that railed-in stone. The handsome, strong, honest, and adventurous lad who, despite my arguments and entreaties and his mother's tears, would try his fortune in a new country, and who died, we never knew how or where, but of whose demise we had but too sure evidence,—is not his name inscribed on the same memorial tablet? and does not his spirit seem to hover near? Is there, indeed, a single portion of the familiar ground wherein I hope to sleep which has not its own special lesson, from the far corner where lies the old pensioner, over whose earthly remains I read the burial service but last week, to the stately tomb of a magnate of the Middle Ages, which looked as old and time-worn when I first beheld it as now? I have seen in the long years which at one moment form so interminable a retrospect, and at another seem to compress themselves into a span—the years in which I have become husband, father, and widower—every variety of character carried to the house appointed for all. Surely the great lessons of natural equality and mutual dependence are impressed here in the most forcible of practical homilies! The quiet scene before me has so frequently pointed the moral I wish to convey, has so often been laid privately to heart, that it is strange poor Stephen's hapless speculations should have had weight with me at all. Amongst others, did not that learned Dr. Donne, of whom Dryden said, with a compliment savouring of hyperbole, that he "was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation,"—did not he write on the old strain in a fashion I cannot hope to equal? and does not common

sense and reason, even apart from revelation, teach us that, as has been tersely put by Swift, "it is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind?" Yet, despite the accumulated wisdom of centuries, despite thought, speech, writing, advancing civilisation, and widely spreading knowledge, we have only arrived at this: a servant talks of his master's dissolution as a casualty which may or will "happen," and that master, who, by vocation, temperament, and habitual tone of mind, should be permanently fitted for the calm contemplation of the topic, is almost shocked that it should be talked of at all. What a pitiful commentary it makes upon the teacher and taught! The good Dr. Donne I was about to quote just now reminds us that "death comes equally to all, and makes us all equal when it comes,"—an undeniable truism, which both Stephen and I may lay to heart. "The ashes of an oak in a chimney," continues he, "are no epitaph of that, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince thou couldst not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of a churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce,—This is the patrician, this is the noble flower; and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran?" We have here the stoical form of consolation. It is the puerility of human honours, rather than the sublime calm of the grave, which stands out most prominently after the perusal of such a passage as this. But we who have affections fixed beyond the tomb, who have bidden a temporary farewell to father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, wife, and children, and who are patiently waiting our summons to join them, take higher ground. The more sand which has passed through the hourglass of life, the more clearly are we able to see through the empty glass; and while our youth and manhood may be viewed as testimonies to the mercy and lovingkindness of God, our future—its duration and destiny—should be, and we will hope is, left with the same confidence in His hands as if, in very truth, his attributes as our Father were never absent from our thoughts. It is, however, the want of an active and all-pervading consciousness of this omniscience and omnipresence which makes such speeches as poor Stephen's strike harshly on the ear. Let us but feel, and keep firm hold of the great truth, that what we call death is really but the getting rid of an encumbrance, the shedding of a skin, the emancipation of the clay-bound spirit, and we shall neither talk of its "happening," as if it were an

accident, nor be grieved and hurt at our dearest friend or most familiar intimate reckoning on the mundane results of our escaping from a world of disappointment, sorrow, and sin.

The room in which these rambling moralizings are put to paper is filled with what a furniture dealer would stigmatize as rubbish, and which, when the time comes for their being dispersed by auction, or divided among heirs, will never again win the consideration and esteem they have accorded to them now. Partly by the process of drifting, partly by natural selection, article after article which has done its duty in other parts of my house, and at different periods of my life, has at length settled down here as an appropriate resting-place after the labours it has undergone. My study is, in short, an asylum for deserving chairs, tables, and knickknacks, which are either altogether past work, or require to have it gently apportioned to their present capabilities. It pleases me to think that I thus in some fashion award a pension or a sinecure post to those who have served me well; and though my stern friend and doctor, Mr. Hardhead, laughs at the conceit as childish, it is surely as harmless to preserve tenderly things endeared to you by many a past association as it was to cart off, as he did, an old work-table of his dead mother's, and a clock which has been in his family for a century, and after including them, by private arrangement with the auctioneer, in the effects of poor Mrs. Sturdy, then offered for sale, boasting publicly that he cleared £2 18s. by the transaction. Selling your own household gods, parting with the sofa whereon she who is gone reclined during her last illness, changing chairs because they have grown shabby, or tables because they are old-fashioned, is to me domestic sacrilege. I don't believe in the heart or affections of a man who could do this, unless I give up all belief in his strength of head too. There have been mad kings, and others who have celebrated their own obsequies; and it is only on the ground of some joint being wanted in the intellectual armour that one can pardon either a man or woman who deliberately destroys reminiscences which at once soften and humble the heart. If Cowper be right, and—

“The fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race
Maintains its hold with such unflinching sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day,”

be sure that every item recalling it to the mind should be treasured with the tenderest care. This battered old desk, for example, with its once green cloth stained with a bluish-black by age and ill-usage, its wooden framework dotted with initial letters, and with a rude caricature of what seems to be a monkey in gown and bands, with its dim and mouldy-looking brass adornments—can there be a less attractive

desk, *per se*, in the world? The boy to whom I presented a prize for good writing the other day at the National School would assuredly sneer at it; while my new housemaid, who is of a literary turn, and has been accused by Stephen of answering conundrums in the *Halfpenny Guide*, would as certainly refuse to indite a line on its crazy surface. Yet it speaks to me of schoolboy pride, of youthful hopes and fears, manly struggles, successes, and trials, of long and earnest communings with my own soul, and of anxious, humble endeavours to give the result of those communings to the dear friends entrusted to my care. When this dark and murky cloth was new, a surreptitious letter was written on it complaining of school discipline, and earnestly praying to be sent to sea. Ah! the number of idle complaints and foolish wishes it has helped me to form and to repent of since that time! The other letter so carefully composed, so laboriously altered and improved, the letter written and re-written and sealed with a trembling hand, the letter which had for answer permission to "come and talk" was the letter which bound one heart to me through a wearily long engagement, through years of subsequent happiness, through sickness and sorrow, through toilings and joys, even unto death. The letters written on this desk, too, from that queer little room in a learned old city, a little room looking upon a bit of grass held to be sacred by all the orthodox as much as ever cow was by pious Hindoo—have they no story? Mixed up and intermingled in hazy fashion with the acknowledgments of remittances, the invitations to drink wine—port and sherry, with, at rare intervals, a bottle of claret, to which the liquid now sold under its name is but a thin potation indeed,—the exercises and copyings, the lengthy crossed epistles beginning "My own," and ending "Ever most fondly,"—mixed with all these comes the offer of that appointment abroad, the acceptance of which would have altered the tenor of my life as completely as if my foolish school-lad wish had been granted, and I had been shipped off as cabin boy in the next outward bound. Bronzed, and pensioned with a possibly diseased liver, and yellow, hairy face, I should perhaps be at this moment debating over an odd trick, or eating curry in a London club; or, more likely still, should be lying quietly and forgotten in some Eastern cemetery, where my bones would bleach and moulder under an Oriental sun. The cogitations, the counsel-seeking, the advice asked, and the diverse resolutions taken, when the offer of that appointment came! Surely my friends were kept in ignorance of the loadstone holding me to dear old England, and that wealth and honours and distinction were as nothing in my sight if their purchase involved separation from her,—*Her*,—or they would never have argued so bravely, or insisted so eagerly on my seeing my own interests with their eyes. I know the pain, not to say indignation, my refusal caused. I remember the bitter little

speeches of unsympathizing relatives—the unpleasant prophecies and depreciating comments of family friends,—and recalling with gratitude the career of modest enjoyment and I hope quiet usefulness it has been given me to pursue, I thank God for inspiring me with the resolution to run counter to advice and act on the dictates of my own heart. And without inculcating a spirit of rebellion in the young, or encouraging that overweening self-confidence which is one of the vices of the age, I would still say that in the great crises of life all men of mental stamina must think and act for themselves. The counsel of friends, if followed, would invariably lead you into doing what they themselves would do under similar circumstances. If men were all made on the same pattern, like forks and spoons, this would answer admirably ; but after allowing for differences of temperament, of disposition, and of gifts, I incline to the opinion that the only valuable counsel in matters of grave moment is that held between ourselves and God.

But the changes this desk typifies to me are legion, and it is difficult indeed to credit that the sober, chastened man now writing so placidly can ever have thrown his energies into trifles, or been almost as deeply interested in some affair of the moment as he now imagines he is on the great business of life. That writer knew human nature who said, “As we advance from youth to middle age, a new field of action opens, and a different character is required. The flow of gay, impetuous spirits begins to subside ; life gradually assumes a graver cast ; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest ; that is, to pleasure diffused over a wider extent and measured by a larger scale. Formerly, the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention. Now, no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim. Wealth and power, the instruments of lasting gratification, are now coveted more than any single pleasure ; prudence and foresight lay their plans ; industry carries on its patient efforts ; activity pushes forward ; address winds around ; here, an enemy overcome ; there, a rival to be displaced ; competition warms ; and the strife of the world thickens on every side.” Happy are they whose lines have been cast in pleasant places, who are spared the bustle and turmoil of great cities, and whose way of life is sufficiently elevated to be free from the miserable shifts and sordid cares of poverty, while it is too lowly and insignificant to excite envy or provoke anger. The day comes when the love and esteem of your fellows, and the consciousness of having played your part, if not brilliantly, at least honestly, is of more importance than noisier and more pretentious triumphs. This is what the journey I am making round my room leads me to declare, as I note item after item and remember the people they have seen. That old rocking-chair, which

in course of time had its cane seat replaced by wood, and became hard to the sitter, and unpopular in the nursery in consequence, tells of that halcyon, half-mysterious time when, in all the pride of first paternity, I held a warm and breathing bundle of lace and long clothes in my arms, and listened lovingly to—even while I made a show of deprecating—the enthusiastic encomiums of the nurse and such of her village gossips as were assembled to do honour to the parson's boy. The serious cogitations when the time for christening him approached, the private deliberations as to who should be asked to accept sponsorial honours, the dread of offending there, the innocently prudential wish to propitiate here, the long, and, at the time, intensely interesting discussions as to what his names should be, the infantile ailments to which he became a prey, our terrified astonishment when he persisted in becoming black in the face without, as the monthly nurse's successor feelingly remarked, "rhyme or reason," and our indignation at the doctor's indifferent manner when informed of the novel and complicated malady under which our darling suffered—are all brought to mind by that old rocking-chair. The ceremony known in the uncouth jargon of the district as "wetting t' bairn's head," and which consisted of a number of crones and superannuated peasants bringing votive offerings to the cradle, and being supplied with gratuitous stimulants in return; the first unassisted toddle from mother's to father's arms; the first attempt at articulation, and the powerful effort of imagination which declared it to be my name; the first walk, the first school, the first parting!—ah me! how vista after vista of human interest opens out when we once give memory play! Beyond that chair, and hanging from the wall against which fishing-rod and a long array of substantial walking-sticks are reared, is a leathern telescope-case and strap, purchased long before I had any thought of rocking-chairs, and which brings to mind a certain reading party in Wales, before the Continent was such a glib possibility as railway and steamboat have made it, and when even pedestrianism at home was rather an exceptional than a common pastime, but when we read doggedly, and walked bravely, and were as blithe and hopeful as all lads ought to be. For it is in the next few years, or sometimes months, that we are under the influence of the factitious gloom I instanced just now. The first taste of the responsibilities of life, the first discovery that we have prescribed duties to perform and defined relations with our fellows to preserve, almost always acts as a corrective to high spirits, and not unfrequently throws the young worker into the opposite extreme. But before we have donned harness, and when we feel all the dignity of manhood without its cares, the mere consciousness of life suffices to make us merry and light of heart. A very clever clergyman of our own time, from whom I differ on many points

of doctrine, of discipline, and of politics—a clergyman who is the avowed head of a school of writers who, as I think, dwell far too strongly on that lust of the eye and pride of life which Christians, “muscular” or otherwise, have authority for condemning,—put into the mouth of one of his fictitious characters—an old woman singing at her wheel—these exquisite lines :—

“ When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad !
And ride the world away !
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

“ When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And every sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down ;
Creep home, and take thy place there,
The maim'd and spent among ;—
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.”

Surely we have in these two verses given to us, in simple, tender fashion, the philosophy of life. Even the late Mr. Thackeray, whose week-day preachings were not so remarkable for their tenderness to frailty as for the iron truth with which they branded sin, made one of his characters, a bankrupt, braggart, cheating, lying Irishman, declare that he always felt more affectionate when he was in trouble. This scoundrel had robbed his mother, and was habitually guilty of a thousand petty and degrading sins ; but the chastening hands of sorrow and of time exerted their usual influence, even over a nature coarse and bad as his, and the longing for some one to whom his good as well as evil qualities were known was the touch of nature connecting him, though at a long interval, with honesty and repute. Depend upon it, when the regal beauty, whose infinite variety age could not wither nor custom stale, looked back regretfully to her life in Egypt, and dwelt upon its wit, its dalliance, and its strife, her yearning for the face she “loved when all was young” ran through and tinted with a still more sombre hue the bitter contrast between the present and the past. The faces of most of the dear friends the contents of this little room bring before me have not been gazed on save by the mind's eye for years. Many of them have gone into the house appointed for all living. Neither the history nor present surroundings of others are known to me ; yet they all speak with an eloquence fiction could not reach, and leave me with a softened and not unpleasing melancholy at my heart. “All the days of my

appointed time I will wait till my change come," wrote the most sorely tried of the patriarchs of old ; and in the case of all thoughtful men gratitude for abundant mercies and continued blessings must always be predominant when reflecting on life, its trials, deprivations, shortcomings, and rapidly approaching end.

And now, dear reader—dear to me in proportion to the interest you feel in these hints and revelations of my inner life,—let me for the moment say farewell. It has been said that if any man would truthfully set down, and in simple language, his private history, he would add an interesting and instructive book to the library of mankind. It can only be on similar grounds that such prosings as these can be acceptable at all. I have even heard of people who think it wrong for any one to write about themselves, and of others who think it wrong for a clergyman to publish at all. These latter critics consider men of my cloth as sermon-preaching machines, and regard the production of aught more secular as subversive of the laws of order and the fitness of things. Others again would have you believe—as if the soul and heart could be always in a state of tension—that because you smile at trifles, take a sympathetic interest in men's pursuits, and even view their errors with something of Christian toleration, you have no right to write seriously or think tenderly out of canonicals. But what Montgomery happily termed, in his "Pelican Island,"—

"Labour, the symbol of men's punishment,
Labour, the secret of men's happiness,"

is so sweet to the accustomed hand, that I suppose we penmen would continue to weave our ideas into words, even if we were certain of censure and averted looks as the penalty of publication. It pleases me to think that several of those who know and love me will easily recognize the writer of the foregoing, and that from study to stable, and from ivy-covered porch to churchyard, I shall be accompanied by at least some readers who will recognize familiar ground, and appreciate the feeling under which this essay was penned. We read that when Nabal was very drunken his heart was merry within him ; but that the next morning, when the wine was gone out of Nabal, his heart died within him and he became as a stone. Happily for such of us as have drunk the wine of life, and who have before us only its lees, our hearts need neither die within us nor become cold. Our days for boisterous merriment are over, but if we have not forsaken the fountains of living water to hew out broken cisterns that can hold no water, our impulses are as tender, and our joyful faith stronger and more pure than when half intoxicated with the sweet scents, bright hues, and smiling faces besetting us in the morning of life. And this sums up the contrast I promised myself

to draw between then and now. The fire in the grate before me is almost out; the shadows on the wall have assumed sterner and more fantastic shapes; poor Stephen has been in three times to ask me, with sleepy and half-petulant significance, "if I rang;" the moon has travelled half round the old church opposite, and its reflection on the railed-in tomb has changed its side; the solitary baying of a distant farmhouse dog is the only sound breaking the silence of the night; the desk-lamp before me shows flickering signs of dissolution, and everything around seems to whisper that "after work" should come repose. Taking the hint, I slowly fold up the closely covered sheets of paper, throw down my pen, and, followed by the snoring little terrier at my feet, pass up the quiet stairs and through the dark and slumbering house to rest.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

I.

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
 The enemy's camp-fires blaze:
 Over plain and valley, a falcon's flight,
 I see the lines of lurid light
 Veil'd by a smoky haze.

II.

There's the flash of a signal-fire!
 And lo! through the midnight black,
 The stir of a multitude, moving nigher—
 And the terrible escalade grows higher,
 As our sleepless foes attack.

III.

Watchman, what of the night?
 That peril has pass'd away:
 But still be ready for truth to fight,—
 Though the morning star in the East shines bright,
 We are not safe till day.

IV.

Still must this lonely tower
 By my patient feet be trod,
 Till the utter defeat of Satan's power,
 When the siege is raised at the sunrise hour
 By the angel hosts of God.

MAY-DAY.

BY THE REV. I. R. VERNON, M.A.

MAY-DAY ! The glow of the mere word ! “ *It is not always May ;* ” no indeed, nor when May comes is it always just what we expected it to be. The May-day of the poets and the May-day of ordinary experience are held now-a-days to be two distinct things. “ *May has set in with its usual severity.* ” This has been a jesting saying ; and, indeed, the bitter east wind does often blight the trust of the confiding primroses, and white-clad pear trees, and rose-robed peach espaliers, and silver-arrayed cherry boughs ; driving mortified mankind back to warm under-waistcoats, and winter socks, and linsey-woolsey gowns. Ah, *those old Mays*,—so we talk, ever fancying the past and the future (especially the past) better than the present. Those old Mays, they were different, we think, from those that come to us now. And truly we must not venture to affirm that we can often match with reality the following exquisite description of the old ideal May :—

“ All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one huge cloud,
Drew downward ; but all else of heaven was pure
Up to the sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel. And now,
As though 'twere yesterday, as though it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these)
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedgerow cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbouring field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves ;
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills ;
The mellow ousel fluted in the elm ;
The redcap whistled ; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day.”

There ! but that sounds almost more like June than May now-a-days. It makes one feel inclined to lean upon a stile and enjoy for an hour or two the mere fact of *living* ; that feeling—

“ When life is sweet, we know not why,”

and hearts, even in their autumn, become spring-like with the spring.

However, we do sometimes have a May-day of the ideal kind, and at worst, *some* fair straggling days mostly come into the month to redeem its title to our love. And such an ideal May-day shall be in my mind while I put down my few thoughts on the May.

May is pre-eminently the month of the return of the flowers, the eloquent flowers, that have so much to teach to those who listen to them with the key of God's revelation in the heart,—

“Consider the lilies of the field.”

These are the words of the Great Teacher, and truly how sweet and resting a lesson—if we would but learn it and lull our cares to sleep—did He teach to His true followers when He spoke those words!

“Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless.”

Flowers, *preacher* flowers—they have been thus called by a heavenly-minded divine and poet. Hear him in his garden:—

“And flowers were preachers, and (still stranger) drew
From their own life and course
The lore they would enforce;
And sound their doctrine was, and every precept true.”

And the hedge pulpits of May are thick with these preachers, and the garden beds so thronged with them that you would, at first sight, have fancied them the congregation rather, bright in their silks and satins. And though all speak together their voices do not clash, and there is no confusion; and though they never leave off preaching, yet no one ever tires of their sermons. You may find in their speaking, sentiment, poetry, morality; but with all these, and above all these, if you will listen, you will hear them declare the glory of God, and show His handiwork.

May-day! What a May meeting of these gentle, and loving, and tender preachers assembles together on that day! And how suggestive this thought of their holding a May meeting will seem to be, if we dwell on it and expand it! For have not they their missions to the heathen? In the dark lands they are part of God's witness, and God has left no shore without some of these quiet, eloquent little missionaries; you find them hard at work before you already, in even every land to which you may go. They have also their home missions, which they zealously and industriously fulfil; they preach in buildings and in the open air; they neglect no nook of the country, and here and there you are pretty sure of finding one or two of these additional curates labouring lovingly and sweetly, and giving

real and effectual pastoral aid in the close and dark lanes of the crowded city. Sweet preachers, with so many tender, and cheering, and soothing, and loving lessons to impart, now God has interpreted to us those teachings !

I have a pleasant recollection of these lovely and loving May meetings, as taking place every year, on May the 1st, in the old home in which I was a boy. Let me recall them to my mind ere I even take my seat among the great congregation of my readers, to listen to the May-day sermon of the flowers.

There was a good space of gravel before the front door in that old home, entered upon through wide, dark gates, crested with eagles on the posts ; entered upon, yet further in, through two old chestnut trees, that held arms, as though for the game of oranges and lemons, for all who passed through. Through these dark gates and up towards those chestnut trees, at an early hour of the morning, flitted sundry minute stragglers ; now two or three with a garland ; now a solitary waif, bearing a stick crested with a small bunch of cowslips, &c. But all these were sternly bidden by our watchful and implacable servant to retire. For her orders were to direct all the candidates for pence to come, at a certain hour, together.

You should have seen them streaming in when that certain hour came. In clusters and in units, single spies and in battalions, bearing from the merest handful at the top of a stick to the largest and stateliest garland. Truly our front gravel walk was littered with limp cowslips, faded lilac, and dying hyacinths, for the rest of the day after the children had gone.

And then there was the dear Father in the dining-room, watching beamingly and genially from the window till the children should have all assembled, his pile of halfpence crammed into a brown holland bag, and possibly a fourpenny piece or two, or even a sixpence, lurking in his mind and pocket for any very extra large and noble garland. In they swarmed and in they straggled, until at last they were drawn up in front in a half-circle like a fallen rainbow. A fair sight : young bright faces and fresh spring flowers, both abundant and well matched. A fair sight, when we came out on to the steps under the porch,—the May meeting of the preacher flowers was complete, and heaps of delegates had flocked from the towns and cities, well as from the rural districts ; I mean, of course, from the gardens, as well as from the woods and lanes. There were many speeches delivered (indeed, those left on the gravel kept preaching on to me, as they lay a-dying in their freshness and beauty) ; but since the sentiments were not expressed in words, I do not think that the young bright faces ever sobered into a listening seriousness, and only one or two of the elders heeded the silent eloquence. The children were chiefly concerned, I believe, with the exciting distribution of pence ;

the garlands, and even the handsome poles receiving praise and pence—the mere wisp of flowers, or single head of lilac surmounting a stick, coming in only for admonition and halfpence.

Well, I have described the May meetings; it remains now to give a sample of the speeches or the sermon of the flowers, one suitable for the May.

“Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.”

Let us take, then, the thought arising so naturally from the crowded thronging of the angel flowers out of the bare earth in this month of May—a thought also already in our mind from the Easter season which comes to us hand-in-hand with the May,—I mean the thought of the *Resurrection of the Body*. And it is important to dwell upon this truth (which, though the flowers could never have taught us, they yet come in sweetly to illustrate and confirm), because it is wonderful how in popular sermons, and popular religious books, and common conversation it becomes—unconsciously and for want of thought—slurred over, or ignored and left out altogether. And yet it is a doctrine full of comfort, full of beauty, full of truth. It is pre-eminently a *Christian* doctrine, the doctrine which was inconceivable to the clever Greeks on Mars’ Hill, though among them, no doubt, were those who held that doctrine of the *immortality of the soul* which Plato had reasoned out so well before. “*But how are the dead raised up? and with what BODY do they come?*” That was a question with them, an incredulous, wondering question, for a long time. And we all know how St. Paul answered it, by the simile of the small perishing grain, and the tall, fair new growth that sprang from the ruins of the old. *Resurrection*; that word alone, even, can of course mean nothing less than the resurrection of the *body*. For surely no Christian, at least, would doubt that the *soul* is already alive, indeed, has never died.

And how much these preacher flowers have to say on the subject of the resurrection! It will be only difficult to compress their teaching into anything like limits, and to deal, in short space, of this fellowship of the Easter season with the time of May. I did not mention, just now, that I have actually heard a sermon in church preached by these preacher flowers—very innocently, and so simply, and sweetly, and unaffectedly, that the most stern advocate of entire plainness and simplicity would yet have listened graciously to their pleading, and have loved to see them where they were. For it was the custom, in a little secluded country parish that I knew, for all the school children, on Easter eve, to go out into the woods and lanes

and fields, and to take toll at the cottage gardens, and thus to collect great quantities of flowers. Then they all laboured busily to tie them into little bunches,—hundreds of bunches; and then these were placed in many washing-tubs in an inch depth of water. All along the open sittings in the church, holes were drilled; into these, pegs were stuck, and so, on the Sunday morning, it was easy to fix on every peg its little bright bunch of flowers—chiefly yellow primroses—on the dark oak. And when you came into church on Easter morning, how sweet a sight awaited you! Lines crossing lines, and all of *risen* flowers—not an evergreen admitted among them. So that the preachers were there already, and the whole church seemed to cry out, as you entered, “It is Easter day! Christ is risen from the dead! Look at our resurrection, and rejoice, O fleeting race of dying men!” The church was always crowded on that day, and there seemed something touching, and that stirred strong, though tender emotion, within the heart, as I rose to preach among the still congregation of the people, and the voiceful congregation of the flowers. I felt an unwillingness to disturb their silent eloquent sermon. I shrank from obtruding my weak utterances upon what I almost felt to be God’s own words, perfect, and simple, and sublime, the only thing on earth that seems untainted by the fall; born of earth, but so unstained by it as to seem to have come to us straight from heaven. Yes, the flowers seemed to me to be always God’s very words, and all I could do seemed to be just to endeavour to interpret them.

For how easy is it to imagine the earth in the winter-time to be one vast and bare and melancholy churchyard! Bulbs, and fibres, and all kinds of roots and seeds,—each lies, as it were, in its grave, brown, unattractive, and as though dead, seemingly indeed little else than the ground which closes it in. But the May has come, and the spring angel has called them; and lo! how the innumerable multitudes have started from their graves!—not dark and dull and earthy, as they lay in them, but transformed into angelic beauty, exquisitely lovely, endlessly various. Regard that rich spike of that dark hyacinth; compare with it the lilac, and with this the early rose, and with all these a million others as different, and each with its share, its degree of beauty. How astounding, how infinite the variety! how absolute the perfection! how suprising the transformation! how fraught are all these with sweet heavenly lessons!

Let us turn our thoughts now to the churchyard through which we passed to church—ay, to the whole face of the world, which is but one vast cemetery. The millions of bodies—among them the one or two that we love so much—lie dark, and changed, and mouldering, closed in by the earth, or become a part of it now. The soul is not dead—this we know,—but the body? shall we behold that again, that which was once so familiar to our eyes? Shall the naked soul

be clothed upon? and if so, how? "*With what body do they come?*"

The written words of God have answered our question; and the blossoming words of God have for ever taken up the chorus, with their million million voices and tones. The body rises, it rises the same body, but oh, how different! As different as the tall golden sceptre of the wheat, or the drooping rain of the oat, or the tasselled, waving spike of the barley, from the brown rotting grain that was laid in the mould; as different as the tall angel-lily, or the "deep tulips dashed with fiery dew," or the scarlet sword of the gladiolus, or the clustering white of the yellow-eyed narcissus,—as different as all these are from the sluggish, unpromising bulb. As different as the thick-petalled scented magnolia, or the fragrant white masses of the May, or the dim, faint depths of the crowded lilac, from the buried creeping fibres of the dark roots that spread underground. As different as the freaked gold of the rare-scented wallflower, or the "darling blue" of the speedwell, or the delicate diversity of the balsam, or the quilled precision of the aster,—as wonderfully different, I say, as are these from the little lifeless seeds that we lowered into the ground, crumbling the fine mould over them—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The same, then, but oh, *how different!*

And we have the warrant of Holy Writ for this illustration. I am but trying to go on with the song of which St. Paul gave the keynote, in that famous 15th chapter of the 1st Corinthians. And, mind you, one little nugget of Bible-gold can be beaten out, oh, into miles of gold-leaf by the thoughtful mind and loving heart.

And notice,—The glory of the resurrection compared with our homeliness in this brief life, may be, indeed, well hinted to us by this comparison of the flower-angel that springs from the homely bulb, or seed, or bunch of fibres. But another thought, another head of this resurrection sermon of the preacher flowers, is suggested to us now. The *germ* of that ethereal beauty, which bursts from the plain ground out of the bulb, *had already been placed* in that bulb by its Maker *ere you laid it in the garden bed*. And now do you see? The *germ* of the *heavenly beauty* must have been, by God's Spirit, placed in this poor earthly heart of ours before the perishing body was planted in God's garden that surrounds His house; the germ, I say, must have been formed there, in this life of discipline, if ever a radiant shape of glory is to burst from the wintry earth when the great Easter-time and the great Spring-time come, for the last need that shall call them, hand in hand into this garden of God. There will be, alas! many and many a rotten bulb on that day; but, thank God, many a one also that through the long winter was not dead, but only sleeping. Ah! let us watch and pray, and use every means of grace, in order that God's Spirit may be forming such a germ

in us now ; and then we must just wait patiently until He shall appear, for now we cannot even *guess* what the FLOWER will be.

To recur to the head of the different and infinitely various beauty in flowers. There are many lessons to be learnt from this. One,—How endless, infinite, inexhaustible, are God's thoughts of beauty ! for these flowers, be it remembered, are but embodied thoughts of God's mind ; and under the single head, "FLOWERS," in but one speak in His systems, how astounding the variety of exquisite ideas ! Now go higher, and just peep, on the tiptoe of thought, at what may be included under the head—PLANETS. And go out into the warm May night, and look up at that gauze scarf of heaven, the Milky Way, and catch one far glimpse at the mighty marvels that may be classed under the awful head—SYSTEMS. And then go back into your small sphere of work again, and never fear but that there will be employment enough for the most active and untiring mind and body throughout the great Ages of Eternity.

Another lesson—How good God is to give us this variety of beauty ! How kind ! A little pale, monotonous blossom would have, no doubt, sufficed for mere *use*, in developing seeds and fruits. But our Father has provided not merely *necessaries*, but *luxuries* even, for His fallen children. What a proof of His kindness ! what an earnest, again, of the beauty and delight of the *unfallen* world !

A third thought comes under the head of this *variety* in the flowers—a thought that fits in well with the subject of their Easter sermon and May-day speeches. These infinitely diverse, yet always beautiful flowers will serve to explain to us how there can be degrees in heaven, and yet all be satisfied there. Ask you, How can one be said to be *perfectly* happy if there is above him a yet higher degree of happiness to which he cannot attain ? These flowers, I say, make it all clear to us. For is not the humble daisy perfect ? and yet who would not say that the rose has a higher, nobler perfection ?

We shall rise, all who fall asleep in Jesus—we shall rise like the flowers, each beautiful, each perfect *in his degree*. From the little green weed-flower, which *is* yet a flower, to the speedwell, and the forget-me-not, and the daffodil, and the heart's-ease, and the chestnut bloom, and the garden flowers, and the hothouse flowers, there will be an infinite gradation and variety, but all will be in their degree perfect. There will be no jealousy, no discontent, and that for this very reason, that each has *its own perfection*. The gradation is not, I mean, from cankered rosebuds, up through more or less of imperfection, to the perfect rose ; but the violet has attained to its own proper perfection, just as the lily has to hers ; and the little celandine may gleam up brightly from the grass, all the more happy because above it opens the distinct and different beauty of the rose. Ay, even amongst the roses themselves how vast the variety ! and among

many of these flowers, quite differing in colour, shape, growth, it yet might seem impossible to award the meed of highest perfection.

This world, let us ever remember, is the nursery-ground. Here the gardener has us under His care. He has made us, He gives us all that we are, or can be. But He has made us plants with will and reason—according to our use of His care, according to our watchfulness and prayer, and use of means provided, shall our culture progress, and the next year, after death's winter—the year, I mean, of eternity—find us flowers for the meadows, or for the palace-rooms of heaven. And while yet in that nursery (we are taught on the best authority) the degenerate vine may develop into the good vine, the tares into wheat, under that husbandry, and the fig tree, long barren, blossom and bear at last; also, what was a mere wild, single flower may be by that Gardener developed into the rich, rare double blossom.

Earth is God's garden, then, under God's care; a garden of immortal beings as well as of perishing flowers; and the undying growth may learn much from the innocent, fair flowers that fall by its side. To the worldling they tell but of evanescence and failing hopes; to the earnest Christian they seem God's crowding promises, as they edge his path with their sorrowful, sweet eyes. Sorrowful, I say, or rather grave, for nothing lovely in this fallen world but makes us sad with a foreboding and a recollection of something that is not, but that was, and is, in a higher degree, to be yet. Just as we remember, in days of childhood, the sorrowful yet yearning eyes of a sister when we were in disgrace; so, I fancy, the angels and the flowers look upon this fallen world, that will not, though it might, be reconciled to its God.

Earth is God's garden, mostly under the winter of death. And what shall we say as to the resurrection of the bulbs and roots that rotted in the ground? for we did not pursue any analogy for them. Yet an analogy there is, ready to our hand, if not from the *flowers*, at any rate from vegetation. Ugly fungi and damp lichen and charnel mould are the loathsome growth that start up after the *first resurrection* of the spring is over, and when the damp days of autumn have come: this is the only second life of the rotten, wasted bulbs. Sad, suggestive thought! But we will not dwell upon it, only hint it in a May-day paper.

And now, have we not had some profitable and eke loving speeches at this our May meeting of the preacher flowers? Have they not preached to us a sermon well fitted for the Easter season? Hear, then, its end. The loveliness of soul and body to which we look forward was purchased for us by our dear Lord. From Christ the germ must come here; from Christ must the perfection be derived hereafter. In Adam all die; in Christ must all be made alive. When

He shall appear, and the winter earth shall burst into blossom, what is it that will insure universal loveliness amid the infinite variety of the immortal growth that springs, at that Easter call, from the cold, damp prison of the grave? How know you that he or she whom you, in a great darkness of anguish that yet was not unlit by hope, suffered perforce to be lowered into the narrow house—how know you that that dear one who, living, loved the Lord, shall burst the bands of that prison-house in angelic beauty and immortal youth? “When He shall appear, *we shall be like Him.*” If Christ is being formed within us here, then not only the *soul* shall be transformed—shall be a new and changed thing, strong and holy, and having attained, instead of weak, and sinful, and feebly striving,—not only the soul shall have perfected its renewal, but—what?

“He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.”

Think of that May-day gathering of innumerable, all various and all lovely flowers, and cheer up, patient and loving brother or sister, may be in sorrow and in toil. For that discipline is preparing thee in this nursery-ground to blossom, perhaps, a rare flower in the Palace-Gardens of God. Fear not, whatever the Husbandman doeth to thee; least of all fear when He planteth thee in the ground. Keep fast, by God's grace, the germ of Christ's righteousness within thee, and when the soft air of the Resurrection Day calls it forth, *thyself* shall marvel at the FLOWER!

THE HOLY LAND.

"THE East" is the one quarter in which the hopes and aspirations of the world centre. The Jew still gazes thitherward in expectation of his Messiah; the Moslem sees there the spot where all that was mortal will undergo judgment; and the Christian beholds there the fulfilment of prophecy, the solace for present trial, the assurance of future life.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon is one of the latest travellers who brings us news from that land which is the true link which binds this world to the next. In his "Holy Land," a book full of the brightest word-pictures, broad speculation, and deep philosophy, we have his varied experiences of that quarter of the world where gods have clashed with gods, and where the mystery of the one God and one Lord was revealed to man.

Syria, the home of the chosen people, to whom was imparted the knowledge of the true God, has ever been "the prolific soil of creeds." Mr. Dixon points out how Phœnicia lent her gods to Egypt, Egypt to Greece, and Greece to Rome, "so that when Venus and Jupiter returned to Galilee in the wake of Cæsar, they were only coming home to their parent soil." The shores and valleys seem to teem with rival deities, as these are enumerated in an eloquent passage, in which the author observes that "the Jews, the Christians, and the Moslems trace back their faith to these Syrian shores, on which there has always been, as there is even now, an abounding nursery of religious creeds. In the days of Herod the Great as many deities sought for supremacy in Galilee as fight in the Lebanon now; Ashtoreth over the Sidonians, Molech over the Syrians, Isis over the Egyptians, Dagon over the Philistines, Manah over the Ishmaelites, Artemis over the Greeks, Jupiter over the Romans." Mr. Dixon is of opinion, that if any man ever existed who could have fused these diverse peoples into one nation, making fellow-citizens of the Jew and the Greek, Herod the Great was the man. How he might have succeeded, but why he also failed, is shown in a brilliant portrait-character of a man who is masterly etched in a few words, as being "by birth an Arab, by profession a Jew, by necessity a Roman, and by culture and by choice a Greek." The measure in which Herod was each of them, not by turns, but at once, is admirably well put. "An Arab as Napoleon was a Corsican; a Jew as Henri Quatre was a Catholic; a Roman as Mohammed Ali

was a Turk, Herod was an Hellene of his free choice." Nevertheless—with all his art, all his ability, all his power, all his craft, cunning, and expedients, all his triumphs in war and in peace, all his pagan courtesy, all his orthodox zeal—Herod disappointed and alienated all parties. His political genius was not equal to the task of converting Syria into a nation on the principles of a cultured and a liberal Greek; and his personal life, as Mr. Dixon remarks, "was such as to estrange from him the sympathies of all good and honest men." After describing this personal life, and the darkest shades in the character of this lustful and cruel king, and depicting the shade with as much power as he paints the light and glory with beauty, such as only a master hand can give to the work, Mr. Dixon sums up the case between Herod and his accusers and defenders alike in these eloquent words:—"Genius, valour, courtesy, eloquence, and taste had come to nothing, to worse than nothing, in Herod's hands. He had crushed the nobles, but he had not raised the multitude. In fighting against the intolerant spirit of the Oral Law he had toiled to a noble end; but the means to that end were beyond his reach, and perhaps beyond his conception. The way to unite a crowd of hostile sects into one people is not by pandering to every passion and delusion in its turn, but by kindling in the whole body of rivals a new spiritual passion hot enough to consume the old. Herod provided games, rites, comedies, architecture, for a society too much corrupted ever to become a nation except by being born afresh. To become one in heart, Jew and Greek required, not old shows, but a new spiritual life. But this new life of the Spirit is a gift which kings and governors have not to give." It seems to us impossible that a case so boundless in its bearings could be described, examined, and explained with more terseness, perspicuity, and truth than it is here by Mr. Dixon. It is strange that around the cradle of the blessed Prince of Peace there should be no peace; that in the once abiding-place of the chosen people there should be no distinct people; that when the old law and the new dispensation were proclaimed and enshrined, there should be no law, or what is the same, no observance of it. Tents and towers, convents and mosques, but no race, no people, no law. "In the province of Galilee," says our traveller, "there are perhaps as many gods as in the time of Herod the Great." Mr. Dixon looks out from the hill of Nazareth, and in that noble landscape counts the habitations of Christian, Jew, and Moslem, "each sect as intolerant of the other as, in the apostolic times, an Arab was of a Greek, a Samaritan of a Jew." Is there peace more to the North, where Druse assails Maronite, and Maronite repulses the Druse; and where, hated by both, dwells "that sect of the Ansayreh, whose obscene rites no Frank has yet been suffered to see, and live." Mr.

Dixon marks, not without lamenting, the strife and division that prevail everywhere. "Men who herd goats detest their brethren who till the ground, as if the quarrel of Cain and Abel had become an inheritance of the tent and field." As of old, and foretold, every man's hand is raised against his brother. It is almost with a despairing tone that Mr. Dixon sums up the sad testimony by saying, "The charities and affinities which, in Europe, soften men's hearts, are here unknown. Love of country and pride of race are phrases which convey no meaning to a Syrian ear. In Syria there are now no Syrians, nothing but hostile races and rival sects. The very name of Syria," he adds, "is unknown to the natives," being the delusion of a Greek sailor, from whom it descended to the makers of books and maps.

Then, again, as God had a sacred name which no Jew dared pronounce, as Rome had an appellation different from that of Rome, which no religious and patriotic Roman would presume to utter in more than bated breath, scarcely a whisper, so there seems to have been a name for that holy place which the Greeks called "Nazareth," and which has not been delivered down, by tradition, to man. Yet, before the name of Nazareth was given to it, the village was there, between the sunny hill and bubbling fountain, and shepherds, craftsmen, and vine-dressers were in its street, its fields, and its synagogue; the place was, indeed, as humble as it was lovely; but it was to become one of the most remarkable places in the history of the world and of men. Yet, of what came to be called Nazareth, "no poet, no ruler, no historian of Israel had ever yet taken note." In the days of Rachel, in those of Ruth, ere there was tower on the hill, or camp had been pitched in the valley, no one could have surmised "that one who would become dearer to the fancies of men than either Ruth or Rachel" would hallow it for ever. "The magistrate of Siphoris," as Mr. Dixon remarks, "*must* have known the village name, but the hamlet was never mentioned by the Jewish scribes." It is assuredly in the utmost degree remarkable that "in the Bible, in the Talmud, in the writings of Josephus, we search in vain for any records of this sacred place." The old inhabitants, husbandmen, and oil-pressers lived secluded in the lanes and in the fields about this hamlet, far away "from the bright Greek cities and the busy Roman roads." That Nazareth once possessed an Arabic or a Hebrew name we cannot doubt; but we are ignorant of that name, "except," as the author remarks, "in its Hellenic form."

But let us turn from discussing names to the description of places. In describing them, as in painting characters, whether the mighty, the good, the evil, and the daring men of old, or those in power or in penury, of the present day, Mr. Dixon exhibits rare

picturesque ability. Herod the Great comes from his hands like a colossal statue from the hands of a sculptor; and the Syrian Pacha, or the shuffling Jew, stands before us, under his presentment, an almost living photograph. But the chief abiding-place of the Jew will excite the greatest interest.

The sanctity of Jerusalem is probably the prevailing sentiment with every pilgrim who gazes on it for the first time. It is a sanctity which men of very opposite faiths unite in acknowledging, for it is the shrine to which many opposite inspirations are directed. Actions committed at Jerusalem, according to Medjired Din, whether they be for good or evil, go for a thousand times the same actions committed in any other place. More hearts have beat tumultuously or throbbed deliciously, there has been more chastening tears or hysterical laughter, more impatiently tender gazing forward along the road that leads directly to the City of Cities, than along any other portion of the earth's broad way; and yet the vicinity is not touched by beauty. A winding road traverses the rocky limestone, and the waste and stones increase as the city is approached. A bramble in a clift, an olive in a hollow, may salute the eyes now and again, but with that exception there is no vegetation deserving the name. "Rock, white and blinding; rock, broken into fragments; rock, burnt into powder, stretches before you and behind. At length, when the long reach of water, twining gloriously rugged and picturesque round the base of cathedral, synagogue, and mosque, appears in sight, the eye clings fondly to the figure of a single palm, shooting gracefully up from a garden in the city, near the Jaffa gate; and on the right, in a deep, natural trough, to an olive plantation, in the midst of which nestles the Convent of the Cross. The aspect of the land is stern and desolate, and the great city itself seems to spring from the centre of a rolling plateau of stones and graves."

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that the city of to-day, while it preserves many relics of the older cities that have occupied the same site, is, in its details and appearance, essentially different from them all. The fashion of kings rarely changes in the East; but Jerusalem has suffered mutation, for the spoiler has been there often, the Saviour but once.

The glories of the old city exist only in its memories. It is in itself desolate; and though its traditions survive, the scenes of their action are hotly disputed; the streets were always nameless, though the Bakers' quarter derived a name from the vocation carried on there. The Dolorous Way and the Street of David are born only of the tender remembrance or the affectionate pride of Christians. To the native race they are unknown. Yes; the desolation that was prophesied has descended on the most renowned of the cities of the East. Her streets are unpaved; the rock on which the city rests pierces here

and there through the soil, as if it would fain split it into wider destruction. Fragments of the old glory only impede the path of the wayfarer, or serve to remind him of irrecoverable splendour and irretrievable ruin. Down each lane runs an open sewer, in which is every abomination, offensive to sense and menacing to life, festering and waiting for the tardy cleansing rains. Terrible remedies have sometimes been applied for the cure of terrible evils, arising from this horrible condition of the Holy City. More than once, when it has been choked with filth and threatened with pestilence, "the gates are said to have been opened in the night, for the hyenas to enter and devour the waste, a means of escape from the abomination which would be used more frequently, were the inhabitants not more terrified by the chance of a visit from the Adouan than by fear of the plague."

But the highly picturesque springs from the deep destruction around, and the ruin and irregularity which present themselves at every turn. Artists and nature abhor straight lines, and there are none in the Holy City. Waving outlines, angles that are almost impossible, and broken surfaces, with the Greek glories of Herod mingled with the Saracenic glories of Saladin, are before him who gazes with a mixture of sorrow and admiration. In the vaults of a ruined palace the Arab plies some trade; in the cellars of a once great hall the Hebrew lazily follows some unprofitable vocation; coffee-house keepers establish themselves in the first floor of a house which is the crypt of a church; and braziers, barbers, corn-chandlers, and tanners divide the fallen Hospice of the Knights Templars with tenants who have converted other parts of the ruins, adjacent to the Holy Sepulchre, into baths and bazaars.

Much of the beauty that now exists, and some that lies scarred and in ruin, is not a relic of the Hebrew time. Mr. Dixon reminds his readers that "none of the beautiful towers and cupolas which adorn the modern city existed in the time of Annas. Jerusalem owes that beautiful feature, first to the Byzantines, next to the Saracens. A Hebrew roof was flat, having a screen of open tiles going round the ledge, at once to prevent children from falling off, and women from being seen. No belfry broke the sky-line; no minaret reared its graceful form into the air. The style of all Jewish building was tame and flat." Yet it had magnificence of aspect, which may be ascribed, as Mr. Dixon suggests, with much probability, "mainly to its rocks, its ravines, and its walls, to the heaving ground on which it stood, to the splendour of Pilate's palace on Mount Zion, and to the gold and marble of the temple front."

Every footstep made through the city is on sacred ground. In whatever direction the eye turns, the gazer is reminded of some event that nearly concerns the human race, and *him* especially, as a portion thereof. The chapters devoted to these subjects are full of a peculiar

beauty; but, doubtless, to the majority of thoughtful readers, the most interesting chapters in these graceful volumes will be those which refer to the present condition of the Holy Sepulchre, and the future history of those who live around it.

The first church that was erected over the Holy Sepulchre was the work of Constantine. That and several of its successors were destroyed by Oriental sects or tyrants. For a thousand years the sepulchre and the church have been in the keeping of the Mahomedans, who hold Him, whose mortality there established the warrant of immortality, in higher respect than we are made to believe in our books of elementary instruction. "By the disciples of this Arabian creed," says Mr. Dixon, "the Holy Sepulchre has been kept, on the whole, and with rare exceptions, open, free, and safe."

There is much there, however, that will not edify a pilgrim, however ready he may be to yield to the influences of the place, and to the spirit which belongs to the vicinity and all within its limits. In the very doorway, a squad of Turkish soldiers are in possession of the church and its treasure. Some are on duty, some idling; none are acting unbecomingly, but there is much seeming unbecomingness in their very presence there, and there is still more in the condition of that over which they are supposed to keep watch and ward. Mr. Dixon says that in three or four days the pilgrim becomes reconciled to the Turkish guard, as a minor evil. "A little experience of life in the Rotunda, as it may be seen from dawn to sunset," suggests to the traveller's mind some explanation of this great mystery,—Why has Providence, in its wisdom, taken from our care the custody of our most sacred shrines? This tremendous question he thus discusses:—

"It is not because we are feeble. It is not because we are poor. It is not because we are distant and lukewarm. The masters of Delhi and Algiers might become the masters of Jerusalem in a single week, if it depended only on the assertion of physical power. But we are weak in the spiritual charities of brotherhood and forbearance. Among the crowds who gather in this porch, and worship under this dome, there are twenty rivals, and not two brothers. A pilgrim from one country believes the pilgrim from another country to be a heretic and a scoundrel, a deserter from the true Church, a denier of the true God. The monk of Mount Gareb scowls on the monk of Mount Zion as on a man who is hurrying to his bed of everlasting fire. What a Catholic peasant of Connemara thinks of a Presbyterian tradesman in Derry is something tolerant and fraternal compared with the bitterness of heart in which a Spanish padre speaks of a Greek, an Armenian pastor of a Copt. With each it is a shrug and a curse. Every friar in Jerusalem imagines that his Christian neighbour is damned beyond hope of mercy, being worse, far worse, than a knighted Moslem, an abandoned Jew. A Turk has no better light. A Jew has been cursed with a heart of stone; but what excuse can a Christian pastor imagine for a brother who has had his choice, and has wickedly selected an impure creed? . . . It is in this fierce spirit—a Galilean, not a Christian spirit—that we judge each other at the tomb of Christ. Greek meets Nestorian, Latin encounters Copt, on a spot which each professes to revere, asserting that his brother is not his

brother; that he is a stranger and worse than a stranger; an intruder into the holy house, whose presence in the shrine is a positive abomination in the sight of God. Hence, our only salutation is a scowl of hate, our worship is a scuffle, which requires the presence of negroes and Bashi-Bazouks to prevent it from degenerating into a daily fight."

To those who have seen, in camp churches, how the Roman Catholic soldiers march out, and their Protestant comrades march in—how these are succeeded, perhaps preceded, by the Presbyterians, and how all things are done decently and in order, the following passages will not bring matter for pleasant comparison :—

"Each sect has a right to its turn of service before the shrine—a service of chants and candles, much clouding of incense, much blazing of flambeaux, much glamour of incantation in ancient and mystic tongues—making a scene as wild as the bronzed and picturesque men whom it appears to kindle into flame. The Copts, say, are standing before the shrine long before they have finished their service of sixty minutes, the Armenians have gathered in numbers round the choir, not to join in the prayers and genuflexions, but to hum profane airs, to hiss the Coptic priests, to jabber and jest and sneer at the morning prayer. The singers repay them in frowns and curses. As the hour draws nigh for these Copts to cease, the men who should be their brethren begin to rear and push, one side trying to remain a second of time beyond their right, the other side elbowing them away a second before they are bound to retire. To steal one moment from the false church is held to be a victory for the truth. Often these priests and worshippers come to blows; but on the very first cry of an attack—an affair of candles, crooks, and crucifixes—the Turkish guard is under arms and on the spot; and, unless blood has been drawn, in which case the church is cleared and locked up, the ferocious rivals are allowed to complete their hymns and prayers under the protection of a line of Moslem matchlocks. Each party in their struggle looks on the Turkish soldiers as its allies against the others; and it may be said, in plainer words, that among the Greek and Armenian Christians of Judea, many would not scruple to join the Dervishes and Fakeers in cutting every Latin throat in Jerusalem."

These facts, as Mr. Dixon thinks, reply to the query, why Christians are not thought worthy of holding the guardianship of the one shrine of universal Christendom. The Moslem admits freely every one who desires to kneel and pray there. Mr. Dixon asks if there would be equal freedom under the guardianship of any single sect? "Would the Russ divide his privilege of grace with a Frank? Would the Greek permit the Pope to kneel at his holy shrine? Would the Chaldean tolerate the presence of either an English Quaker or an American evangelical near the tomb? No one believes it, no one imagines it." But what each would fain have for himself and co-believers, all might feel pride in maintaining, and all might joyfully contribute towards such maintenance. But what are the facts? The great dome over the Sepulchre, which should be, above all other domes, a work of marble and gold, "is a wreck. The plaster is falling from the wall; the metal has been stolen from the roof; the paint has either been washed away by the rain or scorched away by the sun; and the showers of winter come rattling through the rents..

Any day, any hour, this magnificent tomb may be destroyed by its crumbling canopy of stone and lead." This condition is a consequence, not of priestly jealousies, but of political feelings. The springs of these vices are traced by Mr. Dixon to European cabinets, each sovereign of which would fain hold the keys and lock out all but his own co-worshippers. The evangelist who lived long in the world after his Master had departed from it perhaps foresaw something of what would arise. He strove to obviate the consequences in the sole legacy which he bequeathed to the Christian world, in the imperishable but faintly heeded words, "Little children, love one another." Mr. Dixon sums up this great question by remarking that "so long, perhaps, as we Christians have so little of Christianity as to forget that we are brothers, the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre will be left with the more liberal and impartial Turk."

Such is the Christian aspect, such the Christian prospect, in the land which we hold to be, above all others, holy. With regard to the Jewish aspect and prospect, these, too, do not tend to encouragement. The Jew wails and waits, folds his hands, eschews work, hates the outer world, lives on its alms, is never cheery or industrious, whether he be native born or sent hither from cheery and industrious climes. He is altogether a delusion and a snare to those excellent Christians in those very climes, who think to restore the Jews by sending them to Jerusalem, and supporting them there by alms which suffice to keep them idle. As for the Jew possessing the land on which he will not even work, it is slipping away from him into the possession of the busy, far-seeing, land-loving Greek. The Greek priors in the chief convents are the great barons of Palestine. The Latin monks are only exiles, some of them criminals, longing to get home again; but the Greeks are—some native, others willingly resident—ingratiating themselves with the people, learning the language, supple and insinuating, adding acre to acre, winning the respect of the Bedouins, and mastering the country and the people.

In Jerusalem, as in other parts of the Holy Land, the traditions which fix the scenes where events of great moment or of surpassing interest have occurred are for the most part exceedingly trustworthy. What Tischendorf calls "demands on our faith" are, indeed, made upon the traveller long before his eyes reach the dim outline of the sacred city. Common, every-summer tourists will remember that at Loch, on the Rhine, there is a perpendicular rock; a panoplied knight is said to have ridden full tilt up the face of it. In proof of the fact they exhibit the saddle. So here in Jaffa. Travellers in the ancient days were told that Andromeda was bound to the rock, exposed to the mortal assault of a sea-dragon, and rescued by Perseus. The skeleton, or some portion of the skeleton of the monster was shown at Rome in support of the legend.

Mandeville turns the legend inside out, like the New Zealand version of Hero and Leander, and alludes to a rib, forty feet long, as that of an antediluvian giant who assaulted the daughter of Cepheus. Sir John also saw the marks of the rings by which the chains had been fastened to the rocks. Some persons have seen in this legend a perversion of the story of the deliverance of Jonah from the whale. But the whole fable is cleared up when we remember that Neptune in his rage drowned the country, that he sent the sea monster to which Andromeda was to be sacrificed, and that Perseus, who rescued her, came on the wings of a favouring wind. We read in these volumes that Jaffa is the most dangerous port in the world. "A steamer may now and then stand off the town, a mile or more from the rocks, but she will only come thus near when the winds are low and the waters calm. A puff of storm from the west or south warns the sailors away from this perilous coast, and for week after week of bad weather the place is cut off from communication with the world." Even in moderate weather to land at Jaffa savours of peril. "As we near that wall of rock, one of the dirtiest bits of reef in the world, the crests of foam break high above its top, and cover it from our sight. Hot and blinding glares the sun; the slit is about twelve yards wide, and to miss it as we rode through the breakers in our tiny shell would be instant death." The slit is the niche in which Andromeda was—in which Andromeda, Jaffa, still is—rock-bound. When the monster sea is shrieking and tossing at her there is danger, but when Perseus, on favouring air, advances and changes the monster itself into rock, that is, when the sea subsides and the rock is visible above the comparatively calm waters, Andromeda is "safe," and Jaffa accessible to all comers from over the ocean.

At Ramla the Mahomedan raises a demand on faith in the same way that Christian tradition establishes it. Under a column lie the forty faithful companions of the founder of Islam. Beneath a tower sleep the forty martyrs of Sebaste, who have given their name to that beneath which they sleep. Between Ramla and Jerusalem is the "Latrûn" of the Franks, interpreted by Dr. Richardson the "Den of Thieves." Mr. Dixon, however, seems to accept the signification assigned by early Christian monks. "The new name of Latrûn, completely superseding that of Modin, comes from Disma, the penitent thief, who is said to have been a bandit on this very road, lying in wait for merchants in the Bab-el-Wady, where, hiding behind rocks and pouncing upon unarmed men, he spoiled them of their goods, and sometimes took away their lives. By a habit of the language and the people such a hero was almost certain to give his name to the place in which he lived. Modin became Latrûn as Kuryet-el-Enab, Village of Vines, has become in our own day Abu Gosh." This is an excellent illustration of the vein of truth

that may be found in those legends which are called "demands on our faith." But Mr. Dixon corroborates the testimony adverse to the character of the people, for he says, "Willing to avoid the gentry of Latrûn, who are said to be a gang of cruel thieves, we drop quietly down the hill-side, and spring into our saddles, just as the village dogs have found us out, and we are spurring through the rosy light towards Wady Aly, before the villagers come into the open with their spears and matchlocks." For some of the traditions no account can be rendered. Near Wady Aly is a square block which Mr. Dixon takes for a Crusader's fort, and the Arabs call "Deir Eyub;" but "why such a building should be called 'Job's Convent' there is not a soul to tell."

It is otherwise with the pillar set above Rachel's grave near Bethlehem. The memorial stones, upwards of 3,000 years old, are still there, "protected by Moslem piety, beneath a Saracenic dome, covering that which, in the eyes of every Jew, is the most sacred dust in the Holy Land." It is otherwise with a far more important locality connected with ever-sunny and smiling Bethlehem, where many of the young men are, as David was, bright-haired and fair-complexioned, and where the young girls are full of innocence, beauty, and laughter, as if happiness and refinement were the possession of the Bethlehemite Christians for ever;—we allude to the place of the Nativity.

Protestant writers, without denying, have doubted the genuineness of all the so-called places. In the majority of cases the doubt has no foundation. Least of all, as Mr. Dixon shows, is there resting-place for scepticism with regard to the inn and stable where Christ was born. Around the Khan of Bethlehem the bands of Johanan raged during the ten days that Jeremiah was praying to the Lord. A khan, or inn, was one of those places sacred to hospitality, which might, indeed, fall into ruin, but the site of which was not likely to be ever occupied by a meaner edifice. The inn of Joseph and Mary was, therefore, that of Jeremiah; it had been the house of Chimham, and probably that of David and of Ruth. Tracing back, all this is presumable, at least; coming in the direction of our own era, what follows is undoubted.

The house of Chimham was known by his name five centuries after his death. The birthplace of Jesus was a holy legacy and memory to Christians; and an Oriental, like Justin Martyr, who knew the place, could find nothing but what was in agreement with the manners and customs of the country then, and are not opposed to them even now. In less than a century after Justin, the Empress Helena visited a site, the tradition connected with which could not have departed from memory; a knowledge of the site of the Khan of Bethlehem, the cave of the Nativity being still close to it, must have

been cherished in the minds and habits of the Bethlehemites. Over it Helena raised the Basilica of the Holy Nativity, and fixed the spot for ever. No man has ever doubted that the Church of Helena is the same in site and substance with that now standing over the sacred cave.

The wells, the springs, and the fountains, things that do not perish, or which, perishing, leave unmistakable traces of their being in all after times, have been great aids in the identification of many localities which, perhaps, could not have been ascertained but for the "bearings" thus furnished.

To Capernaum, next, certainly, to Jerusalem, the mind turns with a certain fond interest; for Jesus loved that abiding-place before He came to denounce it as ungrateful. He dwelt in it for a season with four of His disciples, cured the possessed man, made the withered hand whole, and gave health to Peter's wife's mother and to the man shaken with palsy. His crowning miracle there was the raising of Jairus's daughter from the dead. Notwithstanding these miracles, there are no demands on our faith in localities here, since no localities are pointed out as the scene where they were enacted. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the city has ceased to exist, and men are at issue as to its very site. Mr. Dixon will be found to have set this question, as he has done that of the site of Cana, at rest; but we refer our readers to the text which discusses it in these volumes. We confine ourselves to the statement that the author is disposed to recognize the site of Caphar-na-Hum (Capernaum) in Tell Hum, a mound of ruins on the west bank of the lake of Gennesareth. But, with regard to the miracles performed there, no demand is made on our faith. There are bearings given by old writers, whereby man may reach Shiloh, Ebal, and Jacob's Well. The Eastern and Western Churches have preserved the memory of the sites of scriptural events; of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Baptism, the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, of all the solemn events that followed, even to that of the Ascension, the site of which is the axis, so to speak, of the faith of all who believe in the resurrection through Christ. But these churches have left the memory of the scene where Christ made whole the centurion's servant, where dwelt the good nobleman whose son He had restored, and of the scene of other miracles we have previously recorded, to perish with the city. "The churches are dumb;" and there is no other record of the scene of the miracles and sermons at Capernaum.

It is not quite the same at Nazareth; yet few are the demands there made on the traveller's faith. There is no tradition delivered to, or forced on the traveller, as to the synagogue, or the locality of the synagogue, in which Christ read the text, which *He* explained as being applicable to Himself. "No synagogue of the time of Christ is

now standing in Nazareth, or even in Galilee, to picture the place in which Jesus taught." But the ruins of such tabernacles are so scattered about, within twenty miles of Nazareth, that a skilled architect might rebuild from them "a synagogue of Galilee, true to its original in every sense."

Manners and customs have changed in so small a degree in these districts, that the life, morals, and buildings of a thousand or two thousand years ago are, with small modifications, those of the present hour. The biggest ruin in Bethany is said to be that of the house in which Lazarus lived and Jesus lodged. If it be not so, it is certainly the ruin of a house which resembled that of Lazarus, and the likeness of which may be seen around; for in Syria there is little mutation: as Abraham encamped and David built, so now do Arabs pitch the same tents and Pachas erect palaces. At table and in the mart, at home or in the field, all is done nearly in accordance with the old law of custom; "a fact which renders the daily life of Palestine a continual illustration of the sacred text." We collect from Mr. Dixon, that Esau still eats his pottage, but without selling his birthright for it; and that the sons of Rechab keep their lofty scorn of wine, planting, and living in houses. Job's plough is still at work, asses and kine tread the seed into the ground, the olives are shaken from the boughs as in Isaiah's time, the trees are grafted as in the days of St. Paul, and in the like old fashion does a Syrian build, and "a Syrian house is a stone tent, just as the temple was a marble tent." The *lewan*, or archway, in front of the Syrian house, is the old opening or doorway of the Arab tent. Beneath this lewan the whole family sleeps till the chill weather comes down upon the land, when the members of the household creep into one of the little rooms connected with the lewan, "closing the doorway with a mat, just as their fathers closed the tabernacle entrance with a veil." In such a house, many of which exist—and many might be built out of the ruins which encumber the ground—Lazarus was established, Mary and Martha lived, and "Jesus, on His visits to the Holy City, lodged."

If the house of Lazarus may not be indisputably identified, it is otherwise with the inn or khan where the good Samaritan sojourned and Jesus found shelter on the way between Jerusalem and Jericho. On the very spot where that khan would be established stands a pile of ruins, in which all the parts of a noble Syrian inn are easily traceable. The Arabs still find refuge in the wreck of courts, archway, and walls of Khan Houdjar; and there is a demand on our faith that is not to be gainsayed, when for this pile, halfway between Jerusalem and Jericho, we are told that this *must* necessarily have been the Samaritan's inn. For the true interpretation of the word *Bethany*, we must refer our readers to some of the most interesting pages in Mr. Dixon's volumes.

Between the old Pacha and the new in this country the difference is extreme. The orthodox old chief knew that paradise was for him alone, since he alone professed the true faith. He did not mortify his senses here, and he looked forward for greater powers of enjoyment hereafter. He had a contempt for all Frank knowledge, a hatred for all Frank professors, a proud ignorance of and indifference for all Frank geography. He had occasionally a little passing curiosity in matters of Frank politics, scornfully admired, in spite of himself, Frank firearms, and with cheerful resignation quaffed champagne,—for the same reason that the Newgate ordinary drank punch, because it is a liquor nowhere spoken against in his Scripture. The old Pacha spoke no language but his own, wore no garments but those of the flowing fashion of his forefathers, for many generations, and carried no heart beneath them influenced by milder principles than those which encouraged him in brutality to woman and cruelty to man.

The new Pacha is altogether of a different quality. He has seen Paris and London; he has heard “*La Gazza Ladra*,” and has nodded to Mario. He is as familiar with French novels as with Eastern odalisques. He can read the English papers with more ease than he can the Arabic of the Koran. He is as tightly buttoned up as any well-clad Frank in Frangistan; and though he has not adopted our hideous head-pieces, he has discarded all that was graceful and useful in his own. In short, a modern Turkish Pacha, between the East and the West, is very like the legendary coffin of the prophet, which hangs between heaven and earth, without precisely belonging to either. He camps in the valley of Nazareth, but believes only in Mahomed; like Cabouli, Pacha of Said, who is poet, scholar, and soldier, “one of those new statesmen of Islam, who play whist and read papers, and aim at being good Moslems in faith and practice, while they are perfect Franks in culture and in speech.” Mr. Dixon can only call to mind three Englishmen who may be said to know more about Syria, Persia, and Arabia, than Cabouli knows about England, Germany, and France. These three are “Layard, Rawlinson, and Strangford.”

We think that, possibly, this list might be increased; but, generally speaking, we doubt if, in these later days, the Turk is not as well instructed in Western geography and history as an Englishman of corresponding rank is in the geography and history of the East. The well-bred Turk of the present century is not puzzled as to whether London be in England or England in London, and how both stand with regard to Ireland and Scotland, which he does not take for capital cities. He is conversant with maps and the instruction they convey. We do not know how it might be with any dozen educated young Turks questioned on British topography; but we

are certain that, of any score of young Englishmen, taken at chance out of a ball-room and questioned on the topography of a small district of such importance to them as Palestine, not above one, if one, would be able to name the coast cities from Sidon to El Arisch—to answer correctly as to the respective situations of Acre and Jaffa—to reply promptly and rightly as to which of those cities Mount Carmel is most proximate, or whether it is in the vicinity of either of them. We do not fancy we should come much better off if the young ladies of the two countries and religions were to enter into a competitive examination. Utter ignorance would be found among the Turkish charmers. But how would it be with our own fair beauties, fresh from finishing schools and the last free-and-easy novel, and just recently from confirmation, and that hot-bed of impudent vanity, a stall at a fancy fair? Do you think that any one of them could repeat the names of the few places that lie between Jaffa and Jerusalem? Are you quite easy, in the conviction you would fain enjoy, that your “girls” could tell you the relative positions of Nazareth and Bethlehem? When you have disposed of these two queries think of the “bills” you have paid, and how very little you (and they) have got for the money.

“Benighted heathens!” Nay, let us be modest, and more civil. Cabouli is not an exceptional individual. The habit of searching into the policy and manners of Western Europe is not confined to a few men of rank and genius in the Ottoman Empire. We are quite assured that Mr. Dixon is good authority for such an assertion. He asks if any man has ever seen a Pasha of Belgrade in the living flesh? Such a dignitary is as unlike the Pasha of other days as that Pasha was unlike his histrionic presentment in the opera which had the siege of Belgrade for a subject. Bright and shrewd intelligence, and a wary outlook into Western arts, are among the characteristics which Mr. Dixon detected in many a Turkish officer of inferior grade. As to pashas and begs, whom he encountered in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and the Islands, the author’s testimony of them is, that in nearly every one, he found “a man of gentle manners, of fair information, of unfailing courtesy.” Nearly all could converse in French or English; some, in addition, had colloquial practice of Russian and German, and few were ignorant of Greek. All these languages, it is to be remembered, are foreign to them. They all knew Turkish, of course, “and most of them read Arabic and Persian, the languages of the Koran and Ferdousi.” Mr. Dixon asks, “Do the best men in our service beat them much?” We ask, “Do any similar number of men, in similar service in England, equal them?” It would be difficult to find a score or so of English colonels or generals who are royal lieutenants in distant British possessions, who, even if they could speak French without that *exasperating* British accent which is so

afflicting to every well-tuned ear, are able, moreover, to make themselves understood in two or three other continental languages, and could read Hebrew and British-Saxon, the languages of the Bible and of Cædmon.

With all the changes which have come over the Turkish character, externally and internally, the swarthy Turk is not washed white. Mr. Dixon vouches for the fact that he "has not ceased to be plump and languid and poetical, to smoke overmuch, to love colour and pomp, to hold his head high in the world." But, on the other hand, "he has pretty well ceased to buy slaves and eunuchs, to pride himself on his ignorance, to condemn the rest of mankind as infidels and dogs;" and he adds that "Cabouli Pasha is a Turk of this better school." Such men are as the salt of a nation. It may be beyond their power to restore the nation to young life and vigour, but not beyond their ability to keep it from decay, death, and corruption.

Here we must close Mr. Dixon's attractive volumes. They are far above being merely a book of travels. They tell the old story of the Holy Land on the spot. Under the shadow of Jerusalem the author explains past and present, and paints the probable future. This is so ably effected, that we seem to be rather accompanying the traveller and sharing his experiences, than perusing the details far away from the scene of action. There is, in short, not a class of readers to whom these volumes may not be heartily recommended.

OUR NAVVIES.

It is gratifying to know that so much is being done in these days for the working people. The upper classes, as they are called, are interesting themselves in the lower. The old stupid barriers that separated betwixt the two are being broken down. It is not thought beneath the dignity of wealth and rank to be conscious of the existence of the poor and lowly: and the best in the land are striving to do their duty by their less fortunate and favoured brethren.

Among the honoured names of those who have done much for the social and spiritual amelioration of working men, that of Miss Marsh occupies a prominent and conspicuous place. In her deeply interesting little books, "English Hearts and English Hands," and "Light for the Line," she shows us how much can be achieved by patience and perseverance, by judgment and good sense. The roughest and most reckless of the race can be humanized and Christianized, and from the least promising fields for benevolent exertion, by the grace of God, the richest harvests may be reaped.

In the following little narrative of what has happened within my own experience, I desire to furnish my readers with an account of the efforts made by certain good people among a large number of railway navvies who have been living temporarily among them, the way they set to work, and the result of their labours. I need hardly say that they can confirm all that Miss Marsh and others like her have stated, and that the man or woman who works conscientiously and energetically, even among the most brutalized, shall be well repaid, and shall not "run in vain, neither labour in vain."

In the spring of 1863, a railway was begun to be made in our neighbourhood—let us call it Lemorskiel, for the sake of distinction. About a hundred men, chiefly Irish, but with a sprinkling of English and Scotch, were imported and set to the works. These were subsequently increased to near three hundred, at which number they have remained, with little alteration, up to the completion of the line.

I need hardly say that their advent was not hailed with much delight. The quiet, steady old inhabitants were in a flutter of fear—"They are a terrible set," they would say, "these wild navvies. They are utterly lawless. They care for neither God nor man. Shocking stories of what they will dare and do are abroad. We shall have an awful time of it. We shall be assaulted on the roads, rifled of our money, beaten, and perhaps killed. Our houses will be broken into

on dark nights with crowbars and pickaxes, and our goods and chattels carried off before our eyes; while on 'pay-days' and red-letter days the whole neighbourhood will be disturbed with bacchanalian revelry, and men maddened with drink and ranging the country-side will make decent and honest people quake." The letting loose among them of the inmates of Bedlam or Wombwell's menagerie would have been looked upon as the lesser evil of the two. "What is to be done?" was the excited inquiry. "How shall the lawless and turbulent spirits be kept in order? We must have a tremendous force of police to overawe them with the majesty of law. The great men at the head of affairs must be appealed to to bestir themselves, or none of us by day or night will be safe."

All such fears turned out, I may say at once, to be perfectly groundless. Our navvies had no resemblance to wild beasts, either in outward ferocity of look or inward disposition and character. We found them in the long-run a good deal like other men, open to any good influences brought to bear on them, and wonderfully alive to kindness. In reference to the way of dealing with Irish navvies, to keep them in order, from molesting others or fighting among themselves, I would say, in passing, that the very worst that can be conceived is that of an overawing force of police. A sufficiently numerous force to do any good can never be obtained; and what were two or three among as many hundreds? In the case of a "row" they would be utterly powerless. But let them muster in a mighty army, our rough friends are not in the least overawed by any number of stiff blue coats and queen-headed batons. So far, indeed, from that being so, the very sight of a policeman, or posse of policemen, irritates and excites them, and becomes the signal for a fierce and sanguinary onslaught. It is analogous to the presenting a red cloth to a turkey-cock or a bull. If you want to infuriate the turkey-cock or the bull, out with your red rag and wave it; if you want to infuriate an Irish navvy, especially if he has been applying for a stimulus to the "crather," present before him a "charlie." He hates the very sight of him; not, by the way, that he is ever much troubled with the sight of that gallant officer, even when especially appointed to attend and supervise him. I rather think there is some truth in the widespread belief that when anything is actually required to be done, as in the case of a fight or a "row," the majesty of law, in the person of its supporters, is usually seen "skedaddling" in the direction of dignified security, *i. e.*, in a direction the very furthest removed from difficulty and danger. This being so, I should recommend the country to save its money, and limit its army of policemen;—among the class I have come to know, at least, there are better ways of establishing and maintaining order and peace.

Our first thoughts were directed to providing our friends in some

measure with the means of grace, and more particularly with a regular religious service on sabbath days. With this view it fell to my lot to go among and make acquaintance with them, to ascertain what sort of persons they really were, and what arrangement would best suit them. Two things I soon discovered, first, that the great majority were not accustomed to go to any place of worship at all; and secondly, that they had no suitable clothes in which to do so if they were. I could not, therefore, ask or expect them to come to the parish church. Apart from their having no suitable dress in which to appear there, I do not think that the sort of preaching delivered in the hearing of the regular congregation assembling there—a congregation composed to a large extent of the upper classes,—would have been at all suitable or edifying for them. A very simple and familiar style of address is what they appreciate most and understand best—a style in which copious use is made of homely illustrations and narratives of events,—a style happily defined by a clerical friend as “pithy, pointed, plain.” But the want of becoming dress was an insuperable obstacle to their coming to the parish church. No doubt, “the rich and poor should meet together” there; and there is no more pleasant sight than to look round on a Sunday morning on such a congregation gathered indiscriminately from all ranks, and sitting without distinction side by side with each other in the house of prayer. Class distinction in God’s house and before the Supreme Majesty may well be laid aside and forgotten. In His eye there is neither rich nor poor, noble nor beggar, great nor small, but all are alike, on the same plane and platform. Still, as we all know, there is nothing about which persons in humble circumstances are more dainty than this—that they shall be like their neighbours when they go to church, well-dressed, as they say in Scotland, in “Sunday braws,” neat, tidy, and clean. And long may that feeling survive; it indicates a certain most becoming respect for God’s day and house. The worship of God, as it is addressed *to* a Spirit, is to be conducted *in* spirit, but external things are not to be overlooked. They may be, and often are, the outward indices of inward feeling, and the very garments men put upon their bodies become a sign of that better spiritual raiment which should clothe and adorn their souls.

But, in truth, our poor friends, with rare exceptions, seemed never to think of religion in any shape at all. Living a careless, wandering life, now here, now there, a month or two in one place, and again a month or two in another, with none to care for them, none the least interested in their welfare, either temporal or spiritual, they had got into a seared and utterly oblivious state about all religious concerns. Not half a dozen had Bibles; not half a dozen ever thought of saying a prayer. To them, in another sense than the

Saviour's, and a very sad one, "Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof."

We resolved, therefore, to erect a wooden building that should, in the first instance, answer the purpose of a chapel, in which to hold Sunday service. Afterwards it was used, as I shall explain, as a reading and lecture room on week-days, and for about nine months as an eating room, where, at a very cheap rate, a poor fellow could get a capital breakfast, dinner, and supper, well cooked and neatly served. In about a fortnight this erection was complete. It consisted of a rough shed formed of broad deal boards overlapping each other, and nailed tightly together. The roof was composed of common "sarking," covered with felt paper, well tarred and impervious to rain. It was supplied inside with one long table running down the centre, and a number of rough, strong forms, on which the men could sit. At one end there was a small platform, table, and chair, which did for preacher or lecturer, as the case might be. It could hold comfortably about 240. My Sunday service was held in the interval between the hours of divine service in the parish church. The first day, unfortunately, was a day of drenching rain and tempest; still there was a fair turn-out, considering all things—there were upwards of sixty present. Through the kindness of a certain Bible Society, I was able to make a present of a Bible to each navvy then present, and to many others who afterwards attended the service. I may here say that I invariably took with me the beadle of the parish church, and a good singer to lead the music, that everything might be done "decently and in order." I likewise systematically preached in full canonicals, and always with as much care and preparation as though I were to address my regular congregation, in order that the poor fellows who had not clothes to come to church might not think that they were having in any respect an inferior service, as not worth anything better. I think clergymen cannot be too careful in these small matters. We are all influenced by little outside details, and the class of whom I am writing are sensitively alive to anything that savours of indifference or contempt. One rule I laid down at the first, and, except on one or two occasions, rigidly adhered to; that rule was to admit to my service none except such as were dressed in working clothes. The necessity of this rule was proved by the exceptional occasions to which I have referred. On these occasions some of the well-to-do people resident in the neighbourhood, anxious to see how the service was conducted, were foolishly admitted in their Sunday clothes, presenting a painful contrast to the poor fellows who had no dress but their every-day mud-soiled moleskins. It nearly ruined the whole undertaking. Going up one Sunday afternoon as usual to preach, I found but a very scant audience. There were a

good many well-dressed persons present, but only two men in their working clothes. On inquiry I found that "a feeling," as they expressed it, had got abroad among them in reference to the admission of those who were better dressed than themselves, and, as they were ashamed to appear alongside such, they were going to keep away altogether. I hastened, of course, to remedy the evil. I thereafter rigidly excluded every person not dressed in working clothes, and in a few Sundays our numbers were as large as ever.

A very considerable proportion of the men were Irish and Roman Catholic, and of course would not attend the ministrations of a Protestant clergyman. Now and then a stray individual would come to my service with a companion, but as a class I could not get them to attend. I am glad to say, however, that their spiritual interests were not neglected, as a priest of their own church occasionally visited them, and used his influence for their good. Indeed, in his own way, this priest was a most useful fellow-labourer, and I did what I could to assist him in his work. Perhaps some may think that as a Protestant minister I went too far in this respect, for I gave him up my little chapel to hold service for his flock on Sunday mornings. Shortly after I had begun my own service he sent me a message through the contractor, desiring to know if he might have the use of it for that purpose. In spite of the grave looks of some, and the bigoted expostulations of others, I at once acceded to his request, my only stipulation being that his service should always be held at such an hour as not to interfere with mine, and with such an interval between that our respective congregations should not be brought into contact, either in meeting or dismissing. I know the horror people have of popery; I know the opinion they entertain of the priesthood; that the former is pernicious, root and branch, source and stream, centre and circumference; and the latter all designing and deceitful, devils in disguise, wolves in sheep's clothing. Whether such views be exaggerated and untrue, a libel and a caricature, I care not to inquire. I am a good Protestant and staunch supporter of the National Church, holding the Roman Catholic creed to be equally contrary to Scripture and to reason; but at the same time I hold that there are many excellent men, both among the laity and clergy of that deluded "body;" that it is better to be a good papist than a bad Protestant; and that, notwithstanding all its errors and faults, a man may yet be saved in the bosom of the Church of Rome. Look at my position! I had tried to get the Irish navvies to come to my meeting, and they would not. Surely, then, it was better that they should have some spiritual superintendence than none; a priest whom they would respect and listen to than a minister whom they might respect, indeed, but would never listen to. When subsequently discussing the matter, one of my detractors assured me that the Roman

Catholic priest would not have done the same by me and my congregation. Well, I cannot answer as to that; he might or might not; but whether or no, surely it was my duty to set an example of Christian kindness and liberality. Are we to do evil because others would do evil to us? I have yet to learn that this is the spirit of true Protestant Christianity. The priest was welcome, therefore, to the chapel, and he got it accordingly. To relieve anxiety on the part of the good people who fancy that all Romish priests are more or less diabolical, I may state that I have frequently seen our priest, and he had *no horns!*

When the summer had gone past, and the long, dark nights were beginning to set in, our next object was to supply the poor fellows with the means of rational enjoyment, and keep them away from the ensnaring allurements of the neighbouring taproom. Their "bothies," or places of lodging, were close and confined almost beyond belief, and the bright light and warmth, to say nothing of the alcoholic pleasures, of the "tap" were too great to be resisted. Two things are unspeakably attractive to an Irish navvie; these are, abundance of light and abundance of heat. He luxuriates in just sitting in a room where there are lots of bright lamps and a good roaring fire. It is to him a terrestrial paradise. Add a little of the "crather," and he wants no more. How well the proprietors of our "gin-palaces" understand this idiosyncrasy on the part of the frequenters of those "hells!" See how they have them lit up with gold and paint, and all ablaze with countless lights from glittering crystal chandeliers. That glow and sparkle, they know, is worth to them hundreds of pounds a year. It appeals to the eye as never fatal syren voice to the ear, luring many a passer-by who but for that had gone untempted on his way.

Not forgetting these important facts, we turned our chapel on week-nights into a reading-room, and in order to make it as attractive as possible, we had it brightly lit up with photogene (not paraffine, which is abominable) lamps and a great blazing fire, at which you might have "roasted a bullock." This room was given in charge to a man whose duty it was to open it every evening at six and shut it at ten o'clock, and to keep the lamps always well trimmed and the fire piled with coals. But the warmth and light of the place were not the only attractions. The room was supplied with all the daily papers, books from the parish library, draft-boards, and the game of curling. Some kind friends sent also a large number of illustrated papers, which seemed to interest and amuse the men exceedingly. No liquor except water was allowed to be drunk, but the poor fellows were allowed to smoke their pipes and laugh and chat as much as they pleased. Nor did they fail to avail themselves of their privileges. Here, in one corner, you would see

a knot of six or seven gathered round a comrade who, with more learning than themselves, was reading aloud to them the last news in the papers, or some interesting passage from a book. There, in another, sitting by the fire and puffing forth volumes of smoke, ten or a dozen others would be chatting and laughing pleasantly together, or listening to some "traveller's tale" of heroic adventure which one of their number was relating, usually himself the centre-piece of the tale round which the glory clung. Elsewhere, seated at table, two and two, with corrugated brows, and many scratchings of the head, and fierce glaring at the boards, others might be seen in earnest rivalry, waging silent battles and winning bloodless victories, at drafts, or more noisily in the distance at the exciting game of in-door curling. It was altogether a pleasant sight to see, as, now with one thing and now another, the cheerful night wore on.

Once a week, every Friday evening, we organized a special entertainment for the men, consisting of readings, concerts, lectures with experiments, dissolving views, and the like. On these occasions the room was crowded, and the appreciation of the audience was demonstratively enthusiastic. Music had special charms for them, and we arranged that it should enter as a large element into all the entertainments. No entertainment would have been complete without several songs. Of these the comic and the sentimental seemed most in favour. No humour came amiss, and no sentiment could be too strong. Various ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood played and sung on these occasions, giving unfeigned delight to their auditors. But among themselves there were not a few who exhibited great powers, not only of singing, but acting and reciting, and who would have "made a figure," with a little cultivation, on the stage and in the concert-room. One man in particular exhibited quite a genius for comic singing. He was a fine, decent young fellow of about five-and-twenty, and, which is rare with one gifted with his peculiar talent and temperament, as steady and sober as a judge.

On these Friday nights I carefully abstained from mixing religion in any shape or form with the entertainment, beyond a single word now and then when opportunity offered, pointing out the baneful results of a reckless life, and the beneficial results of a thrifty and prudent one. There always appears to me a monstrous incongruity in any attempt—as evidenced in the sort of speeches too often indulged in by clergymen at those strange kind of meetings, called *soirées*, where tea and teaching are sought to be combined—to blend the sacred with the secular, what is funny with what is holy, the most solemn matters that can engage the mind with frivolous jesting and unseasonable mirth. There is a time for everything; and everything should be done in its fitting time and turn,

"decently, and in order." I know nothing that so shocks one's sense of decorum, one's idea of the fitness of things, as listening, as I have sometimes had the misfortune to do, to a reverend buffoon preaching and punning in the same breath, passing from grave to gay, from the mournful to the mirthful, from what should awe into silent reverence and holy dread into what provokes laughter and dissipates seriousness, without a moment's interval, without a thought or care.

But I had another reason as well for my abstinence from religious teaching on such occasions. Had I not been scrupulous in this respect I should have shut out the poor Catholics from their enjoyment. Indeed, very early in the history of our undertaking I had a hint of this, after more had been said at one meeting on religious matters than I quite approved. Suspicion was created that, under cover of an attempt to amuse, we meant to proselytize. I soon put that right, however; I told them that if they wanted preaching they must come to my Sunday service, as on Friday nights we were simply going to provide for them something that should interest and amuse. Fun is a grand end—a grand *means* to an end. I hold, with that sensible Scotch judge, in his manly address to the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh, that if men laughed more they would be better. The stupid old idea, that to be good men must be always grave, is not to be tolerated now. Let such a monstrous and miserable caricature of the requirements of our holy religion be put down at once and for ever.

And how did the undertaking succeed, it will be asked, as an antidote to the taproom, and a means of keeping the men straight? Why, simply beyond all expectation. Though we had living here, all through a dark winter, some three hundred of the roughest and generally most lawless class of the community—the wandering Arabs and Ishmaelites of civilization,—we have had no disturbance of any kind. No houses have been broken into; no property has been made away with; no attempt to injure or insult a single soul has been known. At any hour of the day or night you might pass along the roads without danger or remark; and as a lady, who saw much of them, truly said, if you went to have a look at the works, the men "behaved like perfect gentlemen." They would touch their caps, and offer a rough but strong hand to help you across a plank or cutting, and were ever pleased with a kind word or salutation. But more than this, they were kept sober, wonderfully so, considering their habits and temptations, and the "tap" was all but beat off the field. They were the few and not the many who frequented its dangerous and degrading shades. When I think how our navvies conducted themselves before any efforts were made in our neighbourhood on their behalf, and how they conducted themselves after, the result is equally

surprising and satisfactory. On the "pay" preceding our efforts, I myself saw as many as a hundred drunken men, fighting, swearing, making night hideous on the public road. One month from that date, on the very next "pay," there was not a single drunken man to be seen in the whole neighbourhood, and the majority returned to their work again sober, decent, and steady. Of course, it was not all as it should be—it was not to be expected. It is to be confessed that although no men got drunk in our neighbourhood, some dozen or so, but only a dozen or so, went a few miles off to the surrounding villages, and exceeded there. But, after all, what was that compared with previous excesses? Out of three hundred men it was a small minority; and even in their case there shone out a certain sense of respect and regard for those who were interesting themselves on their behalf, in their retiring out of sight and going elsewhere when they were going to give themselves to drink. Nor was this an isolated instance of an exceptional "pay." The same good conduct was systematically observed at every succeeding "pay." Now and then, when strangers were imported, and before they had come under the humanizing influence brought to bear on the others, a small "row" would occur, but such a thing was very exceptional, and was soon put down. The mass behaved themselves like rational and responsible men, and not like ruffians or brute beasts, as they commonly get the credit of doing.

Well, this, I think, was something. Are there any disappointed with the results? I know there are some who demand great things, and we may have been too content with small. I know also that there are those—I have had to stand the brunt of their questionings and the annoyance of their dissatisfaction,—who will apply a religious test, and inquire how many recognizable conversions have been effected; how many of our rough friends have been made Christians; how many can truly now be numbered among the disciples of our Lord. "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation;" and I am not prepared to say, as I should not be warranted in saying, sitting in judgment on the consciences of my brethren, who are and who are not true followers of Christ. That lies betwixt a man and his Maker, and not betwixt a man and his minister. I humbly conceive that those who are always trumpeting conversions would act more wisely if they held their peace, and that that kind of arithmetic so much in vogue in some quarters, numbering the saints and balancing them against the sinners, is unspeakably objectionable and revolting, and flagrantly opposed to the whole scope and spirit of the word of God. Not long since I had occasion to visit, quite accidentally, a family of strangers. It consisted of three sour and ill-natured old spinsters. The conversation turned upon the clergy—"What do you think of So-and-so?" one of them asked. "Well," I said, "I

believe, from all I hear, that he is a good man and a capital preacher." "Yes; but is he a man of God?" was the next question. "I have no doubt he is," I replied. "But has he 'the root of the matter' in him?" was further urged. These questions, which seemed to be stereotyped ones in the family, and were put with singular asperity and suspicion, were repeated with regard to three or four distinguished clergymen who would be ornaments to any church. I could stand it no longer. "Madam," I said at last to the one who had just ceased speaking, "these are things with which neither you nor I have anything to do. I take it these men would not be what they are, nor do what they do, if they were not men of God, if they had not 'the root of the matter' in them. I cannot believe that they are vile shams and impostors, discharging duties that demand, that will only exist along with a true discipleship. Let us leave them alone, therefore, if you please, and look homewards and inwards on ourselves: have *we* 'the root of the matter' in *us*? That question is vastly more important to you and me than any of these others." And so with our navvies. I cannot speak positively as to conversions. I trust and hope that not a few have turned to Christ for salvation, and are living under the influence of His blessed religion. "Man looketh on the outward appearance;" God only can, and God only has the right to look inward on the heart. Let us curb, therefore, an unholy, as it is a vain, curiosity. This only would I say, that if a steady and upright outward life is any index of a renewed and regenerated inward nature, we may entertain a good hope that on not a few of these rough and horny-handed labourers who have been working on our railway a blessed and saving change has passed.

In working out our scheme we had one or two special difficulties to overcome deserving of notice. First of all, the class of labourers on railways, those who are distinctively called *navvies*, *i. e.*, persons not bred to a craft or trade, but fit only to wheel, and pick, and shovel, are as a rule strangely migratory and unsettled in their way of life. They don't like to stay long in one place. Whenever they have made a little money by work, off they go elsewhere. They have no forecast or prudence about them. Such a thing as laying up for a rainy day is all but unknown among them. The moment they get money, it burns a hole in their pocket till it is spent. Amusement to them is what they call "going on the spree." Hence, after every "pay," more or fewer would leave the neighbourhood, go off to the large towns to enjoy themselves, and then beg their way through the country to some place where another job was to be had, probably a couple of hundred miles away. This, of course, involved the infusion of more or fewer strangers to take their place every month, and these, it is obvious to see, coming fresh and lawless among the others, produced no good effect. It requires a little time to make any

impression. Men are not moulded and disciplined all at once. There was consequently always more or less a beginning at the beginning over and over again. When anything disorderly occurred, it was invariably done by some of the new hands, so that if we could only have kept the same men from first to last our work would have been easier and far more complete.

Again, it is impossible to conceive, unless you have been actually brought face to face with it, the all but brutalized condition of mind in which these poor fellows were sunk. No one seems, as a rule, to take the smallest interest in them. To be knocked about the world, here, there, everywhere, the recipients of more kicks than kindness, in too many cases they have sunk down to the position of mere beasts of burden, "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Nor is this all. Feeling themselves, if not cast off by the better classes, at least separated from them by a wide and bridgeless gulf, they harbour in their hearts no very friendly feelings towards them. Those, therefore, who desire to interest themselves on their behalf have great difficulties to contend against. Their very interest, new and unused, is viewed at first with suspicion. The poor neglected wretch, neglected so long, imagines you have some selfish motive in what you do, so that at the beginning one is apt to be repelled even in one's best intentions.

In conclusion, however, let me say this:—If you persevere you are sure to succeed. Let no one be down-hearted or despairing because baffled at the outset by unforeseen obstacles, or because the expected harvest does not speedily follow the careful and diligent sowing. Success in the end is certain. The roughest, sternest natures will thaw at last beneath the sunshine of true kindness. Make the most brutalized sensible that you have no interested or selfish motive actuating you,—that you desire to be their friend,—that it is with a view to ameliorate their condition that you have come among them, and though the night, the winter, last long, the dawn, the summer, will glow out at last. Their hearts will soften towards you. You will discover that they are not insensible to kindness. In respecting you they will come to respect themselves, and, by God's help, in a shorter time than you could have anticipated, you will see the fruits of your labours—you will see how much can be done where so little could be hoped.

Of course, it will cost some trouble, and constant trouble. But, then, what good or great work was ever accomplished without trouble? And how great soever it be, you will have many things to stimulate and cheer you on. You will have the consciousness of doing your duty, and the inward gratification *that* never fails to yield. You will have the kind and liberal assistance of kind and liberal friends—for a scheme or effort that is really good only requires to be set before men to secure their hearty co-operation and help. (In only one instance did

I fail to receive aid for the work I have been describing.) You will have the delight of witnessing and receiving the warm and hearty gratitude and regard of the poor fellows on whose behalf you toil. And, last but not least, you will have the satisfaction that comes of success,—success not absolute, indeed,—success still leaving something—much, if you will—to be desired, but yet success equal to your efforts, and more than your merits or hopes; and “ye shall not work in vain, neither labour in vain.”

W. L. G. B.

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SOPHY'S CONFESSION.

CHAPTER V.

ANALYSIS.

THESE THINGS BEING
 CONSIDERED, IT IS
 CLEARLY SEEN, THAT
 THE STATE OF THE
 COUNTRY IS SUCH,

THAT IT IS NECESSARY

TO TAKE SUCH
 MEASURES AS

SHALL BE FOUND

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TO SUCH A

STATE AS

SHALL BE

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TO BE

NECESSARY



THROUGH THE FURNACE.

Book the First.

MARTHA'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

LAWRENCE ANNESLEY'S TRIAL.

We did not separate until four o'clock, when my cousin and his companions returned to the little village, where they had left Miss Annesley's pony carriage, while Sophy and I walked homewards across the grassy downs; but before we parted the Aylmers insisted upon our promising to dine at Colethorpe with my uncle on an early day.

Of course Sophy and I talked of our new acquaintance. We, who so rarely saw a strange face, had a great deal to say about these three faces—all rich in character and individuality.

"And how do you like Bernard's friend, Sophy?" I asked, when we had fully discussed the manners and dresses of the two ladies.

My sister smiled, and shrugged her shoulders with a careless gesture. I discovered afterwards that the tone which Lawrence Annesley took about himself was a tone that other people assumed almost unconsciously when they spoke of him—half contemptuous, half good-natured.

"I don't think any one could *dislike* him," answered Sophy; "he has a way of talking that sounds almost wicked, but one sees at once that words have not the same value for him as for other people. And then, after being shocked, one begins to be amused by him. Yes, I really think I like him, Patty; he is so very good-tempered."

"Good-looking too?"

"Yes, I suppose he is good-looking. But I think it is the expression of his face that is so agreeable;—such a bright, boyish look, and so full of variety."

Ah me! a little shivering pain thrilled through my heart as my sister said this. "So full of variety!" I knew now the secret of the shadowy likeness between those two faces,—it was the changeful expression, the want of earnestness, the lack of that one steady look which takes its light from within and not from without; the look of a man or woman who holds in himself or herself the power to

resolve, the strength to persevere, and needs no factitious force, no influence or help from without, to induce constancy and sustain effort. Imagine the difference between the face of a John Bunyan, who could write a "Pilgrim's Progress" within the walls of his prison, and the face of a George Morland, painting in a sponging-house, and sending his pictures wet to the pawnbroker.

My uncle was pleased to hear of our day at Rixmount, and my sister, who had the sweetest pleading ways that ever beguiled a man to sacrifice his inclination to the pleasure of others, very speedily induced her darling uncle Geoffrey to appoint an early day for our dinner at Colethorpe.

"If you knew how fond they are of Bernard, I'm sure you'd wish to please them," she said; and that last argument subdued my uncle.

I have no need to dwell upon our day at Colethorpe. It was very pleasant, as a first visit to a fine old house full of objects of art, and inhabited by agreeable people, is always likely to be. My sister was in very high spirits, pleased with everything she saw, and winning admiration of which she was as innocently unconscious as the Sir Peter Lely portraits which we looked at in the dining-room. My uncle was deeply moved by the affection for Bernard which Lawrence demonstrated in almost every word; and in the course of the evening Lady Annesley, who was, I thought, very superior to her husband in judgment and intellect, entered with my uncle into a serious discussion of her son's prospects. I heard nothing of this conversation, for all the younger members of the party were gathered round the piano. Laurence played exquisitely: now a scrap of a Beethoven sonata, now a fragment of Mozart, then an air of Rossini's, with a few brilliant variations, in the last of which he was sure to break down, and turn to us to declare, laughingly, that when a composer *will* go off into seven flats and double arpeggios that look like fireworks, he can't be surprised if a fellow makes a mess of him.

Yes, we had a very pleasant evening. Sophy sang. She had a sweet soprano voice, silvery and clear as crystal,—a voice that sounded like dropping water in any little cadence which the timid singer ventured to attempt. But she was not a fine singer. She had the most delicious repertoire of old ballads, and I thought the Annesleys would never be tired of hearing her. My cousin Bernard sat near the piano, watching her and listening to her with an almost regretful look on his face. I could not help fancying that if such a feeling as envy could live for a moment in that noble heart, my cousin might feel the pang as he saw Lawrence Annesley's sympathy with Sophy's love of music, for this was the one missing link in the chain of union between Bernard and his affianced wife. My cousin

was not artistic. No music moved him deeply, no splendour of colour, no grace of form thrilled him with the solemn wonder, the profound delight, which your true artist can feel in the faintest flush of rose-colour on the edge of a cloud, the commonest weed whose tendrils wind about a fallen column.

The result of my uncle's conversation with Lady Annesley was a decision in which Lawrence very readily acquiesced. He was to take a lodging at Sandycroast, and was to read steadily with Bernard before going back to Oxford to try for his degree. The rectory would be almost his home, my uncle said, and Bernard promised to be the severest taskmaster who ever made a drudge of his pupil.

"That's the sort of thing," exclaimed Mr. Annesley, gaily; "you can't be too hard upon me, Bernard. Wasn't it Coleridge who hired an Irish labourer to hold him tight when he wanted to go into a chemist's shop and buy opium? That's what *I* want. If flogging wasn't a humiliating process when practised upon an individual of seven-and-twenty—unless he happens to be one of the defenders of his country,—I think a judicious application of the cane would be very efficacious in my case. *I'm* ready to do anything in the world if anybody else will make me do it. I dare say there's motive power of some kind in me, if a superior being will have the goodness to set it going; but you can't ask me to be engine and driver at the same time. Did you ever hear of a horse winning the Derby without a jockey to ride him? or do you suppose Oliver Goldsmith would have finished the 'Vicar of Wakefield' if he hadn't owed money to his landlady?"

Lady Annesley put her hand softly on her son's shoulder,—

"But for *my* sake, Lawrence! Are not my earnest wishes any inducement?"

"My dear mother," returned the young man, eagerly, "if you were starving I'd do a new translation of the 'Iliad,' and besiege the emporiums of the London publishers until I made some one buy it of me. But, you see, you're *not* starving, and however low we may be in the world, we have not come to bread and water yet. When we *do* come to bread and water, I'll show you what energy is."

His mother smiled fondly at him. I think she was as much pleased with this nonsensical talk as if her son had been a Theodore Hook or a Sydney Smith. Perhaps this was Lawrence Annesley's chief misfortune. It was impossible for any one to be angry with him. Reproachful looks melted into smiles, stern remonstrances broke down into laughter, when Laurence was the subject of them. If life could have been nothing more than an innocent holiday, a village merry-making—simple, and genial, and bright, and natural, as the rustic festival in Mr. Frith's delicious picture,—who among the holiday-makers would have been gayer than Lawrence? But then life is not a holiday, and a man cannot live after his own fashion,

doing neither good nor harm to his fellow-creatures. If he does no good, it is terribly probable that he will do very great harm. We are not told that the tares were bad or poisonous in their nature; they were only useless weeds, beautiful, perhaps, as weeds so often are; but they were utterly intolerable to the Creator of an harmonious universe.

Lawrence Annesley drove over to Sandycoast with his two sisters for a grand inspection of certain lodgings, which had been selected by me as likely to suit the young man during his residence in our town. Bernard had returned to us by this time, and the Colethorpe party were to dine at the rectory, after the investigation of the apartments. What a merry day we had in the quiet old town, where there was so little material for gaiety! The vivacious brightness of Lawrence Annesley's nature needed no such material. There was no field so barren that he could not find flowers within its boundary. How shall I ever explain the influence which this young man exercised over almost every creature with whom he came in contact? Ah, rare gift of fascination! infinitely more irresistible than beauty, more subtle than intellectual power; wonderful attribute, which is born with the man who possesses it, and which no refinements of education can impart. I look back upon the story of the past, so plain and easy to read now that it lies all before me like an open book, and I see how precious a gift this power of fascination is to the man who holds it. I have read the stories of many men and women so gifted, and I fancy that this dangerous attribute never yet went along with high principles or incorruptible honour. But ah, how difficult to resist the enchantment! how impossible not to be dazzled by the glamour! I had selected three sets of apartments, any one of which I thought likely to suit Mr. Annesley, and we made a merry pilgrimage from one to the other. The rooms were all more or less low and dark, and more or less pervaded by strange beams and ghastly-looking hooks, to say nothing of abnormal cupboards; and there were more corners in some of the apartments than were consistent with any geometrical figure I had ever encountered in my study of the elements of Euclid; for Sandycoast is a very old town, and the quaint, low-roofed parlours, in which prim Puritan households assembled together in the days of the Long Parliament, are the same rooms which tradesmen's wives decorate to-day with starched muslin curtains, and fly-cages made of glass beads.

I could not be otherwise than pleased by Lawrence Annesley's manner to the simple women who were so anxious to secure him as a tenant. He was charmed with everything. The mysterious old cupboards, he said, were deliciously romantic, suggestive of innumerable ghastly and agreeable stories.

"I know all about *that* cupboard," he cried, pointing to a door

that seemed to hide itself in a dark corner, and had been painted black, "I know all about it; and some night when I sit up later than usual reading hard, as I mean to read, you know, Bernard, I shall hear the clock of St. Augustine's Church strike twelve, and I shall scarcely know why it is or what it is, but something in the sonorous chime will inspire me with a kind of awe, and I shall lay down my look. I don't suppose, by-the-bye, that I should be sorry to lay *that* down under any circumstances. And then looking up I shall see that cupboard door open, slowly, noiselessly, and there will come creeping stealthily forth a quaint-looking old man in rusty brown knee-breeches—ghosts went out with pigtails and knee-breeches, and I defy you to find me a phantom who patronizes Poole,—and the quaint old man will seat himself in the empty arm-chair opposite to me—unless, indeed, I am too many guns for him, and take care *not* to have an empty arm-chair conveniently ready; and then he will look at the fire, and rub his long skinny hands upon the knees of his shabby small-clothes, and shake his head thoughtfully, and sigh three times. He can't do anything *less* than three times, you know, because he is a ghost, and it's his nature to, as Dr. Watts observes; and then by this time I shall have plucked up my spirits, and I shall begin to question him politely; but he will rise from his chair, point to that hook in the beam up there, again three times, and melt away through the cupboard door. Of course after this I shall sit up for him, and by the time I have seen him three times familiarity will have bred contempt, and on the third occasion we shall make ourselves quite comfortable together, and he will tell me the story of his wrongs, ask me to avenge his murder, which I shall certainly do if convenient, and tell me where to find a hat-full of hidden money—rose nobles, no spade guineas I suppose,—which I shall most decidedly appropriate on the earliest opportunity."

With another lodging Mr. Annesley declared himself enraptured, on the ground of the likeness which the low, dark little sitting-room bore to the cabin of a ship.

"One day I shall fancy myself Columbus sailing steadily over unknown seas towards the Western world. Another day I shall be Raleigh, brooding, dark and despondent, over a broken life,—the Golconda of my dreams fading further and further away from me as I roam this trackless ocean; while a stubborn, pig-headed tyrant, and death and ruin are waiting for me at home. Oh, I most decidedly *must* live here."

I was grieved to find that Mr. Annesley said this sort of thing to all my three candidates; and as I knew he could not occupy three lodgings at once, I felt that two expectant landladies must be inevitably disappointed. Perhaps Lawrence Annesley did not think of this, for it may be that only those who have mixed with poor

people, and have been brought face to face with the small miseries of every-day life, can estimate the weight of petty disappointments and sordid vexations.

But I had little time for serious reflections upon any subject that day. Lawrence Annesley's vivacity was contagious, and perhaps our party was one of the gayest that had ever perambulated the narrow streets of Sandycroft. Mr. Lester and his daughter had been invited to meet the Annesleys, and our dinner went off as pleasantly as our morning excursion. My uncle sat very quietly at the head of his table, pleased with the pleasure of his guests. Lawrence and his sisters and the Lesters had so much to say about modern art and modern literature, things that were worth seeing or reading, and things that were utterly abominable and only to be looked at as amusing practical jokes in the way of painting or authorship—London sights and amusements, London people, popular concerts, fashionable flower-shows, that we simple country people were content to listen almost as reverentially as Mr. Primrose's daughters listened to the fine ladies from town. Lawrence fascinated the banker as he had fascinated the three landladies. His vivacity never approached impertinence; his fun might lapse into nonsense, but it never degenerated into buffoonery. There was a caressing softness in his manner, so reverential to superior age, so pleasantly familiar to inferior rank, and I scarcely wondered that he should be what he was—the spoiled pet of a household, the useless darling of a fond mother and admiring sisters.

He came to Sandycroft early in the following week, and established himself in the parlour, "where the delightful pig-tailed phantom lived," as he told Sophy and me. My uncle Geoffrey, himself the gentlest and quietest of men, was pleased with his son's rattle-brained friend. He would have opened his doors freely to welcome any friend of Bernard's choosing, however distasteful the choice might have been to himself; but he opened his heart to Lawrence Annesley, and before the first fortnight of his much talked-of "coaching" came to a close, the baronet's son seemed to have taken his place amongst us as another son and another cousin. The common feeling which is so natural in these cases arose in all our minds, and we began to wonder how we had ever lived without him.

In the mean while the reading seemed to go on in real earnest. Bernard had a powerful influence over his friend, and Lawrence appeared tolerably resigned to his labours, but he confided all his troubles to Sophy and me; and he spent his evenings in the rectory drawing-room, playing to Sophy, or listening to Sophy's singing, or sitting at the centre table—a country rector's drawing-room was a very simple apartment in those days, and a table in the centre of it

was not considered a solecism—sketching in my sister's scrap-book by the light of the shaded lamp. He was always eager to do us some service or other, and he was always impetuously anxious to begin any task which bore no relation to the purpose of his life. He was like a man who, with every wish to reach a certain city, yet cannot be induced to walk straight upon the high road that leads to it, but will frisk away across the meadows, and lose himself in the woods, and waste more labour on climbing hills and scouring moorlands, for the sake of a sprig of heather or a trembling harebell, than would have served to carry him easily to his destination. I am sorry for him when I remember the talent he wasted on pencil sketches that our housemaid used to light the fire, and idly scribbled epigrams which had no meaning when the worthless incident that furnished the theme was twelve hours old.

Our evenings in that dear rectory drawing-room were very pleasant. Perhaps there is no one who enjoys a calmer peace than the woman who has put aside all hope of happiness, and who has wrestled with and vanquished the foul unbelieving spirit which men call despair. At this time I was very happy—happy in the love and confidence of an idolized sister, happy in the affectionate friendship of my cousin and my cousin's friends. Oh, how completely the old pain was lulled to rest! how entirely the old fever had worn itself out! The past was little more than a twelvemonth old, and I already could afford to look back and smile at its pale ghost. Yes, this was a happy pause in my life, and I shudder when I remember the day upon which the face of a new care first showed itself to me.

When did I first find my sister's confidence slipping away from me? When did I first see her eyelids droop under my gaze? When did I first find that there was one corner of her innocent mind into which I could not penetrate?

I think it was when the stubble-fields were still yellow in the autumn sunlight that I first saw something that was new to me in my sister's face. The happy light had not faded, but it was a very fitful light now,—even brighter than of old, perhaps, when it did shine, but oh, so transient! My darling had some secret cause for unhappiness. I questioned her one night, when, going up into her room to fetch a book, I found her standing alone by the window, with her forehead resting against the glass, looking out into the moonlit garden. I took her in my arms, and for the first time questioned her about the change which I had watched so anxiously. My darling hid her face upon my breast, and sobbed as if her heart was broken.

"My dearest Sophy, my own darling girl, what is this hidden grief?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "it is not grief. I am *not*

grieved—I am *not* unhappy. Oh, how base and ungrateful, how false and cruel I should be if I were unhappy! Patty, is it fair of you to steal upon me like this, when I feel ill and nervous, and am so apt to burst out crying without any reason? Is it kind of you to watch me as you do? I tell you that I am *not* unhappy—one can't always be smiling and laughing."

"But you used to be the gayest of the gay, Sophy," I said, sadly. The cruel truth had begun to dawn upon me. A host of trifling incidents, so insignificant when considered separately, strung themselves together like a necklace of beads. I began to understand why in our little family party two people had changed so much of late. I began to understand how it was that Lawrence Annesley's vivacity had degenerated into a spasmodic kind of gaiety that came by fits and starts, and was broken by long intervals of melancholy; and why it was that my sister's silvery laughter no longer pealed a merry accompaniment to his boyish sallies. And my cousin Bernard loved her so dearly, with such a chivalrous confidence in her purity and truth, that to doubt her was an impossibility. For him there could be no pause between the perfect happiness of believing her true and the horror of knowing her to be false. No purgatory of doubt, but a sudden fall from heaven to hell. Had she never loved him, then? I asked myself. Surely if she had once loved him she must have loved him always. Was there any man upon earth who could steal a woman's heart away from Bernard Champion?

These thoughts were in my mind as I stood with my sister's slender figure folded in my arms, while I tried to soothe her agitation.

"Darling," I said, "there is no grief which cannot be conquered by Heaven's help. There is no sorrow which cannot be transformed into a blessing if we accept it meekly. No one ever yet went through this world without some encounter with pain and trouble. Remember this, darling, and believe me, however bitter your sorrow seems to you just now, you may live it down, and be able to look back upon it with a smile."

She clung closer to me, and her sobs were less passionate now.

"Talk to me like that, Patty," she cried; "talk to me like that. Ah, if you knew how good I feel when you are talking! I think I am capable of holding to the right, but not by myself,—I am so weak and helpless. When I hear Bernard speak my soul seems to float up into some higher region, and I want to leave the world, and I could give up all my life to heaven; but when we come out of church I drop back to earth again, and I am only a helpless, unhappy creature."

"My darling, you have so little cause to be unhappy."

"Oh, not for my own sake," she murmured, "not for my own sake, but for——"

She stopped, and drew her arms still tighter about my neck.

"Patty, you will have mercy upon us? I know that we are very wicked, and *he* knows it and feels it, oh! still more bitterly than I do. Patty, you will have pity upon us, and you will help me to be true to Bernard?"

It needed no more than this to tell me the story which I had so nearly guessed already. Ah, well, the wisdom that comes too late is very useless; but I fancy now that I ought to have divined at the very first that these two bright young creatures could scarcely help loving each other, any more than two roses growing on the same stem can help meeting when the summer wind blows them together.

"My darling," I said to my sister, as she looked up pleadingly in my face, "with God's help I will try to save you from a great dishonour. You are Bernard's promised wife, and it would be a sorrowful thing if that promise should ever be broken."

Sophy looked indignantly at me.

"You mean that, if I were not engaged to Bernard, Mr. Annesley would be a bad husband for me?" she asked.

"He could never be what Bernard will be to you. Oh, Sophy, Sophy, can you for a moment forget the parable we hear so often about the rock and the sand?"

"You think that Lawrence would be fickle?"

"Not fickle, perhaps, but unstable. Just now you called yourself helpless; believe me, Sophy, you were created to be the wife of such a man as Bernard. My darling, for pity's sake be true to him, and to yourself."

Her transient anger had passed away; but oh, how much that anger had revealed! She was ready to humiliate herself to the very dust, but she rebelled against a disapproving word if it applied to *him*.

"I want you to help me, Patty," she murmured, imploringly; "I can do anything if you will help me."

"And I will, dear, with all my heart and soul."

"Bernard must never know."

"He never shall."

"Is—is he down-stairs?"

I knew by her timid, faltering tones that she meant Lawrence Annesley.

"Yes, dear."

"Is he sketching? I know he has not been playing, for I haven't heard the piano."

"No, dear, he has not been sketching to-night."

"He has been talking, then?"

"No, he was not talking when I left the drawing-room."

"Oh, Patty, you must see the change in him; you remember how

he used to be the life of us all. It goes to my very heart when I see him look unhappy."

It went to my heart, as the common phrase goes, to hear my sister talk like this. But it has been one of the errors of my life to be too self-reliant, and I fancied that if I took this matter in hand and went to work seriously, I could speedily bring things right. I had a plan of action formed in my head already, and in the mean time I affected to speak lightly of Lawrence Annesley's folly.

"My darling girl," I said, "if every pretty woman were to break her heart because one man is weak enough or dishonourable enough to fall in love with her after she is engaged to be married to another, the pretty women would almost all be heart-broken. What has happened to you is the commonest thing in the world, and you have only to hold steadfast in your faith to the man you love. Mr. Annesley's wounds will heal very speedily when he loses sight of my darling's sweet face. The sorrow that would kill Bernard would pass lightly over Laurence's sunshiny spirit. You won't come down-stairs again to-night, dear, I suppose? No, your eyes might look red. Go to bed, and rest. Don't call yourself helpless, my darling; Heaven will always help you to do right."

She said that she would not go to bed just then, she would sit up reading until I returned to her. She followed me out into the corridor, and stood leaning against the ponderous, old-fashioned banisters at the head of the staircase. I guessed that she would stand there until Lawrence Annesley left the house, when she would be able to hear his voice in the hall below. I knew too well now that she had never loved Bernard, but I still hoped that she would learn to love him. Ah me! how sad to think that the rich treasure of this good man's love should only be a burden to her! But then I comforted myself with the thought of her youth.

"She is only a foolish child as yet," I said to myself. "She will love him and understand him by-and-bye."

I went back to the drawing-room: my uncle Geoffrey and Bernard were playing backgammon at a little table near the fire; Lawrence Annesley was sitting at the centre table with a gold pencil-case in his hand, scribbling random dots and lines upon a sheet of note-paper. He looked up at me as I entered the room, and looked beyond me into the hall, as if expecting to see Sophy following me. I saw his look of disappointment as I shut the door, and though I was so angry and indignant with him, my heart bled for him just then: there was such a yearning tenderness in the hazel eyes, such a deep melancholy in the face that had once been so bright.

"Is your sister ill, Miss Champion?" he asked.

Bernard looked up from his game.

"Oh no, she has only a headache. But I advised her not to

come down any more to-night," I said, answering the question and the look.

Lawrence Annesley sighed, a very faint, half-suppressed sigh, that was heard by no one but myself. I could not help being sorry for him, just as one is sorry for a child to whose frivolous fancy all the happiness in the world seems concentrated in one beautiful toy. I did not set a higher value on his love than on the child's fancy, but I was sorry for him nevertheless. Once, and once only, I thought,—

"Ah, if Bernard had only chosen me for his wife, what a happiness it would have been for us to watch over and cherish these two bright, loving creatures!"

But then I remembered how indispensable the oak is to the fragile parasite mistletoe; and how that beautiful clinging ivy, which can climb to the topmost pinnacle of a cathedral tower, having the sturdy wall to cling to, left to itself can only grovel helplessly upon the ground. I remembered this as I knelt by my little bed that night and prayed for strength to help my sister to do right. But though I prayed so long and fervently, I know now that my sin was over-confidence in myself, and I fancy that this is a sin that plays a very important part in the story of all our lives. It seems so easy to do right, so almost impossible that we should do wrong, until the hour of trial comes, and we discover all at once what weak creatures we are.

I slept very little all through that night, and once in the stillness I heard my sister sobbing softly to herself. She did not know that I heard her, and I thought it better that she should not know.

"Ah, my poor darling," I said to myself, "you are fighting your first battle."

I thought very much of the past few months as I lay awake that night. Was it strange that this unhappy love should have arisen between Lawrence and my sister? I looked back and saw how much we had been together; how much all Sophy's tastes and fancies, her talents and accomplishments, harmonized with his—how little with my cousin Bernard's more solid attributes and infinitely wider learning. I looked back and saw that my sister's promised husband had been her guide, instructor, friend, but never her companion. That sweet intimacy of association which constitutes perfect companionship can scarcely arise where there is no equality. The very qualities which raised my cousin above his plighted wife removed him further away from her. Esteem, affection, veneration, all these she could feel for the man whose nature seemed so nearly perfect; but my sister's heart had been won too surely by the boyish lover who had spent idle days wandering in the corn-fields, and blackberry-hunting

in the woods, while the good husbandman was toiling in his Master's vineyard, confident in the possession of that earthly treasure, whose brightness, cherished so dearly, could not beguile him from the service of Heaven.

My sister went down-stairs with me the next morning, and knelt in her old place by my side during prayers. She was a little paler than usual, but very calm and self-possessed. She had promised to trust in my help with Lawrence, and to cling steadfastly to the right. There was no fear that Bernard's chivalrous trust in her would be shaken by any passing change in her manner; and I thought it much better that she should meet him, and even Lawrence Annesley, as usual, than that she should shut herself in her room to brood upon her foolish sorrow.

"What is it but a child's caprice," I said to myself again and again,—“the airiest dream, which will have vanished away a week after Lawrence has left us?”

This was my hope. I counted on the speedy departure of Bernard's friend. *His* friend could not be a dishonourable man, and it was to Lawrence Annesley's honour that I meant to appeal.

He came in soon after breakfast, looking oh so different from his old self! He came in just as Bernard was putting on his hat preparatory to starting on his daily rounds. I saw Lawrence's face through the open door, as I stood at the bookcase in the dining-room, and I heard them talking in the hall.

"You're looking fagged, my boy," Bernard said, kindly. "Well, well, that's only to be expected, for I've worked you very hard, and you've stuck to business nobly. There's no fear of the degree this time, and your mother will be proud of you yet."

Lawrence did not respond very heartily to this hopeful speech.

"You're a good fellow, Bernard," he muttered, "and I wish to Heaven I were like you. But I'm an incongruous wretch in an incongruous world, and I feel sometimes as if the best thing my best friend could do for me would be to show me the quickest way out of it."

"Lawrence!"

"Oh yes, I know it sounds horrible blasphemy! but do you think Simon Peter would have been sorry to lie down and make an end of it then and there when the cock crowed for the third time, and he remembered that he saw the Divine face looking at him with pensive reproachfulness? I suppose it's the common error of a weak nature to think death the speediest and easiest escape out of temptation and sin."

Bernard looked at his friend's face with an earnest, questioning gaze.

"Lawrence! what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing! I've heard that my great-grandmother, on my mother's side, died mad. The family failing crops up now and then. Dear old Bernard, go out, and, 'like the sun, your daily round of labour run.' I'll go into the study and do a morning's hard reading. I've stuck pretty closely to my work for the last few weeks, eh, dear boy?"

"Better than I ever knew you stick to anything."

"Hard work is your only physic for a mind diseased. I can cry, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' upon the threshold of yonder study; but it is not so easy to shut the door upon the fiend,—he has such a trick of creeping through key-holes. Dear Bernard, don't look at me so uneasily; I mean to work well and honestly to-day, and you shall have reason to approve of my labours."

He went into the study and shut the door. Bernard left the house almost immediately, and half an hour afterwards my uncle also went out. Sophy was in the drawing-room sitting before the piano, practising, as she said, but the fingers very often strayed idly over the notes, while the pretty head drooped wearily. Oh, how sad, how pitiful it seems that there must be so much wasted love in this world! like the wonderful blossoms that flourish and fade in the trackless depths of South American forests, where no mortal eye can behold their brightness. But the eyes of the Immortal look down upon those forest flowers, and it may be that the angels have compassion upon sorrowful earthly loves. I loitered about the dining-room, dusting the bookshelves and the pretty knickknacks on the chimney-piece; and then, when I had quite made up my mind what I had to do and what I had to say, I went to the door of the study and knocked softly.

I waited, but there was no answer. I knocked again, and waited again, but there was still no answer, so I opened the door and went in. Lawrence Annesley was sitting with his back towards me as I entered the room. The table was piled ever so high with big volumes—some open, some shut. There was a Greek lexicon lying on the floor, and I saw the Hebrew characters in an open book by the young man's elbow; but he was leaning forward idly on his desk, sketching pen-and-ink heads upon a sheet of foolscap, and I saw that almost all the heads were profile likenesses of my sister.

He did not hear me even when I opened the door behind him. He was not aware of my presence until I called him by his name. When I did so, he rose hastily, pushed a sheet of blotting-paper across the wet pen-and-ink sketches, and turned to me with his old winning smile. He was pale one minute, and flushed the next; but in all his trouble and confusion the easy grace, the indefinable fascination of his manner, never deserted him.

"My dear Miss Champion, you—you startled me just a little, and you come upon me in the nick of time to discover what a pitiful wretch I am; but I *have* been reading really hard this morning. Only, you see, when a fellow's thoughts wander, it's not much use for him to keep his eyes upon the page. If I were only like Bernard!—but then I might just as well wish I were eight feet high! My mother has made a mistake, Miss Champion, and I am not fit for the Church. I shall give up the struggle—a man who doesn't know when he is beaten must be a consummate idiot—and they must get me a commission in the line. I should think any kind of man would do for India. Put a calico helmet on his head, a sword in his hand, and a couple of pistols in his belt, and there he is. But to plant a poor, weak, unstable sinner in a pulpit, and bid him teach better men to be good, seems to be little short of an insult to Heaven. But I won't bore you, Miss Champion; you want something—a book, I suppose? Can I get you any particular volume?"

He put his foot on the little mahogany ladder as he spoke.

"No, thank you, Mr. Annesley; I did not come for a book. I want to speak to you, if you will let me, very seriously."

I saw his frank smile change to a look of alarm; but he drew a chair towards the fire and asked me to be seated. I sat down, and then for the first time I felt how very difficult it was to approach the subject of which I wished to speak. I knew so little, I was so entirely in the dark as to what had transpired between Lawrence and my sister. Had he told her of his love and his unhappiness, or had she only guessed his secret? I had scrupulously avoided probing Sophy's wounds too deeply. I had more than one reason for this reticence; I did not wish to distress my darling, nor did I wish to make much of her trouble. I hoped that, by judicious management, this mountain of sorrow might be made to dwindle into the veriest molehill. But now that I wanted to speak to Lawrence Annesley, how was I to begin? While I sat trying to make up my mind on this point and staring absently at the fire—it was late autumn now, and the days were dull and chilly—Lawrence saved me all uncertainty by dashing impetuously into the subject of my trouble. Is it possible to be dishonourable and yet candid, false and yet frank? Surely many things are possible for a weak soul that is strongly tempted. I know that Lawrence Annesley did act falsely and dishonourably, but I believe the natural impulses of his mind leaned towards frankness and candour.

"Miss Champion," he said, "I know what you want to speak to me about. I fancy I can almost guess the very words you want to say. They are hard words, and you are so good and gentle

that you scarcely care to utter them ; but you cannot be too hard against me—you cannot despise me more thoroughly than I despise myself. I am the basest wretch that ever lived to sting the hand that fostered him. Do you know that your cousin Bernard nursed me through a malignant fever out yonder in the East, and saved my worthless life at the peril of his own? You may have heard that, perhaps, but all he has been to me you can never know—the best, the truest friend that ever tried to make a poor, weak, despicable creature good for something in spite of himself. Yes, Miss Champion, I know that I am a traitor and a villain ; but oh ! if you could understand how I love her, you would pity my madness, you would have compassion on my sin.”

I told him—in broken words, for his passionate earnestness had affected me to tears,—I told him that I was truly sorry for him, that I trusted in his honour, and that by the help of that and the grace of Heaven, all things might be brought right.

He turned to me eagerly, with a faint glimmer of hope in his pallid face.

“Tell me what to do,” he cried, “and I will do it, for her sake. Oh, Miss Champion, I have been so happy in this house, and so utterly miserable. It seems almost hard to believe that the same place can hold so much sorrow and so much joy ; it seems difficult to understand how I can have lived through so much anguish, so much delight, within the few months that have gone by since I first saw your sister’s face. Is it very wicked in me to love her? Am I very wicked because I have brown hair and brown eyes? I could change the colour of my hair and eyes quite as easily as I could avoid loving Sophia Champion. You will say I am base and dishonourable because I told her of my love. Was it *I* who told her? Was there not something in me stronger than myself which *would* speak that day when Sophy and I lost you in Boden Wood, and waited alone for you a quarter of an hour by the rustic gate that opens on the road? If we had not lost you I should not have spoken. If we had not waited alone for you, the irresistible temptation to speak might never have come upon me.”

He had told her, then ! I tried to tell him how base he had been, but the words would not come. I was so sorry for him. Presently he went on again—impetuously, passionately. He was walking up and down the room as he spoke.

“She had seen the change in me, though Heaven knows I had tried hard to be a callous, noisy wretch, what Oliver Goldsmith calls an agreeable rattle. Her gentle, sympathetic soul had divined the secret I had striven to hide ; and that day, while we waited for you by the gate, I looked even gloomier than usual, I suppose, and she asked me if I was unhappy. Shall I ever forget her innocent face as

she looked at me? Shall I ever forget the tender mournfulness of her voice as she asked me if there was not some hidden trouble weighing on my mind? And then the demon took possession of me, and I told her all the miserable truth,—told her that I loved her with all the strength of a weak man's passionate heart; told her that, in defiance of honour, with base treason against friendship, I loved her, and must continue to love her until the day of my death."

"And she heard you to the end?"

"She could not do less than hear me; for the torrent, once set free, rushed on too fast for hindrance. Her face was turned from me. If it were her nature to be angry, she would have been angry with me, I have no doubt. I knew how despicable I must seem to her. But she is the living spirit of pity and tenderness. She was silent while I spoke; and before she could reprove me you joined us, and all was over. The sin had been sinned. But I am not quite a hardened reprobate; so shame and repentance followed close upon the heels of guilt."

As he stood before me speaking thus, with his hair thrown loosely from his forehead, his eyes sparkling with a feverish light, the awful question of man's responsibility arose in my mind. To what degree was this man accountable, this man in whose nature there seemed some inherent weakness? But then I remembered the sacred promise that, with *every* temptation, however hard, however bitter, shall be given a way of escape. The strong man may wrestle with Satan, and hold his ground as conqueror of the field; and the man who is too weak for the contest may flee to a fortress, beneath whose holy shelter the fiend dare not pursue him.

"Dear Mr. Annesley," I said, "to my mind your proper course seems so very plain. Your presence in this house, in this place, is a treason against Bernard, and can only distress my sister. If you leave Sandycoast—"

"Leave her, never to see her again, or only to see her when she is Bernard's wife! Oh, Miss Champion! I am a selfish and wicked creature. I wish to Heaven I could die before your sister's wedding day."

He covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. For the first time in my life I saw that most cruel spectacle, a man weeping. To us, tears seem so natural that they are almost sweet; but to *them* how bitter! What a wide distance between Mary Magdalene, raining penitent tears upon her Master's feet, and the drops of blood which He shed in the garden of Gethsemane!

I tried to comfort Lawrence Annesley, and, poorly as I pleaded the cause of right, I won from him a promise that he would leave Sandycoast immediately. His habits had always been more or less erratic,

and his abrupt departure was not likely to awaken any wonder in Bernard's mind. He would go straight to Oxford, or he would go home. It mattered very little where he went, he said, hopelessly. He would go.

"And you will start at once—to-day?"

I was nervously anxious that his departure should take place immediately, for I saw that he had no idea of the real state of my foolish darling's heart. I did not want him to discover what I knew too well. I did not want him to know that his fatal love had found an echo in my sister's breast.

"To-day," he said, piteously; "you are very hard upon me, Miss Champion. Oh yes!" he added, in answer to my look, "I know you are acting for the best, but the best *is* very hard sometimes. Well, I'll go to-day, since it must be so. What is it the poet says? 'Better to die by sudden shock!' I have been mouldering 'piece-meal on the rock' for the last month or two. Two months! my love is only two months old. Two little months seem to hold all the history of my life. And I have wondered at a young mother's anguish for the death of a two months old baby! It seems so small a thing to lose a treasure we have held for so brief a span. Yes, I will go to-day; but I must see her, Miss Champion. You will let me see your sister before I go? In your presence, of course. I only want to hold her hand in mine just long enough to say, 'God bless you, and good-bye.' You can't refuse me as much as that."

Could I refuse him so small a favour, when he had promised to obey me? I pointed to his desk.

"Will you write a letter to Bernard," I said, "announcing this sudden change in your plans, or will you wait to see him? He spoke of going some distance to-day, and I don't think he will be home until dinner-time. If you could avoid seeing him it might be better, perhaps."

"Infinitely better. I can't look him in the face. Those calm gray eyes of his torture me with their earnest truthfulness. Yes, it will be much better for me to go at once. I will run back to my lodgings, pack a portmanteau, and leave Sandycoast by the London coach: it passes through the town at a quarter to three. And now take me to your sister. When a man is going to be hanged, his gaolers generally give him whatever he pleases to eat for his last breakfast. I have bowed my head before the justice of your sentence, Miss Champion, and I am going very meekly to my execution. Be as pitiful to me as the warders are to the poor condemned wretch in Newgate. Let me see your sister. Let me have one little word from Sophy's lips to sweeten the bitterness of my doom."

The boyish fascination of manner which distinguished him from all other men remained with him even in his sorrow. I could not

resist his pleading smile, so sadly deprecatory of himself and his weakness, so tender in its imploring earnestness. I let him accompany me to the drawing-room. Sophy had left the piano, and was standing by one of the windows, looking out at the falling leaves drifting in the autumn wind, as hopelessly and despondently as I had seen her look out upon the cold moonlight and the black shadows of the swaying branches on the grass.

She started at the sound of our footsteps, and looked round. The pale face flushed and then grew pale again. Her lips faltered a faint "Good morning, Mr. Annesley;" and then she turned to the piano, and began nervously shifting the loose music that lay scattered upon it.

"I have come to wish you good-bye, Miss Sophy," Lawrence said, going straight up to her; "you will shake hands before I go, won't you? And if I made a fool or a brute of myself the other day, you will try to forgive me, I hope. You will find it very easy to forget me."

I felt how foolishly my sanction had been granted for such an interview as this. My sister looked at Lawrence Annesley with a piteous, half-bewildered expression.

"You are going," she murmured, "you are going so soon? To-day?—Oh, Patty, is it true?"

She turned to me to-day as she had turned to me always in the little troubles of her childhood—the transient vexations of her happy girlhood,—and to-day I could give her neither help nor comfort.

"Yes, Miss Sophy, I am going away," Lawrence answered, with a defiant recklessness which was the poorest sham that ever disguised passionate sorrow. "When a fellow finds that he is unfitted for one career, he had better try another. Holy mother Church will acknowledge no such reprobate son as I; but mother Country is a liberal matron, and she cares very little what vagabonds she takes to her gory arms. When you hear of me next, Miss Sophy, I hope it will be at the head of a Sepoy regiment; and if you ever hear of me after that, God grant it may be in the list of the killed."

And this was how he kept his promise to me.

"Mr. Annesley—"

Before I could utter the indignant protest that rose to my lips I was interrupted by my sister's despairing cry.

"Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence, you are breaking my heart!"

In the next moment he was on his knees at her feet, covering her trembling hands with his passionate kisses. "My darling, my own dearest girl, if I thought that my wretched life could have a feather's weight in your mind, I could endure a thousand years of the weariest existence that ever a hopeless wretch dragged miserably to its joyless close. Oh, Sophy, Sophy, I love you so dearly, and I hate myself so

much for loving you. Speak, dear, and tell me what I am to do. I will take my sentence from no one but you." He waved me back as he spoke, as if he would have forbidden my interference. "Speak, Sophy; I am ready to obey."

My sister looked at me. O, tender blue eyes, so unspeakably sad, so piteously entreating, shall I ever live long enough to forget that look? Can I comfort myself, remembering the sorrow that came of that day's work, by the knowledge that I did what I thought was best?

"It is very good of you to say that, Lawrence," Sophy began presently. She had been crying, but had dried her tears, and spoke in a low, steady voice, that was sorrowfully earnest in its tone. "I am sorry that any unhappiness should have come out of our friendship, but I know and feel that it is best for you to go away. Bernard is so good, and my uncle; I owe them both so much, that to break my promise, or to be forgetful of their love, would be a sin that Heaven would punish in me, and that could only bring remorse and sorrow upon you. But oh, Mr. Annesley, if my wishes really have any weight with you, I entreat you not to abandon your intention of entering the Church. I heard Lady Annesley speak to you about that subject, and it seems very foolish of me to ask what your mother has already asked you."

"I will do anything for your sake."

"Patty," cried my sister, "tell him what he ought to do."

"Let him remember that Bernard Champion is his best and truest friend," I answered.

"She is right," cried Lawrence, "she is right, and you are an angel. Good-bye, and God bless you. I think that was what I promised to say, Miss Champion."

He wrung my hand, and in the next moment the door closed upon him. And then there came the resonant bang of the outer door, and we knew that he had left us.

Sophy threw herself sobbing into my arms.

"Oh, Patty, I love him so dearly—so dearly."

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

AFTER Lawrence Annesley left us all was very quiet in our dear old home—a happy home, as it seemed, for Bernard's trusting love made a sunshine of its own; and if my sister's manner had lost its girlish buoyancy, its almost childish gaiety, those who loved her best recognized an improvement in the change which elevated the light-hearted

girl into the thoughtful woman. I alone knew the secret of this transformation. I alone knew that the thoughtful shadow on my sister's face had been cast by the dark storm-cloud of a first sorrow. Yes, her first sorrow. Her life till Laurence Annesley's coming had been all happiness. I pitied her so much when I remembered this, and how ill-fitted she was to sustain the burden of a hidden grief. She was very gentle, very patient; but I knew that she suffered. The sweet confidence of sisterhood which had so long united us perished in the hour of Lawrence Annesley's departure. I think she would have been glad to talk to me of him, and of her trouble, but I gave her no opportunity of approaching the subject. I have fancied sometimes that the name she loved was hovering on her lips, and that something in my face chilled her trusting heart, and kept her silent.

My sin lay in this foolish confidence in my own power to set things right. How much wiser it would have been to let my darling speak! how much wiser to have told Bernard Champion the bitter truth that my sister's heart had never been his! It would have been the TRUTH; and I know now that the bitterest truth is infinitely better than the sweetest falsehood. I was very foolish. My love for my cousin was only a poor helpless woman's love, after all. I was like a mother who has not the courage to give her idolized child the one medicine which can cure his malady, because the draught is nauseous. My mind often wavered. I have sometimes shaped the very words that should announce to Bernard the shipwreck of his hopes; but one deeply tender look in my cousin's eyes, as he watched Sophy sitting at her work in the lamplight; one low tone of his voice, softening so unconsciously as he spoke to her, would change the whole current of my thought, and I could not strike the blow which must shatter the fairy edifice of his dreams.

I knew the heroic element in my cousin's nature, and I felt very certain that if he had been aware that Sophy's heart had never been his, if he had fancied that her happiness was involved in a release from her engagement to him, he would have set her free without a murmur, and would have trodden onward, serene and unflinching, upon the path which he had elected to tread, leaving all the flowers that had adorned it far behind him: broken-hearted, it might be, but not broken-spirited.

Knowing this, and blindly trusting in my own judgment, I set my face resolutely against any allusion to the past. To me Bernard Champion seemed the grandest and noblest of mankind, and I believed that my sister must eventually learn to love him as he deserved to be loved. I fancied her his happy wife, looking back with a smile to the brief fancy of her foolish girlhood, the transient dream in which Lawrence Annesley's image occupied the chief place. I could not

think that this weak and unstable Lawrence had, in a few months, inspired an affection that could endure against the devotion of such a man as my cousin, and I was very proud when I thought how my diplomacy had secured the retreat of Bernard's rival and the future happiness of my sister. I did not know that diplomacy never yet achieved any success which might not have been better won by unflinching truthfulness. I had gone to work like a surgeon, who tries by the use of medicines to effect a cure which can only be accomplished thoroughly by the knife; and I discovered very speedily the shallowness of my fancied wisdom. Lawrence Annesley's sudden departure had caused little sensation in our household.

"I am very sorry," Bernard said, after reading the letter which his friend had left, "I am deeply and truly sorry, but I am not surprised. Perhaps it is better so. The army rejects a recruit whose limbs are feeble, or whose lungs are unsound; but the church militant has received soldiers as little fitted for the holy fight as a poor maimed creature, limping between crutches, is to be the captain of a grenadier regiment."

The days drifted slowly by us. The last leaves fell in our sheltered garden, above which quaint gabled roofs and ivy-covered chimneys loomed dark against the autumn sky. How often I have watched my sister Sophy pacing up and down in the shadow of the garden wall, with the withered leaves blowing round her as she walked! There was no confidence between us now. At first she had seemed anxious to talk to me of Lawrence Annesley, but little by little the frank simplicity of her girlhood vanished quite away, and she was a woman now, with a woman's power to guard the secrets of her heart.

Sometimes I was pleased to think of the change, believing that it was the beginning of a new phase in my darling's life, and that the grave stillness of her manner was only the serious thoughtfulness which was suitable to a woman who was to be Bernard Champion's wife. Sometimes a cold chill crept through my heart, and I would have given, ah! so much, to have my sister sitting at my feet in our favourite window, with a heap of open books scattered round her, and her bright childish face looking up at me out of a mass of tumbled hair. And in the meanwhile our quiet life crept on until it was Christmas-time once more, and Bernard and Sophy had been engaged exactly a year. My uncle was the first to talk about the marriage. The bishop of the diocese had been always his warm friend, and many rumours of Bernard's very unusual talents had reached him within the last year; thus it was expected that my cousin would very speedily exchange his curacy at Sandycroast for a wider field of action.

"The change may come when we least expect it," said my uncle,

"and I want Bernard to carry a wife away with him when he leaves his father's house. Patty and I can get on very well by ourselves. There are silly people who think May marriages unlucky. I suppose we must defer to the popular prejudice, and marry our young couple in April."

This is how it was settled. Sophy made no attempt to oppose my uncle's decision. Bernard had consulted his father's pleasure in this important matter with a reverential tenderness.

"If my happiness alone had been concerned, I should have tried to carry my bride away with me last April instead of next April," he said to Sophy by-and-bye, when my uncle Geoffrey had left the room, "but the state of my father's health hindered me from taking any step that might distress him. I was loath to hasten any breaking up of the old home. Our marriage has been the favourite scheme of his life, darling, and I wanted the planning of it to be entirely his own. I shall take my young wife from my father's hands next April, as I took her from him thirteen years ago, when she was a sleepy little girl, worn out by a long journey, and disinclined to be tormented by the demonstrative affection of an overgrown schoolboy."

My sister looked up at her lover with a sweet earnestness in her eyes.

"I will try to be a good wife, Bernard," she said, very gently; "I will try to be worthy of your love and confidence. If it were only for my uncle Geoffrey's sake, I——"

Whatever words she had meant to speak died away upon her lips, and she burst into tears. I knew that in all her life she had never been more truthful than at that moment. I fancied that the good cause had triumphed, and that Lawrence Annesley was forgotten. I left the lovers alone in the winter twilight, sitting by the same hearth before which Sophy had told me what Bernard had said to her in St. Augustine's Church exactly a year ago. How I smiled, remembering my own folly, and the anguish in my heart, as I listened to my darling's confession! and yet how sharply the old pain came back to me even while I smiled! But the battle had been fought and the victory won, and I was now really and truly what Bernard had once called me, his "sisterly cousin."

I was very happy for some time after this, very confident in the happiness of the future. Only one thing disturbed the serenity of my mind, and that was my sister's reserve. The old trustfulness, that childish candour, were quite gone. Do what I would, I could not win my darling to talk of her future life. Whenever I approached that subject she answered me in almost the same words—the words she had spoken to Bernard on the day I have been writing about. She would try to be a good wife, she told me; she hoped to make her cousin happy. Her dearest wish was that she might be truly worthy of her uncle Geoffrey's love.

All that was frivolous in her nature seemed to have vanished with the childish gaiety which had once made her bewitching. She was more serious now than I, who had once seemed twenty years her senior. The religious duties which had once been performed a little carelessly, now absorbed almost all her life. The charitable works which had once been accomplished by Bernard and me were now shared by her, and she seemed never to know weariness or disgust. My cousin contemplated this change with a proud delight, a happiness which was only disturbed by a shade of anxiety about our darling's health. The beautiful face was paler than of old, and upon two or three occasions Sophy had betrayed hysterical symptoms which could only arise from weakness.

Bernard remonstrated with her many times upon her untiring devotion to painful labours; she spent too much of her life in sick-rooms, he told her; she walked too far in the course of the day.

"Darling, you must remember that your usefulness depends as much upon your power to help in the good work as on your will. If your health were to give way, these people to whom you have made yourself so dear would lose the comfort of your visits, the advantage of your counsel."

"I want to do my duty, Bernard; I want to be what a rector's wife should be."

"I am deeply touched when I hear you say that. I have loved you ever since I have been capable of loving anything, and I have learnt to be proud of you lately. But a rector's wife should not be an overworked invalid. There is all a long life of usefulness before you, I pray Heaven, my dear, and we must not use up your strength in a twelvemonth."

My uncle Geoffrey gave me a cheque for a sum which I considered very large, to be employed in the purchase of my sister's trousseau; but in this matter, as in everything else, I found it impossible to engage Sophy's attention, or to arouse any of the girlish delight in trifles which had once been her chief characteristic. We went together several times to the county town, and spent long days in drapers' shops, selecting ribbons and turning over pretty dresses, with the agreeable consciousness of having a great deal of money to spend; but my sister might have been the most strong-minded of women for any enjoyment she derived out of a position which to the ordinary feminine mind is as delightful as it is important.

She was very gentle; all the old loving, clinging ways made her charming still—but the joyousness was gone. I did not know whether I ought to be glad or sorry to see her so much improved, as my uncle and Bernard said,—almost improved away from herself, as I thought; but I know that I very often found myself feeling sorry.

In all this time there had been very little talk of Lawrence Annesley, and I hoped, and even believed, that my sister had forgotten him. Now and then, when my cousin mentioned his friend's name, I had seen Sophy's cheek grow a shade paler, but it was only natural that she should be a little disturbed by any allusion to the man whose folly had so ruffled the even current of her happy life. I knew now how much better it would have been if I had encouraged her to talk freely of him; for then at least I should have had her complete confidence. It seemed to have been offered to me, and rejected. Now I dared not mention Lawrence Annesley's name. I dared not even ask if the old wound was quite healed, lest in doing so I should set it bleeding afresh.

So things went on until a month before the day that had been fixed for the wedding, and in the cold, windy March weather Sophy and I went upon our separate duties through the gusty streets, in the winding lanes and straggling outskirts of the town, while a couple of merry work-girls sat at a big table in our own pretty room, almost snowed up in many-coloured cuttings of silk and muslin.

Bernard was very happy. I think he was too hard a worker to find any leisure for those nervous doubts and fears which might have beset an ordinary lover. And then the characteristic of his mind was an unbounded trustfulness in the truth and honour of those he dearly loved. He was very happy, and he believed implicitly in the love of the woman who had promised to be his wife.

From the time of Lawrence Annesley's departure from Sandycroast until this bleak and bitter March we had only heard of him once, and then indirectly. He had never written to Bernard, and on more than one occasion my cousin expressed some wonderment at this silence.

"If anything that Lawrence might do could surprise me, I should be surprised at having had no letter from him in all these months. He has found some new hobby, I dare say, which absorbs him entirely for the moment. I rode over to Colethorpe the other day, and Lady Annesley told me she had last heard of him from Germany. She has abandoned all hope of the Church now, and seems almost resigned to the idea that her darling is to be an aimless idler for the rest of his life."

It was one day early in March that my cousin said this, and it was within a week of this time when Sophy and I left the rectory together to pay a round of visits amongst our poor. We parted after going a little way, agreeing to meet at a cottage on the Rixborough Road at three o'clock,—the cottage of a widow who was Sophy's pensioner and chief favourite, and who almost idolized my sister. I finished my own work at half-past two, and arrived at Mrs. Burslam's cottage before three.

I found the widow full of my sister's praises; but she distressed me very much by remarking the change in Sophy's appearance during the past six months.

"If I did not know how happy the dear young lady is in her home, I should almost fancy there was some secret grief weighing on her mind," said Mrs. Burslam, who was rather a sentimental person, and prided herself a good deal upon having seen better days; and then she went on to expatiate on my cousin Bernard's goodness, and on the changes which were to take place so soon at the rectory. I waited for some time, talking over the widow's little troubles. She had a son who was a reckless, ne'er-do-well young man, and about whom it was her chief delight to talk.

"I talk a deal to Miss Sophy about him," Mrs. Burslam said, "and she seems to take such an interest like, that it's a world of comfort to me to talk to her. I show her his letters sometimes, for he can write quite beautiful letters, always full of love and kindness, and such hopefulness for the future; but the hopefulness never comes to anything. And yet he was such a talented lad, that folks used to take no end of notice of him in my native place. But there he has been for the last ten years trying to get a living here, and trying to get a living there, and never keeping at anything, and never long out of trouble. First he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but though he seemed to have quite a talent for turning and such like, he didn't keep to the cabinet-making; and then the rector of my native place got him recommended as a clerk to a lawyer, but he got tired of that very soon; and after that he almost broke my heart by going and 'listing as a soldier, and had to be bought off by a subscription which some charitable ladies set on foot; and so he goes on, never doing anything really wicked, but never doing any good, until my mind seems almost worn out with anxiety about him. I tell Miss Sophy all about the poor boy, you know, Miss Champion, and she has such kind, sympathizing ways, that I always feel happier in my mind after talking to her."

I could not help thinking that my sister Sophy might see some parallel between the widow's ne'er-do-well son and Lawrence Annesley. As the time drew nearer and nearer to the date of my darling's wedding day I found myself growing more and more doubtful as to whether I had acted wisely when I fancied myself so very wise. I was made a little anxious this afternoon by Sophy's unpunctuality. I waited an hour, and then a little longer, and then a little longer again, reading to the widow, though I fear my mind wandered sadly from the sacred pages, whose words of comfort were so much sweeter than anything I could say. I read the story of the Prodigal Son at the request of Mrs. Burslam, who told me how often Sophy had read it to her, and how there always seemed fresh comfort in the words. But I was very

uneasy about my sister, and my eyes strayed away to the face of the little Dutch clock in the corner much oftener than they should have done. Sophy had never so broken an appointment with me before, and I was really quite alarmed when the clock struck five, and I got up to go away, having only just time enough to hurry home for our six o'clock dinner.

I had not left the cottage very far behind me when I saw my sister coming towards me across the marshy common land that skirted one side of the high road, and stretched away towards the sea. I was surprised to see her coming from this direction, as the straggling cottages thinly scattered along the coast were tenanted by rough fishermen and their families, whose names were not amongst the list of my sister's charges.

As she came closer to me I saw that she was deadly pale, and that she had been crying. She must have been crying a great deal, for her eyelids were red and swollen. I could see this though she wore a veil over her face, and kept it turned away from me whenever she could.

"Sophy," I exclaimed, "where have you been? You don't know how much anxiety you have caused me!"

"I am very sorry you have been anxious, dear. I did not know it was so late until I heard St. Augustine's clock strike just now. I left my watch at home."

"You have been down by the sea?"

"Yes."

"You have been seeing some of Bernard's people, I suppose?"

We called the fishermen and their families Bernard's people, for they had been a hopelessly benighted set until very lately, in spite of my uncle's efforts to reform them, and my cousin had worked wonders in this unpromising field.

My sister did not answer me. We were walking homewards side by side.

"My darling," I said, "something has distressed you. Why did you go amongst those people down there? You know it is against Bernard's wish that you should visit them. You have been annoyed—insulted, perhaps, by some of them."

"Oh, no, no!"

"But you have been agitated by something, Sophy. You have seen some one who is very unhappy, perhaps. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Some one who is ill—dying? What is it, Sophy? We can help them a little, I dare say, whatever it is."

"You can't help the person I have seen," my sister cried, passionately, turning towards me for a moment flushed and angry. "Why do you tease me so, Patty? Can't you see that something has made me unhappy, and that I only want to be let alone?"

After this we walked homewards in complete silence. I was quite mystified by my sister's manner, and very much disturbed by it, but I said nothing; and when we were in our own room, changing our dresses for dinner, my darling came suddenly to me, and put her arms round my neck.

"Forgive me, Patty," she said,—“forgive me, dear, for being so ill-tempered just now. I have been so tired to-day—so tired by the unhappiness I have seen; and I——” She broke down, and sobbed hysterically, with her head lying upon my shoulder. I comforted her as well as I could, and in a very few minutes she was quite calm.

We were so hurried in getting ready to go down-stairs, that I had no time to observe my sister. At dinner she was silent and thoughtful; and when questioned anxiously by Bernard, she told him she was tired. After dinner my cousin went into the study to prepare his sermon, and my sister seated herself in the dusky corner where our piano always stood. She sat before the instrument all the evening, playing soft, pensive melodies from Mozart's sonatas, while my uncle Geoffrey dozed in his arm-chair.

I was very busy during the rest of that week and during the whole of the next, for I had all the arrangements for the wedding on my hands, as well as the preparation of my sister's trousseau, in which it seemed so impossible to inspire her with any interest; and I had enough to do in writing letters, superintending household matters, and directing the two young workwomen who were making Sophy's dresses.

Thus it happened that during this time I saw very little of my sister, who spent the greater part of her time out of doors, visiting amongst her poor, and doing my duties as well as her own. Bernard was away during this week, the last but one before the wedding. A new curate had come already to take his place at Sandycroast, and my cousin was absent on a visit to the scene of his future labours.

I had nearly completed all my work by the end of the week, but there were so many little things still wanting for the completion of the trousseau, that I decided on going to our county town for one final day's shopping. I begged Sophy to go with me, but she declined. She had so much to do in Sandycroast; she had such a horror of a long tiresome day spent in drapers' shops; and then all of a sudden she implored me to put off my journey altogether. The things were of no consequence, she said; she did not care for them, she did not want them; it was only a matter of a few ribbons and collars, more or less.

"I don't care for the finery, Patty," she cried, impetuously; "the very sight of it makes me unhappy. There seems so much sorrow in the world, that all this fuss about dresses and bonnets is a kind of wickedness. Don't go, Patty. Stop with me to-day, and let us

spend the day together with our books and work as we used once. I'll stay indoors with you all day. I won't leave the house; only stop with me this once, dear; I seem to want you so much to-day."

She pleaded with me, and all her old winning ways returned for the moment to make her irresistible. How could I be deaf to her entreaties? How could I understand her so little as not to perceive some hidden depth of feeling beneath her childish pleading? I was so dull and short-sighted, and had such a foolish pride in my responsible position, that I would not consent to anything that was likely to militate against the perfection of my sister's bridal outfit.

"You don't know how many things are wanted, Sophy," I said. "Half the dresses are unfinished for want of a yard or two of fringe, or lace, or ribbon, and I have to match ever so many things."

"Can't you get the things in Sandycroast?"

"In Sandycroast! Why, Sophy, you must be mad to ask such a question. Come, darling, put on your bonnet and come with me, or else let me go by myself. I shall lose the coach if you don't take care."

"You must do as you like, Patty. It is very, very good of you to take so much trouble about my dresses; but it seems such wasted trouble. What does Bernard care about silks and laces, and fringes and trimmings? If I can be his true and affectionate wife, he will care very little to see me finely dressed."

The tears came into her eyes as she spoke; and she turned her face to the window, and stood there looking out.

"My darling Sophy," I said, as I tied my bonnet before the glass, "you seem to forget the solemn nature of my responsibilities. My uncle Geoffrey has entrusted me with the spending of his money, and I mean to achieve a success that will satisfy him; and I mean Bernard to be the happy husband of the best dressed wife in his parish. I don't mean the most expensively dressed, but the most elegantly and appropriately. I have poetic theories regarding the wardrobe of a young rector's wife;—such delicate silks, Sophy; pearly grays; and lavenders, with the faintest peachy bloom, like the lilac tinge of an evening sky between the rosy western clouds and a newly risen moon; and pale green glacé, as soft and tender as the first young leaves on the hawthorn bushes; *organdie* muslins scattered with snowdrops and violets, and snowy white cambric morning dresses, with tiny rose-buds or miniature sprigs of lilac. Everything pale, and pure, and spring-like. And I don't think it is at all wicked to spend Uncle Geoffrey's money in pretty dresses, Sophy, for it pleases him that you should be prettily dressed: and people must live, you know; and the Spitalfields weavers prosper by the requirements of well-dressed women."

I talked all this nonsense while I was putting on my bonnet and shawl. My spirits were very high that morning, for I took a kind of

artistic delight in the task that had been allotted to me, and was very proud of my little triumphs ; and then everything seemed hastening on so smoothly towards the day which was to make Sophy my cousin Bernard's wife.

"And that day once past, I shall be able to laugh at the recollection of your folly, Lawrence Annesley," thought I, "though it has given me so much trouble during the last six months."

I enjoyed my long day's shopping in the bustling old country town. I suppose there must be something peculiarly delightful in the spending of money, for I know I felt an intense pleasure in the purchase of those bright and delicate things, which were so out of all harmony with my own plain face and clumsy figure. It was late in the afternoon when I left the busy High Street to make my way to the coach office, and it was quite dusk when I arrived at Sandycroft.

My cousin Bernard was expected home in the course of that day, and I looked forward to a pleasant evening in the cosy drawing-room. He would have so much to tell us about the new home of which he was so soon to take possession, I thought ; and surely Sophy's spirits would regain some of their old buoyancy, and her face would light up with the old sunshine when she contemplated new duties in a wider sphere of usefulness. I looked forward to that evening with a vivid idea of its enjoyment, which I fancy one seldom has except about a happiness which is never to be realized, or at any rate not to be realized as we fancy it. I went home in the lumbering old coach, and sat almost up to my eyes in light, fragile parcels.

The coach dropped me at the rectory, and the servant who opened the door for me, and received all my delicate packages, told me that my cousin Bernard had returned and was in the dining-room. I was hurrying to welcome him, when I found the responsibility of my packages a hindrance to my doing so.

"We must get these parcels safely stowed away up-stairs before we can do anything, Susan," I said. "I suppose Miss Sophy is in the dining-room?"

"No, Miss ; I think she must be up-stairs in her own room."

"But doesn't my sister know that Mr. Bernard has come home?"

"I think not, Miss. I was just going up to her when the flyman knocked."

The bell rang at this moment, and Susan ran to open the door.

A boy handed her a letter ; "For Mr. Champion," he said, and walked away immediately.

"It's for Mr. Bernard, I think, Miss," the girl said, holding up the letter as she stood under the lamp, which burned very dimly, for there was no such thing as gas in St. Augustine's Rectory. "Such a thick letter, Miss," she exclaimed.

She went into the dining-room to deliver it. I heard my cousin's

deep voice talking to his father. A flood of light streamed out into the hall through the half-opened door. I collected my parcels as best I could, and hurried up-stairs. I was tired and hungry, but I forgot all material requirements in the thought of Bernard's return.

My sister was not in her room. Did the familiar chamber look especially blank and empty that night because of her absence? I know I fancied that it looked so. The fire had gone out, and that alone gives a dreary aspect to any room. The housemaid had followed close behind me with a candle and a second cargo of my parcels.

"Miss Sophy must be in the drawing-room, Susan. Go and tell her that Mr. Bernard has come home," I said, as the girl left me.

Would my cousin be wounded by Sophy's coldness? I wondered. Had I been the lover, so soon to become a husband, I should have fancied it very strange that my promised bride should fail to listen for my coming and fly to meet me when I came. I was grieved that my sister should be so apathetic; and I found myself musing, as I smoothed my hair before the glass, upon what a marvellous and incomprehensible thing this love is, which comes to no two people alike. I arranged my hair and dress very hurriedly, and then ran down-stairs; but before I reached the hall I heard a sound which froze my heart with a sudden terror such as I had never felt before in all my life. It was the sound of a groan and a heavy fall, and then I heard my uncle's voice calling, "Martha! Martha! Some one! Come, come. My boy is dying."

I rushed into the dining-room. Bernard Champion was lying on the ground, his face deadly pale, his lips bespattered with blood. His father was kneeling by him unfastening his neckcloth. "She has killed him," cried my uncle Geoffrey, "she has killed my son."

RHYME AND RHYTHM.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

EVERY one of us, man or woman, boy or girl, has heretofore so often—sinned, shall we say? or rather—done virtuously in the matter of verse-making, that this paper ought to commend itself as personally interesting to a fair tithe of British humanity, all counted; therefore, let our enterprising publisher expect a very large congregation for a sermon on so popular a text, and look to his interests accordingly. For which amongst us, O world of friendly readers, has not heretofore deliciously penned stanzas to bright eyes, or heroically blared out rifle-songs, or touched a simple hymn for the school-children, or fired up with indignation-verses about the Poles or the Pope, or greeted the beauteous Alexandra or the generous Garibaldi in “gushing” song, or committed the only blameless anonymism of a witty but good-natured Valentine on the great fourteenth? Verily, friends, we have all alike had plenty to do with versifying; and if a silent but picturesque minority in our midst is slyly pretending to plead innocent of having actively perpetrated rhymes, at all events the fair passives have received them, perchance with no small pleasure and affection.

So, then, I touch a theme in itself acceptable enough; and if it be but little more than touched, let the critical mind at once take notice that only touches are intended; a few suggestive thoughts, with a sprinkling of examples, are all our modest aim; and no one presumes herein to attempt anything like exhaustion of the subject. Much will be omitted that should, no doubt, have properly been said; many indignant, but otherwise excellent poets and poetesses, may complain of our silence, which does not mean contempt; and if some matters are included which others haply have said better, at all events your present scribe has neither seen their books nor heard their lectures. Nobody, then, need complain that our mere sketch is not a finished picture, nor accuse as plagiaristic what is quite spontaneous: if any rhyming treatises exist, at any rate none have been consulted; and the clumsy help of rhyming dictionaries (supposing such books to be among those “which no gentleman’s library ought to be without”) has never been invoked by your supra-signed confessor. But he has something, nevertheless, to say, believed to be quite new; he does think that independently he has tumbled upon a most curiously unnoticed fact, worth at least the small comment of this paper. And yet, while thus claiming a discovery, most obvious when made known, he cannot help suspecting that somewhere or other whole volumes may possibly exist about the philological mystery soon to be announced to you; which said unknown volumes perchance certain gentle guides of public

censure (occasionally mistaken in their Rhadamanthine dicta) will accuse "this child" of having surreptitiously perused, transcribed, and hereinafter in some chief ideas appropriated! All I can say is, simply, that the matter is new to me, as I think it will be to you; and that I shall be glad to be referred to any author who has even alluded to my mystery.

Now the mystery is this; How came it to pass that rhyme was not invented till men had spoken and written, and danced and sung upon this earth for four or five thousand years? To which I will add another question; How happens it that no one has, in print, at least, so far as I know, noticed this curious philological and psychological fact, except "the humble individual who now addresses you"?

Only consider what it amounts to: that until the Welsh bards, in their Triads of about the fifth century, and long afterwards the mediæval monks in their hymns, invented rhyme, no one ever thought of the sweet jingle, say rather exquisite music, of terminal similarities; that, so far, for instance, as Hebrew is concerned, in all the sublimities of Isaiah, the pious breathings of David, the pastoral idyls of the lesser prophets, the plaintive wailings of Ezekiel, the sententious cadences of Solomon, the war-song of Deborah, the dirge over Absalom, the love-story of Jacob, and the life-drama of Job,—in them all the sacred poetry of the Jews is unconscious of a rhyme; that every classic writer, Greek and Latin, to a man (and even, sweet Sappho! to a woman) seems to have been totally unaware of the delicacies beyond rhythm discovered ages afterwards in rhyme; that the love-songs of Catullus, the burlesques of Aristophanes, the dirges of Ovid, the elegies of Tyrtæus, the idyls of Bion, the varied measures of Horace, the pace-woven intricacies of innumerable Greek choruses, and the staid military march of Homer, Lucretius, and Virgil,—all (not apparently by intention, but because the idea does not seem once to have occurred to any one of them), have never risen or fallen, or melted, or crystallized, or stumbled, if you prefer it, into rhyme!

Was it then purposely eschewed, as so much unappreciated ear-tickling, offensive to the higher taste that revelled in pure rhythm? And yet now and then we do find an indifferent jingle quite out of place, and vexatious to the ear by its merely accidental presence. Take, as off-hand instances, these few:—At the beginning of the first chorus of Sophocles' Ajax "amphirutou" rhymes awkwardly with "anchialou;" the first two lines of Horace's most distinct claim to immortality,—

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,"

instance another clumsy rhyme; Ovid, in his "*Ænone Paridi*" makes "*aurâ*" in the next hexameter echoed by "*prorâ*;" and Cicero's unlucky jingle is notorious, "*O fortunatam natam*," &c. A few other examples of evidently like unintentional rhyming might by searching

be picked out of the vast field of the classic poets—three or four accidental daisies in all the multitudinous leagues of the Great Prairie: but how strange it is that these hints were never followed up, that the power of rhyme was as unknown to the ancients as that of steam or magnetism, and its charm as unperceived as the minute beauties under snails' tongues, revealed to us microscopically! How curious that, for instance, the smart epigrammatic quatrains of Martial, the merry drinking-songs of Anacreon, the luscious eclogues of Theocritus, the fervent utterances of Pindar, that none of these, nor any poetry of any other ancient poet, till much-despised dark-aged monkery arose and sent to heaven inspired doxologies from Gothic aisles,—that none, I say, of such were ever flavoured with rhyme as well as savoured with rhythm! And yet Horace in his “Art of Poetry” claims as a chief characteristic of the true poet, “*artem concludere versum*,” meaning thereby not, however, what we call rhyme, but mere terminating dactyls and spondees. Why should not some of his own odes have been as happy in their terminals as the *Dies iræ*, the *Stabat Mater*, or the *Virgo Dei digna*? Why is it that his exquisite ear failed to detect how much sweeter even sapphics might be made, by changes rung upon rhyme, added to the harmony of rhythm? Listen to the ear-contrast of these two stanzas; here is Horace's first sapphic,—

“*Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit pater, et rubente
Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem:*”

and here is a monastic chant in the same metre, altered into rhyme, from the “*Sarum Psalter*,”—

“*Nocte surgentes, imminente lunâ,
Semper in psalmis meditemur unâ,
Viribus totis Domino canentes,
Esurientes.*”

In this connection let honourable mention be justly repeated of Mr. Gladstone as a rhymed Latin hymnologist, whereof the first number of the *Watch Tower* contains a magnificent specimen, “*Jesus, pro me perforatus*,” rendered from Toplady's “*Rock of Ages*.” Our many-sided Chancellor, of more “polished corners” than the tetragon of Pythagoras, adorns all he touches, and achieves success in everything, no less than he deserves it.

And now let me in English illustrate my thought by two translations in Sappho's measure of that tiny ode, only chosen for its shortness, “*Persicos odi*,” attempted by way of contrast, first rhythmically and then rhymingly. Here is my rhythm,—

“No, boy, away with Persian decoration,
Ivy-bound chaplets put me out of humour,
Go not to seek where in some nook or other
Lingers the last rose;

"All that I care your willingness to weave me
Is the neat myrtle; 'twill as well become thee
Serving, as me beneath the matted vine leaves,
Merrily drinking."

And here is my rhyme, almost equally literal:—

"No, boy, away with Persian decoration,
Ivy-bound chaplets rouse my indignation,
Go not to seek where any one supposes
Linger late roses ;

"All that I care your willingness to weave me
Is the neat myrtle; 'twill as well, believe me,
Suit you as me, beneath the grape-hung housing
Gaily carousing."

Or again, take Milton's version in rhythm of the famous "Ode to Pyrrha:—

"What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha! for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

"Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas,
Rough with black winds and storms,
Unwonted shall admire,

"Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

"To whom untried thou seemest fair! me in my vowed
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dripping weeds
To the stern god of war."

Now patiently look at a rhymed version of Charterhouse school-days:—

"What slender youth on bed of roses,
Pyrrha, by thy side reposes,
With odours perfumed sweet,
In shady grot reclined?
And when her waving auburn tresses
With neat simplicity she dresses,
O whom is it to greet?
For whom art thou so kind?"

"Alas! how oft will that fond boy
Who now so blindly can enjoy
Thy venal beauties, weep
Thy broken vows of love,

When all thy perjury he finds ;
And wondering at the roughening winds
That brush the darkling deep,
Will woman's folly prove !

“ Hapless, he knoweth not thy wiles,
But hopes to bask in all thy smiles,
And have thee his alone ;—
Still, those are more unblest,
Who all in vain thy charms approve ;
For me, half-drown'd in Pyrrha's love,
Before old Neptune's throne,
I hang my votive vest.”

Please to observe that no contrasts are here offered for sake of preferences ; still less is great Milton pitted against a schoolboy infinitely smaller. One ear may prefer the rhythmic form, another the rhymed ; but I do take occasion by this instance to say that it is most curious that Horace never has rung the change from rhythm to rhyme, never even seems to have imagined it !

Yet again ; how more than strange this ancient ignorance of rhyme appears, when we regard the wonderful facilities thereto afforded by the Greek and Latin languages, wherein a profusion of cases and tenses, in all declensions and conjugations, is found to supply rhymes on all subjects to so prodigal an extent as to be almost too numerous ! Was it, then, the very ease of the thing that caused it to be overlooked ? Was the secret all too open to be sought for by the eye, too loudly shouted to be distinguished by the ear ? A deaf man hears a whisper better than a roar, and few things are less plainly seen than what is straight before one.

I protest I don't comprehend how the poets of those dead old tongues could, on every theme and in every mood of mind, have so cleverly escaped rhyming ; when so many hundreds of “ orums ” and “ arums,” and “ ibus ” and “ ebus,” and “ abats ” and “ uits,” and all other sorts of terminations, were perpetually inviting and provoking the sonnetteers and lyrists into rhyme ! It is an inexplicable mystery, and, except for a guess at the end of this paper, I cannot undertake to expound it ; and little less so is the fact that up to this hour no one has taken the trouble to notice it. The earliest known poems in rhyme are not 1200 years old ; the whole old world having been for millenaries previously inundated (as we all know) with poems of every sort and kind of metre, not one of which terminated musically !

And now that, in a somewhat disjointed and discursive way, I fear, and too lengthily withal, the great wonder has been set before you of the comparatively modern origin of rhyme, bear patiently with your present preacher in a few more desultory thoughts and illustrations of his text, rhyme and rhythm.

Just as the too great ease of Greek and Latin rhyming might have suggested its neglect—for genius always exults over difficulties and avoids the level path,—so it would seem that in languages such as ours, where there are no terminal cases or tenses, and so where rhymes are necessarily fewer and more far to seek, the energy of man's mind has chosen especially to be a conqueror. Hence it is that our difficult English is one of the tongues known to be richest in rhymed poetry. To compare great things with small, Scotch gardeners similarly are pre-eminently good, as having on their "native heath" to contend in the battle of horticulture with all manner of hardships in soil and climate. Human energy does marvels the more it has to fight against. And, if modern Italian poetry is perhaps an instance on the opposite tack, as an easily rhyming tongue and full of sonnetry and terza rima—well, let it prove our rule by standing for the exception; it is an idle and a musical people, with more delicacy of taste than energy of character. English, a tongue with fewer native rhymes than almost any that can be named, is redundant in lyrics; and the facility of her rhymesters (as we shall exemplify anon) is something astonishing, taking into account the difficulties wherewith they have to contend. We ring the few changes with as much variation as they are capable of, and by dint of pertinacity conceal the actual poverty of our resources. For example, such noble words as "home" and "love" (rhyming truly only to "dome" and "dove") are very inadequately echoed by "come" and "move;" yet hear how beautifully they are managed by Tennyson:—

" Could we forget the widow'd hour,
 And look on spirits breathed away,
 As on a maiden in the day
 When first she wears her orange flow'r,

 " When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
 To take her latest leave of home,
 And hopes and light regrets that come
 Make April of her tender eyes;

 " And doubtful joys the father move,
 And tears are on the mother's face,
 As, parting with a long embrace,
 She enters other realms of love," &c.

So, also, of a score of other instances; many of our best words have scarcely a true rhyme apiece to echo them, as the knightly thoughts involved in "trumpet," "war," and "lady," find no just equivalents to the ear, excepting as burlesquely, in "crumpet," "Storr," not star, and "shady;" yet how well genius manages the matter even in such an apparently hopeless case as making "battle" find a serious rhyme in "cattle." Hear Longfellow in that splendid "Psalm of Life:"—

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!"

Perhaps the oldest rhymed poetry in the world is that of the ancient Cymry, of which a very curious collection is extant in Jones's Bardic Museum. It appears from this rare work (the writer fortunately possesses a copy) that the bards of old Britain, who flourished from time immemorial, had arranged twenty-four metres of vocal song, whereof five were especially selected by Taliesin; and as the latter sang and wrote as early as the end of our fifth century, and is easily chief, we may considerably antedate the "Triads" and other early poems, particularly as most of these are only rhythmical. It would worry the patient reader, if there were paraded before his dazed eyes too much of this sort of doggrel, wholly impossible to be pronounced; but I quote the old British advisedly, and am not inventing:—

"Yn dewis eichiawg,
Ffysg ffous ffodiawg,
Ef dihum hunawg,
Ef gobryn Carawg,
Cymru carnedawg," &c.

And, advisedly also, I leave off quoting what no one can anyhow read. My volume supplies a literal version, which may be thus roughly rhymed:

"In striving for the victory
The warriors now must fight or die,
The sleepers will awake and fly,
For this Carawg would strive and try
Rocky Wales to steal or buy," &c.

However, as this is not very interesting, I will attempt for you a better specimen, and one of some interest to the Laureate and his million readers, being a dialogue between "Arthur Frenin," or King Arthur, when a youth, and his afterwards *second* wife "Gwenhwyfar," the familiar Guenivere of our great Idyls. It appears, by the way, from Taliesin, that "Melmas, a prince of Alban," stole her way from Arthur, and not "Lanselot du Lâc," who was father to Sir Galath, one of Arthur's three immaculate knights, and was quite an old man among the party: as in the parallel case of Merlin's alleged capture by Vivien, it may be well to throw out this word in vindication of possibly maligned Lanselot.

Here, then, is my version of the dialogue, as literal as may be, and putting one as an ode in mind of Horace's famous "Donec gratus eram," whereof the enthusiastic Scaliger avouched that he would rather be its author—"Vel totius Tarraconensis fuissem Rex,"—than even "King of Arragon"!

Arthur. " 'Black is my steed, and fierce and fleet,
He leaps a river with dry feet,
And for no man will retreat.'

Guer. " 'My palfrey is of chestnut hue,—
But boasting loses honour due,
A man that is a man is true,—

 " 'Who will charge against a wall ?
 Who can make the hero fall,
 Who shall conquer Cai the Tall ?'

Arth. " 'I will charge against the strong,
I will front the warrior throng,
I will make Tall Cai lie long !'

Guer. " 'Hold, strange youth, and cease thy pride,—
Cai would thee and thine deride
With a hundred at thy side !'

Arth. " 'Gwenhwyfar, so sweet to sight,
Mock me not ; though slim and slight,
I'll alone a hundred fight !'

Guer. " 'Ha, fair youth in black and gold,
Now I note thy bearing bold,
I have seen thy face of old !'

Arth. " 'Gwenhwyfar, so soft of eye,
Where have we met, far or nigh,
Where may we meet by-and-bye ?'

Guer. " 'I saw a youth of stature small
In Devon-Celwig's baron-hall
Pouring the wine to one and all.

Arth. " 'Gwenhwyfar, in speech so fair,
Thy woman's tongue is sweet as air,
Truly thou didst see me there.' "

Most ancient Taliesin indulges (as modern Barham does) in very hailstorms of rhyme occasionally : *e. g.*—

 " Gwelais wyr gorfawr
 A ddygyrchynt awr,
 Gwelais waed ar llawr
 Rhag rhuthr cleddyfawr,
 Glesynt esgyll gwawr
 Esgorynt yn waywawr."

Thus suffer its rhyme in English ; and the passage is a spirited one:—

 " I saw the warriors fierce in might,
 Shouting, rush together in fight,
 I saw the ground with carnage strew'd,
 And the blades of the warriors blood-bedew'd,
 While the wings of the morning tinged with blue
 The dead men's faces of ashen hue !"

The only Anglo-Saxon poetry at all known to your present faithful servant is that of King Alfred—his paraphrase of the consolation of Boethius—and none of it is in rhyme, but in a short staccato rhythm suitable enough to be sung to hand-harp music, and easily convertible into rhyme. Take this specimen, commencing in the cabalistic original—

“Hwæt ic liotha fela,” &c.

and signifying to its end as followeth—I have kept closer to the text than you may fancy—

“Lo, I sang cheerily
In my bright days,
But now all wearily,
Chant I my lays;
Sorrowing tearfully
Saddest of men,
Can I sing cheerfully
As I could then?”

“Many a verity
In those glad times
Of my prosperity
Taught I in rhymes;
Now from forgetfulness
Wanders my tongue,
Wasting in fretfulness
Metres unsung.

“Worldliness brought me here
Foolishly blind,
Riches have wrought me here
Sadness of mind;
When I rely on them
Lo, they depart,—
Bitterly, fie on them!
Rend they my heart.

“Why did your songs to me,
World-loving men,
Say joy belongs to me
Ever as then?
Why did ye lyingly
Say such a thing,
Seeing how flyingly
Wealth may take wing?”

It is not easy, as everybody knows, to give a perfect definition of anything; but probably rhyme may be defined as the terminal similarity of sounds—for example, “man” and “can;” not the terminal identity of sounds, as “sea” and “see;” nor the terminal similarity of appearance, as “cough” and “plough;” for a rhyme may be quite faulty and unallowable, even though perfect to the eye, and exactly

because much too perfect to the ear. In "Luther's Hymn" "created" should not rhyme to "seated;" and in several other of our ill-rendered psalms, "sounds" and "resounds," "acts" and "exacts," &c., are echoes, where identity is a fault. However, the exigencies of our language (certainly not one for improvisatori, in spite of Theodore Hook) permit great indulgence in the way of rhyme; and we must not be too particular with our lyrists, but have mercy on the difficulties of their position. Every one of them, great and small, is, in his vocation, forced upon allowances at some time; for instance, the accurate Campbell twice or thrice in "The Pleasures of Hope," makes "thought" rhyme to "remote;" Pope, in that masterpiece of his, "The Essay on Man," rhymes the same "thought" with "fault," evidently in his day pronounced "faute," as perhaps his "tea" was "tay," or "Great Anna whom three realms obey," could never "Sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea;" Shakspeare, in "Venus and Adonis," rhymes "broken" with "open;" and Tennyson, in his magnificent "Balaclava Charge," is forced to make "hundred" echoed by "thunder'd" and "sunder'd" and "wonder'd," as if it were vulgarly "hunderd;" while a much smaller "T" was, on a recent happy occasion, severely criticized for making that "Most welcome wanderer across the Northern water," become manifest as "Our England's Alexandra, her dear adopted daughter." Would those implacable critics have been better pleased with the ill-omened, but more exact rhyme "Cassandra," as a preferable echo? Undoubtedly, I stand by my "Welcome Wanderer." In all these cases, and scores more might be added, our difficult tongue obliges us to take some licence, so as to do the work somehow fairly enough, where actual perfection is philologically impossible. Our common psalmody, which, as the offerings to heaven from multitudes, should be perfect in letter as well as in spirit, by extremity of licence sins most of all; though Roundell Palmer, and Keble, and Alford, and Heber, and some others, occur as admirable exceptions or reformers. Still, it were ever and anon much to be desired, that when the new incumbent introduces, as a matter of course, his own "collection" (the obedient congregation insuring anyhow an edition going off), he be previously endowed with some quavers of poetry in his ear, as well as with the usual amount of doctrinal crotchets on his tongue. It seems to be tacitly agreed that piety and so-called orthodoxy of sentiment are all-in-all for psalmody; and so rhyme and rhythm, not to say grammar too, as well as prosody, go to the wall. The wretched doggerel that is wafted Sunday after Sunday heavenward from thousands of well-meaning worshippers, and often accompanied by the grandest organ power, is calculated to shame, not alone our church governors but also their educated lay flocks, into a really good authorized National hymn-book; to say less about the perversities of creed and diversities of practice, helped by the manifold

variations from uniformity illustrated by our town and country choirs. A merely private good collection (as some of those just excepted) does not meet the necessity; what the Church of England requires is a convocationally authorized hymnal. Possibly, the Laureate, in virtue of his office, might be its editor, assisted by such theological poets and high clerics as the Dean of Canterbury and the Archbishop of Dublin. So able a committee of three would be sufficient for all purposes, both of doctrine and expression, and the result of their labours could not fail to be excellent in the matter proposed. May some such suggestion be adopted? Meanwhile our congregations rarely have the chance of joining in a really good song of praise. Here, however, is a model morsel, the author whereof was no less a person than Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, and brother to Lord Glenelg:—

“O worship the King,
 All glorious above,
 O gratefully sing
 His power and his love;
 Our shield and defender
 The Ancient of Days,
 Pavilion'd in splendour,
 And girded with praise!

“O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light
 Whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath
 Deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm,” &c.

I wish, as in many like cases, there were space to give it all, as a fine example of the Christian lyric; but I gladly take leave in this place to urge the same plea of “no room” for (what might be exhibited to any extent) specimens of the unmetrical twaddle in too many of our common psalms and hymns. Pious feeling is one thing, but poetical fire quite another; however, as all parsons have to encourage their choirs, and as too many good folks fancy they can write verses at least as well as they can sing them, the sad consequence is a mass of well-meant rubbish, whereof, according to Dr. Johnson's thunder, “the piety alone redeems it from contempt.”

It may seem a strange assertion (till one comes to consider the matter), but for really good poetry and not mere verbiage, fiction in blank verse—say an Idyl of Tennyson's—is more difficult to be well kept up than if the same subject were treated in rhyme; and for this reason: the blank endings suggest no new ideas to the mind, which accordingly must go forward, unhelped of any casual favouring

gale, by the mere impetus of its own inspiration ; whereas the mental travel after rhyme is a perpetual beater-up of new ideas, possibly to the enrichment of the poem. For, practically, when a rhyme is wanted (and no true poet ever even saw a rhyming dictionary), one thinks through terminations alphabetically, stumbling thereby on many fancies, analogous not only in sound but also in sense to the matter in hand ; but this process involves a continual rejection of such rhymes and thoughts as would lead our main purpose too far astray, and constitutes one of the differences between a true poet and a false one. The latter is the slave of his rhymes, whereby (except in burlesque, where it is fair enough to suffer one's self to be run away with, as Barham is, *passim*) his negligence commits the too frequent fault of diffuseness from over-facility of diction. I am afraid "Jean Ingelow," though full of beauties, is an example in point. A real poet will never sacrifice sense to sound ; self-denial is as necessary to his form of excellence as to that of all others. He must select, reject, compare, and these by the quickest intuition ; every sort of knowledge becomes available, and the alembic of his kindled spirit receives and fuses together the most unlikely dissimilars into a poetic unity ; and so he will ingeniously avail himself of the few rhymes in our tongue by the mingled powers of concise argument and expanded illustration.

I must now hasten on, with much omitted and still much to add ; I fear discursively, but my theme is a very wide one.

"Of sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child," what shall we say in the matter of rhymed poetry ? During his lifetime he was better known, and set himself more store, by his lyrics than by his dramas ; like Scott, he caught the world's ear with his rhyme before he imprisoned its heart by his rhythm. And, considered quite apart from morals, as so much merely picturesque description, the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece" of Shakspeare are simply perfect ; but, for modern taste and feeling they are too luxuriously coloured to be at all producible ; a remark which may apply more or less to Byron's "Don Juan" (one of the best sustained pieces of rhyming in our language), in a less degree to Chaucer, and in a still less degree to Spenser ; but in a far greater to some of the poets of the Restoration, and to their more modern imitators ; as Moore in his phase of Thomas Little. As to Shakspeare's wonderful sonnets — a hundred and fifty-four on one subject (of love for a friend, man or woman, as the case may be, actual or ideal, according to your theory, sensually or spiritually considered, and whether supposed to be the poet's own experiences or written from a mere efflorescence of fancy), they are, as rhymed poems on a single theme, and that a personal one, only to be equalled (shall I not say exceeded ?) by Tennyson's "In Memoriam ;" the latter having the advantage of absolute purity beyond its exquisite diction ;

but both being alike exhaustive of love—the one as sensuously desirous, the other as spiritually regretful.

Ballad poetry is a mixture of rhyme and rhythm, the two generally alternating; some of its best modern specimens are to be found in Macaulay's "Roman Lays" and Aytoun's "Cavaliers." Here is a stanza from each, a specimen brick from either of those great houses:

"He reel'd, and on Herminius
He lean'd one breathing space;
Then like a wild cat mad with wounds
Sprang right at Astur's face:
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head," &c.

"Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest,
Open wide the hallow'd portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior,
Reck not of the after-time,
Honour may be deem'd dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime," &c.

Of a more antique cast, perhaps the best specimen we have is "The Nut-brown Maid," a ballad as old as 1400, and remarkable throughout for the accuracy of its rhyme, as well as the vigour of its rhythm; thereby being less disappointing to the ear than is the common case with ballad poetry, the mere cadences whereof barely compensate for the too frequently careless and inartistic unrhymed endings. Here is a stanza from that fine old song, rhyming in the middle of each long line:—

"Mynne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde and true;
Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe:
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The care is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe that for your truthe
Ye should have cause to rewe:
Be not dismay'd; whatsoever I sayde
To you, whan I began,—
I wyll not to the grenewode go;
I am no banysh'd man."

And now for a few sentences on rhythm, which is to poetry what time is to music. How strange that the ancient poets stopped short

where they did! Rhythm is the rule of syllabic quantity, rhyme of syllabic quality. The one respects arrangement, order, congruity; the other, besides these, adding thereto the harmony and music of sweet endings. The first pleases the mind by ingeniously constructed sentences; the latter gratifies the ear by recurrence of expected echoes. Hence the jarring effect of a faulty rhyme—hence the wisdom of preceding such a questionable pronunciation as “wind” by the better known “mind” if they are doomed to rhyme together, so as to prepare the hearer for a long *i*: in like manner with such indifferent commonplaces as “prove” and “love,” “home” and “come,” &c., let the principal tone or word have priority, and so serve to govern the secondary rhyme by an indulgent intonation.

Rhythm was the great and only guide of the ancient poetry. Among the commonly-called classics, that is, the Greek and Latin poets, it was a system of the strictest rules and metres; not as with the Hebrews, and the Anglo-Saxons, and us their children, an affair of the ear only, but one more exactly to be counted on the fingers: the measures of old Rome (all derived from older Greece, without exception,—for Rome invented nothing, but appropriated all things),—those Latin measures, I say (too savagely drilled and flogged into us in boyhood), are, as most have known to their cost, matters of much stricter prosody than any English rhyme can be, to say less of the comparative freedom of English rhythm. It is not, however, my meaning now to worry patient readers with an array of hard words, familiar to all Etonians and especially to Carthusians (your present scribe was Thackeray’s schoolfellow under the fearfully prosaic but tremendously metrical Dr. Birch); still less is it my wish to parade a learning little useful in itself, and made far too much of at public schools as matter of scholarship. We can all ring the changes on dactyls and spondees, iambics and trochaics, anapæsts and tribrachs, and the rest of them; but an accurate English ear has it all by intuition, without knowledge of terms or rules: cadence is all in all with us.

Thus, like Monsieur Jourdain, who talked prose all his life without knowing it, our song-writers unconsciously adopt the ancient metres. “A southerly wind and a cloudy sky” is more or less dactylic; “Gaffer Grist, gaffer Grey, and his little jackass,” anapæstic; “Down among the dead men,” trochaic; “Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” iambic; “Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,” spondaic; and so forth; in fact, there is no popular song nor poem but they all find their prototypes in the old rhythms. And some of these days, when everybody’s New Zealander (for Macaulay’s famous savage served Goldsmith, and Volney, and Walpole, and Shelley, and Kirke White, and other folks before them),—when this often plagiarized cannibal moralizes on the ruins of London, and English is a dead language, probably the then rising generation will have to scan our songs

prosodically, and to call most of them after the old scholastic slang; pronouncing, for example, our "British Grenadiers" to be iambic trimeter hypercatalectic!

In an extended sense all good prose writing is rhythmical; and from the days of Aristotle to those of Blair, rhetoricians have laid down rules for harmony in composition. Where Joseph Hume on the same subject would have been "harsh and crabbed," Gladstone can be "musical as is Apollo's lute," even on so hopeless a topic as a financial statement; and no proper man can read Macaulay's "History," or Johnson's "Rambler," or a Times' article aloud, without measured though irregular cadences. Again, all good rhyme is *à fortiori* rhythmical, even to the wildest odics of Peter Pindar or Sydney Dobell—whose last ode, by the way, just contributed to Walter Severn's most beautiful of gift-books, the "Golden Calendar," ends with startling bathos thus:—

"Whether we be the world, or whether the fading world be
"We!"

So then, to close up the ranks a little, and not to take our specimens of rhythm from such skirmishing disorder, but within more definite lines, all blank verse compositions, a very large class, inclusive of Milton's, and Shakspeare's, and Tennyson's masterpieces, are eminently rhythmical. So are the prophets and psalms of our Bible, and the Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus of the Apocrypha; and (if it may be spoken of in such a category) so is a certain humble imitation of the writings of Sirach's son, for which the suprasigned has been long "proverbial." But of all these it is needless, as it would be prolix, to quote instances; one might transcribe "elegant extracts" to any amount from such a sort of universal literature as blank verse amounts to: it is only the more special forms of rhythm which call upon us for illustration.

Take, then, a morsel in the archaic form, from the "Persæ" of Æschylus, literally rendered, and syllable for syllable in the metre of the original:—

"O royal lady, grace of the Persians,
Down to earth's inner halls send thy drink-offerings,
We the while will in our anthems entreat
The guides of the dead
Propitious to be from beneath.
Ye then, inviolate demons of burial,
Earth, and Hermes, and King of the Manes,
Send from below his soul to the light!
For should he know any balm for adversity
He could of mortals alone tell it out."

Nearer home, take Collins's metrical "Ode to Evening," whereof a single stanza will evidence its beauty:—

"Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle sounds
 His small but sullen horn."

Listen now to the opening of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," the Red-man's Epic, a poem throughout in trochaic measure, like the "Lesbia" of Catullus :—

"Should you ask me whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odours of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of meadows,
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,
 With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions
 And their wild reverberations
 As of thunder in the mountains;
 I should answer, I should tell you
 From the forests and the prairies,
 From the great lakes of the Northland,
 From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs," &c.

And his "Evangeline" is an equally successful attempt in an ancient metre, the hexameter—one in which Southey failed, but chiefly because he was writing to command as the then Laureate, and lacked a good thesis; for in general Southey's rhythms are at least as fair as his rhymes,—but who could make any capital out of "King George going to judgment"?

Take, then, from "Evangeline," half-a-dozen lines illustrative of the suitability of our tongue to the Virgilian measure :—

"Late, with the rising moon, return'd the wains from the marshes,
 Laden with briny hay, that fill'd the air with its odour.
 Cheerily neigh'd the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorn'd with tassels of crimson,
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms."

And now let the living Laureate speak to us in his "Boadicca," where the ancient rhythm of Catullus in his threnode of Atys is mingled with something of the barbaric dissonance of a wild old British harp, clashed by the angry queen:—

"Hear Icenian, Catiuechlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
 While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,
 There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony:
 Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophethesses."

Tennyson's experiment in alcaics is to my humble judgment a very successful one, and well illustrates this paper as to English rhythm, taken in connection with that curious fact of the antique

ignorance of all sweet endings—for he himself is satisfied with the rhythm without attempting to add rhyme.

Here is one of the stanzas on Milton :—

“O mighty-mouth’d inventor of harmonies,
O skill’d to sing of time or eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages !”

However, I hope it is not hypercritical to make the friendly suggestion, that the second foot of the third line in an alcaic stanza is of three long syllables (technically a molossus), and not of long-short-long (technically a cretic); “voice-organ,” for instance, is more strictly metrical than “organ-voice.” Compare the rhythm of any Horatian alcaic in the third line, as *Auguste, virtutes in ævum*, with the third line above. But this is a very small sunspot.

Southey’s “Thalaba” is a triumph of rhythm, and probably on the whole the poem whereby he will longest live. The “Curse of Kehama” adds rhyme to metre, and opens thus :—

“Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the imperial city closed in sleep ;
Behold her streets ablaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky ;
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways,
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze !
Housetop and balcony
Clustered with women who throw back their veils
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp that passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyaunce and delight.”

And in this connection we cannot forget the exquisite fooling of Horace Smith, whose “Rejected Addresses” are among the miracles of happy rhyme and burlesque imitation :—

“Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored !
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose !
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fanned, the god of fire ascends the walls of Drury !
Tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord’s tread ;
Master and ’prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier
Through streets and alleys pour’d,—
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze !

Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee
 Mounted on roof and chimney
 The mighty roast, the mighty stew
 To see,
 As if the dismal view
 Were but to them a Brentford jubilee."

It is said that the rhyme for "chimney" was a challenge one, as impossible—but "slim knee" hit it. Similarly, in a certain *bout rimé* duel at Oxford, I recollect how one who was defied with being unable to find a rhyme for "peculiar" [Juliar being barred], startlingly responded at once with—I can, *you* liar!

And now, galloping down to our own day, we must, to save space and weariness, pass with mere notes of admiration scores of sweet lyrists, as Hemans and Sigourney, Burns and Scott, Moore, Byron, and innumerable others who have achieved greatness chiefly in rhymed poetry, taking only a few which may give occasion to gossip a new word or two about each. For example: touching upon Thomson, as very seldom a rhymester but almost exclusively rhythmic, let me remind any whom it may concern that the famous Ode (looking so very Campbellish),—

"When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main," &c.,—

is Thomson's, in a forgotten "Masque of Alfred:" and let me further announce that in the first edition of "The Seasons" (1738, *penes me*), the notable Damon and Musidora "Episode," which for purity and propriety may be held to constitute Thomson's chief claim to poetic glory, is strangely diverse from the charming scene so popular now-a-days; forasmuch as said Damon watches *three* nymphs, Amoret, Sacharissa, and Musidora, and not a monogamic one only; and that, though he certainly (as a converted Stoic) prefers the latter, he is Grand Turk enough to profess very warm feelings simultaneously for all the three! This new view of the most famous bit of Thomson may well surprise some of his admirers. Again, which of us does not give to Burns the well-known "There's nae luck about the house"? It is one Macklin's. The celebrated "Ode to Independence," with the single fine line in it,—

"Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,"—

was written by the author of "Humphrey Clinker," who had so little feeling for his thesis, that he actually commences by requesting permission to *share* the spirit of independence with somebody! So, too, if competitive examiners, eager for information, in their insatiate and promiscuous curiosity, ask you who wrote the *never quoted* line,—

"Westward the tide of empire takes its way,"—

don't tell your inquisitors Pope, or Cowper, or haply Goldsmith, but

give, and truly give, the very unlikely name of Bishop Berkeley the immaterialist ! Here is the whole stanza, from a short poem headed, "On our Plantations in America :"—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offering is the last."

Once more: how is it that the professional critics have (so far as I know) never fallen foul of Miss Brontë and Mrs. Browning for having plagiarised, one from the other, the *dénouement* of "Jane Eyre" and of that marvellous semi-autobiography "Aurora Leigh"? In both, the hero is blinded by a falling beam of his own house a-fire! Which of those books was first published? The coincidence is too exact to have been an accident. There are also some strange parallels between Longfellow and Tennyson, Alexander Smith and Bailey, and some others. But after Adams and De Verrier, the "Excellent wretch," &c., of Sheridan's Critic were a possible original. To return: here is an exquisite and archaic little word-picture of Bulwer Meredith's from his "Head of Bran," and realized (we may remember) in as exquisite a pencil-picture by Millais; very difficult rhyming, too, yet with all that natural ease which proves the highest art:—

"Crimson-footed, like the stork,
Through great ruts of slaughter,
Chieftains of the golden torque
Cross the lifting water ;
Chieftains seven, enchaining hands,
Bring the live head homeward,—
Hark ! it speaks, and still commands,
Looking far out foamward !"

So, too, Gerald Massey has given us several perfect things: as this from "Faces in the Fire," about the Hartley Pit catastrophe:—

"We know not how the dove of peace
Came brooding on the fluttering breast,
To make the fond life-yearnings cease,
And fold them up for rest,
And into burning shape the soul
Burst, like the flame from out the coal.

"Dear God ! be very pitiful
To those poor toiling slaves of men ;
Be gracious if their hearts be dull
With darkness of their den ;
'Tis hard for flowers of heaven to grow
Down where the earth-flowers cannot blow."

Aytoun has some vigorous rhyme: take this morsel from his "Phœbus and Hyacinthus :"—

"Hast thou lost the wish, the will, to cherish
 Those who trusted in thy godlike power?
 Hyacinthus did not wholly perish;
 Still he lives, the firstling of thy bower;
 Still he feels thy rays,
 Fondly meets thy gaze,
 Though but now the spirit of a flower."

Jean Ingelow is very facile and feminine: here is part of a pretty child's song of her's:—

"O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
 You've powder'd your legs with gold!
 O brave marsh marybuds rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold!

"O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
 O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell!"

Edgar Poe's "Raven" is a wonder of rhythm, rhyme, and pathos; everybody knows and admires it:—

"Ah! distinctly I remember,—
 It was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember
 Wrought its ghost upon the floor:
 Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;
 Vainly had I sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow,—
 Sorrow for the lost Lenore,
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
 Nameless here for evermore!"

Ingoldsby's burlesque rhyming is something marvellous for its ingenuity; till you come to the answering echo you would think it an impossibility:—

"Knights of the golden fleece, high-born hidalgos,
 With whom e'en the king himself quite as a pal goes."

* * * * *

"Let no run of ill-luck or despair for some jewess-eyed
 Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide."

* * * * *

"Strong-beerum! I own they'd have call'd me a blockhead if
 At school I had ventured to use such a vocative."

* * * * *

"Having once gain'd the summit and managed to cross it, he
 Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity."

* * * * *

"You're all aware that
 On our throne there once sat
 A very great king, who'd an Angevin hat,
 With a great sprig of broom which he wore as a badge in it,
 Named from that circumstance, Henry Plantagenet."

* * * * *

"I own it is clear,
 A fastidious ear,
 Will be more or less always annoy'd with you when you in-
 sert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine!"

There, that's enough. Only I take occasion to remark how generally our actors, especially in burlesque declamation, utterly spoil such queer rhyming in the general, by attending more to the grammatical stops than to the rhythmic accent. There should always be a slight half-perceptible lull at the end of every line, whether rhymed or not. Some people, even professors of rhetoric, persist in murdering terminal harmonies by clumsily going on as if the matter were plain prose. Taste is required in this, and moderation; too long a stop enslaves the sense to the sound, and makes a monotonous namby-pamby of what, properly read, may well appear a good poem; but no pause at all at the end of a rhyme or rhythm is worse still. One's ear is constantly offended at theatres by this running together of metres, and sacrificing accents to commas.

Hood's "Haunted House" is a grand poem, not too well known:—

"O very, very dreary is the room,
 Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles,
 But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,
 The corpse lies on the trestles:

"But house of woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
 And narrow home of the departed mortal,
 Ne'er look'd so gloomy as that ghostly hall,
 With its deserted portal.

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear—
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is haunted!"

But perhaps, of all rhymed poems, Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" is the most ingenious and remarkable, while its power and pathos are kept at the highest pitch:—

"Touch her not scornfully,
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her,—
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

“ Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful;
 Past all dishonour,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful:
 Still for all slips of her's,
 One of Eve's family,
 Wipe those poor lips of her's,
 Oozing so clammily!”

As a rhymed curiosity, and illustrative of that strange neglect of old, our special theme, take a verse or two of English Sapphics:—

“ Never went man courageously to dangers,
 Fear and his constant spirit being strangers,
 But when he found his enemies and hew'd them,
 Soon he subdued them!

“ As he goes onward, perils seem to scatter,—
 Mind ever shows the conqueror of matter;
 Even the mountain crags that toppled o'er him,
 Open before him!

“ Even the torrents, riotously wrathful,
 Are to his footsteps fordable and pathful;
 Even the prowlers in the desert roaming,
 Fly at his coming!

“ O man of faith, of energy and boldness,
 Onward! in spite of darkness and of coldness,
 Forward! for conquest, with triumphal pleasure,
 Waits for thy presence.

“ Never, on right and Providence relying,
 Fail'd of success, while duteously trying,
 He who resolves and wrestles like a Roman,
 Yielding to no man!”

And I dare say that *one* copy still remains unsold at Virtue's of the prettily-bound book, yclept “Cithara,” whence this rhymed Sapphic Ode is extracted!

And now to bring matters to an end. After having sweetened our mouths with so many lumps of “Turkish delight,” after having regaled our ears by such dulcet hints of lyrical melody, I return to my mystery. How could it have come to pass that never once in nearly 5,000 years did our world in her poets think of rhyming? that love managed to warble without its music, wit to sparkle without its sprightliness, hate to satirize without its point, piety to praise without its beauty?—and I will encourage repetition of all this, that the matter may, by hammered recapitulation, get a better chance of being heard and talked about. How did it happen, I repeat, that no ancient poet ever discovered this art (with some of us a very

nature), this charming art of Rhyme? What slyness would it not have added to erotics, what sweetness to lyrics, what stately cadence to heroic song, what witty turns to satire, what elegiac beauties to grief, what triumph to odes, what dignity to choruses! Somehow or other, everybody for five millenaries poetized in blank verse—blank verse of every sort of rhythm, elaborate as well as simple, from the strophed and anti-strophed chorus to the plain iambics of an Angelus, but in no one instance intentionally (barely in one accidentally) breaking into rhyme. Can it be that those delicately practised ears misliked the jingle? Yet its music is to us more exquisite than any mere rhythm can supply. Furthermore, if intentionally disavowed, how should Horace, in an ode especially built for immortality, have only just that once stumbled into the great fault all seem to have eschewed? I verily believe the discovery escaped them—all the more strangely, too, in such languages as Greek and Latin, where the cases of nouns and the tenses of verbs, and inflections of cognate words, are almost only too fertile in rhymes; the wonder being thus the greater that they are incessantly missed, avoided, or neglected. How is it, then [who'll tell me?], that till the mediæval monks filled their choirs with music, till Gregory chanted and A'Kempis sung, the dignity and beauty of the rhymed Latin ode were never even suspected? and that, till troubadours arose in the crusading era, the ballad, or the serenade, or the joyous outburst of song otherwise, bacchanalian or military, seems in all countries to have escaped the terminal enchantment of rhyme? Did it all on a sudden occur to some obscure chorister, a Columbus-egg thought? and, infectious in its witchery, did it catch the world's great ears so universally and all at once, that no one appears to have considered how modern was the discovery? Is there extant any treatise on rhyme, attempting to explain the mystery of its long absence from the pages of poetry? From Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, from Anglo-Saxon, and from the earliest poems of every European tongue, it seems to have been systematically or universally excluded, either because all hated it as an easy and vulgar jingle, or none had invented such dulcet terminations to a measure. Possibly, the extreme East was the cradle, the officina, of rhymes; possibly some earliest Hindoo, or Chinese, or Japanese poetry may have been tagged with rhyme as long ago as when Job suffered, and Abram left Haran; possibly the music of rhyme went westward with the Kelti, lingering eastwardly among the Persians and Arabians until the Saracens brought rhyme to Europe with the flash of their scimitars. At all events the incursion of troubadours and trouvères, with their epidemic of sweet singing, into Europe, was simultaneous with their invasion. However considered, the thing is a mystery, and many times have I marvelled at it, seeking vainly in all sorts of books, not merely for an elucidation of the

puzzle, but for any allusion to its existence. Is, then, your present scribe (and let some pundit answer?) the only man alive to whom it ever has occurred to ask these questions?—

1. Did mankind—and why did they,—enjoy blank poetry from four to five thousand years before any one thought of putting rhymes to it?

2. Did the ancients avoid rhyming intentionally, or only miss it by an accident the more wonderful as pervading eras and nations?

3. Who was the true inventor and first maker of rhyme?

4. Is there any book or essay on the subject beside this present paper?

5. Isn't the matter a puzzle worthy to be worked out (chiefly from Eastern sources) by our modern unravellers of every labyrinthine skein, our cutters of all old Gordian knots?

6. Who'll do it?

. Since the foregoing was in print I have been told of, but have not seen, Bishop Hare on "Attempted Rhymes in the Hebrew Scriptures," and Archbishop Trench on "Accidental Classic Rhyming." These works, now too late to be consulted, certainly regard our present subject, and possibly anticipate much of what I may have said. I have also heard of, and have seen, Mr. Dallas's "Poetics," wherein I find no allusion to the mysterious absence of intended rhyme in classic poets. But a literary friend tells me, that in a forthcoming edition of that elaborate and exhaustive "Ars Poetica," the subject of our present writing is not unlikely to be discussed.

UNDER THE LIMES.

CHAPTER I.

THE POOL IN THE PADDOCK.

THE blinds were down in the little sitting-room of the curate's lodging. They were down because the landlady was a careful woman, and meant that her piece of felt carpet should last as long as possible. I think that the curate knew all about his landlady's carefulness, and in a general way respected it; but on this evening, when he came into the sitting-room and saw how dull it looked, he gave a little impatient stamp on the precious carpet, and began drawing up a blind. He had no business to do so, for he was going out, and it could not matter to him how the room looked, and, therefore, when the cord snapped in his impatient hand and the blind came rolling down again, he felt himself justly punished. He made a grimace of dismay at it, took his hat and gloves, and went out, passing his landlady in the little entrance hall. "It is just possible that I may be late, Mrs. Toser," said the curate meekly;—he was thinking of the blind.

Mrs. Toser looked at him, and probably divined why he should be late, for she replied, "Oh, indeed, sir; you're going *there* then. Somebody shall wait up, Mr. Lifford."

Mr. Lifford passed on with a look which was half frown, half amusement, on his face. He went down the steps, whose whiteness was the glory of Mrs. Toser's heart, and through the little green gate into the road. It could not be called a street, for there were houses only on one side, and on the other a row of limes, somewhat dismal, it is true, and oppressed with the dust and smoke which reached them at times from the town, but still trees, and having a sort of freshness about them.

Mr. Lifford crossed the road and walked under them, for it was still warm, and the sun shone full on the row of red-brick houses, in one of which he had lived some nine or ten years, ever since he had been ordained. When the limes came to an end he could turn his back upon the row and fancy himself in the country—indeed, it was almost country. There were a few houses scattered about, but they were far between, well-to-do houses, which did not much mar the distant green fields and blue hills, and the gold and purple clouds,

towards which the curate's eyes were wandering with an expression of content. As he leaned over a gate looking at them he heard a footstep coming up the dry road behind him. He listened to it with no misgiving; he could not know how often he should hear it again in fancy; he could not know that a sharp trial was coming upon him, and that this footstep was bringing it. The step ceased and a voice accosted him, a friendly voice which he knew well.

"How are you, Lifford? You are the very man I wanted to see."

The curate turned round with a little astonishment in his face.

"I was going up to your house, Dr. Guise," he said.

"Yes, I know; to dinner. But a dinner party is not favourable to private conversation, and—the truth is, I want to speak to you,—have wanted to speak to you some time. It is about my daughter—about Helen."

Mr. Lifford raised his eyes sharply to his companion's face, and then they fell, and his gloved hands tightened over the top bar of the gate.

"There is a sort of uncomfortable engagement between you, I know," said Dr. Guise, slowly. "Hear me out, please; I would not pain you for the world if I could help it; but now look here, Lifford: my advice was against it being entered into; my consent at last was only conditional, and given—do you know how many years ago?"

"Eight," supplied the curate, briefly.

"I dare say you are right. Well then, eight years ago you told me frankly that it was impossible for you to marry, is it any more possible now? Have you any ground for hoping that it will ever be possible?"

"None."

Dr. Guise waited a minute or two. He understood the curate's dryness of tone, and was troubled more than he had expected to be.

"Lifford," he said at last, "I am very, very sorry about this, believe me; more so because I am not altogether blameless. With my practice it might be reasonably expected that I should have laid by a considerable portion for my daughter. This is not the case. I am compelled to keep up a certain show of wealth, and my sons have drained any surplus funds from time to time to the last farthing. I am getting old, and Helen has known hitherto only luxury; what is to become of her if I die? Read this, will you?"

Mr. Lifford took the envelope mechanically, and the doctor turned away from him while he read its contents. At first he hardly seemed to understand them, then there came a sort of grey light over his face, and he stretched out the letter again to its owner.

"Does she know, Dr. Guise?"

"No," said the doctor uneasily. "As you see, Sir John is

doubtful of her feelings, and only asks permission to see her now and then. Of course you are not blaming him. So far as I am aware, no one knows that there has ever been any attachment between you two."

Mr. Lifford looked away over the spreading meadows, the undulating hills, and misty horizon; but everywhere he saw, black and sinister, the large writing of the proposal he had just been reading for the hand of the woman whom he had so long thought of as his wife. He was only anxious to get away from the doctor then; he was too stunned to know fully what had happened or was going to happen to him.

"What is it you want me to do, Dr. Guise?"

"To be just towards me, for one thing," replied the doctor, with a half smile. "Try to look at the thing reasonably: what can an engagement between you and Helen come to? If there were any hope in it I would be the last to separate you; but there is none. This man is, as you know, good, honest, and—wealthy. He is a good deal older than Helen,—but what of that? He would make her happy, I firmly believe. Understand me, I shall put no constraint upon my daughter; that is the maddest thing a father can do. I only tell you candidly that I shall give her my opinion and advice. And what I think you should do is to offer to release her from any promise she may have given you."

"It sounds very easy," said the curate.

"Well, perhaps it isn't easy; I dare say it isn't. The question does not seem to me to be easy, but right. Think of it, however."

"No," said Mr. Lifford, "there is no need. I will do as you wish."

The doctor held out his hand, but Mr. Lifford did not seem to see it.

"You are angry with me," said Dr. Guise. "Think of yourself in my position, if you can, and be charitable. If I had a living to give away, Lifford, you should have it. Helen goes from home to-morrow for a fortnight."

"Do you think I could wait till to-morrow, Dr. Guise? I have no liking for suspense. You must spare me the dinner, though."

"Must I? Well, we shall not sit late. Come as soon as you can."

Mr. Lifford heard the footsteps passing on again down the dry road, and thought of his contented mood when they first struck upon his ear. He opened the gate and went into the little paddock to which it was the entrance. He stood still beside a small pool under some oak trees, and began throwing stones into it. It was so strange a blow which had fallen upon him, so heavy and unreal, that he shrank with a sort of dull weariness from examining it. He was

like a man shrinking from the surgeon's knife, and crying out that he would rather die than undergo it. Then he sat down on an old root, and began to count again the years during which every project and plan and hope of his life had circled round one centre. It had not mattered what trouble oppressed him, there was Helen to share it,—the one heart in all the world to which nothing that affected him could be small or indifferent. He found the years eight still—a large portion of life. It was not as though he had seen her for a few times, and then conceived hopes which had been disappointed. She had so grown to be a part of his life, that he could not recognize himself in the terrible blank that lay stretched out beyond that sentence of release. Another question forced itself upon him, more bitter than all. Had Helen wearied of waiting for him? Could she so readily cast him off for a new love? Then what trust or hope or stay was there in all the miserable, dreary world, and how could he live in it?

The sun sank down behind the hills, and still he sat there, from time to time throwing a stone aimlessly into the pool. He watched the last slanting gleams fade from the water, and wondered what it would look like when he came back. Dark with overhanging shadows, like the rest of his own life, he thought. The twilight was fading into night when he got up from the oak root, shook the dust from his gloves, and walked on across the paddock. As he reached the middle of the little field, a strange sound like a moan of pain startled him, and he stopped to listen. It came again, and looking round, he caught sight of a dark heap of something on the ditch bank at a little distance from him. He looked at this heap for a moment, fancied it moved, went up to it, and saw that it was a man.

"Is there something the matter?" said the curate, recoiling a little.

In truth the dark heap was not pleasant to look upon; the man was in rags, and they were spattered with mud from the ditch, into which he appeared to have fallen; his knees were drawn up as if with pain, his hands clenched, and his eyes gleamed in the twilight with a savage expression of suffering.

"Why don't you speak?" said Mr. Lifford. "Can I help you?"

Something of pity in his tone seemed to strike the savage expression out of the man's eyes, and leave in its place a look of puzzled curiosity and disbelief.

"You help me!" he retorted; "why should you? I've had a fit, that's all. I often have 'em."

"Where do you come from?" asked the curate, with some little impatience. "Have you no home? No friends?"

"Friends!—well no, I haven't. But I've got a home, such as it is. I'm no vagrant. I pay my rent, and I live in Chalk Lane."

"Chalk Lane! Why, that's in my parish."

To which the man made no reply, unless a sort of grunt might be taken for one. He cared very little indeed whose parish he was in, and he didn't see the good of talking about it

"But I don't know you," persisted the curate; "you must be a new comer."

Again the man stared at him with a look of perplexity.

"No more do I know you," he said; "but if you want my name, it's Grime—Jacob Grime. It ain't a nice name, and it ain't a nice person as owns it. Now what may yours be?"

"My name is Mark Lifford," said the curate, smiling, "and I am the curate of this parish. But you are not fit to be here; you ought to get home."

"Easier said than done. You don't think I'd stop for pleasure, do you? I couldn't walk across this field without help. The fit always does that."

Mr. Lifford looked down upon the piteous object in the ditch, and his heart sank. What was to be done? He wanted desperately to go on. To-morrow Helen would be away from home, and there would be a whole miserable fortnight of waiting. He was conscious—hating himself for it all the time—of a wish that his ear had never caught that moan of pain, or his eyes the dark heap in the gutter. Many plans passed through his brain in the few seconds that he stood there hesitating; but he rejected them all. He might have taken the cripple to his own lodgings, but a vision of Mrs. Toser rose up before him and shut out that thought. It was getting dark; it would take him as long to search for help as it would to go with the man himself.

"One of my own parishioners," thought Mr. Lifford, with a little self-contempt, "and here am I who preach to others about self-sacrifice——"

"Can you walk with help?" he said, abruptly. "If you were to take my arm do you think you could manage?"

The man never answered, never took his amazed eyes from the face which looked down upon him with such quiet gravity, as though the proposal were a matter of course, and had nothing wonderful in it. At last he began trying to get up, and Mr. Lifford helped him.

"Stop a bit," said the man. "Are you really and truly going to take me home?"

"Yes."

"Through the streets, for decent folk to see?"

"Of course."

"Well! To be sure it's getting dark, and there won't be many about; but there'll be some, and you'll be seen walking with me. Would you mind telling me *why* you're going to do this?"

The curate grew a little impatient.

"I do it," he said, "because it is a duty—everybody's duty, and mine especially, to help the helpless."

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MAN IN CHALK LANE.

MR. LIFFORD shut his book in despair. He had tried writing and failed, and now he found that reading also was impossible. A face came persistently between himself and the page—a wondering, reproachful face. What was he to do? A week of the stipulated fortnight was gone; in another Helen would be at home again; but in the meantime he had never written to her. He had tried once or twice and given it up. He did not know how to write. He could not send her a letter such as he would have sent a little time ago, and he shrank from performing that hard task, which the doctor had exacted of him; by letter. He would rather do it in person. He must see her once again. As he thought of her perpetually he could have laughed a hard, grim laugh at his momentary doubt of her love. He knew that she was not changed, but he was none the less bound by his promise to the doctor to give her up. Dante says that the most terrible element of suffering is the recollection of past happiness. Perhaps the curate would have agreed with him. As he sat there thinking, the face came before him again, changed—no longer reproachful, but strangely earnest. A white hand touched his shoulder, and a voice sweeter than the sweetest music to him said, "Mark, never hide your troubles from me! What am I worth if I cannot comfort you?"

The curate started up. Who could comfort him now? He began to reproach himself bitterly for repining, but somehow that seemed to do him very little good. He would go out, he thought, to his work in the parish, and try that. He would go and visit his new parishioner in Chalk Lane. There was one faint hope on his horizon which he had lost sight of in this fit of despondency; but then it was so very faint that he doubted the wisdom of taking any notice of it. He had a chance, a lean, ghostly chance, of a living; but it would be worse than folly to build upon it. Of course it would come to nothing.

As the curate went down the white steps, his landlady looked at him over the blind of the kitchen window.

"That young man's working too hard," said Mrs. Tozer, "take my word for it. I've a good mind to talk to him."

But Mr. Lifford went on, in happy unconsciousness of the lecture

in store for him. He had visited the strange old man almost daily, and had a certain interest in him. He was unlike the ordinary race of dwellers in Chalk Lane, and his astonishment at the curate's attention was unbounded.

A slatternly woman stood on the threshold of the cripple's room, and dropped a curtesy to Mr. Lifford, making way for him.

"I've been putting things a bit straight, sir," she said. "He's had another fit, and he's very bad. I think," she added, dropping her voice, "he won't last long."

Mr. Lifford went in, and echoed the opinion mentally. The man was crouched in a rickety arm-chair, and in one hand he held feebly a clumsy-looking heavy boot, which he dropped as the curate entered.

"I do bits of odd jobs you see, sir, yet. I'm not quite used up, Mr. Lifford. And it don't matter to anybody where I come from, or what I've been, or why I'm her,—now, does it? *She* wanted to get it all out of me, but she missed it."

"You ought to have some one to live with you, Jacob," said Mr. Lifford. "These fits may come at any time."

The old man shook his head.

"They'd only come for what they could get; and I should see them poking and prying about and picking, and I'd be helpless! No, sir."

"And you have no relations in the world?"

Jacob's sharp black eyes fixed themselves on the curate's face with a strange expression of wistfulness, and his lips worked terribly for a moment.

"It's a hard thing to be old and poor, sir; relations don't count then. No, I've no relations but some cousins, rich folks in grand shops. They fancied I had saved a bit of money, and they quarrelled with each other then who should take the lonely old man into their fine homes. Think of it, sir, think of it; when they saw me—a worn-out old pauper—they turned me out, talked of the workhouse, hadn't a farthing to spare, or a corner for me to slink away and die in. It don't matter where I've spent my life, I've always been honest; I wish you'd remember that. It's a hard world. I've only one friend in it, and since I've learnt to pray I always pray for him. I don't know as it'll do him any good. I say again it's a hard world. They sent for me all the way from where I was living, and begged me to come home; and then to turn me out!"

Mr. Lifford changed the conversation gently. The old man was so utterly ignorant that it was difficult to make him comprehend the simplest truths. He did his best evidently, but it was slow work. When the curate got up to go, the wistful expression came again into the cripple's face, and he stretched out his hand towards the sky.

"I don't know much about Him up there, Mr. Lifford; but if

He's just, as you say He is, there'll be a blessing for you. Will you come again?"

"To be sure I will, as often as I can. Think about what I have been telling you, Jacob. It *must* comfort you to remember that there is One caring for you—for all of us, though we have no friends on earth."

The curate's voice sank a little as he said this, and a momentary pang of loneliness and desolation passed through his heart; but the cripple watched him as though his words were life, and he did his best to look hopeful.

"Good-bye. I'll send you the wine. I'm a poor man myself, or I would do more for you."

The old man looked at the coin which Mr. Lifford put into his hand with a sort of reluctant shrinking. He kept it, however, and his eyes brightened.

"Mr. Lifford, if I'd millions of money I couldn't live different from this. I've always lived so, and it would be too hard to alter. But don't give your money away, sir. Money is power.

"I'm afraid that's rather a worldly maxim, Jacob."

The old man did not answer. He was turning the shilling over and over in his hand, as if he liked the feel of it.

"Yes," he repeated, softly. "It's power—power. Don't give it away."

CHAPTER III.

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

THE curate sat at the table in his sitting-room with a sheet of note-paper before him and a pen in his hand, but he was not writing. From time to time he got up and went to the window. The lanes were dusty and parched, the road lay like a dry white thread beneath them, and the sun shone down upon all with cruel intensity. Helen's visit had stretched out into three weeks, but they were over now, and she was at home. Mark had called once during her absence, and he felt now too worn out and wretched to trust himself to the personal interview which he had been waiting for. A fresh disappointment had come upon him. His chance of the living was *nil*; he did not think it had ever really existed. It was in vain that he told himself he had never counted upon it. Somehow or other he must have indulged a feeble hope, since he could not help being disappointed. He had, as Mrs. Toser said, been working very hard. It was the only way in which he could forget for a time the trial that lay waiting for him in the poor little room that had witnessed so

many of his joys and sorrows. He was utterly cast down. He did not feel as if there were sufficient energy in him to write that letter or think of its contents. He had been considering about it all the morning, in snatches, but he was no nearer writing it now than he had been at first.

There was a knock at the door, and the landlady came in to ask some question about dinner.

"Dinner," repeated Mark, impatiently. "I don't want any! Then, seeing a remonstrance impending, he added, "I mean anything will do. I don't care what. I'm very busy."

He sat down again and wrote the commencement of his letter. He looked up for a moment as a dark figure passed the window and an elaborate knock sounded on Mrs. Toser's door, but he felt no curiosity, only impatience at the noise. He could not know that after all his letter would never be written, never need to be written. His landlady appeared again, and ushered in a strange gentleman, saying some name which he did not catch.

"The Rev. Mr. Lifford?" said the stranger.

Mark bowed.

"An old man in Chalk Lane died last Monday—Jacob Grime."

"Yes," said Mark, absently.

"You did not officiate at the funeral."

"No. I was from home."

"Some days before this old man's death I made his will, Mr. Lifford."

In spite of his abstraction, Mark smiled.

The stranger smiled also.

"It is rather a curious document. There are several bequests of one shilling each, accompanied with very bitter sarcasms. It only remains to name the residuary legatee."

Something in the stranger's manner arrested Mark's attention at last, and his heart beat a little quicker than usual.

Five minutes afterwards he was once again walking across the little paddock towards the doctor's house; but he was walking in a changed world. Only this morning the sunshine had oppressed him with its brightness, and the song of the birds had been intolerable. He stopped at the doctor's gate. He had tried to be thankful, he thought. Was he thankful enough? He passed on to the well-known French window, which stood wide open in the sunlight. He saw some one in light muslin rise up to meet him.

"Helen," said Mr. Lifford, "forgive me."

And then he was silent. It was so hard to believe that the blank and waiting had passed away; so hard to realize that all this arose from his seeing that dark heap under the hedge, and taking pity on it.

"Won't you forgive me, Helen?"

"Oh, Mark, why did you hide anything from me? I have been so unhappy. I knew all about it, but I couldn't write when you did not, could I?"

"And you won't give me up?"

"Mark," she said, "what does it matter how long we wait? We know that we love each other. Isn't that enough?"

"God bless you, Helen, and make me thankful. I hope the waiting is over. I hope it is not wrong to be so glad about money. I'll tell you the story some time; just now it is too long. An old man whom I believed to be a pauper has died in this parish—in my part of it. He has left me nine thousand pounds. Do you think that will do for us?"

D. W.

THERE are people who cannot endure realities : I myself shrink from some ; but in mezzo del cammin we have to search the crevices of those rocks for a late flower or two. Hope is almost out of bloom, and memory fast turning to a heap of dead leaves. It may be wiser to let the dead leaves lie in the dark wood than to plait them into some sorrow's crown of sorrow. For my own part, I find that the things I pass on the road of life glide out of sight much swifter than formerly ; either as if I were travelling with more speed, or as if the atmosphere had become, like that of the afternoon, misty at a small distance, although the objects in my immediate neighbourhood are distinct enough. Ah, my friend of twenty, rejoice and be thankful in the morning air of thy fresh mind, with its faculties undimmed !

The present is like a scum lying on the pool of the past : here and there it is broken, and we look down with marvel into the clear and crystal depths, and behold therein a spiritualized reflection of our lineaments.

About a year ago I received one morning a number of the *Pimlico Magazine*, addressed to me in a hand, the unexpected sight of which magnetized me back, as it were, into a former state of existence.

There are persons whose handwriting on an envelope makes me afraid. Not that I dislike the writers, but I know beforehand the *gist* of their letters, and am filled with an indescribable sort of trouble, discomfort, and dismay. Other handwritings have a quite contrary effect. They toss my fancy and keep it dancing like a many-coloured ball on the top of a feathery fountain column.

Such an effect had the jaunty little characters that ornamented with my name the label of the *Pimlico Magazine*.

I had hardly the heart to open that popular periodical : the outside said much more to me than the inside could possibly do. I knew that I should find at a certain page "April showers," or, possibly, "May flowers. By D. W." I knew the quality of those effusions, and tenderly kept the label on the *Pimlico Magazine*.

And tenderly I thought of D. W., as I knew him first, long ago in the west country, a dauntless young aspirant to literary honours.

A slight and elegant lad he was, with a most singular face, which irregular features and a trifling cast, made some people call ugly, but which was in reality very near being beautiful.

The colour of his eyes was a deep hazel; his skin pale, but a little tinted by the sun; the form of his chin and jaw classic; his ringlety hair of a golden brown; his feet were very small, and ever dandy-booted. His voice was sweet and ringing clear; and he sang like a lark. In fact, the man's being was musical; yet even in his love for music he betrayed the fatal taint of mediocrity in his mental constitution. He took delight in all that music of the modern Italian school which certain bigots of my acquaintance would cheerfully burn—to roast its composers.

D. W. and I loved each other well; and in those days I admired with awe everything he did.

I considered that, in his own intellectual person, D. W. enfolded, coat over coat, like an onion, the shells of poet, philosopher, and critic. Like birds singing gaily that came at his call, were the verses which he, as it were, whistled to his pen. But for a long time it was denied to him to see himself in print except in the poet's corner of the *Westbridge Gazette*, that still surviving print of his native town.

Regularly on every festival day, for some years, there reached me, by the interposition of the Westbridge carrier, a thinnish MS. volume bound in green and gold,—“Poems. By D. W.” I trust those manuscripts were never printed. They looked so pretty in that trim and jaunty little hand. Print would have restored them to nothingness—like a Parisian belle extinguished in a British bonnet.

Occasionally one of these elegant little tomes will turn up when I am searching a dusty box, perhaps for a dictionary. I open not the faded toy. It hardly looks real. I should as soon think of attempting to eat one of those pretty peaches of tinted marble that adorn some chimney-pieces. But the sight of it startles me with remembrances of those golden days, that innocent and regrettable time, when I believed in the perfections of all whom I loved. Yet there is something that refreshes me in such glimpses of those green covers—green must they ever seem to me, although their hue be touched by the autumnal finger of decay. There is somewhat that can never be bitterly sorrowful in remembering, among happier things, the hopeful face of young D. W.

He disappeared into the metropolis, whither I, called by fate to a far country, followed him not. Plumed, like Marcus Curtius, he rode his Pegasus into that gulf, and the deeps closed over him. For many years I saw him, heard of him, no more.

At length, on my return to England, I found him out. But so sad was the chronicle of wasted days he then unfolded to me, that, when I once more lost sight of him during another prolonged absence, I feared rather than hoped for news of D. W. on my next arrival in London.

And now I had got (how he discovered me I did not know)

songs, ariettas, from that time-honoured instrument! . . . Yes, I knew it! I peeped at the index of the *Pimlico Magazine*, and saw—"To Spring. By D. W." It was like an old felled tree putting out buds! I feared he had completed his cycle and gone out; but here he was at the starting-point again, ready to take another round. His poetical clock was wound up, and was chiming its familiar numbers.

Have you not seen an obstinate poor thing of a cat—a cat of ninety-cat vitality—that defies hanging, drowning, and precipitation from garret windows? She may have been hunted yesterday, with a tin-kettle at her tail, by all the ragamuffins in the parish; kicked, plucked, beaten, and battered out of shape; and lo! looking from your bedroom window next morning, behold her sunning herself on the top of the wall (her accustomed perch), forepaws folded under her, eyes half closed, blinking lazily, as sleek a grimalkin as ever pulled a herring's backbone to pieces in a kitchen area.

So seemed D. W. redivivus. After writing for dear life—writing to escape the pinching grip of starvation, slaving for half the penny papers of his day, their drudge-of-all-work—scarce able at any period to keep his head above water, but flourishing his pen all the time, like Cæsar swimming with one hand while he brandished his Commentaries in the other; floundering through the mud of meanest penury, harassed by the bitter need of incessant pen-driving; hackneyed, jaded, spattered; with, worst of all, a shrew of a wife at his elbow to make him mad——

Just so did D. W. after all this, and more than this, whip me on a new coat, shave him, trim the grizzly curls of thin-worn gold, shift into a handsome lodging, and sun himself (wife on arm) lounging along Regent Street,—looking alert and jocund, as though his life had been one unbroken course of luck and fun!

With these symptoms of regeneration about him, I met D. W. last spring, a few weeks after that apparition of the *Pimlico Magazine* at my breakfast table. He seemed to have reached port. His circumstances were manifestly made easy. *How* was a mystery I cared not to search. Enough that he bore himself in the old careless, jaunty fashion, and looked as though the jade Fortune at length smiled on him.

He told me he had washed his hands of penny papers, and twirled his head with an air of recovered liberty, as Sindbad might have done after he had shaken off the old man that rode him so long. He was writing an Epic,—devoting himself to the completion of a Work that would do justice to his talents. Henceforth he contended for his true place among Standard Authors.

Six months from that day I found the following little note on my table one night, on my return from a friend's house. A little note,

whose familiar characters tried hard to strut along the paper jauntily as ever, but visibly trembled and staggered :—

“ 3, *Beverly Place, Brompton,*
(*No date*),

“ DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Come and see me. I am ill; not so ill as they think—but come.

“ Thine ever,
“ D. W.”

Even as I read, St. Pancras chimed midnight. Well, I could but go the next morning to poor D. W.

Next morning *The Times* was shaken from my hold by a great pang of grief and regret. In the fatal last division of the first column I had read :—

“ On the 12th inst., at Beverly Place, Brompton, D— W—, Esq., aged 44.”

By some irreparable carelessness his note had not been posted till a week after his death !

* * * * *

I could never learn much more about him than I knew already. I might conjecture that his latest literary hope having utterly failed, the final burden of disappointment had broken the back of his pluck ; that he then sank, crushed, to rise no more. His wife chose that time to leave him and return to her own relations. He died in a respectable boarding-house, chiefly populated by middle-aged unmarried ladies ; and a kind Samaritaness of them had tenderly nursed the beaten traveller—had, with many a holy text, sped his tired spirit to its infinite rest.

The servant, who had carried his forgotten note in her pocket for a fortnight, and posted it with tardy conscientiousness, cried remorsefully while she owned her crime to me.

“ We all liked him,” said the dear old maid who had held his hand when he died, and burst out crying too. . . .

Lately, on a still winter day, I stood by his gravestone in Brompton Cemetery. New fallen snow lay lightly on his grave—the delicatest of palls. Round about it burned some crocuses, flame coloured and shaped : methought it was a kind of lying-in-state for the poor poetaster.

And after “ all his weary day-long chirping,” after—

“ All his lavish waste of words,
Remains the lean ‘ D. W.’ on his tomb.”

MARY BROTHERTON.

CLASSICAL JOTTINGS.

NO. I.—MODERNISM.

EVERY now and then there arises a strange reaction against modernism, which is doubly strange amongst Christian people who hold that God's providence orders the course of things, and who must feel that modern ideas, modern feelings, modern aspirations, are the fruit of Christianity—its secondary fruit, so to speak; for herein Christ's religion is comparable to the fig tree,—it bears, at the same time, fruits of divers degrees of ripeness, the perfected fruit of a holy life among them that are converted and sanctified, the unripe fruit (which may either drop off untimely, or under favourable circumstances ripen like the former kind) of mere acquiescence in certain grand truths and of reference to a higher standard in judging of actions. The leaven leaveneth the whole lump of modern society, though sadly little of the resulting product is fine and pure, and meet to stand like shewbread before the Lord. But many of our new lights talk as if heathen society was, on the whole, as good as worldly society among ourselves. We are told that Juvenal was a prurient exaggerator, Suetonius a bitter partisan, fond of raking in the cesspools of history. Even Nero has his apologists; and not even the abominations discovered at Pompeii can convince these "liberal" bigots that besides its individual, or, so to speak, spiritual effect, Christianity has had an enormous influence on modern society, has raised it throughout, has humanized it, has made peace more wholesome and war less terrible and vindictive. A book that did a great deal of mischief in this way was one now well-nigh forgotten (as it deserved to be) Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's "Athens." His picture of the Athenians' every-day life, of the absence of abject poverty, of the high intellectual culture possessed even by the poorest, is eminently calculated to mislead. We forget that whatever was gained in intellectuality was at the expense of a slave population for whom no one cared, who were so degraded as even to be thought unworthy of having the same gods as freemen had. Mr. Grote's most valuable "History of Greece," again, surely gives far too high a picture of Athenian excellence, in the chapters in which he undertakes to white-wash, clear up, and *explain* the death of Socrates. Explain it as you may, Socrates, Diogenes, and others died for trying to bring light to bear on the moral sense of the people. The most revolting worships might be safely introduced,

nay, the importers of them would be honoured; Cybele, Dionysius, the Bona Dea would be hailed as additions to the Olympian Pantheon; but the moment anything like real truth was taught, its teachers found that "the highly gifted and critical population, among whom intellectual activity was not confined to a select few," became very puppets in the hands of those interested in perpetuating delusion and error. Just as in India the preaching of Romanism excited comparatively little opposition, it was when Bible truth came in, with progress as her handmaid, that the Brahmins and Moulvies felt the danger, and, stirring up the fanaticism of Hindoo and Mussulman, brought about the Sepoy war.

This is one of the great advantages of classical reading: many good men have been grieved at the filth of Aristophanes, the looseness of Horace, the low tone of ancient writers generally, and have proposed to substitute a selection from the Fathers and from early church poets for the books usually read. Mr. Ruskin has, in several places, some forcible remarks on this subject; but if properly taught—taught by Christian men to Christian youths, and if due care is taken that the sin-suggesting parts be not put before young boys who have never been guarded against them, we are convinced that the classics usually read bear such a witness to the truth as we could by no means afford to give up. They show that we are better, socially, than the men of old; and that not because we are more intellectual or more advanced in material progress—but because the Day-star from on high has arisen, and the whole national life gets glimpses more or less clear of His brightness. Take a play like the "Bacchæ" of Euripides: we need not enter into the question whether—written, as it probably was, to show that the poet had no sympathy with those whose views which he was suspected of sharing—written to save his reputation, perhaps his life, it contains the real expression of his feelings, or (as things written to order often do) is contrived to damage purposely the very cause which it professes to serve. What we want to point to is the fact that this most enlightened Athenian audience—these people, the meanest of whom could appreciate a difficult chorus, and detect a false accent, and pass judgment on a trilogy—could listen patiently, nay, approvingly, to the naked horror of such a story; could go on worshipping (we will not say reverencing, for there is no reverence but that of slavish fear in heathen worship) the foul, vindictive demon who is there described. Alas for the wilful blindness of the men who dare to whisper that the God of the Old Testament is even such a one as these creations of man's depraved fancy! who cannot see a difference in *kind* as well as in *degree* between the God of Abraham and David, and the deity who bends a pine tree, and, perching Pantheus on the top, left him to be torn in pieces by his mother and sisters; while the reflection of the eye-witness of the

fearful scene is simply, that "To be humble-minded, and respect the gods and their belongings, is the best thing men can do."

Has any one read Mr. Browning's last book, "*Dramatis Personæ*"? We cannot accept the writer's theology as a whole; but we must say that his clear testimony for the truth, in his account of St. John dying in the desert, and in other poems, is in pleasing contrast with the sentimental pantheism which (whether the author himself means it or not) so many of our young people elaborate out of the Laureate's hints about theology. "Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in Prospero's Island," is, of all Mr. Browning's poems, the most remarkable for the way in which it brings out the impossibility of man's rising to higher things by internal development. The god of Caliban (a worse god than that of his mother Sycorax) is, *mutatis mutandis*, the very deity whom Herodotus describes as "full of envy, and fond of working confusion." In those words, true of unregenerate men all the world over, "Thou thoughtest that I am such an one as thyself," we have the key to all the foul and cruel worships which have been practised even by the most civilized people all the world over. And the result on society has always been the same. Kept somewhat sweet at first by the comparative purity necessary in early times, when material adjuncts to profligacy are few, all the great societies of old times, all those of modern heathenism, fell into foulness indescribable as soon as they began to be tried by wealth and opportunity. "Ye are the salt of the earth." There have been times when in certain places it has seemed as if there were no salt,—the whole a festering mass, which could not be purified, but must be swept away. This can never be in a Christian community. Bad as we are, full of shortcomings, sadly below the level of our privileges, we still have a standard of perfection which can never be lost, and to which (in spite of themselves) the most worldly do constantly look. God's work in the world is gradual, and we are by no means terrified at the word *development*, if Christian development is meant. There is the Word, true for ever, true for all peoples and nations alike. But for the understanding of it we have lights which the earlier people had not. It may offend many to say so, but we believe a well-taught, earnest Christian now-a-days is in a better condition for understanding the true meaning of much of St. Paul's epistles, for instance, than some of the Fathers have shown themselves to be. Bible Christians in this age have a great problem before them. They have to meet Romanism and Romanizers on the one hand, and they have, on the other, to maintain the truth against those who are perpetually sneering at the inflexibility of orthodox Protestantism, at its obstinate adherence to old formulas, at the impossibility of its modifying itself, so as to become a suitable creed for India, for instance. If by inflexibility is meant firm adherence to the written

word of Him who cannot lie, to be inflexible in that sense will always be the glory of true Protestantism. But (as we said) more is known about the Bible as the lights of contemporary history and scientific research grow clearer, and so, while our creed is the same, our apprehension is that which we can never comprehend fully so long as we know only in part, may be enlarged, and our greater light may modify our practice in many things. In all the great essentials we have the faith even as they had it who saw the apostles face to face; but no Protestant will say of many questions of detail that they are definitively settled, or that we may not hereafter change things non-essential. We speak advisedly of the light thrown on Scripture by scientific research: Cardinal Wiseman was not far wrong when he said that the Bible had *created geology*; and when Geology has grown out of the pettish waywardness of childhood, when Science (now misrepresented by so many of our hasty sciolists, who first settle their faith, or rather their unbelief, and then force their "fact" into agreement with it) has cut her wisdom-teeth, they will be found to be not antagonist to Religion, but amongst her choicest handmaids.

THE LIGHT-BEARERS.

It may be that a living spark
 Was dropp'd from Eden's flaming brand ;
 And kindled once at God's command,
 The LIGHT has lived through all the dark.

Sometimes the Bearers bore it low,
 Like lurid torch on fenny ground,
 So low, the light might oft confound,
 With phosphorescent cheating glow.

Sometimes it flamed, a beacon rare,
 Upon the hill-tops of the land ;
 But wanting soon a feeding hand,
 Sank into smouldering ashes there.

Sometimes from sacred altars shed,
 It rose a many-colour'd fire,
 And pointed, like a flaming spire,
 To that blue sky which arch'd o'erhead.

Sometimes it shone a crescent mild,
 Like planet under near eclipse,
 Which yet with silver softly tips
 A rugged scene and pathway wild.

It often lurk'd in student's room,
 And lit the walls with rosy light,
 And made within both warm and bright,
 However deep the outer gloom.

Along the streets anon it came,
 Like gas-jets, cunningly entwined,
 Which light each other as the wind
 Puts in and out the struggling flame.

Sometimes, a golden nimbus bright,
 It circles o'er the Teacher's brow ;
 Yet hid for us the crown and glow
 Unless we see with Spirit light.

Thank God for every kindling spark,
Thank Him for every steady ray,
Which sheds upon our shadow'd way
A light that struggles with the dark !

He chooses from His creatures still
His true Light-bearers every age,
The war with darkness here to wage,
His own great purpose to fulfil !

The Watch-Tower.

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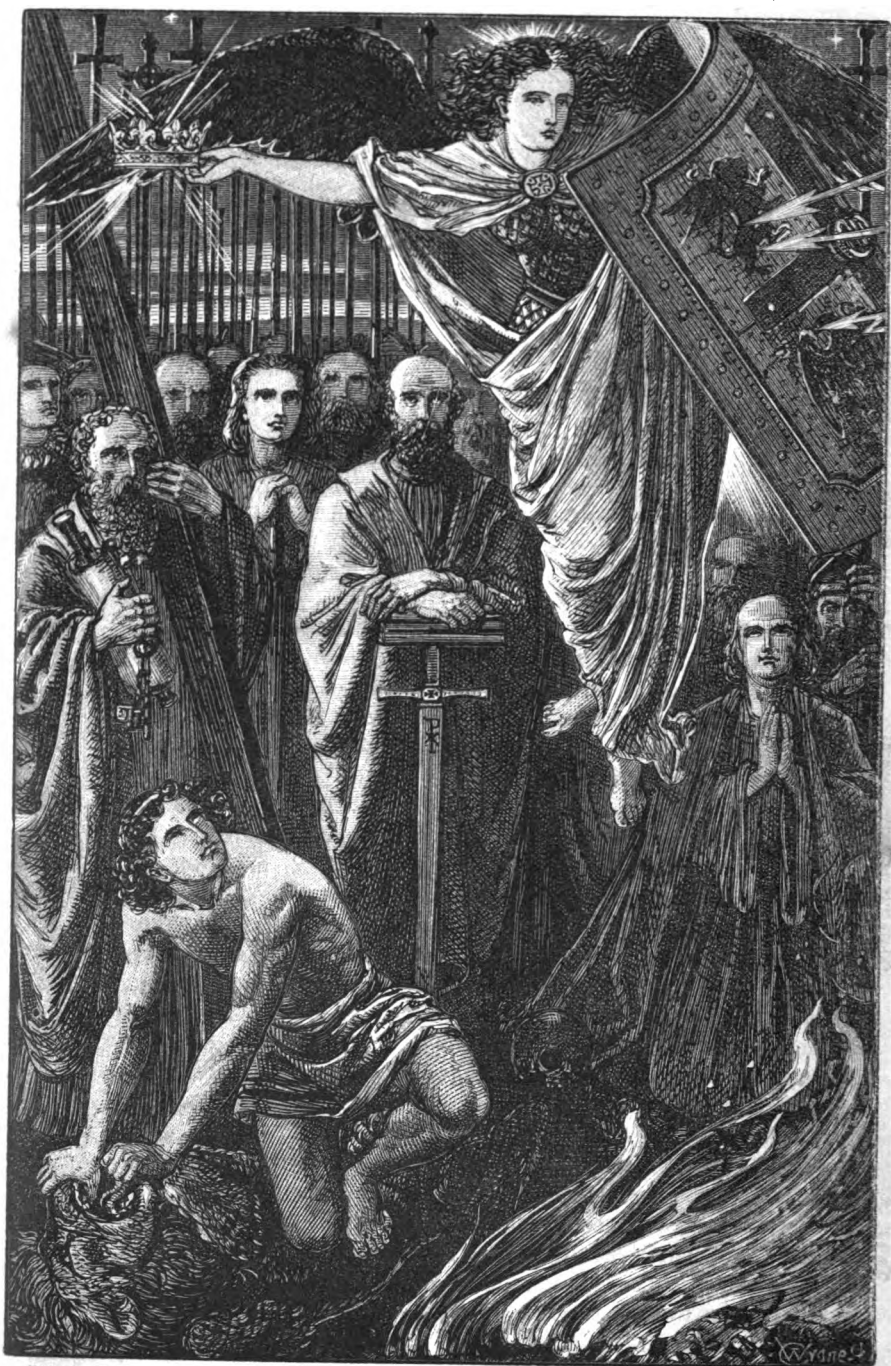
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W. H. CHAPMAN.

SUN. EVANG. 86.

"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS."

The Watch-Tower.

IN THE VICARAGE.

NO. II.—OF NEWS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE proverbial puerility of country gossip has its advantages, after all. To you, my friend, fresh from the pavement of the modern Babylon, it seems as inconceivably childish that the unknown Jones should be deeply interested in the domestic vicissitudes of the equally obscure Robinson, as that Smith and Brown should be utterly ignorant of the sayings and doings of your commercial, political, scientific, social, or literary world. I have seen your lip curl, your vivacity dimmed, and your poor brain puzzled at the pettiness of our talk, and have pitied you with all my heart for the weariness and boredom to which you were exposed. The change of tenancy in a farm, the health and prospects of the small squire of an adjacent hamlet, the prices at the last market, and the chances of a certain property being offered for sale, are, I freely admit, the grave topics of many a middle-class table here. The jokes of the local wit, the extravagance of the local prodigal, the vanity of the local beauty, and the probability of a promising flirtation developing into matrimony, are, it is quite true, the lighter touches with which many of us are gratified. Living, as we all do, in glass houses of great brittleness, we yet throw stones with vigour and precision at our erring neighbours, and take delight in dwelling on their weaknesses and commenting on their folly. Further, the charges of uncharitableness and petty vanity, so frequently levelled at provincial society, are, it must be conceded, but too well founded, and it is better to cry *peccavi* on this point at the outset than to lay claim to an exemption we should have difficulty in making good.

But if we are hard upon our neighbours' foibles, if we listen to news of their shortcomings, and tattle over tea-tables of their most private affairs, let it be remembered that we rejoice with them when they rejoice, and mourn when they mourn, with a heartiness and fervour unknown to the denizens of cities. How can it be otherwise, when the pranks of childhood, the freaks of youth, the hopes, doubts, and pursuits of manhood, the good hit we make here, and the knock-down blow we receive there, are all observed and appreciated by the little circle in which we move? Contrast the familiarity which makes a vacant seat at church give rise to a series of hypotheses as to the reason for its owner's absence, with the absolute solitude and terrible isolation of certain phases of metropolitan life, and then say whether it does not in some measure condone the fondness for detail and the delight in personality which are, it is to be regretted, the grave faults in our system of social intercourse. The young man who is sent from a country town to make his way in London, has—apart from the temptations and sinfulnesses besetting him on every side, and which he can only resist by the strength which is given him from on high—to struggle against the dreadful feeling of being alone in the world. His day's work done, and his lodgings gained, he knows that to the people next door to him,—nay, to his fellow-occupants in the house, his way of life, his happiness or misery, his welfare here and hereafter, his little cares, and the pleasures which cast themselves so sparsely in his way, are all matters of profound indifference. He soon discovers that the introductions he brought up with him are of infinitely less service than he supposed; that oftentimes the distance to be traversed makes the dinner he is invited to more expensive than the dinner he has to buy; that companionship is more costly than solitude; and that the thousand and one petty expenses of London life condemn him to the latter. "An extensive acquaintance," wrote Jeremy Bentham, in his essay on Usury, "is at once the cause and effect of prodigality;" and the youth with a youth's income either learns, as I am told, the necessity of keeping much to himself in London, or is, unless exceptionally fortunate, on the high road to ruin before he is aware of its approach. Place the same lad in a country town, and, as one of a small community, he is at once an object of interest to all. Watchful eyes are about his path, his character and disposition are canvassed, he is known by sight to every one, and woe to him if he trips! No one is too small or too insignificant to furnish forth news for the country-side, and the very morbid activity of country gossip-mongers is in itself a preservative against acts which involve even the appearance of evil. I know an old lady who nearly broke a young man's heart by spreading a report that he had committed himself with a friend's wife; and

my opinion of her wicked heartlessness is too strong to be recorded here. I know another female gossip who severed two devotedly attached lovers by inventing a libel against one of them ; and I know of a charge of drunkenness which was maliciously levelled at an innocent man, and which resulted in his losing a place of trust, and so frustrating the hopes of years. I never refer to such cases, never hear of their occurring in this parish, without blushing for the ineffectiveness of my ministrations, and recalling that remarkable sermon of the martyred Hugh Latimer, wherein he says, " And now I would ask a strange question,—Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office ? I can tell, for I know him who it is ; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent preacher and prelate in England. And will ye know who it is ? I will tell you : it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other ; he is never out of his diocese ; he is never from his cure ; ye shall never find him unoccupied ; he is ever in his parish ; keepeth residence at all times ; ye shall never find him out of the way ; call for him when you will, he is ever at home ; the diligentest preacher in all the realm, he is ever at his plough ; nor lording nor loitering can hinder him ; he is ever applying his business ; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you." The gentlemen who take such infinite trouble to assign causes, gauge motives, and attribute reasons for the evils under which this world groans and labours, may find in the above a solution to many of the problems puzzling their brains. I have read much and seen something of mankind, and the evil of which Satan is incapable I have yet to learn. Given Apollyon, with the scales and wings and fiery darts, the bear's feet and lion's mouth, with which he wounded poor Christian in the Valley of Humiliation, and you may take the rest for granted. You need neither fine-spun theory nor stoical endurance then ; and if philosophers and metaphysicians would but fall back upon scriptural truth, and regard the evil one as an enemy to be vanquished rather than a doubtful principle to be airily explained away, it would relieve them of a task as arduous as that of Sisyphus, and be all the better for the world. Despite argument and essay, and theory and scheming, the trail of the old serpent is perceptible wherever there are human hearts ; and to me it seems one of his most subtle inventions that he should persuade intelligent beings to doubt his existence. The invisible cloak in the fairy tale enabled the lucky wight possessing it to achieve prodigies of valour, and to fully work out his behests ; and, rely on it, when Satan has persuaded you to mentally ignore his ubiquitous presence, you have mightily strengthened his hands by giving him an invisible cloak

too. "The world rolls on," says an eloquent female writer, "let what will be happening to the individuals who occupy it. The sun rises and sets, seedtime and harvest come and go, generations arise and pass away, law and authority hold on their course, while hundreds of millions of human hearts have stirring within them struggles and emotions eternally new; an experience so diversified as that no two days appear alike to any one, and to no two does any one day appear the same. There is something so striking in this perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate as a mighty unchanging power, blind to the differences of spirits, and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery; a huge insensible force, beneath which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed." This it is to live without God as an actual living presence, an omnipotent, omniscient Friend and Father; and when there is no higher belief than in a stern, unyielding fate, Satan's work is all accomplished. But this is the creed generated in the corruption of cities. Whatever the faults of rural districts may be, polished scepticism is not among them; and though in our gossip and lack of charity we too often show how slender is the hold the gospel has on our hearts, and how moderately it influences our actions, we have not attained that pitch of depravity which ridicules holiness and seeks proselytes in unbelief.

All this, however, is wide of the mark. The advantage of the close communion of country life is that you know those about you thoroughly; that you can listen to the loud roar of the great world with a conviction that human nature there is pretty much the same as in the little circle in which you move; and that you give to political and literary intelligence a careful attention scarcely possible to those mingling with the puppets, and conversant with the mystery of their strings. Nor can I admit the conversation of the cliques of cities to be of an essentially higher character than that of hamlets or small towns. On the few occasions when I have met men who are amongst the recognized leaders of public opinion, I have not been struck with the talk around me. The element of personality has been apparently as necessary a fact as in the obscure chat at the barber's shop or village inn. An undercurrent of cynicism, an apparent mistrust of human purity, and an insight into motives by no means palpable to the uninitiated vision, seemed the salient points; and I have noted the same phenomena in the prattle of less eminent people.

But, with a sheet of the *Times* before me, and with the terrible news it contains vividly impressed upon my mind, it is rather with the commentaries than commentators I wish to deal. In this village

the appearance of the postman, with his bulky leathern bags, his long staff, and stout gaiters, is the event of the day. Gentlemen who subscribe to the reading-rooms or clubs of towns, and so skim over a dozen journals without steadily perusing one, cannot appreciate the business-like devotion with which the contents of a London newspaper are mastered by people at a distance. The postman is the connecting link between busy, bustling, active civilization, and the comparative placidity and repose in which our lives are passed ; and it is as curious as pleasant to note the popularity he is invested with in consequence. By one means or other, too, he generally gains, in addition to the news-packets and letters wherewith he is laden, an inkling of what has been telegraphed to the nearest market town, and can so furnish us with a frequently garbled instalment of what to us is to-morrow's news. Thus it was I first heard of the foul assassination which has plunged the whole civilized world in grief ; and though rumour after rumour confirmatory of it reached me during the day, I hoped, against hope, that it was a fraud and falsity, until I received my paper, and found it all too true. There is a certain luxury in toying with a letter before breaking the seal, in speculating upon the handwriting if it be unfamiliar, and in hesitating before tearing the cover from a newspaper and rapidly mastering the heads of its contents. It is so strange, after all, that a newspaper packet, or an uninteresting-looking parcel, should contain such a wealth of ideas, such an illumining of life, as is conveyed by their perusal, that to dally over the joys of anticipation is neither injudicious nor strange. In town, where it is cut and aired before you make your appearance at the breakfast-table, this is one of the minor luxuries of life you cannot taste ; but where, as is the case with us, our time for welcoming published news is nearly five in the afternoon, we can play with our treasure before enjoying it ;—now pausing before the paper is torn, now glancing over summary and leader, and now resolutely putting all on one side until an appointed task is finished, and we may read on without the unpleasant consciousness that we ought to finish the sermon or make the visit which was interrupted by the welcome arrival of the post. And what a wonderful production the modern newspaper appears ! The ability it displays is not half so astounding to me as the wonderful organization by which that ability is utilized. That we should have judgments — always able, and in the main sound — upon current history and the actors therein, delivered within a few hours of the occurrence of the events commented on, is startling enough ; but that the manifold intelligences at work should be so fused and welded as to make a consistent and comprehensive whole, is to my mind even more surprising. Every portion of a great journal is astonishing to the thinkers who are not behind the scenes. How accidents, and fires, and offences so frequently happen in certain dis-

tricts, and how the most minute details of each are printed for my edification, is, in its way, at least as gratifying as that my political knowledge should be guided or warped by a practised hand, or that my younger neighbours should be warned against acting up to the holiest instincts of our nature in such language as this :—"A hopeless, lifelong struggle, a torturing anxiety, an expiring courage, a gradual despair, misery to parents, and destitution to children, are too often the results brought about by young people whose romance gets the better of their prudence, and who, in defiance of their banker's book, resolve to be eternally happy."

Could the writer of the foregoing have been aware that faith in an overruling Providence, honesty of purpose, industry and energy, have made many a so-called "imprudent marriage" the stepping-stone to fortune and repute? Can he know that while in the New Testament allusion to the intellect is rare indeed, the "heart" and "the spirit we are of" are ever appealed to? When we see man using his brief authority, and the influence given him by circumstance, to oppose the ordinances sanctioned by his Maker, one is tempted to judge him harshly, and to ask whether his own life be as immoral as his doctrine is impure. Such knowledge as we have of the private lives of clever men does not reassure us on this point; and the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" expresses very accurately the thoughts which assert themselves on the perusal of such a passage as the foregoing. "If, however," he writes, "a man of genius be fortunately free from ambition, there is yet another enemy which will commonly lie in wait for his wisdom; to wit, a great capacity for enjoyment. This generally accompanies geniuses, and is perhaps the greatest of all trials to the moral and spiritual heart. It was a trial too severe for Solomon,—

‘Whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul.’”

Without asking how far this capacity for enjoyment is likely to affect the character and distort the views; how far that union of "plain living and high thinking" which poet Wordsworth advocated, and poor mad painter Blake practised, is a possibility with such men, let us examine the curiously faithful descriptions of passing events which are given us from time to time. How is this wonderful art acquired? How is a picture conveyed to the mind, which shall possess all the vividness of colouring of a good oil painting? Mr. Thomas Carlyle remarks on this head, in his charming essay on Biography,—

"The question is, How are real objects to be *so* seen? on what quality of observing or style in describing does this so intense pictorial power depend? Often a slight circumstance contributes curiously to the result: some little, and perhaps to appearance accidental feature is presented; a light gleam, which instantaneously

excites the mind, and urges it to complete the picture and evolve the meaning thereof for itself. By critics, such light-gleams, and their almost magical influence, have frequently been noted: but the power to produce such, to select such features as will produce them, is generally treated as a knack or trick of the trade, a secret for being *graphic*; whereas these magical feats are, in truth, rather inspirations; and the gift of performing them, which acts unconsciously, without forethought, and as if by nature alone, is properly a *genius* for description.

"One grand, invaluable secret there is, however, which includes all the rest, and, what is comfortable, lies clearly in every man's power,—*to have an open, loving heart, and what follows from the possession of such!* Truly it has been said—*emphatically* in these days it ought to be repeated,—a loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work, that of *knowing*; and therefore, by sure consequence, of *vividly uttering forth*. Other secret for being 'graphic' there is none worth having, but this is an all-sufficient one."

With great deference to the opinion of so distinguished an author as Mr. Carlyle, I cannot help fearing there is some mistake in the statement of his concluding sentence. I know many estimable, worthy, and benevolent men, whose hearts are undeniably loving and tender, and who are as certainly incapable of drawing a vivid picture, either in writing or by speech, as they are of composing an opera or executing a fashionable dance.

"The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous efforts and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting from life and death;
He walks with nature, and his paths are peace."

And his reward is a sufficient one, without laying claim to aught more worldly or recondite. Mr. Carlyle's phrase, "a genius for description," aptly conveys what most of us think after reading one of the minute and thrilling accounts for which our journals are as notably remarkable as for aught else. And there is this satisfaction attending their perusal,—they are true. We may have doubts about many of the theses laid down in a leader; we may suspect that some of the virtuous indignation is pumped up for the occasion; and that the political zeal and genial banter are not altogether as spontaneous as they appear to be. But where we have a minute bit of photography, with every detail strongly marked, and all the delicacies of light and shadow faithfully rendered, we cannot doubt its accuracy, or think it tinctured by the prejudices or weakness of the writer. For example, compare the description of a royal marriage with the shocking article which appeared in the *Times* on the wretched girl who has just denounced herself as a murderess. The one brings a splendid pageant before the reader with an accuracy no one can doubt, and a faithfulness which has never been impugned; and the other brought a cry of indignation from every home in which the *Times* is read. The ingenious compiler of "What Men have said about

Women" will have an important addition to make to the next edition of his work. Moore's—

"Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dewdrops, whose lustre illumines the thorn,"—

may be very well as a poetic fantasy, but the *Times* knows better. That all women are "potential murderesses" between the ages of sixteen and twenty, is the astounding statement I have just read in one of its leading articles on Constance Kent! It is hard to believe that every other writer and thinker is wrong; that our life experience is valueless; that Shakspeare lied when he wrote of women, "They are the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world;" and that such recent testimony as that furnished by the traveller Layard is to be rejected as false. Yet such a passage as the following reads like a refutation of the charges of bloodthirstiness and proneness to commit murder so coolly attributed to the sex by the *Times* writer. "I have observed," says the explorer of Nineveh, "among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, and ingenuous. . . . I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With men it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia [this was evidently written before Mr. Layard was an under-secretary of state], and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish." Yes, I think the women of England can afford to smile even at the mighty *Times* when such a tribute as this is paid to their sisterhood in distant lands. Still, I can't help pondering on the individual character of the professional journalist who could deliberately make so foul a charge. The "psychologists tell us" had a fell ingenuity about it, which made a very shrewd lady of my acquaintance declare he had been crossed in love. It is certain he can never have known what Jeremy Taylor calls "Heaven's last best gift to man"—a good wife; and I should like his opinion upon the well-known passage in Shirley,—

"She's a golden sentence
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate."

There is a violation of character, an aspersion on fair fame, and a blighting sneer at all goodness, which is as earthly and devilish as violation of another kind; after which reflection I turn, with a shrug, to another portion of my paper.

There is no help for it. I have fenced and shirked with the dread subject as much as possible, have dallied over descriptions and errors of taste, have chatted eagerly and lengthily upon anything but the one topic; and now I must speak of the martyred ABRAHAM LINCOLN in spite of myself. The news of his death was received here as a public calamity. The grocer and general dealer, the linen-draper and the ironmonger, put up half their shutters, as if one of their own family had departed; and, despite a certain sympathy for the South as fighting bravely against fearful odds, there has been but one expression of horror and dismay since the news of the assassination came. It has converted waverers to the Northern cause, and revived many a dormant feeling on the horrors of slavery. Above all, it has given a fervour and earnestness to our petition for "peace in our time," and heightened our profound sympathy for the noble nation now groaning under civil war. "The way of peace they know not," was the prophet's description of the greatest wickedness; and the greatest punishment he promised was that "they should not know peace;" and present events give force and vigour to the sacred passage. Where is the end? how will the olive branch appear? and, also, who will be its bearer? are questions to make one dizzy with over-thought. When Cæsar was engaging all the world in war, he wrote to Tully, "There was nothing worthier of an honest man than to have contention with nobody;" and so deceitful and desperately wicked is the human heart, that it may be many of the leaders of the dreadful war now raging—leaders not in a military, but a prompting sense—could utter platitudes like Cæsar's, even while they are adding insult to outrage, and casting fuel on the fire. One word as to the, as it seems to me, indecent comments which were passed upon the departed President's personal appearance during his life. Do we look for beauty in men in the foremost places? Are the world's affairs to be entrusted to a smooth skin, and curly hair, and drawing-room graces? or is brain and muscle, and soul and force, to command the respect which is its due? Heads wear well that have not got to think; but, as I read somewhere the other day, "looking over the portraits of those who have laboured longest and hardest in the fields of science, literature, theology, and human progress, we find that Nature has been niggardly with them in the

matter of beauty. Possibly, the better the quality of her coin, the less pains she takes in stamping it for the world's market."

But the reflections to which my newspaper gives rise would fill a volume. If you could hear it talked over by the leaders of public opinion here—my parish clerk, the deafest of the two churchwardens, an old lady who loves her parrot, next to herself, better than anything in the world, our new schoolmaster, who is gravely suspected of being "new-fangled," and other great people,—you would learn that, small and petty as are many of our provincial ways, we are in the main sound at heart. The diction would not seem to you very choice, or the style particularly clear, but the sentiments would be pretty much what you would hear in your own set; while that very habit of gossiping, which is so pernicious, perhaps gives the humble countryman a clearer insight into motives and a more thorough comprehension of character, than many of his social equality in large towns. But if it were not for a firm belief in the ever-abiding wisdom of God, who would not infer from the horrors recently recorded that the world had been handed over to the evil one, and that the people in it were stranded without hope? For, as has been happily said, "as the spirit expands, and perceives that it is one of an innumerable family, it would be in danger of sinking into the despair of loneliness if it were not capable of—

'Belief

In mercy carried infinite degrees

Beyond the tenderness of human hearts,' "

while the very circumstance of multitude obviates the danger of undue elation. But though it is good to be lowly, it behoves every one to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many evidences are around all who breathe. While the world and life roll on and on, the feeble reason of the child of Providence may be at times overpowered by the vastness of the system under which he lives; but his faith will smile upon his fear, rebuke him for averting his eyes, and inspire him with the thought, "Nothing can crush me, for I am made for eternity. I will do, suffer, and enjoy, as my Father wills; and let the world and life roll on!"

Such is the faith which supports, which alone can support, the many who, having been whirled in the eddying stream of social affairs, are withdrawn by one cause or another, to abide, in some little creek, the passage of the mighty tide. The broken-down statesman, who knows himself to be spoken of as politically dead, and sees his successors at work, building on his foundations, without more than a passing thought on him who had laboured before them, has need of this faith. The aged, who find affairs proceeding at the will of the young and hardy, whatever the grey-haired may think and say, have need of this faith. So have the sick, when they find none but them-

selves disposed to look on life in the light which comes from beyond the grave. So have the persecuted, when, with or without cause, they see themselves pointed at in the street; and the despised, who find themselves neglected whichever way they turn. So have the prosperous, during those moments which must occur to all, when sympathy fails, and means to much-desired ends are wanting, or when satiety makes the spirit roam abroad in search of something better than it has found. This universal, eternal, filial relation is the only universal and eternal refuge. It is the solace of royalty weeping in the inner chambers of its palaces, and of poverty drooping beside its cold hearth. It is the glad tidings preached to the poor, and in which all must be poor in spirit to have part. If they be poor in spirit, it matters little what is their external state, or "whether the world"—and oh, my town friends who despise our country gossip and country ways, do take this truth to heart—"which rolls on beside or over them be the world of a solar system, or of a conquering empire, or of a small-souled village."

“THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE.”

HIGH in the cloudless skies,
Where the full glory of the Godhead breaking
In all its untold splendour on our eyes,
Flooding our souls with light, our tongues awaking
With one accord, in rapturous notes to raise
A never-dying anthem to Thy praise !

Yes, the fierce strife is done !
The furious shouting of the war-cry ended,
The struggle past, the hard-fought vict'ry won,
And, in our shining home, by saints attended,
Now stand we, who earth's roughest paths have trod,
Secure at last—safe—safe with thee, O God !

Yes, 'tis all over now !
Over each sigh, each tear, each hotly burning sorrow,—
Rest we each weary heart, each aching brow,
Rest in the glory of that bright “to-morrow,”—
Which dawn'd, when at Thy word, O King of kings,
Death's angel o'er us waved his noiseless wings.

We who have bled and died,
Counting our life but loss, death gain, O Lord, for Thee,
Unharm'd, triumphant, ever at Thy side,
Shouting a Conqueror's song, which like a free
And boundless torrent shall through heaven pour,
All grandly echoing on its radiant shore !

Father, each tired child,
Whose form was bow'd by sufferings over-laden,
Who, faint and weary, yet look'd up and smiled,
Strength in our *souls*, although our life was fading.
Father, we come—each throb of anguish past,
Father, we come—to rest, and *Thee*, at last.

We who have walk'd alone,
Whose warm hopes wither'd e'en in their hour of birth,
For whom have bloom'd no sunny flowers of home,
But on an iron road along the earth
Have gone our weary way!—High God, we claim,
By our great griefs, the right to praise Thy name.

Throughout the cloudless skies,
Swelling and ever swelling shall our song
Unto Thy glorious name in incense rise;
Casting our golden crowns before Thy throne,
Redeem'd, sweet Christ, made pure by Thy blood,—
To endless time, we praise Thee, O our God!

SIN AND SORROW.

IT was in the January of the year 185— that I was travelling from Sherbrooke to Quebec, and, having accomplished as much of the journey as could then be done by rail, was standing on the platform of the Melbourne station, admiring the huge locomotive, with its gaping funnel-shaped chimney, and contrasting American railway arrangements with ours,—from the roomy *cars*, more like small churches than anything else, where (to say no more for them) it is at least impossible to be closeted with a madman or a murderer, to the free and easy way in which the line is left open to pedestrians, who take their chance of being knocked to pieces or not, according as they may be lucky or otherwise.* I was also thinking, somewhat uncomfortably, of the hundred miles or so that still lay between me and my destination,—all sleighing, of course; most of it to be done by night,—and wondering what sort of a travelling companion I should have, as I knew that two besides the driver would be placed in each vehicle, when my attention was drawn to the features of a gentleman standing near me, which I thought I recognized, in spite of the disguise effected by a Canadian winter dress. A few moments convinced me that I was not mistaken. It was my old college friend, Tom Ripton, who stood before me. I was not long in making myself known, found to my great delight that his destination was the same as mine, and it was easily arranged that we should travel together.

Both then and during the first part of our journey Tom's manner certainly surprised and disappointed me. Not that I had any want of cordiality to complain of,—he seemed as pleased at our meeting as I really was,—but it was almost impossible to draw him into conversation. He often answered in monosyllables, sometimes not at all, or not to the purpose. And my disappointment was that of a man who finds that, instead of the agreeable companion he expected, he has one who, if not absolutely morose, is at least *distract*, and is evidently brooding over something of a by no means pleasant nature. I then began mentally to recall some particulars of his history which I thought I had long forgotten, and which had never been cleared up to my satisfaction, nor, so far as I know, to that of anybody

* I speak of the time of which I am here writing. A few accidents may have since caused an alteration in this respect.

else. I had left Oxford after a year, as a commercial career happened to offer me greater advantages than any of the learned professions, but he graduated, took orders, obtained a most eligible curacy, where he had a nobleman for a parishioner, on whose patronage he had every reason to count; his prospects were, in short, good in every way, when, to the astonishment of all who knew him, he resigned his appointment, went out to Canada, and settled down as incumbent of a remote parish in the eastern townships, where the labour was great, the income small, society out of the question, and anything worth calling advancement impossible. All this, and more to the same purpose, came freshly into my mind, and I could not avoid connecting it with his strange manner, although what was the link between them I could not of course guess. The mystery was now about to be solved, so far at least as I was concerned.

The train hissed and puffed away to Portland, and in about an hour after we were seated in our cariole, jingling along the lonely forest road. I had ascertained that our driver did not understand a word of English, and I resolved if possible to unearth Tom's secret. It would be absurd to disclaim all mere curiosity in such a case, but I can truly say that worthier motives greatly predominated.

It was late in the afternoon, the cold was intense, and the dense forest through which the road passed made it as dark as snow ever permits night to be. I began,—

“Why, Tom, what is the matter with you? You must pardon an old friend for what I am going to say. You neither look nor speak like your former self. As to the speaking, indeed, you haven't given me much opportunity of judging, for I have hardly been able to get a word out of you since we met.”

“There is nothing the matter,” he said, but the tone belied the words.

“I am afraid,” I said, “I shall now offend you in real earnest. But I can't be silent about it any longer. I must take courage, and ask you, Why did you leave England at all? Why give up all you did? Why bury yourself alive in the backwoods here? Why, above all, do I find you so changed that twenty years ought not to have made such a difference in your looks? And you have the air, too, of a man whose mind is laden with some heavy sorrow, or his conscience with some terrible crime.”

He gave a perceptible start at the last words, which by no means diminished my uneasiness, but recovering himself after a moment's silence, said,—

“Might I not ask you what brings *you* out here?”

“Absurd!” I answered, “I came out on the business of our firm, and am going back to Liverpool in another month, all of which you might have known if you had been attending to one word of what I

said to you. But really 'you answer with an idle tongue,' for there is not a particle of resemblance between our cases."

He remained so long silent that I began to think he was resolved not to pursue the subject. But at length he said, very suddenly,—

"I *will* tell you—tell you all. I shall not say, Do not think this or that or the other of me; for it matters little now, and will matter nothing soon, what any one thinks."

"That's all sensible," said I, "except the last part of it, which must mean that you are going to cut your throat or blow your brains out. Drowning would not be practicable nearer than the St. Lawrence."

I said this with a forced jocularity, but it had actually occurred to me that possibly his mind might be disordered. Might he not be a melancholy madman? Might not he be at that moment meditating self-destruction? And this journey, too, might it not have such an object?—the lonely road through the forest, a fitting place for some strange, wild deed! Suicides are often fantastic. But I was soon undeceived. I give his story as he told it; my own interruptions were few and unimportant, and the only others were our stoppages for a fresh horse at the different stations. On these occasions he discontinued his story, of course, but immediately resumed it when we started again.

"You know of my appointment to the curacy of Hartonvale, and my letters told you a good deal of the particulars connected with it. No position could be imagined more pleasing than mine. I was quite my own master. The incumbent was non-resident, from ill-health. Indeed, he was with much reason supposed to be dying; and after I had been there about a year and a half it was pretty well known that the Earl of C., who resided in the parish, and who was the patron, would, when the vacancy occurred, present me. Besides Lord C., several persons of wealth and rank were among my parishioners; I was a general favourite with them, and was treated with the greatest kindness and attention by all.

"I was nowhere a more frequent or a more favoured guest than at Rossville House, the residence of Lord C. His family consisted of Lady C. and three daughters, all young. He had a son, the Honourable Captain V., by a former marriage, but he was mostly absent with his regiment. There was a French governess—I may speak her name, she is never out of my thoughts,—Marie Duchesnay, who was treated more as one of the family than governesses often are, and in consequence I met her frequently. She was a young and most beautiful girl. I ought, I suppose, to describe her, but after you have heard me to the end you will not expect *that* from me. I soon became most passionately attached to her, and before long ventured to tell her the state of my feelings. But I must hurry over

this part of my story. After a while she owned that she returned my love, we pledged ourselves to each other, and agreed that, as soon as my expected promotion should make such a step prudent, we would be united.

"But what, you will ask, said Lord and Lady C. to this affair? At first they did not look on it with favour, spoke of it as a 'strange alliance,' and so forth. I had felt it my duty, as soon as we had ourselves decided, to make Lady C. acquainted with the whole matter, and so vigorously combated her objections that at length she and the Earl gave it their sanction and approval. And what valid objection could there be? She was beautiful and accomplished, of the Protestant persuasion (at least, she professed it), and was believed to have a claim to a good position in her own country. For my part, I saw but one thing,—I loved her ardently and devotedly, and believed my love returned. Enough, we now were recognized lovers, conversed in French or English (she understood English perfectly), employed in the presence of our noble friends all the endearing language consistent with decorum, and, alas! were often left alone together.

"I spare myself the pain of being more explicit. You have already guessed my meaning. Love there was on my side, at least, passion on both. Will you think it strange when I tell you that I experienced then none of the remorse you might imagine inseparable from such a fall? The only feeling it produced in me was an increased devotion to the object of my love,—and yet I may well question the possibility of *that*! Of course we were now both anxious to be united as speedily as possible—a sudden alteration in our views which not a little astonished Lord and Lady C. But they were easily brought to agree to anything we wished. As I have told you, I was a favourite with both, so was Marie. Lady C., indeed, appeared rather pleased than otherwise that matters should be expedited. A genuine woman rarely wishes to throw any obstacle in the way of a marriage.

"All went on smoothly. I only felt a little uneasiness, perhaps it was mere impatience. Every day that passed diminished it, and the exact time for our union was all but fixed. After what I have said you will easily believe that Marie had not fallen in my estimation through what had occurred. *There* I still feel that I was not wrong.

"Captain V. obtained leave of absence about this time, and came to Rossville. I had met him before, and found him a gay, frank, off-handed young fellow; but, without being able to give any reason for it beyond a mere want of a community of tastes, I had always felt that he was not the man I should choose for a frequent companion. He was handsome too, just such a man as you would say

was in every way calculated to win the admiration of women. Yet his presence did not cause me the slightest qualm of jealousy. One evening—I know not how it was,—every occurrence of that evening except *one* seems enveloped in a kind of mist. I had been dining there, always a frequent circumstance, latterly more so than ever, and I had left the drawing-room to seek Marie, supposing her to be in the garden, or some part of the grounds near the house. In the shrubbery I saw her some distance before me, and *not alone*. The captain was with her. I started as from an electric shock. Still, it was not much; *he*, no doubt, was presuming on her position—perhaps he had had too much wine: I would speak to her on the subject—beg her to be more reserved and distant with him for the future, and I would not join them now; I felt I was much excited, and feared I might say or do something ridiculous. I was not seen by either, but I *saw*—it was a moonlight summer evening, and I saw familiarities offered and permitted—*permitted* too, which ought to have been repelled if offered by *me* even then.

“You will ask how I *felt*,—what I *did*. I cannot tell you the first, but I fled from the spot. I dared not trust myself to remain; if I had, I should have done something desperate, I know; and to this day I wonder at the self-control that in such a moment of madness dictated the only prudent course. I forget the rest, I suppose I reached the house, left some message about sudden illness, and hurried home. What a night followed! I can only remember alternations of wild raving with mere stupor. Towards morning I was calmer: I suppose I must have slept from pure exhaustion, for I remember starting once or twice from a hideous dream, only to become suddenly again conscious of the yet more hideous reality; but I was calm enough to decide on my course, and I did so.

“Strange that it never occurred to me to ask myself. If the barrier of virtue is broken down in this girl’s case, who has done it? I did not reason thus; in fact, I experienced nothing but bitter regrets, followed by furious resentment, and that by a kind of question as to the possibility, after all; and then the answer, No, never! I felt that if I had not witnessed the worst, it was because neither time nor place admitted of it.

“I repaired to Rossville House as soon as I could do so without attracting attention by a too early visit. I asked to see her. There was no difficulty in doing so; there had not been any of late. She came alone. That, too, was not unusual now. How she would have received me I cannot tell, had I given her one moment to speak and act as usual. I did not. I scarcely allowed her time to enter the room when I said, ‘Marie, I know all.’ She changed colour, only slightly, and perhaps would have spoken, but again I did not give her time. I added immediately, ‘I saw you last night *with your*

companion.' At the last words she first flushed crimson, and then turned deadly pale. I continued, 'And now all is at an end between us for ever.' In an instant she recovered herself, all traces of emotion vanished, and with apparently perfect calmness she said, '*Eh bien, tu l'en repentiras !*' and swept from the room as if she had been breaking up the most commonplace interview.

"Of how the rest of that day passed, and the next too, I have but a vague notion. I remember wandering through every room in the parsonage, going into and out of the garden, doing some few things in the way of routine duty which could not be neglected, and that is all.

"What were my feelings towards Captain V. all this time? Of a strangely mixed character; indeed, I can scarcely analyze them now. I know that I hated him from my soul; and I could not help feeling at the same time that he could not, by any effort of his own, have done me the slightest injury. Then, again, was I not, in a certain sense, indebted to him? Was he not the instrument, although the unconscious one, of saving me from a fate, at the thought of which I now shuddered?

"On the morning of the fourth day I received by post a letter, the contents of which, while I had not at all expected them, did not in the least surprise me. It was from the bishop's chaplain, telling me that 'his Lordship had received a communication containing a charge of the gravest character against me; that the writer was, &c.; and that if I could not explain the matter to his perfect satisfaction, he should be compelled, with great pain, to take steps,' &c., &c. This is the usual formula, and under any other circumstances I should have only felt annoyed at the suspicion of anything wrong attaching to me, and at the trouble involved in the summons to the episcopal residence, with which, as a matter of course, the letter concluded. Now I felt that I was simply *ruined*. That Marie had written the letter I knew as well as if I had seen her write it. It did not occur to me that the charge was incapable of proof; and I at once concluded that as all was lost now, the best thing I could do was to look my fate in the face, and resolve to bear whatever might follow as well as I could. These were my reflections as soon as the first stunning effect of the intelligence was over.

"Have you not heard of the total abnegation of self which distinguishes women where their affections are concerned? Believe me, they display it in a tenfold degree where they hate and wish to revenge. This unhappy girl must have well known that her only hope depended on her secret being kept. Yet to be revenged on me she did not hesitate to betray herself!

"As I was musing on these and similar matters, I received a visit from a neighbouring clergyman with whom I was somewhat

intimate. Richard Maxwell held a small living adjoining Harton-vale, and we had exchanged visits and hospitalities. He was a good deal older than I, and was a man of considerable talents and high literary attainments, but was rather liked than respected, and had the reputation of not being very scrupulous as to the means he employed to gain any end he had in view. Of his conduct on this occasion *I* at least ought to say nothing, as what he did was done for me, and had certainly no selfish motive whatever.

“‘Ripton,’ said he, as he entered, ‘this is a bad business.’

“‘What is a bad business?’ I asked, as coolly as I could.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘I tell you at the very outset that I come to befriend you, and that you must use no reserve with me. In fact, it’s no use your doing so, for I know you got a letter this morning; I know where it came from, and what it contains. But I know no more. And now what do you mean to do?’

“‘I can do nothing; I must let things take their course. Yes, I have a choice between obeying this summons, and leaving at once as privately as I can.’

This idea had not occurred to me before.

“‘Yes,’ said Maxwell, ‘and be ruined; utterly, totally, and hopelessly ruined; for that is what your running away would amount to. You *must* obey the summons; but when you present yourself at the palace, what will you do?’

“‘Own the truth, that’s all.’

“‘You would be mad to do anything of the kind. That would be ruin in a scarcely different shape. Will you let me guide you? You had better. Though I know the contents of that letter, it is a secret to all others.’

“‘How did you learn it?’ I asked.

“‘I said, *no matter how*. But I know Captain V. well, and hoping to get at something useful to you, I sounded him yesterday, and succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. He told me—no matter what;—and he will come with us to-morrow (that is, if you accept our good offices), and easily show the bishop that not a word from that quarter is worthy of the least credit, and then you are safe.’

“‘I started at the name. ‘No consideration,’ I exclaimed, suddenly, ‘shall induce me to accept Captain V.’s services either in this or anything else!’

“‘Why? You ought to be very delighted, and very grateful too, I’m sure; for not many men would care to come forward in such a case; though we’ll take care that he does not appear in any objectionable light.’

“‘Well,’ said I, after a pause, ‘I see I must tell you all.’ And I told him.

“‘That’s unlucky,’ said he; ‘but the thing must be done. You won’t like to meet him, of course; but it is safety for you, and there is no other path open. We’ll call for you to-morrow at ten, and he’ll drive you over. Remember you must meet him as if nothing had occurred; he is *never* to know that *you* know anything.’

“He left me. I passed the remainder of that day and the night that followed in a state of mind which I cannot describe. I had consented; for Maxwell was right—it was my only chance. I could not injure Marie; she had done that for herself past my power either to remedy or make worse. My situation, too, was desperate, yet I loathed the part I was about to play, and those I was associated with.

“During all this period of misery and anxiety, had I never thought of prayer? Many a time. But the words seemed frozen on my lips and the thoughts in my heart. I felt as if I had raised a barrier between God and myself. My agonies first taught me how guilty I was. If sin remained unpunished, how often would it be recognized as sin?

“Next morning Captain V. drove over with Maxwell. I suppose any peculiarity in my manner was ascribed to anxiety as to the issue of the affair. I was, as you may guess, silent during the journey. Maxwell and Captain V. conversed gaily. No allusion was made to the business we were on, except that Maxwell said once,—

“‘It was a lucky thought of mine, that of consulting the captain. I fancied he might be able to throw some light on the matter.’

“We arrived, and repaired at once to the bishop’s residence. Maxwell and I were ushered into his presence at once, although there was some difficulty made at first about admitting him. But he urged that my natural agitation under such circumstances rendered it necessary that I should have a friend by me. The plea prevailed.

“There were present only the bishop, the archdeacon, and the bishop’s chaplain. My reception was courteous, but cold, as might have been expected. The letter was read to me. It was just what I had anticipated. I was asked what I had to say. My mind was made up, and I denied the charge.

“Maxwell now begged to be allowed to speak for me. He pointed out my evident nervous trepidation, observed that as I was present I could set him right when necessary, and added that I had confided the whole to him. Some little objection was made, but he was permitted.

“He remarked that the charge rested on the unsupported assertion of an individual. That this alone ought to deprive it of all

weight. He mentioned the marriage engagement as a matter well known in the neighbourhood, stated that I had broken it off, for a very sufficient reason, on which he touched but lightly, saying that he believed I would not be explicit on this point, as it would compromise a third party; urged that the motive was clearly revenge, as, if the engagement still continued, no woman would be mad enough to try to ruin her intended husband; and to an objection made by the chaplain, to the effect that as in the letter the writer criminated herself instead of another woman, it was a strong presumption of the truth of the accusation, he answered that the inference ought to be exactly the opposite, as one so reckless of her own reputation could not be supposed to be very tender of another's.

"The chaplain, indeed, appeared all through anxious to press matters against me. He alone was so, and I think I could assign a sufficient reason if it were worth while, but it is not.

"Maxwell referred to me occasionally, as you may suppose, for confirmation of his statements, and I assented to all. In truth, he saved me on the occasion; for had I passed unaided through an ordeal so trying I must have broken down, no doubt contradicted myself, and made some unfortunate admission.

"Maxwell next begged to be permitted to produce Captain V. He stated only that he knew of the engagement, but not (until that day) of its being broken off. But he rejoiced that it was so, as he had recently come to the knowledge of certain facts connected with the conduct of Mademoiselle Duchesnay, which rendered her an unfit person to be continued in her present position under his father's roof, and he was about to insist on her removal. (I learned afterwards that this was quite true.) He declined entering into particulars. I easily guessed the reason.

"I give you but a brief sketch of a proceeding which took up some hours. The result was that the charge was pronounced quite unfounded. The bishop congratulated me warmly; so did the arch-deacon, and the chaplain could not avoid doing so too. The captain was thanked for his courtesy, Maxwell for his kindness, and we withdrew.

"On the road homewards I was still silent. I was safe, but I was wretched. My manner still attracted no attention, as my disappointment with regard to Marie accounted for it.

"She disappeared the very next day,—how, I scarcely learned, except that Lord and Lady C. were first apprised of her departure by being told that her apartments were emptied of all her property, and their occupant nowhere to be found. Little explanation passed between them and me; they professed to sympathize with me, but I thought they treated me more coldly after she was gone. Was it my

guilty fancy, or did they really suspect the truth? The captain told them, I suppose, just what and how much he pleased.

"I was safe; but how had I escaped? By falsehood, by perjury! Maxwell often came to me, and tried to console me by representing the terrible necessity of the case. It was in vain. 'Think,' he would say, 'how it might have been.' And he would point out to me that if Marie had but been true to herself and to me all would have been well. I knew all this, but reason pleaded here in vain. It was powerless against feeling.

"I began to loathe the place. There was some miserable association connected with everything around me. I determined to leave it. I did not imagine that I could fly from either regret or remorse, but I could at least go where everything would no longer remind me of what I had been and what I was, what I had possessed and what I had lost. Against much remonstrance I resigned my appointment and came here; I could be happy here, but I carry in my own breast an antidote to all happiness. And now you know my story. I have told it with pain, and yet with a sense of relief too. I thank you, then, for the questioning which I was at first rather disposed to resent.

"And now, as I have told you so much, I will tell you what I am resolved upon doing. One main ingredient in my unhappiness is, that I feel I have no right to the position I occupy. I have obtained it, and I hold it, under false pretences. Had the truth been known in England I never could have procured the papers necessary in order to my being employed professionally here; and if it were known here, even this humble position, of which you speak so slightly, would be thought (as it is) far above my deserts. I will no longer wear such a mask, I will be a hypocrite no more; I shall see my diocesan to-morrow, and he shall know all. The result will be that I must resign, and that I can never be employed in the ministry again. I care not; on the contrary, the first sensation approaching to even calmness that I have experienced since that miserable time has been mine from the moment I resolved on this course."

My poor friend ceased, and I was also silent for some time. But I felt I must remonstrate, and I endeavoured to show him that as the past was beyond recall he ought not to close against himself for the future a career of usefulness; that as he evidently was truly repentant, and as God had opened for him a way to produce fruits worthy of repentance, it was clearly his duty not to abandon it. I am but a poor theologian, and was easily silenced by the question, Did I think that deceit and hypocrisy were God's chosen means of effecting good? With regard to considerations of self-interest, I felt that they would not have the smallest weight with him. I did not even attempt to try their effect.

His story had outlasted our night journey, and was completed in

a little *auberge*, where we were to rest until sunrise. I was fatigued, and slept. In the morning, when we were again on the road, I resumed my arguments and entreaties, but as vainly as before. I with difficulty prevailed upon him to promise that he would delay the carrying out of his fatal resolve for two days after our arrival; not that I had any definite end in view, I merely wished to gain time.

It was still fine, but the sky was becoming overcast as we entered on a part of our road where the direction of the Quebec and Mel-bourne Railway, then just commenced, exactly coincided with the old route. Large stone "sleepers" lay across the way for a considerable distance, and although deeply covered with snow, still were able to produce a perceptible ruggedness, which compelled us often to move at a foot-pace, and even here and there a part of a large granite block would protrude altogether, having been thrown down in an irregular position, and the wind having swept off some of the light powdery flakes. I was proposing to get out of the cariole and walk for a while, when, tilting over one of these blocks, the vehicle gave a sudden lurch to one side, and upset in a moment, rolling us all three out in the snow. Nothing is thought less of than such an accident in Canada. The horse stood quite still, the driver and myself sprang to our feet, and were proceeding to right the cariole, when a sudden exclamation from the Canadian called my attention to my friend. He had not risen, but was lying just as he fell—on his face. We ran to raise him, when I saw, with a shudder, a stain on the snow, just at his head. It was not red, but a *pale rose-colour*. I had never seen it before, yet I knew at once that it was *blood*, frozen, as is almost any fluid in an instant in the winter of that climate. Of course we raised him at once. He had a contused wound in the right temple, but it had bled little, and was not bleeding now. However, an expression of countenance, and especially of *eye*, made me fear the worst. He did not answer when I spoke, and as we lifted him into the cariole, I fancied I perceived a slight shiver. Certainly after that all was still. His head had struck an angle of one of the projecting masses of stone, and this seemingly inadequate cause had dismissed the spirit; for as we hurried on as rapidly as possible to gain the nearest habitation, I felt his body stiffen at my side, and as the snow which had threatened began to fall, I saw that the unthawed flakes rested on a dead face.

How I brought his body to Quebec, found out some there who knew him, told them the particulars, and saw him laid in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Jerome, I need not detail at length. I also wrote an account of the affair to some of his relatives in England, to most of whom I afterwards had an opportunity of relating the particulars in person. Poor fellow! Such was the end of his once

promising life. I have never forgotten his story. Much in it remains unexplained, which I could only have cleared up to my satisfaction by such a cross-examination as I had not the heart to carry on after what I had heard. For instance, what was the true character of Marie? Was she virtuous until he met her? Was she really attached to him? How is her conduct with Captain V. to be explained? How did one so young, if not really pure, manage a long and successful course of hypocrisy? And why did she not *appear* against her former lover? This, indeed, might be accounted for. But then her flight, was that in consequence of the failure of her plan of revenge? What are we to think of the captain? Was he only a thoughtless and somewhat reckless young man, or a practised and accomplished libertine? Then the episcopal investigation appears more to resemble the proceedings under the French criminal code, according to which an accused person is considered guilty until he can prove his innocence, than anything to which Englishmen are accustomed. Perhaps most of these difficulties my unfortunate friend himself could not have solved; but his story has a moral. His case was indeed peculiar in many respects; but it is an example among many of the too-much-forgotten truth, that sin and sorrow, to be, as we are taught, united eternally in the next world, are not often separated even in this, although, probably, few have paid for a single error so heavy a penalty as years of misery and remorse, blighted hopes, affections, and prospects, exile, and self-inflicted shame and ruin, only averted by a sudden and violent death.

MAMMON WORSHIP.

THE reign of the false gods is never at an end. Each has his hour of supremacy by turn, as the vane of history may be set; but sometimes a republic of many together takes possession of the world, when it would be hard to say who is chief among them, and whose grip on the human heart is strongest. We, however, of this nineteenth century, have one supreme over the rest—one that we all worship with more or less fervency, and all bow down to, with pliant knees or supple, according to our degree; and the name of this favourite idol of ours is—Mammon.

Under all manner of softening guises do we worship mammon; as “common-sense,” “getting on in life,” “good business powers,” “the advantageous settlement of our children,” “good luck,” and, comprehensively, “success.” But we mean ever the same thing—the first of the three evils against which we pray to be delivered when we abjure the world, the flesh, and the devil,—Mammon, Ashloreh, and Beelzebub. No one is ashamed to be a mammon worshipper. Men hide other vices carefully enough, but the bust of gold walks about unveiled and is not abashed; on the contrary, it assumes to itself the title of the wisest faculty of humanity, without which virtue is a folly and piety a craze, and men are dreamers, good only for the cells of a lunatic asylum. And it is not only the confessedly irreligious who are thus mammon worshippers, but the professedly religious as well, those who have holy words nearest their lips, and who run off their reel of experiences with easiest facility. Yet the old man clothed in the new man’s livery, but with heart uncleansed and hands unwashed, lives in a more dangerous state than even the worldling fluttering his shoulder-knot on the public parade, and swinging his censer in the face of day. The one may be awakened and struck with a burning sense of sin and spiritual dishonour; but the self-satisfied, the denier of the evil that is in him, the man blinded to his own fault,—the awakening of his conscience, washed over as it is with the putrefaction of self-esteem, is of the miracles of grace!

Terrible deceptions are these pious worldlings, these men and women of assenting intellectual faith but of practical mammon worship. Binding the broad phylacterics about their brows, but sacrificing to the idol in the court as they enter regular at church; and careful to observe more than the sabbath-day ordinances; glib in scriptural phrases and apt at biblical illustrations; thanking God that

they are not as other men, and counting it as an act of special mercy if they are kept from chance social contact with publican or sinner;—yet all the while careful exceedingly for the things of this world, greedy for money, absorbed in the pursuit of tangible success, measuring worth by wealth, and finding vice in rags and unbelief in homespun to be something very different to vice in velvet and atheism with the family diamonds on her brow,—what are they but whited sepulchres, fair to the outside, but within full of rottenness and dead men's bones? shams, deceptions, mockeries, and lies! We all know people such as these, who, understanding that the outward tendencies of English life are going towards strict observance, are pious of calculation, putting on the garb of religion over the badge of mammon, and believing that their true order is a secret from all men; fingering the little golden teraphim hung crosswise round their neck, while repeating the Creed and the Lord's Prayer with the rest. And a sad, untrustworthy, self-deceiving set they are! making the most fatal mistake of imagining that lazy faith without practical goodness is true spiritual life, and that to say, "Lord! Lord!" is to be in the right way of salvation, even where there is no endeavour to do the Lord's will. They are of the scum, sure to arise whenever piety is fashionable and to be religious is to be respectable.

The most insidious of all idolatries is this mammon worship, the most widely spread and the most deeply rooted of any in our social life. Turn where we will we have examples of it, in all states and conditions, and with little hope, as it seems to me, of uprooting or reformation. The managing mother, who thinks health, temper, morals, and family repute of no account in her daughter's husband, compared with money and advantageous settlements, is a mammon worshipper of a very common type; the professional man of any denomination, whose heart is not in his work but in his pecuniary success, and whose aim is not to do well for the good of well doing, but for the praise and income resulting, is another kind well known to us all; the fashionable intriguer, clinging to the skirts of the upper ten thousand, ready to sell his soul for an opera-box in high-sounding company—a man of the Pepys stamp,—is also common enough; so is the vulgar toady, who kow-tows to all above him, and wherever he can pick up sixpence or a dinner for his pains; so is the wretched groundling, clutching at the immediate guinea, no matter what the loss of solid standing and future consideration it involves, unable to rise to the grandeur of even his dirty craft;—we know them all only too well, publicly labelled as they are, as mammon worshippers without mystery or disguise. Yet not only these, but all persons with whom the material issue is greater than the moral law, and the praise of men sweeter than the approbation of conscience—all who care more for success than for what is

right, are of the same class and creed, let the outside differences be what they will.

True in all things, the Bible has a specially deep and faithful word on this case, and thought for the future, which is one of the main motives of mammon worship; and the precept which, on the mere face of it, looks like an exhortation to utter recklessness, is of the divinest when examined to the core. "Take no thought for to-morrow" in your day's doings; plant your acorns straight and true, which is your work of to-day, and the "things of to-morrow will take care of themselves;" the grove of oaks will be straight and strong as the consequence. It is nowhere said, do your work ill; make your acorns into hasty pudding, and eat up the grove of centuries in a meal; plant them all awry, each hustling his neighbour, with no space for some and barren acres left unoccupied for others; dig them into the ground fathoms deep, so that the sun and rain can never penetrate to where they lie, or strew them carelessly upon the surface that the birds of the air may share them with the swine,—this is nowhere commanded; but care only to perfect your present doing, care only to complete and round off each present action, and the perfectness of that will bring the ripeness of the future along with it. The present is the real preparation for the future; not by direct endeavour and designed forecasting, but by doing to the best what lies before the hand. Carry that out into higher matters, and it will be found true to the last. In the spiritual life, the day's endeavour is the morrow's perfectness; the vice or passion of the moment conquered is the seed-time of future grace; and heaven is won, not at a bound, but by progressive labour, the well-lived present being always the noble root of a nobler future. In the material life, also, the gainful future rests always on the good work of the present; and were this but the rule in the political world, society would soon see the last of those fatal complications which come from the crooked planting of the diplomatic acorn, and from the insane habit of devouring the future to make a good meal for the present, as in budgets and commercial treaties sometimes.

Looking round upon what we know, we find that a life devoted to gain without regard to means, and irrespective of material, generally fails in completeness of success, save, indeed, in certain walks which are muddy from end to end, and where both mud and money may be picked up to any extent desired. But to illustrate what I mean: who would employ the lawyer or physician, notorious for his greed, and known as more likely to undertake you as a "good paying case" than from wish to do you service, or for even the glory of a striking professional success? The man to whom the pay, and not the cause, is his motive for partisanship, goes by an uglier name than I would care to set down here; and those making haste to be rich

by unfair means cut their own throat oftener than they clip fortune's wings. A contractor who makes a "good thing" out of his contract, and supplies bad iron or inferior food, though he pockets his thousands this time, has eaten up all his acorns at a blow, and sees his future gains reduced to zero; a shipbuilder finds it advantageous in the long run to use the best Baltic, no matter what the price, rather than rotten timbers at half the cost, and chiefly serviceable for diminishing the seafaring population, and sending crew and cargo to the bottom; builders find half-burnt bricks a poor investment, all things considered, and amongst these all things, reputation; cotton-spinners spinning bad cotton, charged as the finest sea and land, get only a year's profits or so, instead of a lifetime's. And so with the rest, human nature having a decided disinclination to being *exploité*, and made use of for selfish ends. But seeking, first and before all things, to do what is best and right, because it is best and right, and not because it is lucrative, nor avoiding it when poor pay—seeking always the true and the good, and not the remunerative, as primarily remunerative,—is of itself the surest way of coming to the best worldly end. There is a certain law of moral consequence which answers to the spirit of our lives; and to whatever principle we live by that shall we fail or triumph. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

I know two women who exemplify this last saying with almost startling accuracy—the one by direct fulfilment, the other by indirect neglect. They are wives of men of the same profession, and wives possessing in their homes that dangerous, because unbounded, moral influence which makes women the ruin or the salvation of men, as it is nobly or ignobly directed, and the worldly success of their husbands is of a kind that depends on reputation for intellectual power somewhat, but on moral character and spiritual circumstance still more. Now, the influence of the one is for religious, generous, and conscientious dealing—for the thing that is right, no matter at what apparent immediate cost, and always for the thing that is generous and humane. Money, which is the concrete expression of a professional man's repute, is accepted as the material ultimate without which man could not exist in a complex state of society at all—as the fruit borne of the root of noble endeavour; but it is not the object of life, it is not the first thing thought of, scarcely, indeed, is it thought of at all, and never as a motive. The influence of the other is worldly grasping, and time serving; the immediate guinea, never mind how obtained, or from whose slender purse plucked out; the liveried servant waiting at the gate for the neighbours to see what a grand *clientèle* they have, no matter whose loose livery he wears, and Anonym is quite as acceptable as Saint Predentias; the well-connected patient to be diligently cared for, whether bread pills and

quassia water be the sole remedies needed now ; the influential name to be followed up ; the money afloat in the family to be looked after ; anything, in short, that will advance her own material life, stock her larder with choicer meats, and her wardrobe with richer dresses, and add another round to the social ladder by which she hopes to climb to the heaven of success. This is the direction of the influence, the object and ultimate of her life. The result of both is, that to the unworldly and uncalculating household favour and good fortune have flowed in in unwonted measure, and the more is given the more is received ; while to the other, the worldly prosperity, for which all higher ends are sacrificed, comes but sparsely. It is known abroad that in this woman's household and by her influence well doing is subordinated to gain ; that friends and acquaintances are courted or shelved only according to their incomes and connections ; that her conscience is as elastic as her standard is rigid ; that she has but one aim in life, "to get on," and is in no-wise careful of the means ; all this is known—has the world no eyes or voice?—and that, too, in spite of a larger amount of verbal fictism than what truly honest Christians dare assume. And the inevitable result has come. The world objects to be treated so ; the rich despise the courtesies which are solely due to their wealth ; the poor resent the violence which is because of their poverty ; men of fortune laugh at the blandishments which have for object the brilliant establishment of a portionless daughter ; and the very openness of the worship paid to mammon repels even the charitable. So it is : the life which is passed in taking thought for to-morrow loses even to-day, and is merely an anxious, abortive, decrepid Now, full of disappointment and of failure. These two women have always seemed to me as types of the two classes of God and mammon worshippers ; and of the two there is not much question whose life is noblest, nor, indeed, whose career is most successful.

Few things chill the soul so much as mammon worship. If the flesh overlays and the devil distorts, the world withers up the heart and soul of a man. The constant striving after dead things seems to deaden the whole nature, and the energies which are dwarfed to gold-grubbing become as low as the object they seek. Say that the nature is originally kind, even generous, not much of either kindness or liberality is left after a long course of benumbing mammon worship ; and the dearest friend must go to the wall when to be seen arm-in-arm on the crown of the causeway together would lose good names from the visiting list, and close stately doors against his companion. Even the careless "Bohemian" has this virtue at the least, that he stands by his fellows, at whatever personal disadvantage to himself, and could not be tempted from his class fidelity by any art of private seduction known ; but the mammon worshipper flings

all encumbering affections overboard, as impediments in the great race of life, and comes in time to be ashamed of any one who is not a social help or a transferable purse. It is this possible personal disadvantage accruing, and not any special regard for virtue, which makes worldly people so careful of the public repute of their associates. And by public repute I mean simply the balance between means and character, which is all that the mammon worshipper regards. Thus, the *roué* of ten thousand a year and the "fast" clerk on two hundred are very different things. The one is probably slandered; people are so ill-natured, and it is so easy to speak ill of our neighbour, we cannot be too careful what we say and what we believe; the other is a godless young man, inadmissible into a Christian household, a person by no means to be cultivated, and whose vices are not to be dealt with leniently; the wife of that titled neighbour of ours, who is good enough to call on us, and who sends the children fruit and playthings, and is so generous to my husband, she may be imprudent in her manners, innocent women thinking no evil after all—and I know that some very painful things have been said of her, but I am sure they are false, and that she is the victim of her own indiscreet simplicity; but the wife of that penniless artist, whom my husband thinks so pretty, is vile, and I would not have her inside my doors. That costly diamond ring S. Anonymy gave my son was a touching act of gratitude, showing that the poor thing has really a good heart; and does not the Bible tell us not to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax? Besides, is not the Magdalene as true as the Mother? but the souvenir of no intrinsic value, presented by the poor musician's daughter, only for good, frank, girlish friendship, was an impertinence and a freedom, if nothing more significant, and I hold it as part of my womanly and maternal duty to rebuke her for it on the earliest opportunity, and to make my son restore it without delay. Magdalene has money and a large paying connection, and her diamond ring looks vastly well on my son's finger or my own; but the musician's daughter is to be a governess, and her embroidered cigar-case is not worth half-a-crown to buy or to sell; and of what value her affection, her intelligence, or her goodness? Ah! there is no morality outside itself in mammon worship; and even virtue is chameleon-like, and valuable only according to its accessories.

The like thing has gone down into what are called the lower classes, and chiefly into the servant class, which it threatens to dissolve away altogether, so that by-and-bye we shall have no such thing as a contented, affectionate servant-maid remaining in her situation for years, till she grows to be part of the family, transplanted only by marriage, or uprooted only by death. They are all wild for "change," not so much for the excitement of novelty as for

the bettering of their circumstances, the bettering meaning higher wages and larger perquisites, without any regard paid to the moral nature of the home lost or of that joined. If the bettering by two guineas a year led from Deborah's house to Jezebel's, most of them would pack up their boxes and make their final courtesy, then take their turn at the rouge pot, without the faintest qualms of conscience. Yet inconsequent and thoughtless as they are, the real source of the evil besetting them lies in the ranks above them rather than in themselves. If the lady, whose example the maid follows, was not a mammon worshipper, neither would she be one, for dread of missing her lesson; if simplicity and self sacrifice were fashionable in the drawing-room, they would filter down by degrees into the kitchen, as crinolines and spoon bonnets have done. Ah! the forms of fineladyism, and time-serving, and self-seeking, and pampered flunkeyism, indeed, which plague us so much among our servants, are due to the bad examples above them; for when Lucinda shows the way can Betty refuse to follow? When master swings his censer to mammon can John own himself too proud for the dirty work? Bad enough for ourselves, our mammon worship is worse for others; and it would be as well to remember that, if we choose to hazard our own souls for tags of ribbon and lumps of gold, we have no right to risk others' not strong enough to resist the fascinations of evil patterns.

All this would be but the absolute ordering of common sense if mammon was, in truth, the supreme God, and this earth of ours the only dwelling-place of souls, and human life the beginning and the end of all things for us; if it was only to-day, and there was no to-morrow; only now, and no hereafter—then to eat the daintiest food and wear the richest garments—to lie on the softest rosebed of pleasure, caring only that the leaves shall not be corrupted, and that the thorns shall be plucked out,—would be the wisest aims we could pursue, then Mammon would be the anointed, and his worship our best sacrifice. But when beyond this life lies the life of eternity—for the glory or sadness of which each day is preparing us, according as we use it,—then surely mammon worship is the saddest and most short-sighted of all employments, and to peril the soul's eternal joy for the sake of a few days' delight a folly like to which is there no folly equal in magnitude throughout creation!

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE music employed in primitive times for the hymns of the Church was that prevalent either among the Jews, or, probably, the heathen, especially the Greeks. The adoption of the latter is the more likely, as it would have had the effect of attracting the notice of the Pagans, who, we know for certain, were, amid other causes, drawn into a profession of Christianity by the music used in public worship. Nor need it be supposed that the clergy rejected indiscriminately everything that was of heathen growth; for we all are aware of the accommodating spirit encouraged chiefly by some of the Gentile converts, who had come over from the schools of philosophy to the Church. At all events, it admits of little doubt that the music of the primitive Church was principally derived from secular sources. How long this state of things continued cannot be accurately decided; but the practice fell into disuse the more Christianity succeeded in liberating itself from the influences of Paganism. Thus, about the year A.D. 312, after the defeat of Mazentius, when the Christian religion became fully established, we find that all music not ecclesiastical had fallen into desuetude. This change was brought about to suit the improvements in architecture. At this time, magnificent churches were being built throughout the empire by Constantine, and the tenuity of the melodies in use became obviously unsuited for buildings of large dimensions. The sacred edifices required a greater volume of sound, and, therefore, a larger band of singers, to fill the vast arches and aisles of these enormous temples.

Here lies, then, the origin of our cathedral music. It is a development of that prevalent in the Church prior to the age of Constantine, while the latter seems identical, to some extent, with what we term parochial psalmody. These two, along with instrumental performances, *e. g.*, voluntaries, comprehend all species of Church music. We propose, in what follows, to furnish our readers with a sketch of the rise and progress of these into the forms which they wear at present amongst us.

Though, of course, gradually verging towards it, yet Church music did not assume that definite form which terminated in the cathedral method, till the reign of Theodosius, A.D. 384. Its birth-place was the East; but from thence it was introduced into the

Western Church. Thus St. Ambrose established the use of a chant (called from him the *Cantus Ambrosianus*) at Milan, which had been learned at Antioch in Syria, where it had been for some time in use (*Eusebius* ii. 17). To this St. Augustine alludes in the ninth book of his "Confessions:" "Then," he writes, "it was first regulated," meaning at Milan, and by St. Ambrose, as he mentions in an earlier passage, "that according to the method employed by the Oriental Churches, hymns and psalms should be chanted," &c. This very method seems to have been imported into Rome by Pope Damasus, who derived it, through St. Ambrose, from the Milanese Churches.

A practice at this time pervaded alike the service in both the Eastern and Western Churches, namely, antiphonous singing, that is, one choir singing in answer to another. This method dates from the very earliest ages, and instances of it occur in the Old Testament,—*e.g.*, the song of Moses and Miriam, recorded in Exod. xv. Many of the Psalms of David are based on this plan, which was adopted by Solomon at the dedication of the temple. It was likewise universally prevalent amongst the heathen, an example of which we have in the "*carmen seculare*" of the Latins, which was composed in this antiphonous way, according to directions furnished in the Sibylline verses. This fact sufficiently proves the antiquity of the custom, for these Sibylline oracles are considered by many of the ablest critics—*e.g.*, Bishop Horsley—to embody in themselves a digest of the primitive religion of the human race. But the sanction of the practice is not allowed to rest here, for we have it established on the authority of Ignatius, to whom, according to the historian Socrates, it was vouchsafed from heaven in a vision, where he beheld choirs of angels singing praises to the Trinity after this manner of chanting by turns. This method, it is hardly necessary to remark, is adopted in all our cathedral establishments, and even in our parish churches. We have traces of its observance in the habit of reading the Psalms in verses alternately by the officiating minister and congregation. Another essential element in the cathedral service is the organ, both as a solo and accompanying instrument; but of this we shall have to say a few words in the sequel.

The Ambrosian chant, of which mention has been already made as indicating the earliest definite form of the cathedral method, continued for about two centuries to hold undisputed sway in the service of the Church, when an addition was made to it by Pope Gregory, in the shape of the well-known Gregorian tones. The full elucidation of this would involve too many technicalities, but the following short explanation is intelligible to any one with even a superficial knowledge of music. The four Ambrosian modes terminate respectively on D, E, F, G, and were denominated Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and Mixolydian, after the Grecian modes, with which every

scholar is familiar. The addition made by Gregory consisted in the introduction of the subordinates of these notes, termed the "Plagal forms," out of which originated four chants. For the curious we may set down the names and position of the entire eight, as they may be found in an elaborate work by one Glareanus, of Friburg (published A.D. 1547) :—

PLAGII.	AUTHENTÆ (<i>i. e.</i> , AMBROSIAN).
A. <i>Hypodorius.</i>	D. <i>Dorius.</i>
B. <i>Hypophrygius.</i>	E. <i>Phrygius.</i>
C. <i>Hypolydius.</i>	F. <i>Lydius.</i>
D. <i>Hypomixolydius.</i>	G. <i>Mixolydius.</i>

This combination lasted some time, and had the effect of further developing the cathedral method. Church music, however, remained in a rude and semi-barbarous condition till the invention of counter-point by the famous Guido, a monk of Arezzo in Tuscany. He made this grand discovery about the year A.D. 1022. The effect of this was to revolutionize the current method of ecclesiastical music, and to raise its inventor to the highest pinnacle of fame. He was earnestly solicited by the reigning Pope to take up his residence at Rome, which he did for some time. Under his supervision the clergy were indoctrinated into the new system, and the wonderful resources of the musical art for Church purposes, and the surpassing genius of the author of the method itself, became apparent. From this period onwards the "services," as they are technically styled, became more and more refined, till they assumed the highly ornamental form which they wear in the hands of Palestrina, Pergolesi, and Mozart.

Rome thus became the centre for the diffusion of ecclesiastical music throughout Europe, and from thence the cathedral method found its way into England. For this we are primarily indebted to the inventor of the Gregorian tones, who despatched one Austin, a monk, into Britain for the purpose, amongst others, of instructing the Saxons in Church music. Austin did not find the people unprepared for his teaching, as prior to his visit litanies were chanted under the direction of St. Germanus, supposed by some the first Archbishop of Canterbury. What steps Austin took in the execution of his commission cannot be accurately determined; but he seems rather to have limited himself to exhortation than actual instruction; at all events it was not he, but Benedict Biscop (the preceptor of the historian Bede) who introduced into England the Gregorian chant. Another missionary was subsequently sent from Rome by Pope Agatho, namely, a precentor from St. Peter's, whose musical talents were speedily recognized by the clergy of Britain. These resorted in great numbers to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of the science, which was at once made a branch of liberal

education (being inserted into the *Quadrivium*, as it was called), and for the special cultivation of which a school was established at Canterbury.

Church music thus steadily progressed till the period of the Reformation, when we find it flourishing in England in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. During this period, and anterior to it, music was sedulously cultivated by the higher orders of society. The historian Bede (for the age an able musician) was the author of an elaborate treatise on the art, in two parts, the second being palpably the composition of a more modern pen. King Alfred, it is well known, was passionately fond of music, and possessed of skill as a performer. His entrance into the Danish camp disguised as a harper, and his success for several days in thus baffling detection, is an evidence of this, familiar to the most youthful student of English history. The King likewise conferred a lasting benefit on the science by establishing a chair of music at Oxford, which has since been adorned by many an illustrious professor. During, however, the troubled period that succeeded the reign of Alfred, connected with foreign invasion, and the internal dissensions engendered by the wars of York and Lancaster, music in a great measure shared the fate of the other sciences, and vanished from our island, except where it sought and found shelter in the monasteries. Into these homes of retirement and literary leisure music was received with open arms, and its uninterrupted cultivation served not merely to prolong its vitality in England, but to soften the asperities of ascetic life. At the time of the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., which had the effect of liberating so much useful learning, music found its way from the cloister, where it had been hitherto imprisoned, and quickly diffused itself through the ranks of the people at large.

And so we find—as already observed—Church music flourishing in the reign of Henry VIII., who himself was an able musician, and the author of two entire masses, though this latter is denied by some critics. His amiable and accomplished son, Edward VI., was likewise skilled in music, and had as a preceptor the famous Dr. Tye. Mary was not devoid of a knowledge of the science, though its harmonies could scarcely penetrate the hard heart of that unfeeling woman. Elizabeth, it is well known, was exceedingly fond of music, and possessed some skill—not as much, perhaps, as the vain Queen wished others to think she did—in instrumental performance. There is extant a virginal book of Queen Elizabeth's; but her Majesty could not obviously have been mistress of all its music. There are some of the pieces so complex as would throw difficulties connected with their execution in the way of many of the most able professors in modern times. Where, then, music was thus

patronized by royalty, we may be sure that musicians stood in high favour at Court, and that their art commanded the admiration of the people. That the latter was the case we know from the history of this period, more particularly in the matter of Church music; and the truth of the former we learn likewise from the same source. It may, however, be observed that the patronage of royalty to musicians did not always save them from destruction. Thus Thomas Abel, musician to Catherine, wife of Henry VIII., was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for his temerity in publishing a book against the King's proposed divorce. Mark Smeaton, who bore a similar relation to Anne Bullen, was also executed; and the tragical fate of David Rizzio, in Mary Queen of Scots' chamber, is known to all.

Not merely in the proficiency of the illustrious personages just named have we an evidence of the flourishing condition of music at the period spoken of, but the same is proved from the care and expense lavished by sovereigns and priests and nobles upon their own private chapels. Thus the oratory of Cardinal Wolsey is represented as being literally refulgent with splendour. Its musical appointments were of the highest order, the choir being a large one, and profoundly versed in the chants and services of the Church. The desire after cathedral music receives a vivid illustration in the usage—parallel to the coercion often applied to men to enter the navy—prevalent at this period, of *impressing* boys into the choir. There are extant warrants of Queen Elizabeth authorizing the execution of this arbitrary practice. Under these circumstances, it is not a matter of surprise that Church music was in a flourishing condition. But of this, another and different cause may be mentioned, viz., the adoption of Guido's system of counterpoint, which raised the science of harmony to a high degree of perfection. Indeed, in a certain sense, this was too much the case, for successive refinements became distasteful to persons who were rather proficient in theology than harmony, such as Erasmus, who, ever keen to discern something, as he considered, worthy of sarcasm, hurled the shafts of his bitter scorn against the ecclesiastical music of his day. This, however, was simply the prelude to a more general dissatisfaction, which burst forth with violence at the Reformation.

The cathedral service of our Church seemed thus on the eve of extinction, consequent upon the furious opposition kindled by the Reformers, but was preserved from annihilation by the firmness and, at the same time, moderation of Elizabeth. This able monarch, herself attached to the choral method of chanting, was determined to preserve it from the grasp of its adversaries. She accordingly raised the shield of her queenly sway to intercept the arrows, so to say, that were winged against the cathedral service. She issued formal injunctions to the dignitaries and ministers of the Church,

admonishing them to maintain a continuance of this ancient method. At the same time, with that prudence for which she was ever remarkable, she inserted no condemnatory clause of the system of Church music that was springing up amongst the Reformers. The effect of these measures survives to the present day, for, in point of fact, the two methods are sanctioned in the Book of Common Prayer. This is proved by the frequent recurrence in the rubrics of the words "said or sung," as applied to the canticles and prose version of the Psalms; and by the direction at the end of the third collect, that "in quires, and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem." This stamps the authority of our Church upon the cathedral service, at the same time that the metrical version of the Psalms and the appended hymns can be alleged as an argument from usage, at least—for these do not repose on the same legal foundation with the Book of Common Prayer itself—in favour of what we term "parochial psalmody." Of the origin and progress of parochial psalmody we shall now say a few words, after we have completed our remarks on the cathedral service at the period at which, in England, it first became the subject of attack from the Reformers.

The leaders of the Reformation had a twofold objection to urge against the cathedral service,—one against the system itself, as such, and the other that it perpetuated the use of the Latin language in public worship. Nor did the admirers of Church music, even those who had joined the cause of the Reformation, seem inclined to yield on this latter point; for we find the chants almost universally at this period set to Latin. The Latin, from its lengthened employment, presented, likely, greater facilities for composition than the English tongue, which then was a strange, though certainly, for an Anglican Church, a very reasonable importation into the Liturgy. There was, however, an evident wish for concession, and so we find Archbishop Cranmer taking the lead, and adapting the Liturgy, in its English garb, to a chant. Yet this did not prevent a revulsion of feeling in favour of the old plan; in fact, choice for a time seemed to oscillate between the two languages. Thus Latin was adopted in the time of Henry VIII., which was replaced in the reign of Edward VI. by English, which was itself supplanted in Mary's reign by Latin. After, however, Queen Elizabeth mounted the throne, the English form became definitely fixed, and the name of Thomas Tallis—one of the greatest musicians of that or any age—is associated with the work of its permanent adoption. At the same time it would be unjust to the memory of one of his predecessors—though Tallis unaccountably suppresses his obligations to him—to withhold the fact that, in the reign of Edward VI., John Marbeck had already noted the Liturgy, and that between him and Tallis there is discoverable a similarity which cannot possibly be accounted for on the

ground of mere coincidence. From this period the cathedral method became more general, and engrossed the labours of such men as Tallis, Bird, Tye, Taverner, Shepherd, Farrant, Bull, Humfreys, Wise, Tucker, Clarke, Blow, Green, Purcell, Croft, &c., &c. In the hands of these distinguished composers, Church music was rapidly and elaborately developed. The refinements which it received from Tallis and his contemporaries incurred the censure of the Reformers, who thus became instrumental in the introduction of that other method which we shall now consider, namely, parochial psalmody.

The dissatisfaction with the choir music of the Church was displayed at the period of the earliest manifestation of the anti-papal spirit, and so we may place the origin of parochial psalmody—itself a direct result from this dissatisfaction—at the dawn of the great Reformation. Thus we find hymns employed exclusively amongst the Albigenses, as well as the followers of Wickliff, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. This new system, however, if new it can be called, was forced to become a borrower from the established ritual, and so the melodies used were derived from chants to which the old Latin hymns were sung. But as the work of the Reformation progressed, the chasm between the ancient and modern ecclesiastical music grew wider and wider, which every day rendered it the more difficult to bridge over. Thus by degrees increasing in virulence, this opposition attained its *acme* in the hands of Luther, Zuingle, Calvin, Beza, Buchanan, and Knox. The Reformers in general were disposed to divest music of all those graces and ornaments derivable from melody and measure. Calvin exceeded even this, for he was for stripping it of anything bordering upon harmony, and adhering exclusively to unisonous singing. This narrow and, where music was concerned, ignorant view of the matter, would no doubt have diffused itself quickly amongst the other Reformers, except that the authority of Luther, who was himself an excellent musician and composer, was interposed to stem the torrent of extravagance that threatened to inundate the Church.

In one respect they seemed all to be agreed, namely, in the predilection for verse, rhythmical or otherwise. Thus Luther turned into verse the Liturgy, Creed, and Catechism; and even—as a strong illustration of the poetic mania—it may be mentioned that the Confession of Augsburg was made to assume the same dress. Side by side with the German revolution in Church music stands that initiated in France, and adopted from thence by the church at Geneva, under John Calvin. The French Metrical Psalmody originated from a version of a portion of the Psalms by one Marot, which were set to tunes composed mostly by the famous Claude Goudimel, by many supposed to have been the instructor of Palestrina. Much to the displeasure of the supporters of the Romish Church in France, the

airs and words of this version were eagerly sought after, till, by the influence of the papal authorities, they were brought into disrepute, and psalm-singing came to be regarded as a badge of heresy. This, joined to their indiscriminate use amongst the multitude, and their employment at the convivial meetings of the rich, had the effect of divesting them of all solemnity, and reducing them to the level of mere popular ballads. Notwithstanding this debasement, the version itself, with its tunes, was adopted by the Genoese, and became the basis on which was built the entire system of Calvinistic psalmody.

The force of these changes soon vibrated throughout Europe, and England was not long in becoming the subject of their influence. Thus we find a partial version of the Psalms by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and another by Earl Surrey somewhere about A.D. 1549, which is nine years after Marot's version, executed in 1540. The work of Wyatt and Surrey has not, however, reached our day. Thirteen years from the date of its publication appeared Sternhold's metrical rendering of fifty of the Psalms, A.D. 1562, the remainder being completed by the pen of Hopkins. This version may be frequently met with appended to the Scriptures. There is before us at present a copy of it, inserted at the end of the New Testament, in a Bible, the authorized translation, printed at Edinburgh, 1790. This, it is stated, "is allowed by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, and appointed to be sung in congregations and families." This version, however, as is well known, does not appear in the Book of Common Prayer, but that of Drs. Tate and Brady, which is its inferior in many respects, and has been stigmatized not more severely than it deserves. It may be added that our psalmody in England is an offshoot from that sanctioned in the German Church, and not the Calvinistic, as some erroneously imagine. One proof of this lies in the parallelism existing between the tunes employed in the Anglican and German Churches, our Old Hundredth Psalm, *e. g.*, being ascribed by Handel to Martin Luther. The German airs were not universally appropriated to its own use by the Church of England; but tunes were chosen, in some cases, indigenous to our country, and selected from certain popular melodies employed in secular music.

It now remains that we say a few words respecting Instrumental Church Music. At the outset may be stated what may be urged from Scripture in favour of its divine sanction. The mention of instrumental music, as an element in public worship, seems as old as the time of Seth or Enos. In the 4th chapter of Genesis the mention of musical instruments composed of pipes and strings—some such, possibly, as may afterwards have been employed by David—is ascribed to the offspring of Jubal (ver. 21). The statement, however, with which the chapter concludes, is very express, though this is not apparent from the rendering of the Autho-

rized Version, which is somewhat incomplete. The translation of our Bible of verse 26, "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord," might be rendered, as the Hebrew more properly bears that sense, "Then he [Enos or Seth] was caused to use instruments composed of pipes in calling upon the name of the Lord." In a subsequent age we find David, "the man after God's own heart," employing instrumental music as an adjunct to those choirs which he had organized for the singing of the Lord's praises, and which were brought into requisition at the dedication of Solomon's temple. In his own individual capacity we know that the son of Jesse was an ardent admirer of instrumental music. Indeed its potency in relation to the subjugation of melancholy, and the suscitation of cheerfulness in a bosom oppressed with woe, is in an eminent degree illustrated in the case of the royal harpist of Israel, whose soothing strains chased away the evil spirit that, through God's visitation, troubled Saul.

The Christian followed the example of the Jewish Church in this matter, though the former rejected the musical instruments, *e. g.*, the tabret and cymbal usually employed by the latter. The reason for this arose, probably, from the fact that these two instruments were associated with all the fury and indelicacy of the rites of Bacchus, and those celebrated by the priests of Cybele. Here tabret and cymbal were in prominent use, and, as such, were abjured by the primitive Christians. In lieu of these were adopted instruments more strictly belonging to the heathen; for instance, the lyra, cithara, and psaltery; the first being suitable for the execution of gay, and the other two of grave music. There was an additional element in the service, namely, dancing, of which the word "choir" (from the Greek *χορος*, a dance) is a standing record. This custom seems to us not more irreverent than ridiculous; but not so with those who lived close upon an age in the world's history when saltatory movements formed an essential portion of the Pagan religion. Nay, more, we find David (2 Sam. vi. 14) adopting this practice in the religious services arranged for the ceremony of bringing the ark to Jerusalem, as indeed had, at a much earlier period, been done by the prophetess Miriam (Exod. xv. 20). The custom long survived in the Church, —nor, we believe, is it even now entirely eradicated. Of its once potent sway we have a remnant in the motions and genuflexions of the officiating priest in the Roman Catholic Church during the celebration of mass. But of the existence of both music and dancing as adjuncts to public worship in the Christian Church, we need only point to that which is a direct offshoot of both: we mean the mysteries of the Middle Ages, or miracle plays. Here a sort of sung dialogue, after the mode of what we denominate "recitative," together with instrumental music and dancing, introduced at intervals, was adapted to certain sacred subjects, such as our Lord's

Passion,—which, by the way, is still represented after this mode, in certain Continental cities, at measured intervals of time. All this prepared the way for the invention of what we call the oratorio.

Notwithstanding the anathemas hurled by the Fathers against instrumental music as employed in public worship, it gradually crept into popular favour, and ultimately triumphed over all opposition. The antagonism from patristic disapprobation is to be accounted for in this way,—that inasmuch as the musical instruments employed by the Christians were those in use amongst the heathen, the Fathers considered that their adoption by the Church was an impious alliance between paganism and our holy religion. Yet they scrupled not in other respects to patronize such an amalgamation, as may be observed in that accommodating spirit already alluded to which they displayed towards the philosophy of the schools, and which induced some to assimilate the doctrines of our Lord to those of Aristotle and Plato. The censure, however, thus directed against the instrumental Church music of that early age—though it proved abortive as regards its total suppression—was, at all events, in the issue of things, beneficial, by being subsidiary to a more improved system of ecclesiastical music, and in all likelihood to the invention of that grandest and most perfect of all instruments, the organ.

The modern organ, whose inventor is said to have been Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, is a development of a very ancient musical instrument found amongst the Greeks, namely, the hydraulicon,—a structure, as its name imports, where the motive power was water. When it was that our present method of producing sound in the organ was brought into use cannot be accurately determined. Antiquarians are frequently deceived in their researches by not bearing in mind that the word “organ,” as occurring in the writings of antiquity (*e. g.*, see St. Augustine on Psalm LVI.), is a sort of generic term for musical instrument. The earliest mention of this instrument exists in an epigram by the Emperor Julian (“Anthol.,” I., 86, 5), about A.D. 364; though it is difficult to decide whether the hydraulicon is intended or not. Cassiodorus (on Psalm CL.) alludes to something similar. In all likelihood, however, the first instrument of a similar nature to our modern organ is that recorded as sent from Constantinople, about A.D. 757, by Constantine Copronymus VI. to Pepin of France. And yet anterior to this, somewhere in the seventh century, we find the organ for the first time introduced into Rome by Pope Vitalian. In the fifteenth century we have mention of an enormous organ, or at least something approximating to it, at Westminster, according to the statement of William of Malmesbury, as cited by Du Cange. From this period organs became in general use throughout Europe, and at the time of the Reformation they might be said to be universal.

The organ is the crowning invention to Church music, and its operation in the development of the latter can scarcely be exaggerated. Its influence was intensified through the discovery of the theory of counterpoint by Guido, from whose day ecclesiastical music, both in the instrumental and vocal parts, became gradually more refined, till it attained a sort of climax under Palestrina at Rome in the sixteenth century. The Roman Catholic Church since Guido's time had abandoned—in music, at least—that conservative spirit which at the first sternly resisted the innovations of floriture, &c., imported into the Latin from the Greek Church. And so, from the age of Palestrina, we find the Papacy rather encouraging that meretricious style so painfully conspicuous in the masses of Mozart.

The power of the organ being thus obvious in the matter of producing Church music on a grand scale, it might have been supposed that it would have been left to do its work unaided. This, however, has not been the case, for an addition in some cases has been made of brass, wooden, and stringed instruments. Palestrina seems to have inaugurated this plan, and to have been the first to organize an orchestra as an accompaniment to the organ in the churches. This method cannot be approved of as a general rule; yet we have heard it praised by some; for instance, in St. Peter's at Rome, the occasional use, from the dome, of a band of silver trumpets, at parts of the pontifical mass, is described by those who have heard it as an effect exceedingly fine. Again, in the chapel of the Madeleine at Paris, the influence of sound from the orchestra behind the high altar, and from the organ at the opposite extremity of the church, is too well known to have its beauty described—a remark, indeed, applicable to the magnificent church of St. Eustache. Here, however, the organ and orchestra are grouped together in the choir of the sacred edifice.

The natural effect upon Church music of the invention of the organ, and of the employment of orchestration, might be easily anticipated. A higher degree of ornamentation and a greater complexity in the vocal parts was the necessary consequence. Each century, as it passed on, ushered in some new refinement, so that at the Reformation it was made a subject of complaint that the gross bulk of the people could not understand the music employed in the churches,—much less, as requiring a musical education, take part in it; and there appears to have been some justice in the complaint. The sense was sacrificed to sound, and the composer's part was discharged without any regard to the words intended to be used; so that there subsisted no harmony between the cadence of the music and the division of the syllables. A great improvement in this respect was wrought by the efforts of some eminent musicians in England, more especially the most celebrated of the three Purcells. To employ, however, simply unisonous singing was to pass over into the opposite extreme,

as was done by John Calvin, who would tolerate nothing else in the church of Geneva. To act thus is to root up the wheat with the tares, and, fixing on what was worthy of censure in the old choral music, to pass by altogether much of the excellence which it contained. Thus such a course, if adhered to from the apostolic ages, would have had the effect of making the Church rest satisfied with the primitive single chant of the Ambrosian and Gregorian order; instead of which double chants have been introduced, which render the service more attractive by being more capable of sustaining the attention.

It seems to be the most judicious course, upon the whole, that we should fully recognize each of the three subdivisions of ecclesiastical music, and allow them their sway in their own respective spheres. And this is what virtually takes place. We have our cathedrals, where the choral method is in use; and our churches, where parochial psalmody prevails, common to both being the use of the organ. In the former case the organ is indispensable, and in the latter it cannot be omitted without rendering congregational singing so uneven, undecided, and discordant, as to create astonishment how any sect could, in all sobriety of judgment, banish the organ from public worship. Occasionally these two methods may be employed in combination, as sometimes takes place in the Temple Church, London. Their being kept distinct, however, is the safest course. It is thus that a greater degree of efficiency will be imparted to music, both cathedral and parochial. Nor can the importance of this be over-estimated. Music must be regarded as an adjunct, and a very important one, to divine service, as being a means of rousing and sustaining our social tendencies, and those finer feelings of the soul, both of which come so eminently into play during the public worship of the Church.

THE WEB.

THE silk the silkworm yields,
 The sheep supplies the wool,
 The flax is in the fields,
 The cotton pods are full ;
 And to and fro
 The shuttles go,
 A certain task to do.

The mine gives up its brass,
 Its gold and silver ore ;
 The glistening threads of glass
 Are found upon the shore ;
 And to and fro
 The shuttles go,
 A certain task to do.

A certain task to do,
 To weave a tissue fine,
 As well for me and you,
 As One who is divine,
 That to and fro
 The shuttles go,
 A certain task to do.

For One who is divine,
 And o'er the web doth bend,
 And watcheth every line,
 And whitherward it tend,
 As to and fro
 The shuttles go,
 A certain task to do.

Anon a thread of glass
 The tissue doth receive ;
 Anon the gold or brass
 The restless shuttles weave ;
 As to and fro
 They ever go,
 A certain task to do.

THE WEB.

But mark how 'tis the sheep,
And weeds that grow afield,
And e'en the things that creep,
The tissue's staple yield.

As to and fro
The shuttles go,
A certain task to do ;

'Tis woven with a plan,
A pattern and design ;
Oh ! shallow, shallow man,
To fret, and fume, and whine,

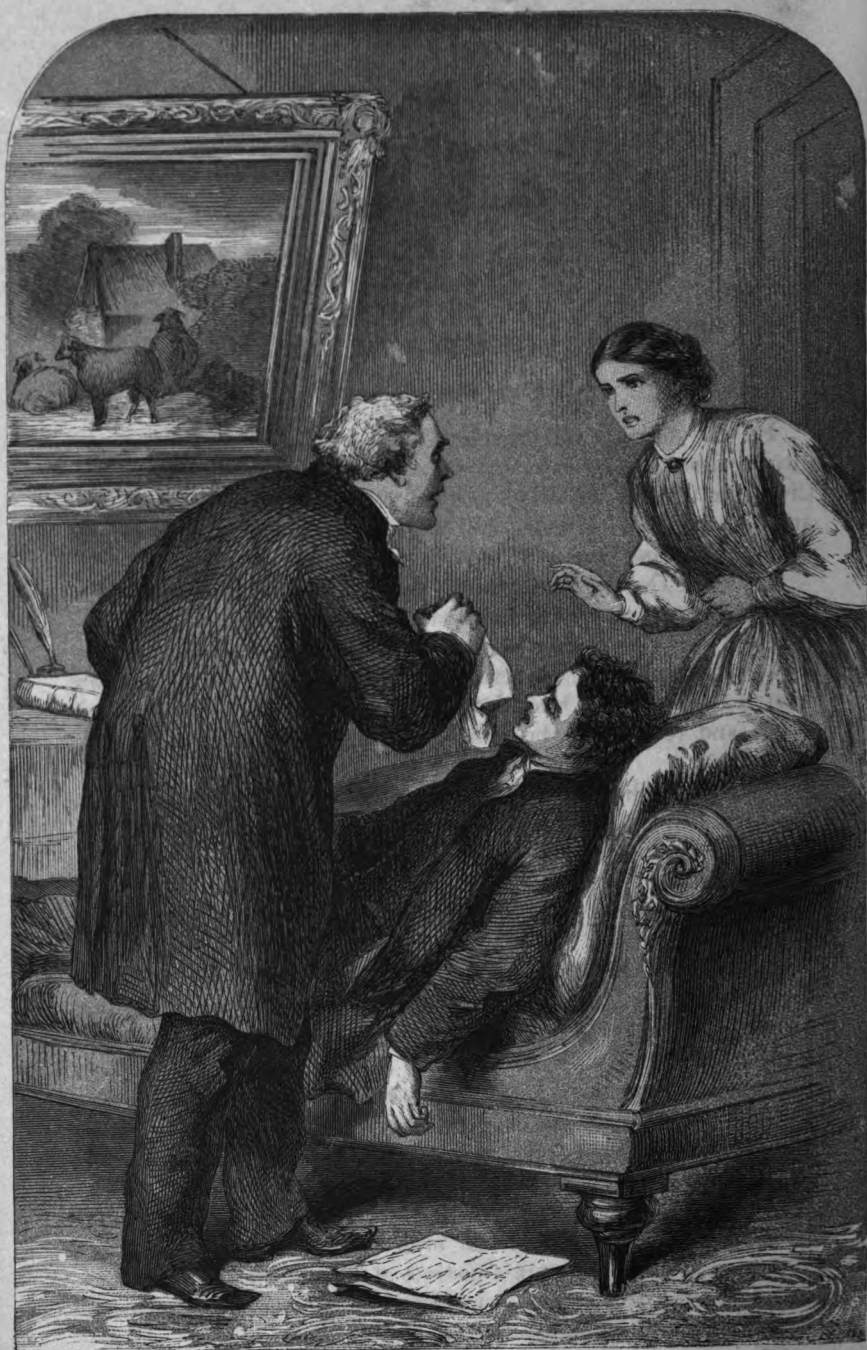
As to and fro
The shuttles go,
A certain task to do.

'Tis woven with a plan,
Can web be wove without ?
Oh ! shallow, shallow man,
So plain a thing to doubt,

As to and fro
The shuttles go,
A certain task to do.

'Tis woven with a plan,
But what that plan may be
There's none shall know, O man,
Unless he *mount* to see,

As to and fro
The shuttles go,
A certain task to do.



L. HUARD.

EDM. STANTON, SC.

"SHE HAS KILLED MY SON!"

P. 305.

THROUGH THE FURNACE:

Book the First.

MARTHA'S STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

By the blessing of Providence my presence of mind did not entirely desert me, even in that moment of agony and bewilderment. I ran into the hall and called to a lad who was a kind of page in our simple household. I despatched this boy post-haste for my uncle's medical man, and then went back to the dining-room.

My uncle Geoffrey had pushed one of the sofa pillows under his son's head, and was wiping Bernard's blood-stained lips with a handkerchief, which he could scarcely hold in his shaking hand. Three or four sheets of paper lay scattered on the ground near my cousin's prostrate figure. My heart sank within me as I saw those scattered sheets and recognized the writing that covered them; for it was my sister's.

"She has killed my son," cried my uncle, still wiping Bernard's lips in a helpless, nervous way, that showed how completely his mind had been unhinged by the shock that had come upon him so suddenly.

"But, dear uncle, what has happened, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"Read that," he answered, pointing to the letter, "and then you will know what a base and treacherous creature we have loved and trusted. Read your sister's letter to the man who was to have been her husband."

I heard the doctor's voice in the hall, and I gathered up the scattered sheets of Sophy's letter hastily as he entered the room. His presence brought with it the comfort and composure that always seem to accompany a medical man whom we trust. He made very light of my cousin's illness. It was only a fainting fit, he said, and some small blood vessel had been broken. I think he understood at once, with the subtle instinct of his profession, that something had happened, and he set himself at once to restore quiet, by reassuring words and prompt action.

"Now, my dear Mr. Champion, and my dear Miss Martha, I really must banish you before I can do anything. There is nothing seriously amiss with your cousin, and I will have him right in a few minutes if you leave us to ourselves. Relations, however affectionate, are always so dreadfully like a crowd in the street, in the matter of hustling and suffocating a patient. Mr. Bernard's room is ready for him I suppose? Yes, that is all right. We will get him to bed immediately, and in half an hour we will have him as well as ever he was in his life."

I saw that as the doctor said this he watched my uncle Geoffrey's face very anxiously, while he contrived, half by persuasion, half by a very gentle kind of force, to get him out of the room.

My uncle went into the study and shut the door after him. I went to the drawing room, where the pretty old-fashioned silver tea-tray, with its quaint Indian china service, was waiting for me on the table, near the bright, red fire. The hissing urn, the fire, the crimson curtains cosily drawn, my uncle's luxurious chair wheeled close to the hearth, and the London papers airing on the white sheep-skin rug, all made such a pretty picture of domestic comfort. And I had fancied that this evening would be so happy!

I sat down by the lamp and looked at my sister's letter. A hasty glance at the first page told me what I had suspected from the moment in which I had seen my cousin's white face, as he lay upon the ground. Sophy had run away from the home that had sheltered her so long. She had left us a week before the day fixed for the wedding. She had gone away from us to marry Lawrence Annesley. I only read enough to tell me this, and then I went to see if I could assist in any arrangements that might be necessary for my cousin's comfort.

I found that very little was required. Repose, our doctor said, was the only medicine needed for his patient's complete recovery. He told me he was more uneasy on my uncle's account than for Bernard.

"Your cousin's constitution is powerful enough to support any shock," he said; "but we must be very careful of the rector. I am afraid there is some mental disquietude at the bottom of this attack of your cousin's, some anxiety that is, no doubt, shared by his father. I think your uncle is in his son's room. I have given Bernard a hint; and I know he will do all he can to restore composure to his father's mind."

"Bernard is better, then. He has quite recovered from the fainting fit."

"Yes. He only requires now to be kept very quiet. I have forbidden Mr. Champion to stay with him more than ten minutes."

My uncle came out of Bernard's room while I was talking to the doctor. He came slowly down-stairs and into the dining room, where

Mr. Jefferson and I had been standing. The doctor stopped to talk to him for a few minutes, while I ran back to the drawing room to pour out a cup of tea, which I brought for my uncle.

"Yes, that is quite right, Miss Patty," said Mr. Jefferson, as I carried it into the room. "Mr. Champion will take some tea. You may be quite easy about your son, sir," he added, turning to my uncle. "Mr. Bernard will do very well, and will be able to attend to his duty to-morrow as well as he did yesterday."

"That is very possible," answered my uncle, sadly. "Bernard is not the man to abandon his duty. I have no doubt you have done the very best that can be done for him, my dear Jefferson. But there are a few diseases that do not come within the compass of your art, and a broken heart is one of them. My son has received a blow to-night which he will never recover so long as he lives."

My uncle was taking the cup of tea from my hands as he spoke. He looked up at me with the gentlest and tenderest expression in his eyes.

"You must not think that I shall love *you* any the less for this, my dear," he said, softly.

"It doesn't do to attach too much importance to a young man's trouble, my dear Mr. Champion," said the doctor; "young men do not, as a rule, break their hearts. A disappointment coming upon a man of your age or mine is likely to strike home, for it comes after a long course of disappointments. It is the last straw, you know, under which the camel is likely to lie down and die; but what a load the animal will carry while he is young and hopeful, and has not yet discovered that his life is to be made up of bearing other people's burdens! You need have no uneasiness about your son. With such a chest and such shoulders as he has, a man cannot die of a broken heart. He will knock under for a week or so perhaps, and then he will shake his grief away from him, as a young racehorse shakes off a gadfly, and will be all the better man for his trial."

Mr. Jefferson and my uncle shook hands, and then the doctor left us. When the door closed upon him, I knelt at my benefactor's feet and implored him to be comforted. Even now, I thank God when I remember that evening; I thank God with all my heart, when I remember that I was permitted to afford some consolation to that dear and noble friend.

He talked to me as freely as if I had been his child, and told me how my cousin had opened the letter, and how, after reading the first page, he groaned aloud, with a strange gurgling noise in his throat, and then fell like a dead man at his father's feet. Little by little I told my uncle all the story of the past, and what I had done in my desire to separate my sister from Lawrence Annesley.

"You acted for the best, my dear," he said; "I do not doubt that

for a moment ; but it would have been better to have spoken—nothing is so good as the truth. The blow would have been heavy then, but it falls so much more heavily now.”

All that evening I sat with my dear uncle. He was very calm, but it seemed to me as if Bernard’s grief was quite as much his as it was Bernard’s: the stroke that had fallen so suddenly had crushed the father as well as the son.

“I loved her so dearly,” he said ; “she has been false to me as well as to him. If she had come to me—if she had trusted me, as she might have done,—I could have softened this grief for my boy. But to steal away from the house like some criminal; to let things go on so long, and then to desert my son. It has been too cruel, Patty—it has been too cruel. Heaven help me to feel as a Christian should, but it will be very difficult for me to forgive her.”

“She has been tempted away, uncle Geoffrey,” I said ; “she did not mean to go this morning. I know that, for she asked me to stay at home with her, and promised to spend all the day at home. Ah, if I had only stayed !”

“It has been the will of Providence that my son should suffer this grief,” my uncle answered gravely. “How easy it is to recognize God’s will in the stroke that afflicts us, and yet how difficult not to be angry with the instrument that works His will. Don’t cry, Patty ; I will try to forgive your sister. It is all the more difficult for me to forgive her because I love her so much. Let me think of her when she was a little child, with her head nestling on my breast ; let me remember her as she was when I first brought her to this house.”

We sat together, sometimes talking sadly of what had happened, sometimes silent, until the usual hour for evening prayer. I rang the bell, and the servants came quietly in and took their places. It seemed to me as if they all had guessed the nature of our trouble. My sister’s disappearance—the letter—these had helped them, no doubt, to solve the mystery. They were servants who had lived with us for a long time, and I believe they felt very sincerely for us in our sorrow ; as servants will in households where the gulf between the parlour and the kitchen is bridged over by small kindnesses and friendly sympathy with humble pleasures and vexations.

My uncle Geoffrey read the simple evening prayer. His tones were unbroken, but the voice was low and faint, and the sound of it gave me unspeakable pain. Ah, how shall I ever forget all the sorrow of that sad night, and the bitter grief that followed it !

My uncle kissed and blest me as he bade me good night. I thank God for the inspiration that urged me to tell him at that moment what until then I had never in all my life expressed in any form of words. I told him that an orphan girl, who might have been a

friendless castaway but for him, cherished the memory of his goodness in her heart of hearts, and would so cherish it until that heart was cold in death. His bounties were so freely given, and carried with them so little sense of obligation, that until that night I had never said even so much as this. If I had waited to say it after that night, I should have waited until it was too late.

They found my uncle Geoffrey sleeping very peacefully the next morning; but it was in the sleep of death. He had long been suffering from a heart disease, and it seemed but too probable that the shock of his son's grief had killed him. My cousin came to tell me what had happened.

"Do you remember what I said to you a long time ago, Patty," he asked, after he had sat in silence for some time, with his face hidden by his folded arms; "I have no Christian feeling for any one who touches my father. Sophy Champion has been the cause of his untimely death, and I will never forgive her so long as I live."

I will not dwell upon that sad time. No words that I can write would tell how much I suffered. We suffer these things, and live through them. I think a merciful stupor comes down upon us, in which the first sharp anguish passes by—felt only in a dim, confused manner, like the pain of an operation endured under the influence of chloroform. The sorrow that comes afterwards is the worst,—the blank, dreary sorrow that takes possession of us when we are calm enough to realize how much we have lost.

My uncle Geoffrey's funeral train left the dear old home under the cold spring sunlight which was to have looked upon my sister's bridal. It was a bitter day for Bernard and for me; one of those days whose bitterness comes back to us with every recurring year, inseparable from the season and the atmosphere. As I stood by my uncle's grave I felt and knew that my youth was gone from me for ever. Oh, what a careless, happy time it seemed to have been now that it *was* gone. The memory of every foolish tear I had ever shed reproached me like the memory of a sin. Had I ever been sufficiently grateful for so many blessings, had I ever known how many they were, until now, when they were gone.

We went home to the rectory very sorrowful. We were only guests on sufferance now in that house which had so long been our home. Bernard was to go to his new duties in a few weeks—the bright spring weeks which were to have been devoted to his wedding tour;—and for myself, I had to find some new home, to make some new plans for my future. I had made none as yet. Could I think of the future, when he who had been so dear to me in the past lay lifeless in the home he had made so happy.

My uncle's will was read by the lawyer who had made it. As

he had sheltered me from all trouble in his life-time, so he protected me after his death. He had left me an annuity of a hundred pounds, chargeable upon the small unentailed estate that had come to him from his father, and which was bequeathed to Bernard, who was residuary legatee. Nothing was left to my sister Sophy except a pretty, old-fashioned locket, set round with pearls, and containing a miniature of my uncle taken in his early youth, and his first gift to the woman he chose for his wife.

"I leave my darling Sophy only this small memorial of her adopted father," the lawyer read sadly. "For I fondly hope and believe that, when this my last testament is opened, she will be my son's wife, and the partaker of all that he inherits. I leave her only the half-faded picture, in which she will see some faint resemblance of her husband's face, and the shadow of her uncle's youth."

I stole a glance at my cousin's face while this passage was being read, and my eyes were rivetted to it with a fascination I could not resist. It was a stern, implacable countenance, which darkened as the lawyer recited the dead man's tender words, and I began to wonder whether my sister would ever be forgiven; and then my mind wandered to the future, to the dreary morrow on which I was to leave that dear familiar home, a lonely, aimless creature. There was only one gleam of hope in the dismal horizon. I was quite free and independent now, and I could go to seek my sister—my foolish, erring girl, whose guilty folly had brought ruin on such a happy home, and had broken a strong man's heart.

I had received a letter from her that morning,—such a miserable letter, so blotted by tears as to be almost illegible. She had heard of my uncle's death, and the bitter anguish of remorse had taken hold of her. It is not often that retribution so swiftly follows wrong-doing; but I have always found that it comes sooner or later, even on this earth. My sister's letter was signed Sophia Annesley, and she entreated me to forgive her, and to come to her at the London address which she gave me. What had I to forgive, poor darling? Was I to set myself up as a judge of this girl? I, who had never been tempted.

After the will had been read, my cousin and I were left to ourselves. He was going to town on business the following day, and I should be left quite alone in the house which, in its dismal emptiness, would be haunted by such mournful memories, unless, indeed, I made up my mind to pack my trunks and accompany him to London. He would be glad to give me the protection of his escort I knew; but I almost feared to approach the subject, for another question was linked with it, a question I scarcely dared to ask. I wanted to win his forgiveness for my poor Sophy. But to approach her name was to torture him so cruelly, and to-day above all

other days. No, I thought, as I sat watching his dark, melancholy face, I could not speak to him upon this most miserable subject.

While I was thinking this, my cousin raised his eyes and looked at me. We were sitting on either side of the fire, for the April day grew cold and stormy towards the evening, and the creaking branches of the trees swayed against the windows of our desolate drawing-room every now and then with a dreary, mournful sound.

"Patty," said my cousin, "what are you going to do? If we were each of us some fifteen years older, I should say, Come and be my housekeeper at Allingford. It seems very hard that we who are so like brother and sister must part; and yet I don't know, I may be able to fight my battle better away from you. You belong to the past."

I knew very well what he meant by those sad words. My presence could only remind him of my sister,—and how could it be otherwise than painful to him.

"By-and-bye, when I am an old bachelor, snugly installed in a cosy old deanery perhaps, with mullioned windows and cedar paneling in my drawing-room, you must come and live with me, Patty, if you are still unmarried, and take care of my poor. What will my poor do, at Allingford, I wonder? It is a sad thing for a parish when its incumbent is a lonely, disappointed man—his teaching is so apt to take some colour from his own sorrows. There never was but one preacher who walked this troubled earth with the sunshine of His divine countenance unshadowed by His own sorrows. I think a clergyman ought to be a happy man—a happy man who has known unhappiness. My father was, to my mind, the ideal pastor. But you have not answered my question, Patty. What are you going to do?"

"I think—I—should like to go at once to London," I answered nervously; "may I go with you, Bernard, to-morrow?"

"With all my heart, dear. But where will you go at so short a notice. You will scarcely like to stay at an hotel, and you have no friends in London."

"I am going to my sister."

I said the words boldly; to speak them at all was so desperate a venture, that it mattered very little how they were spoken.

I felt rather than saw that my cousin gave a little shiver, almost as if I had struck him.

"You are going to your sister, Mrs. Annesley," he said.

How strange it seemed to hear my pet called by that name; so terrible a sound when spoken in the coldest, hardest accents that I had ever heard fall from Bernard Champion's lips.

"I shall be very happy to take you to town," he said, after a pause, "and I will see that you reach your destination safely. There may be little things in this room that you may like to preserve as memo-

rials of your youth. For myself, I want nothing to remind me of my father."

There was a touch of stern determination blended with the sorrow in his voice. I knew that he was thinking of my sister. I knew this, and yet even in that moment an irresistible impulse urged me to cast myself upon my knees before him and plead for her.

"Forgive her, Bernard," I entreated; "my uncle Geoffrey forgave her before he fell asleep, for he died with a smile upon his face. Oh, cousin, believe—believe me, you will be happier when you have forgiven her!"

"Happier!" he cried passionately; "I tell you, Martha, she has crushed all capability of happiness out of my heart. She has done worse than this. She has rendered me unfit for the service of my God, for I can only give him half a heart. The other half is withered by her falsehood. Do you know how often I have tried to read that chapter," he asked, pointing to the testament which lay on the table near him, open at the fifteenth chapter of St. John, "and do you know how many times my mind has wandered away from that sacred page to brood upon the wrong your sister and my friend Lawrence Annesley have done me? Do you know that to-day, when I stood by my father's grave, while the promise of man's immortality was in my ears, and the nothingness of this lower world should have come closer home to my heart than it ever came before—do you know that even then your sister's image came between me and the mourning crowd and mocked me with a smile. Forgive her? and this was to have been our wedding-day! Forgive her? and I had hoped to see my father smiling upon his grandchildren! Forgive her? no, Patty. It is not in me to forgive her; she has broken my heart; she has shattered my life; for I must abandon my holy office. I was a Christian until the woman I loved struck the blow that has crushed me. I am a pagan now, and the worst of pagans. Dare I preach mercy to others when I cannot be merciful myself! Dare I cry Peace, when there is raging war in my heart!"

I had never seen the latent forces of my cousin's nature aroused until now; yet I had always instinctively comprehended that it was a passionate nature, with slumbering fires that only needed a spark to set them blazing. He walked out of the room and left me alone to think how utterly I had failed to win anything like pity for my erring girl, or for the man who had tempted her to break her sacred promise. I sat alone in the dusk until the parlour-maid brought the lamp, and set the tea-tray on the little table near the fire. She brought the London papers into the room at the same time—they had not yet been countermanded, and came at the usual hour. That packet of papers was a very small thing to set my tears flowing afresh; but the sight of the familiar sheets brought back so vividly the

memory of happy evenings in which my uncle Geoffrey had sat reading in the easy chair now standing empty. My cousin did not return, and as I took my cup of tea—my solitary cup of tea, which made me feel such an old maid already, I drew my sister's letter from my pocket, the letter which the boy had brought from the coach-office on the night of Sophy's flight. It had remained in my possession ever since, and I was considering how best I could restore it to Bernard; for I could not help thinking that, after all, my sister's own words might be the most powerful petitioners to win her pardon.

I had read it alone in my desolate room on the dreadful night after my sister had left us. I read it again now, slowly and deliberately; for I felt that it was an appeal, not to Bernard only, but to all who had ever loved and cherished the writer. The letter began abruptly, and had evidently been written at intervals, but all in one day—the day which ended in so much sorrow. There were blots and erasures, and many stains and blisters, that I knew were the traces of tears. My tears fell on it as I read again, to-night, as they had fallen before.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORGIVEN.

“You can never forgive me,” wrote my sister; “I know *that* before I begin this miserable letter. Oh, to think that I should ever have need so to write to you—to think that I should live to do it! I can never forgive myself for my sin against you, and against all those who have loved and trusted me. But some day, when any sorrow you may feel in my loss—and you have loved me so much more than I deserve, that I know you will be sorry,—when all that has worn quite away, and you look back and remember what a worthless thing I was—a weak, vacillating, helpless creature, with no power to hold firmly by the right,—then, perhaps, you will have mercy on me, and forgive me. When you read this I shall have left my dear old home for ever. I shall have left you close upon the eve of our appointed wedding-day, to become the wife of Lawrence Annesley.

“When was it that I first loved him? I think it began by my being so sorry for him—so sorry for his wasted powers, his useless talents: and then I found out that he was unhappy. I scarcely know how I came to be aware of his unhappiness: unless it was by random words that he let drop now and then, and by the hopeless, absent manner that took the place of his old joyousness. For a long, long time I set no check upon my thoughts, believing implicitly that I felt for Lawrence only as I had a right to feel for the friend of my betrothed husband. It made me very happy to picture a future in

which he was only a secondary figure. I fancied him in our home, Bernard—our friend and guest,—and then all at once I found that figure blotting out all the rest of the picture, until your image melted away, and I knew that I was a false and wicked creature, unworthy of your generous love and trust.

“If you could know how I struggled with my own weak heart; if you could know how desperately I tried to cling to the right, and how I prayed for strength to do so, I think you would pity me, Bernard; the strong should have some compassion for the weak. Sometimes I felt myself wondering about Lawrence Annesley’s unhappiness; and then I found myself guessing the reason of his altered manner; and a wicked joy thrilled through my heart as I fancied it was for my sake he was so changed. Oh, despise me, Bernard! I bare my whole heart before you, with all its wicked weakness. I can support your scorn better than I can endure the thought that you should mistake me for something nobler than I am, and be sorry for the loss of a creature who never existed. From my frivolous childhood until this day of my guilt and treachery, I have never been worthy of the love you have given me. I have tried to deserve your affection, but I am not the kind of woman to make you happy all your life. It is better that I should be false to you now, than that I should be a burden to you hereafter. Try to remember this, Bernard, when you think of my wickedness.

“When he told me one day that he loved me, I do not think I was surprised by what he said. But oh! how wicked I must be, for as I stood listening to his passionate words, I felt a joy such as I had never known before, a joy which seemed to lift me away from this earth and all its troubles. Oh, Bernard, forgive me! forgive me! In that moment I forgot that you had ever asked me to be your wife,—that there was a sacred tie between us, to break which would be dishonour. I forgot everything. In all the world there was only Lawrence Annesley and my own wildly beating heart.

“It was not a long treason, Bernard. That unconsciousness of sin, of broken faith, of everything in the world except my love, endured only until I heard my sister’s dress rustling along the grass, and awoke to real life once more. No word of mine told Lawrence that his love was returned. My intention, at least, was pure, and I was resolved to do my duty and to keep my promise. Oh, Bernard! it seemed strange to me that, knowing your goodness and your superiority to all other men I had ever met, I yet loved a man whom I knew to be so much your inferior. Love does not always go along with respect; love does not always bow down before the noblest thing it knows; the brightest flowers do not crown nature’s grandest spots; and the loftiest mountains are always the loneliest. I fancy sometimes, Bernard, that you are too great a man to be loved.

“How shall I write this letter? How can I explain to you what I

cannot understand myself? I look back and wonder at my dishonour, for I meant to do my duty. Lawrence left us through Martha's agency. He went away, and the sacrifice which he made for me rendered him dearer to me by a thousandfold than he had been before. But oh, Bernard, if you could know how I struggled with my sin! For a long, long time the struggle endured, and I thought a few weeks ago that it was finished, and that I should be your true and affectionate wife,—your loving wife I never could have been.

"In all the long months I had heard nothing of Lawrence, except the few words you spoke about him now and then. You know, Bernard—you must know—that I tried to be good, for you have reproached me for being over anxious, foolishly eager in the work which was my duty and my consolation. I tried to fill every hour of my day with work that should shut out all thought of him; but sometimes, very often, in spite of my good resolutions, in spite of my prayers, his image went with me—the shadow of his face came between me and the page from which I read the inspired words of my Redeemer.

"One day—one fatal day—only a week ago, when I believed that the battle was fought and won, when I fancied him far away from me, forgetful of me perhaps, he came upon me suddenly as I was walking alone on the outskirts of the town, and, at the sight of him, I knew all at once that I could never be your wife. I loved him still. All my struggles, all my fancied victories were nothing. They might have never been, for all the trace they had left behind them now, when the sound of his voice had power to raise such a tumult in my heart. I loved him better than I had ever loved him—better for that weary time of trial and temptation—better for the long, dreary separation in which I had striven so hard to forget him. There could be no treason against you so base as the treason involved in my keeping the letter of a promise which I could not keep in the spirit. Lawrence told me how he too had tried to do his duty, and how miserably he had failed. I dare not plead for him, Bernard. The day may come—when you have won a wife worthier of you than ever I could have been,—I trust in Heaven the day will come when you will hear my poor boy plead for himself, and forgive him. There is so much in life for you, so noble a career open to you, and he has *nothing* but the love of one foolish woman. I think you can afford to forgive him.

"During this week I have seen him every day. I cannot tell you what arguments he has used to induce me to break my faith. Nothing he could have said, no prayers of his, however passionate, could have pushed me towards this step, if my own heart had not told me that there was no deeper wrong I could do you than to become your wife.

"From the moment that I knew this, and knew my own heart for the first time, there was no more hesitation in my mind, except as to

the manner of my leaving my dear old home—the home in which I had been so happy,—the friends whose love I had so basely wronged.

“My first impulse was to come to you and tell you all the truth. I think, Bernard, if I had dared to speak unreservedly, if you had heard my confession and seen my tears you would have forgiven me. I know what a depth of pity and tenderness there is in your heart, and I do believe that I might have won your pardon. But I am a coward. I dare not see your face when the knowledge of my falsehood first comes upon you. I can only write this letter, which you will read after I have stolen like a guilty creature from the home that has sheltered me so long.

“I can say no more. If you cannot forgive me, do not stand between me and my uncle Geoffrey’s forgiveness—do not shut me out for ever from my sister’s love. Ah, pardon me for asking this, for the entreaty is almost an insult! I know that you are a Christian, and that you can never be less than a Christian. How often I have heard you read that tender story of the erring woman whose tearful worship was not rejected. I remember the very tones of your voice, and I cannot think that you will be otherwise than merciful to me.”

Here the letter ended; the last few lines had been rendered almost illegible by my sister’s tears. My own fell very fast as I read them.

“And I too think he must forgive her,” I mused, as I folded Sophy’s letter; and then I rang for the servant to remove the tea. I ascertained that my cousin was alone in his study. Before I went upstairs to begin my packing, which would be a weary business, lasting through the whole night perhaps, I was determined to place my sister’s letter in Bernard’s hands.

I went to the study door and knocked. After a little pause the door was opened, and my cousin stood before me.

“Do you want to speak to me, Patty?” he asked kindly; and then he added, with a sigh, “I am very tired to-night. It will keep till to-morrow, I dare say, what you want to say. Let it be said to-morrow, dear.”

“I have nothing to say, Bernard; I only want to give you this.”

I offered him my sister’s letter; his hand advanced to meet it, and then recoiled, as if the thing I pressed upon him had been a serpent.

“I do not wish to read any communication from Mrs. Annesley,” he said.

“But you will read this, Bernard. It is an erring creature’s appeal to your compassion.”

He took the letter.

“I will read it, if you like, Patty,” he answered sadly. “If the reading of it can change my heart, so much the better. I have prayed to God that my heart may be changed.”

“Good-night, Bernard.”

“Good-night, dear.”

My packing lasted nearly all that night. It was close upon day-break when I laid down to take an hour's sleep—to sleep for the last time under that roof. At eight o'clock I was breakfasting with my cousin Bernard in the dining-room where so many social gatherings had been held, and would be held, no doubt, again, but with some familiar faces missing from the circle. A deep, dreary feeling came over me as I thought of that room with new furniture, and wondered how it would look. I had not imposed upon Bernard's kindness in my selection from the things that had belonged to my uncle; I had only taken a few of his favourite books, and an old-fashioned desk on which he had been in the habit of writing.

My cousin said very little to me as we sat opposite to each other that miserable morning, making such a poor pretence of taking meat and drink, for which neither of us had the faintest inclination. He said only what was absolutely necessary as we prepared for our departure, and waited for the vehicle which was to take us to the inn whence the London coach started.

It was a sad journey. I saw the familiar places gliding by me, and fancied that I had perhaps looked on them for the last time. And then we went on into the strange world beyond the narrow boundary of my lost home, and I felt what a lonely creature I was. It was a fatiguing journey. People got in and out of the coach, and ate and drank, and laughed and talked boisterously, until the dull aching of my head grew to a distracting pain. It seemed a very long journey, for my mind went wearily over and over the same ground, while the sound of the rolling wheels jarred upon my ear, while the prim hedgerows crept by me under a misty rain.

Oh, what a miserable place London seemed as the coach blundered and jolted into its stony streets in the chilly dusk! What a heartless, pitiless place it seemed, in which every living creature pushed and struggled on his own account, reckless of his neighbour! Was this the wonderful city of whose brilliant "season" I had heard the banker's daughters speak in such raptures! We came to the coach office at last, and Bernard helped me to alight upon a muddy pavement, amongst a crowd of noisy, struggling people, who all seemed in a state of alarm about their personal property, and rather vengefully disposed towards one another. When my luggage had been gathered together somehow or other, my cousin put me into a hackney coach. He had spoken to me with all his old kindness during our journey, but he had spoken very seldom. He had sat with his head leaning back in a corner of the coach and his face in shadow. But when I had taken my place in the vehicle that was to convey me to my sister's address, Bernard lingered at the door, and I could see that he had something to say to me.

"Patty," he said presently, as he stretched out his hand to take mine in a parting grasp, "my heart was hardened against your sister

last night. It is not always easy to forgive—it is sometimes quite impossible to forget. If you mention me to your sister, you can tell her that I have forgiven her, and that I shall pray for her happiness. You can tell Lawrence Annesley the same if he should ask any question about me.”

I could not answer him. I could only press the hand that held mine.

“God bless you, my dear! You have been my sister in the past, I hope you may be my sister again in the future. I shall go back to Sandycroast in a few days, to make all final arrangements, and to say farewell to old friends. There are many who will regret you, Patty. Write to me, dear, at the rectory, and tell me your plans, and where I am to write to you.”

“I will, Bernard.”

“Once more, God bless you, and good bye. Stop, your sister’s address is——”

“21, Great Morland Street, Bloomsbury.”

My cousin told the coachman where to drive, and the ponderous equipage lumbered off in the dreary drizzle. I looked my last at my cousin standing in the rain, with his hat lifted, and his dark, handsome face turned towards me with a brother’s protecting smile.

“And she did not love him!” I thought. “Strange mystery of a woman’s heart; she could not love this man who, to my mind, seems the very ideal of perfect manhood.”

CHAPTER IX.

SOPHY’S NEW LIFE.

AFTER jolting through a great many dreary streets the coach stopped in one which had an air of emptiness, and an absence of life and light which, even to my inexperience, was associated with extreme respectability. I alighted before a handsome-looking doorway, with a very dim light shining through the glass above it. Gas was not very general in those days, and the hall into which I was admitted was feebly illuminated by means of an oil-lamp with a struggling wick. The servant stared at my black dress and at me when I asked for Mrs. Annesley; and she left me standing in the hall while she assisted the coachman with my luggage. Bernard had paid the fare, so I was not exposed to the small misery of a dispute with the coachman.

A person who was not quite a lady, but who was dressed more smartly than any lady in my uncle’s parish, came out of the parlour while my trunks were being brought in, and gave me a frosty kind of welcome.

"The young lady whom Mrs. Annesley expected, I suppose," she said. "Ah, to be sure. It's on the second floor, miss. Mary, take care the man doesn't scratch the paint with those trunks; and be as quick as you can about it, for the drawing-room tea has been rung for."

I understood from this speech that my sister and her husband were only second-floor lodgers, and must expect only second-class civility. It all seemed very cold and strange to me, after the home faces and the home comforts. But the thought that I was near my sister blotted out all other thoughts, as I followed the servant up two dreary flights of stairs.

Sophy was sitting alone by the fire when I went in, but she sprang to her feet and ran to meet me. In another moment she was sobbing on my breast.

"My uncle Geoffrey," she said, between her sobs. "Oh, what a cruel blow it was, Patty! It seemed so like a judgment upon me."

She helped me to take off my things, and threw them carelessly on a sofa. I could see that the room was shabbily furnished, and rather untidy.

"I want you to tell me how it happened, Patty," she said, as we sat down by the fire, she in her old attitude, with her head resting on my shoulder. "But first let me thank you for coming to me; it is very good of you to come, dear. I thought you would desert me, perhaps, for my wickedness."

"Desert you, Sophy! You can know very little of me if you thought that."

"Well, darling, perhaps I did not think it. I may have only feared it. Oh, Patty, do you believe my cousin Bernard will ever forgive me?"

"He has forgiven you, dear. He told me to tell you so. But this disappointment has been a very bitter blow for him, Sophy. Heaven only knows when he will recover from the shock."

"He is very sorry, then?"

"Very sorry."

After that I told her how Bernard had forgiven her; and then we were able to talk more calmly. I heard all about the hasty flight, the hurried wedding; not celebrated in a pretty village church, not sanctified by the solemn words that call Heaven's blessing on a happy union, but huddled over in the dingy office of a district registrar, with the lodging-house maid-servant for a witness.

"I love him dearly," my sister said, speaking of Lawrence, "and I think I could be happy in the knowledge of his love and truth even if we were wandering on some desolate island, with the consciousness that death was waiting for us, turn which way we would. But oh,

Patty, when we stood in that gloomy office, where everything seemed so cold, and dark, and gray, with the rain drifting against the dirty window, and pattering in the dismal muddy street outside, I fancied there was a kind of blight upon our wedding, and that my falsehood to Bernard overshadowed us both. And yet, to have married him, knowing that I could not love him, surely there could be no greater sin than that. I should have spoken the truth at once, Patty. My sin began in my want of courage to tell the truth."

I felt this a bitter reproach against myself, though Sophy had no thought of my part in the sad mistake which had caused so much misery. It was I who had temporized—it was I who had hoped against hope. I told my sister this ; but she would not accept any comfort in her grief.

"Martha," she said, looking at me with indescribable sorrow in her face, "do you think that my conduct to Bernard had anything to do with my uncle's death."

How could I answer her ? I knew what my cousin had felt upon this subject ; and yet people suffering from my uncle's disease have died at the very moment when their lives seemed happiest and most tranquil. I told Sophy this, and I could see that she was comforted in some measure by my words. And then, after a long silence, during which her face had been half hidden on my breast, she began to talk to me about Lawrence.

He was so good, she told me—so devoted, so gentle ; and if it had not been for the great sorrow of the last week, they would have been so happy together ; even in that dingy lodging, with a snappish landlady, and a maid who never answered a bell until it had been rung three times. She told me how anxious her young husband was about the future ; to earn a living for his darling ; to scrape together enough money for the furnishing of a pretty house in the suburbs.

"London is so dreadful," Sophy said, with a shudder ; "but Lawrence says that in London there is always a chance of making money. And you know he is so clever, Patty ; and there are so many things in which he may succeed, if he is only fortunate. He is trying to find some pupils for drawing and painting. You know what a wonderful talent he has, or he could even teach music or languages. He has advertised in the papers, and has walked miles from place to place answering other people's advertisements ; and he has some hope of a school at Clapham, where the principal was very much pleased with his sketches. You who have seen Lawrence so frivolous and unstable would never believe how determined he can be when there is a real necessity for resolution and perseverance. If he gets employed by the Clapham schoolmaster, it will be something to begin with ; but in the mean time we are very poor,—but not too

poor to find a hearty welcome for you, dearest," cried my sister, fearful lest I should fancy myself an intruder.

I told her how my uncle had provided for me. She opened her eyes to their widest extent as she heard of my modest little income. She had been happily placed all her life, knowing neither the want of money nor the possession of it, except in the most limited degree, and to her a hundred pounds seemed a very large sum. She thought of it as a child thinks of a crown piece,—something that would buy all the pretty things in the world; but she had no idea of it in relation to the petty daily wants, to supply which money dribbles ignominiously away.

I was grieved to find from my sister's lips that Lawrence had no positive income whatever. He was the spoiled child of extravagant and impoverished parents, and he had nothing in the world but what they could afford to allow him until he could establish himself in a professional position. Of this there seemed no chance now. A great deal of money had been spent upon him; but all the expense of the past had been fruitless. He was highly educated and accomplished; but his versatile talents were calculated to distinguish him in a drawing-room, and not to advance him in life. Already I began to understand that the men who make their names heard in the world are very rarely the men who shine in drawing-rooms. Lawrence himself had some idea of this, and alluded to it that night as we lingered over the tea-table. I took the caddy out of my sister's hands, for I saw she had very vague ideas as to the number of spoonfuls of tea, or the management of the teapot; and from that moment I was established in the post of housekeeper which it was my destiny to hold so long.

"The school at Clapham will be fifty pounds a year," he said, "and fifty pounds a year is a pound a week, or would be, if the weeks in the year were a more convenient number. These apartments are eighteen shillings a week, and very dear they are, considering the weakly constitution of all the chairs, and the lop-sided tendency of the tables. I am taking my tea on a gentle slope at this moment. The kitchen fire is two shillings more, though what we want with the kitchen fire, and why we should pay for it, I haven't the faintest notion, since it couldn't possibly matter to us, except on the ground of common humanity, if there never was a kitchen fire. However, you see, Patty—I may call you Patty, mayn't I, now you live with us and are my sister?—you see, my dear girl, twenty shillings a week will settle for the snappish landlady, and of course other schools will come after the Clapham school, the *premier pas*, and so on, you know, Patty; and with your excellent housekeeping—I don't want to vex you, Sophy darling, but you know our tea has *not* tasted of anything particular until this evening,—with you to advise and imagine dinners

we shall get on splendidly. Sophy and I are terribly deficient of imagination with regard to dinners. We are pitiable creatures when the snappish landlady sends up to ask us what we will have, and the servant stands with the door in her hand, and there is an impatient butcher crying 'Yep!' in the street. My ideas are as limited as if I were a waiter in a third-class hotel, and I can't for the life of me get beyond a chicken or cutlets, and the butcher doesn't sell chickens, and the people down-stairs can't cook cutlets, so neither of my ideas is practicable; but with you, Patty, we shall get on superbly."

I told them that it would be my happiness to make their dreary London lodging as much like a home as I could, and I told them what I fancy I had scarcely need to tell them, for surely they must have known it without any words from me,—I told them that whatever I possessed in the world should be freely shared with them, that my last sixpence as well as my most willing service should be devoted to their comfort. We sat talking together till late into the night, and from that hour I felt every grief or joy of Lawrence Annesley's as much a part of my own life as if he had been indeed my brother.

I went out early the next morning and wandered all alone in the strange London streets. I was glad to get clear of the dismal streets and squares of the respectable neighbourhood into the brightness and life of the crowded thoroughfares, in which I felt myself such a helpless country-bred wanderer. But I contrived to make my way to the shops I wanted, somehow or other. I wanted some birds and flowers for my sister's windows, and after some inquiry I found a very miserable-looking neighbourhood in which all the singing birds of the metropolis seemed to have colonized, and where I bought two canaries. And then, as if by a kind of rustic instinct which took me to all that was most countrified in this stony-hearted London, I pushed my way almost unaided to Covent Garden, whence I went back to Great Morland Street in a coach, laden with my two birdcages, and with a collection of stocks and geraniums, balsams and carnations, all simple inexpensive flowers, for the ornamentation of my darling's dingy parlour.

After arranging my purchases to Sophy's delight, I went down-stairs to make friends with the snappish landlady. It seemed rather an impracticable task at first, but when she found that my sister and her husband were likely to be permanent lodgers, and that I meant to retain the little bedroom that had been taken for me, she softened considerably, and made several little concessions for the comfort of the two children who were playing at housekeeping in her second floor. I found that Lawrence had been rather unconscionable in the matter of ringing the bell, and that his university notions, with regard to the service of a scout, had been very trying to the temper of the over-worked lodging-house servant. I promised more consideration in

these little matters, and I went up-stairs very well pleased with the result of my mission.

Lawrence had started off to Clapham immediately after breakfast. Sophy was childishly pleased with the idea of the pleasure he would feel at the altered aspect of the room. It is a noticeable thing how much brighter the dulllest room may be made to look by a little neatness of arrangement, a few cut flowers in a glass, a stand of geraniums, and a couple of birdcages. I had found the room a chaos—Sophy's needles and reels of cotton scattered amongst her husband's palettes and colours, Lawrence's books and papers heaped pell-mell on all the tables, and I amused myself by classifying all these possessions, making a little library in one corner, a nook for Sophy's needlework in another, a tidy little arrangement of a table and chair for Lawrence's painting in another. I had good reason to be thankful for the occupation, however trivial, which saved me from brooding on the sorrow that was still so new to us; but every now and then, at every little pause in my work, or even when I was busiest, the thought of my old home and my lost guardian came back to me in all its bitterness. I knew that my sister was thinking of the same sorrowful subject, for I stopped sometimes to look at her pensive face as she sat idle at an open window, watching for her husband's return.

He was delighted with the improvement of the rooms when he came back late in the afternoon; and he brought good news. The Clapham schoolmaster had accepted his services, and the fifty pounds a year were at least secure. He had written to his mother, informing her of his marriage, only the day before, he told me, as we sat talking after tea, and he was sure of help from her; but for the present this imprudent union was to be kept a secret from Sir John Annesley, who was an invalid, and who was by no means on the best terms with his son.

Looking back at that far-away time, I find myself wondering how I slipped so easily into my new life, and accepted Lawrence Annesley as my sister's husband almost as contentedly as if no cloud of sorrow had darkened their runaway union.

They were such children, and they were so fond of me. They trusted so implicitly in my superior wisdom, and leaned with such confidence upon my love. Knowing this as I did, could I be angry with them? could I remember even Bernard's wrongs, when my bright-haired darling sat with her hand clasped in mine, and poor, tender-hearted, sweet-tempered, frivolous Lawrence called me sister? And then Bernard had forgiven his cousin. The noble soul had conquered in the terrible strife. His letter to me, one of the kindest letters that ever brother wrote to sister, contained a friendly message for poor penitent Sophy, a word of friendliness even for Lawrence.

My tears fell thick and fast upon that noble letter, for the calm resignation which was breathed in every sentence told me more plainly than the most passionate lamentations could have done, that the writer's heart was broken. That phrase seems only a sentimental hyperbole, perhaps ; and yet hearts have been broken. I knew that the one brief romance of my cousin's life was closed for ever ; that no woman, however worthy, could be to him what Sophy had been ; and that, in bidding his calm farewell to her, he parted for ever with his youth.

All Sophy's possessions, her girlish treasures, and the trousseau which had occupied so great a place in my thoughts, were sent to her within the week after my journey to London. The labels of the trunks were addressed in Bernard's hand ; and in my sister's boxes I found many little things—books and prints, simple, old-fashioned knickknacks, that had been scattered about the rectory drawing-room—which had not belonged to her, but which she had admired or used ; and I knew that only Bernard could have selected these things.

Sophy knew it too, and the sight of the household treasures moved her deeply.

"How good he is ! how generous to remember me so tenderly !" she whispered, as she took up a little paper-knife which my uncle Geoffrey had used, and pressed it gently to her lips.

The time went by with us. Our lives were very simple, very tranquil ; and I am compelled to confess we were very poor. I own this reluctantly, for I know that there was some imprudence in our little household, which I, who was trusted so entirely, ought to have prevented. Lawrence received money from his mother, my little income was advanced to me by Bernard, and the Clapham school-master paid monthly. But two children suddenly left to administer their own affairs could scarcely have been more childish than Lawrence and Sophy. My darling missed her piano, and her devoted young husband hired an expensive instrument the next day from the nearest place where such things could be hired. If Lawrence passed through Covent Garden in his daily peregrinations, he bought his wife a bouquet ; if he saw anything in a shop window which he fancied she would like to have, he went into the shop and bought it. We had hothouse flowers and new music sometimes when we had no dinner ; and I was obliged to make myself very disagreeable in my capacity of housekeeper, in order to bring about a little better management of our funds. But then we took life so lightly, that our worst difficulties in the way of money matters were only something to laugh at.

We were very happy ; the bitter grief for my uncle's death softened into a calm and holy sorrow, which had its own place in my

life, and was no cloud upon my quiet happiness with the sister I loved so dearly.

I scarcely know how the days slipped by us ; but I know that I had been living with my sister and her husband between four and five months, and it was very close upon the end of August, when our carelessly happy life was brought to a terrible close, as suddenly as some dream of departed friends and a lost home, from which we awoke to find ourselves lonely and desolate.

It was nearly the end of August, and people told us that there was no one in town ; but as I found myself jostled by just as many passengers, and pushed about quite as much as ever when I emerged from the quiet of Great Morland Street into any of the bustling thoroughfares, I was unable to realize the emptiness of London about which Londoners complained so bitterly. When the days were very hot, and the street especially dusty, Sophy and I, sitting at our needlework by an opened window, have confessed to each other a weary yearning for yellow corn-fields, and the rich slope of uplands where the grass was ruffled by fresh breezes from the summer sea ; but we never said as much before Lawrence, for the Clapham school kept him prisoner in London, and we knew that at a word from Sophy his good resolutions would have melted into air, and he would have insisted on running away into the country to look for the roses that had vanished from his young wife's cheeks.

Yes, the girlish bloom had perished. The tender heart had suffered very bitterly from the pain of an enduring remorse. Even when most childishly happy with the husband of her choice, Sophy never forgot the wrong she had done Bernard Champion. She thought of it more and more, day by day, I believe, as her nature became sublimated by a diviner tenderness under the most sacred influence of womanhood. I had now to superintend the preparation of something even more interesting than a trousseau. My big covered work-basket was a repository of tiny morsels of delicate lawn and muslin ; and when Sophy and I sat together in the sunny window looking out upon a prospect of slated roofs and blackened chimney-pots, we beguiled ourselves by fond talk of a happy future to be spent in a suburban cottage, a little bower nestling amongst lilacs and laburnums, with a tiny grass plat just big enough for the most enchanting infant in creation to roll upon.

One day, when the weather was particularly lovely, and that yearning for the breath of a fresh breeze and the beauty of a rural landscape possessed us more completely than usual, Lawrence proposed a holiday. He had just received a remittance from his mother and was in very high spirits.

"There's a university race at Henley-on-Thames, to-morrow," he said ; "and there's a coach that starts from the White Horse Cellar

this afternoon. We'll go down; put up at an inn; see the race to-morrow; and come home by the night mail. There'll be a lot of fellows whom I know at Henley, and we shall have a glorious time of it, if you think you can manage the journey, Sophy darling, without fatigue."

Of course my pet declared that there was no possibility of her being tired by any happy holiday spent with her husband. As for his sake she had broken her solemn engagement to Bernard, so to give him pleasure she would have made any sacrifice of her own inclination; but in this case there was no sacrifice. We were both delighted at the prospect of a day by the delicious river about which Lawrence was so eloquent; and I fancied that a change from the stifling atmosphere of London would bring new brightness to my sister's faded face.

The next day dawned upon us pleasantly in pretty country rooms, where the pure white hangings were almost as fragrant as the perfumed air that blew across so many gardens before it came in at our open windows. We breakfasted very early; and the simple country breakfast—the home-made loaf and yellow cream, the fruit and honey, and pinkly tinted new laid eggs—seemed a repast such as one reads of in a fairy tale.

Never had I seen Lawrence Annesley in such high spirits. Bright always, to-day he brightened with every flash of sunlight that flitted across his face, with every glancing ripple of the river which flowed under our window as we sat at breakfast.

The inn at which we stopped was close to the bridge, and there was a balcony outside our window which commanded a superb view of the river. Here Sophy and I were to watch the race, while Lawrence wandered freely in the meadows along the shore, finding old friends and making new acquaintance at every turn. He had been very popular among his set at the university, and his set had been a very large one. He left us almost immediately after breakfast, promising to return in an hour or two. If we grew tired of the balcony, there was a lawn below, a lovely slope of velvet grass, whose outermost fringe was ruffled by the river as it rippled by; and there was a tent under some trees. Gaily dressed people were already beginning to assemble in this river-side garden.

I think Lawrence must have come back to us at least half a dozen times during the hour in which he first left us, so anxious was he that we should be comfortable and happy, and feel no sense of loneliness in his absence. Let me recall the last time of all, when he came back flushed and dusty, delighted with his encounters with old companions, pleased with himself and all the universe, but above all things devotedly in love with his wife.

"There are such lots of fellows I know about the place," he said,

"and they've been almost ready to tear me into little bits,—such jolly fellows. I wonder what they'd think if they knew that I teach a pack of stupid boys to paint very green trees and very blue water, with a miller's cottage and a water-wheel in the foreground, or a little bit of brown ruin in the middle distance, and that I live in Great Morland Street, Bloomsbury? I don't think there's one of them would be snobbish enough to care any the less about me. But if I go down the bank to see the start, are you sure you won't be dull without me, darling? will you be quite happy here with Patty, eh, dear?"

I knew, as well as I knew anything in this world, that my sister was never "quite happy" in her husband's absence, and I knew that she would not mar his pleasure by confessing as much just now. A picture of them rises before me as I write this, and I can see Lawrence and my sister as I saw them that day, more distinctly than I can see the pictures on the wall before me, for *they* seem blurred and dim across a mist of tears. I see them standing side by side in the open window, while I sit out in the balcony and look back towards them. I see my sister's face lifted to her husband's, with unspeakable affection in its tender smile; the little hand laid lightly on his arm, so fondly tempted to detain him, so unselfishly anxious to let him go. And looking down at her I can see the bright boyish countenance, the sunny hazel eyes, which I saw first amidst the lonely ruins of Rixmount.

"Oh, darling, you must go," she cried, pushing him from her with a pretty playful gesture; "your old friends are waiting for you. Come back to me, dear,—but not too soon."

But not too soon! Ah, how those words rang in my ears after that day—commonplace words, that were afterwards to assume so terrible a significance!

He went away at last—after more affectionate demonstration than some people would have made on parting with their families preparatory to sailing for Australia. I am glad to think he lingered so long that morning, and that the kiss which he always pressed upon his wife's forehead when he bade her good-bye was even more tender than usual. There are people who think all these demonstrations—these kisses and farewells before every brief separation between those who love each other—an unnecessary waste of words. But I have wondered sometimes whether the wife who scarcely looks up from the morning paper when her husband goes away to his daily duty, ever thinks, when the hall door bangs behind him, that he may never cross its threshold again with any consciousness of coming back to her—with any sense of the wailing cry that is uttered above his coffin. "Oh, if I had loved you better! Oh, if I had been a

little kinder in the insignificant trifles that make up the sum of life !”

Lawrence left us, and my sister, a little tired with her journey, and with the excitement of the morning, lay down upon the old-fashioned white dimity-covered sofa, and fell into a placid slumber.

“The time will seem so much shorter if I sleep,” she murmured.

I sat and watched her for a little as she slept, with my hand clasped lovingly in hers. I sat looking down at the fair pale face upon the white pillow, with the loose golden hair scattered round it ; and when the hand loosened I crept softly away, and went out upon the balcony.

There were voices sounding merrily in every direction ; there were gay dresses making spots of vivid colour against a cool background of green ; and over all the sun was shining ; and through all the gay confusion of voices and laughter I heard the eternal ripple of the river, and the rustling of the sedges on its brink.

I looked back at my sister sleeping as sweetly as an infant, with her lips a little parted, and one loose tress of pale golden hair faintly ruffled by her breath.

Oh, Heaven have mercy upon all human love and human loss, as He had compassion on the widow of Nain ! All the old agony comes back to me when I think of my sister's sleep, and remember her awakening.

OUR EMINENT LIVING DIVINES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF SOUTHEY," "ASTRELLO," ETC.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE Church of England may well be proud of her episcopal guardians and counsellors. If we search her muster-roll of bishops, past or present—those who have laboured diligently and faithfully, and have long since gone to their reward, or those who are actively labouring amongst us now,—we shall find names synonymous with primitive purity of life and jealous devotion to her interests. Throughout every page of her history we meet with men whose piety and zeal, no less than their learning and talents, have been an adornment to the holy calling to which they had bound themselves in a willing bondage. She can point to heroes, valiant for the faith, defying chains and death for the love they bore her. She can claim not a few who have joined the noble army of martyrs, and are now rejoicing in the ranks of the blessed that they have been found worthy to suffer. In no age has she been without her faithful witnesses, her zealous champions. Ridley and Latimer, Cranmer and Hooper, stand in the front and vanguard, and in their deaths kindled, as they trusted in God they would, such a light as has not yet, and never will be put out. From that day to this she has never wanted watchmen to warn her against enemies, and to reprove her false friends, though, happily, they have not been called upon to pass through the fiery ordeal, or to seal their devotion by their blood. What nobler spectacle can be afforded than that of Abbott raising his voice against the corruption and profligacy of the Stuart Court? What better service could have been rendered to religion than that magnificent labour of love, the translation of the Bible, which is indeed the Vulgate, circulating, as it does, into millions of homes, and throughout every quarter of the world? When threatened with illegal violence, who so bold and intrepid as her champions Ken and his mitred brethren? To heal the wounds of civil discord and sectarian differences, who so apt as the gentle, eloquent Tillotson? and to resist the presumptuous reasonings of intellectual scepticism, who so lucid, deep, and crushing as Butler?

We might without difficulty enlarge the list indefinitely, and show how our bishops have really been the pillars of the Church. We might cite a host of names from the days of the Reformation downward, whose very mention would kindle a glow of gratitude, pleasure, and

admiration in the hearts of all true Churchmen; but the past is not now for us, though such a review would be only a fitting preface, did our space permit it, to the work which we have taken in hand in all diffidence and charity. We propose to give, monthly, a biographical sketch of one of our more eminent living bishops, not in a captious, critical spirit, but with a view to estimate the great work they are performing, and to show that we have amongst us prelates zealous, active, and enlightened, working for the Church's welfare—men mindful of their ordination vow, and exciting within themselves the gift of grace, not in the spirit of fear, but of strength of love and of discipline. They are indeed the salt of the Church, as their humbler brethren are the salt of the earth. To them is entrusted the government of the Church; and accordingly as they discharge their duty does that Church prosper or decay, suffer or thrive. The influence they wield is vast, and in proportion to its vastness ought it to be used with judgment and discrimination, truth and prayer. They are the exemplars, in a very emphatic degree, of the Christian church, and when they fail in attaining the high standard of faith, purity, and zeal expected from them, their weakness entails no slight injury and disparagement upon the communion to which they are linked by the holiest and most privileged of bonds.

At the head of our list naturally stands—for he is there *ex officio*—the Archbishop of Canterbury; but were it otherwise, it is in no merely complimentary sense that we say the present tenant of Lambeth Palace might deservedly occupy that honourable position.

Dr. Charles Thomas Longley, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, the subject of our present memoir, was born in London in the year 1794. His father for some time enjoyed the honourable post of Recorder of Rochester, and subsequently sat on the magisterial bench at the Thames Police Court. He was also known in his day as a political writer, and gave to the world two treatises, one on "Trial by Jury," the other on "The Complete Representation of the People." The mention of these works, however, is intended to serve no other purpose than to show that the family of the present archbishop can claim one man, at least, of culture and learning—a man who evidently took an absorbing interest in the public questions of his time. Charles Longley was sent to Westminster School, and there educated on the foundation. Little is recorded of his early school days; so we may suppose that he pursued there the even tenor of his way like the mass of his fellow-students. But one incident may be recalled, as it illustrates a custom which will probably soon become entirely obsolete, owing to tyrannous abuses it was open to. We allude to the system of flogging. Dr. Vowles Short, now Bishop of St. Asaph, was the conventional master of young Longley, and, notwithstanding the service exacted

in those juvenile hours, a friendship sprang up between them which has steadily increased with years; for certainly nothing can be more affectionate than have been the relations of these two divines ever since they left Westminster. Dr. Longley, whose name may still be seen carved on the oaken walls of the dormitory, retains a fond regard for his old school, and is rarely absent from the annual dinner, at which, when he attends, he is warmly welcomed and cheered by the Queen's scholars as he passes up the hall. He is, moreover, one of the Busby trustees.

From Westminster young Longley went to Christ Church, Oxford, as student, and took a first class in *literis humanioribus* in the Michaelmas Term of 1815, graduating M.A. in 1818. He was appointed Censor—that is, Tutor—of his House, and Public Examiner in Classics in 1825, having for his colleagues the late Dr. Cardwell, the present Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, Dr. Ogilvie, and Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London. This scholastic honour was repeated in Michaelmas Term of the same year, and again in Easter Term, 1826.

In 1828 Dr. Longley had joined to his tutorial duties the clerical duties of the pretty little rural village of Cowley, a village of a very small population, and without either a resident squire or a local gentry, but remarkable for the beauty and repose of its situation, it being embosomed in woods in the midst of fertile meadows. It is also a curious fact that this little village obtained in succession as its pastors three men who have subsequently become bishops of the Church of England. In 1827 Dr. Longley abandoned his academic career, and committed himself more thoroughly to the ministry by accepting the rectory of West Tytherley, in Hampshire, where he performed the duties of his office with exemplary zeal, winning the esteem and affection of those over whom he was spiritually placed by his earnest attention for their welfare, and his general courtesy and kindness of manner. This parish he retained only two years, being towards the end of 1829 appointed to the high and responsible post of Head Master of Harrow School.

The history of this celebrated nursery of knowledge deserves a slight mention here. The free school of Harrow owes its origin to that strong educational movement which stirred up the people of England during the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth,—excited, doubtless, by gratitude for the great blessings of the Reformation, and fear lest ignorance should lead the nation to relapse into the ancient superstitions which were still fresh in the minds of all. It was founded in 1590 by the piety of John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of the hamlet of Preston in that parish, who, in the year 1571, procured letters-patent and a royal charter recognizing the foundation which he proposed, and empowering him to draw up certain statutes for the

regulation of the establishment. Nineteen years after the issue of this charter John Lyon promulgated his "Orders, Statutes, and Rules for the Government of the School," a very curious document indeed. The sum of £300 was to be expended on the building of a school, with houses for the master and usher, who were to be elected by the governors, the former "to be on no account below the degree of Master of Arts," nor the latter "under that of Bachelor of Arts." The stipends were at the same time fixed at £26 13s. 4d. for the master, with the addition of £3 6s. 8d. for his fuel! For the usher £13 6s. 8d., with a provision for fuel similar to that of his superior. The rules ordered to be observed in the government of the school are drawn up with the most singular precision; the number of forms, with the books to be used in each, are specified; the hours of attending school, and the vacations and holidays appointed; and the amusements directed to be confined to "driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, and running and shooting." The latter appears to have been considered an essential part of education, as all parents were required to furnish their sons with "bowstrings, shafts, and braces, to exercise shooting." It is also directed that the number of scholars should be educated freely; but at the same time the master is allowed to receive, over and above children of the inhabitants of the parish, "so many foreigners as the whole number may be well taught and applied, and the place can conveniently contain, by the judgment and discretion of the governors,"—a proof that, even in the infancy of his foundation, John Lyon was not without hopes that others would eventually be attracted from a distance to share the advantages of his liberality, besides those benefited by a gratuitous education. Other provisions were made to the effect that "*no girls* shall be received to be taught in the same school," and that "the masters must in all cases be unmarried men." To the foregoing statutes five articles were added, which the master is required to recite to all persons bringing their sons:—"1. You shall submit your child in all things to be ordered according to the discretion of schoolmaster and usher. 2. You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things at any time requisite for the maintenance of his study. 3. You shall allow your child, at all times, bow-shafts, bowstrings, and a brace. 4. You shall see diligently, from time to time, that your child shall keep duly the ordinary hours in coming to school, and in diligently keeping and continuing his study. 5. You shall be content to receive your child and put him to some profitable occupation if, after one year's experience, he shall be found unapt to the learning of grammar. If your child shall use, at sundry times, to be absent from school, unless by reason of sickness, he shall be utterly banished from the school." The school, for a considerable time after its foundation, appears not to have attracted

much notice, as, until the middle of the seventeenth century, few but parochial scholars entered its walls. About the year 1660, however, the Rev. W. Howe, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, was elected Head Master, and from this period the importance of the school kept steadily increasing, as is apparent from the fact that the office of Head Master became more and more an object of request amongst scholars, and it has ever since been held by men of distinguished ability and talents. Under the auspices of Dr. Drury, amongst whose pupils are to be found the illustrious names of Lord Byron and the late Sir Robert Peel, the school reached an eminence it had never before known, the number of scholars at one time exceeding 350. Under Dr. Butler, his successor, the highest number was 295. To Dr. Butler succeeded Dr. Longley in 1829, who found on his entrance 115 boys in the school, and on his resignation, seven years after, left 165, having during that time directed the studies and moral training of 473 youths. Amongst his distinguished pupils may be mentioned Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, F.R.S., professor at Oxford, the lamented Archdeacon Henry Drury, the present Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Beresford Hope, W. H. Gregory, M.P., Lord Gifford, Lord Cantilupe, the Hon. Messrs. Grimston and Egerton, and J. B. Blackett, M.P.

Throughout his active and arduous career at Harrow, Dr. Longley was distinguished not more for the ability and firmness of his rule than for his modest bearing, his unaffected manner, his kindness and gentleness, his true piety and open-handed generosity.

He remained there till 1836, when he was called away to a higher sphere of usefulness, having been appointed to the newly created bishopric of Ripon. A farewell sermon which he preached on 1st Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 1st verse, exhibited not only his character, but the outlines of the faith that was in him. In it he reviewed the great truths of the gospel, the scheme of salvation, the atonement, justification by faith, sanctification, the power of baptism, and the nature of the Holy Sacrament. We refer to this sermon because it was published at the earnest request of the scholars, whom it deeply affected. Another proof how tenderly the name of Dr. Longley was cherished at Harrow is the fact, that at the speeches of that year affectionate allusion was made to his leaving, and Mr. F. R. Mills, who delivered the Latin oration, warmly eulogized the bishop for his ability, liberality, prudence, and amenity. "They loved him," said the speaker, "present; they deplored him absent." Nevertheless, he congratulated his lordship on the gratifying honour that had been conferred upon him.

Whilst at Harrow Dr. Longley violated one of the strictest rules of the founder—it is true he had numerous precedents to justify the amiable offence—by marrying the eldest daughter of the first Lord Congleton.

The selection of Dr. Longley for the new see of Ripon was, in every respect, a judicious one; though the acceptance of the office by him was not without its embarrassments and annoyances. A large class of the people had expressed a very strong feeling against Lord Melbourne's bill for creating new bishoprics, and in the House of Commons the Radicals voted against it to a man. It was therefore no very enviable position that of first bishop, since the occupant of the episcopal throne might feel sure the public would note and criticize his conduct with more than ordinary severity. Truly might Dr. Longley subscribe to the declaration, *Nolo episcopari*. However, having accepted the high and venerable office, he discharged its duties with exemplary zeal. For twenty years he assiduously laboured in his young diocese with the ever-present consciousness of one who felt that there were souls to be saved in that densely crowded vineyard. Cheerfully he bore the heat and burthen of that long day of toil and responsibility, and great was his reward. Immediately upon his consecration he set to work to establish a Diocesan Church Extension Fund, by means of which several hundreds of churches were erected in the large and populous towns of the north. No better instance, however, can be given of his genuine benevolence and active charity—charity in the true sense of the word—than his conduct during the great calamity at Holmfirth, which occurred on the night of the 5th February, 1852. From the succession of rainy weather, which had continued, with slight intervals, for five or six days, all the watercourses, streamlets, and rivers of Yorkshire had been filled with water, and many of them overflowed their banks, doing considerable injury. A large reservoir, especially, situated on a high moorland, above the valley of the Holme, became overcharged, and burst about one o'clock in the morning of the 5th of February, the flood carrying destruction and death in its course. The roar of the water in its fatal career down the sides of the hills and through the valley was terrific. In its mad rage the torrent inundated mills and cottages, overwhelming by one fell swoop, not only the buildings, but the inhabitants, nearly all of whom were asleep in their beds, in one fearful doom. Not less than sixty persons were drowned on that awful night. With characteristic promptitude the good bishop hastened, like a true Christian shepherd, to the scene of the catastrophe, and personally exerted himself to alleviate the sudden and dreadful distress of the sufferers. He went from house to house offering the consolations of religion to the afflicted and bereaved; he preached in various pulpits, to excite the sympathies and liberality of the public, and from his own resources largely contributed to their relief, supplying both money and clothing. In a word, he acted the rôle of a true Samaritan, and much of the mitigation of that calamity is due to the watchful interest he took

in stemming the torrent of misery. His indefatigable zeal and kindly concern in the minutest as well as the most important matters of his diocese naturally won him the love and esteem of all classes, those even who opposed the idea of episcopal extension; and on his removal to a wider sphere of usefulness and activity, addresses were presented to him, not only by the clergy of the Archdeaconries of Craven and Richmond, but by the Corporation of Ripon, and from the congregation of Holmfirth. In reply, the bishop, deeply moved, thanked God that, in going in and out among them, he had secured their favourable regard as the result of his constant endeavour to identify himself with them for their good. He considered it, he said, a plain duty to appear among them in their houses of affliction, as he had pledged himself at consecration to "uphold the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken;" and so, with an assurance of his prayers and of his fatherly regard, he bade them farewell.

It is not, however, in deeds of active goodness and charity only that a bishop has to prove his Christian zeal and sincerity. He has to reprove the lukewarm, and to uphold the religion of Christ as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. At his last visitation at Leeds Dr. Longley could not help observing that Churchmen had not done so much as Dissenters in the way of church building, and energetically denounced the glaring desecration of the sabbath. In 1850 the judgment of the Privy Council was pronounced in the Gorham case. This case had excited a vast amount of interest, and, unfortunately, given rise to much bitter and acrimonious discussion in the Church. Now this was especially the time for a bishop to exercise his influence, and maintain peace in his diocese. Addresses, embracing the theological views of the subscribers, and calling for a bold expression of opinion, were presented to him from Leeds, Wakefield, Ripon, the Deanery of North Craven, and the Archdeaconry of Richmond. To these he gave a clear and unequivocal reply. He objected, he said, to Mr. Gorham and the Court of Privy Council which acquitted him, and delivered an elaborate argument in favour of baptismal regeneration; he, however, advised, above all things, quietness and peace. He was always firm, but never unkind, and in his dealings with the High Church clergy of St. Saviour's, Leeds, who, with Dr. Hook at their head, openly defied him, was patient and forbearing. His aim was not to stir up strife, but to pour oil on the troubled waters.

In 1856, Dr. Maltby, the venerable Bishop of Durham, the last of a long line of prelatie princes, resigned his see, owing to the increasing infirmities of age, which incapacitated him from performing the duties of his office. This was a novel step,—the only other instance of resignation being that of Nicholas de Farnham, who ruled the diocese from 1240 to 1249. With universal approval, Dr. Longley was translated to Durham. At his primary visitation in

1857 he made graceful allusion to the liberal and high-minded princes and prelates who had wielded the temporal and spiritual crosier of this northern See before him, and spoke in eloquent terms of his immediate predecessor. He declared that he was resolved to counsel and advise clergy and laity alike in the spirit and with the affection of a father; that he would support the brethren, encourage the timid, arbitrate fairly and affectionately in all differences that might be referred to him, and constantly so preach the gospel as to let the poor see that, besides their own minister, the chief pastor of the diocese cared for them and their children. Such, he declared, was the picture of a model Christian bishop; such he would endeavour to be.

For four years he laboured diligently and faithfully in this northern vineyard, when he was translated to York, and became Primate of England and Metropolitan, the highest post in the Church save one. To this post—the Archbishopric of Canterbury—he was elevated two years later, on the death of Dr. Sumner. Several names were put forward at the time as the probable successor of Dr. Sumner, and amongst them that of the Bishop of London; but the choice of the Crown fell on one who had long been tried, and whose qualifications for the supreme office were universally acknowledged. Indeed, no man could have been more judiciously selected by Lord Palmerston. To fill this high—in fact, this highest of holy functions, a man of even temper, practised moderation, large experience, and extensive knowledge is required. A proud and vain, a meddling and ambitious, a world-seeking and selfish, an irritable and domineering spirit, might work consummate mischief to the Church, by sowing divisions within her pale, and bringing the clergy and sacred things into contempt. From the days of Laud it has been, as a rule, thought expedient to search out for the archiepiscopal throne men remarkable for sound doctrine, deep piety, and eminent learning, rather than men of brilliant abilities and dazzling attainments; above all, it has been found desirable to nominate men who have not thrust themselves forward in the world of politics, and been conspicuous by their partisanship in the theological discussions of the day. St. Paul particularly enjoins that a bishop should be blameless,—that is, that his life should have been, and should be, so pure and virtuous, that the finger of detraction could not point to a blot or stain on his escutcheon—so pure and virtuous that the breath of suspicion could not tarnish it.

The prize—for a prize it is, and worthy the honest and humble ambition of any true minister of Christ who faithfully believes that by adding to the area of his duties he can extend his opportunities of doing good—is a prize of no small value. Whether we regard it historically, or as placing its occupant in a high social position, or giving immense influence and patronage, and therefore power for

weal or woe, for good or evil, it is equally a great prize. The archiepiscopal see of Canterbury is the oldest in England, and was founded so far back as the time of St. Augustine, who converted Ethelbert, King of Kent, to Christianity, if not by that monk himself. Many of the archbishops have been men of eminence, and conspicuous, if not always for their piety, at least for their ability and learning. Examining the rolls of this venerable diocese we find, before the Reformation, the names of Lanfranc, Bishop of Caen; Anselm, Bishop of Bec, Cardinal Stafford, Kemp, Bouchier, and Morton; and since the Reformation, Cranmer, Bancroft, Laud, Juxton, Tillotson, and Tenison. Moreover, the See has furnished eighteen saints to the Church of Rome, nine cardinals, twelve Chancellors, four Lord Treasurers, and one Lord Chief Justice. The diocese itself consists of the county of Kent, with the exception of the city and deanery of Rochester and some London parishes. It possessed at one time some peculiar prerogatives. For example, it was an old privilege that wherever the archbishops had manors or advowsons, they should be exempt from the jurisdiction of the ordinary. This was in existence so recently as 1846, when it was abolished by Act of Parliament. The archbishop alone styles himself called *Divinâ Providentiâ*, the rest of the bishops adopting simply the phrase *Divinâ Permissione*. Wherever the Court may be, the King and Queen are his parishioners. The Bishop of London is his dean, the Bishop of Winchester his sub-dean, the Bishop of Lincoln his chancellor, and the Bishop of Rochester his chaplain. He ranks next to the princes of the blood royal, and before the Lord Chancellor. He is the patron of a hundred and eighty-three livings, not a few of them very valuable, many of them ranging from £500 to £900 a year; some from £1,000 and upwards, such as Aldington and Wrotham, each worth a thousand a year; Lydd, £1,200; Cliffe-at-Hoo, £1,300. He has also in his gift the archdeaconries of Maidstone and Canterbury, with a prebendal stall to each; and he enjoys the appointment of the six preacherships in the cathedral.

Since the elevation of Dr. Longley to the archbishopric, the chief theological discussions which have agitated the Church have turned upon inspiration and the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The judgment of the Privy Council in the case of the "Essays and Reviews" had profoundly disquieted and distressed a very large portion of the nation, upon whom the new doctrines—not new, by the way, but only newly imported into the bosom of the Anglican Church—came with a very painful surprise. It was then naturally asked what were the views and opinions of the Primate; and to this inquiry he replied, March 14th, 1864, by a pastoral which was in every respect reassuring. He declared that he differed from the judgment of the Privy Council, though it would be unbecoming in

him to criticize the terms of the judgment. His opinions, he said, had been formed long before. He was not, he considered, called upon to define inspiration, which the Church had not defined; but he was bound to maintain, at its exact level, the estimation in which the Church held the sacred volume of the Scriptures. He showed, from the 6th and 20th Articles, that the Church authoritatively declares the "canonical Scriptures" to be the "word of God," and "God's word;" and he thought the statements of Dr. Williams to be wholly incompatible with that declaration. In Mr. Wilson's doctrine he saw a logical contradiction, but did not condemn him on the subject of eternal punishment, as the views of that gentleman seemed to him obscure. His Grace, finally, earnestly advised all young clergymen to keep steadfast to the ordinary interpretation of the Scriptures.

The parliamentary career of Dr. Longley has been both active and useful, though he has rarely spoken except on Church topics. When he was Bishop of Ripon, 31st May, 1844, he addressed the Peers on the Factory Bill, and warmly advocated the claims of the thousands committed to his spiritual care. He expressed his deep satisfaction at the object of that humane measure,—at the limitation of the hours of labour, and wished that the bill went even further. On a subsequent occasion, when an attempt was made to modify this same bill, he again spoke on the subject. The Act of 1844 had reduced the hours of labour from twelve to ten for females and youths under the age of eighteen; but one clause provided that the hours of labour of young persons should be reckoned from the time when any child first began to work in the morning. This led to a vicious system of relays and shifts. Persons might, by suspending work for an hour or two, be hanging about a factory for fifteen hours, though not actually employed more than the legal ten. The bill of 1850 limited the time to twelve hours, including an hour and a half for meals, that is, from six o'clock in the morning to six at night. The Duke of Richmond moved as an amendment from six to half-past five, and the Bishop of Ripon begged him to persevere in the course which Lord Ashley (now Lord Shaftesbury) had often urged him on to pursue, that was, to obtain a real ten hours' bill for the working classes. The bishop alluded to the forebodings which had been uttered by the opponents of the bill in 1844, and showed that their ominous predictions had been entirely falsified, that the bill had far exceeded in good the most sanguine expectations of its advocates. One hundred night schools, he affirmed, had been established in Leeds alone, and allotments had increased; he declared, moreover, that he did not believe the operatives would agree to any compromise. Public meetings had been held on the subject, at which a pure and *bonâ fide* ten hours' bill had been insisted upon. Dr. Longley and the Bishop of Oxford voted for the amendment, which was lost by a majority of thirteen.

In 1854 the Oxford University Bill was brought before the House of Lords, when Dr. Longley (still Bishop of Ripon) thought it his duty to oppose it. He saw with sorrow and regret, he said, the introduction of clauses sanctioning the admission of Dissenters; not because he had the slightest objection to their admission, but because he foresaw that it would discourage the supporters of that necessary measure. On the second reading of the Divorce Bill, in 1857, he voted against it, on the ground that the law of the Church was in harmony with the Common Law of England in proclaiming marriage a sacred and indissoluble bond. As one of the Commissioners under the Oxford University Act, he defended the bill which gave effect to their recommendations, against the attacks of Lord Derby, who objected to fellowships and scholarships being conferred irrespective of pecuniary circumstances, and insisted that the old words, "*indigentes scholares*," were practically obsolete in these days. When the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill was discussed, in 1858, he gave it his opposition, as he objected to the transference of so much patronage from the see of Durham to those of Ripon and Manchester; but two years later he supported, as Archbishop of York, the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill of that year, the object of which was to enable the Commission to make addition and provision for the cure of souls, and give due consideration to the wants of any place where they had lands, and from which they derived a revenue. This measure he defended against its opponents. In May, 1862—he was now Archbishop of Canterbury,—he moved the Ecclesiastical Dilapidations Bill, which was referred to a select committee, and in the year following proposed the rejection of Lord Ebury's Act of Uniformity Bill. This bill is still a *veraxata questio*, and therefore the views of his lordship may be read with interest, as they must carry no slight weight. He acknowledged that the great variety of oaths and declarations now in use might be simplified; but he denied that Lord Ebury's measure would afford any real relief to the clergy; for what did the present oath mean? That he meant to use the Liturgy as it stood; and in the proposed declaration the clergyman promised to conform to the Liturgy,—that is, not only to read it, but to believe that it contained divine truth. With regard to the assertion that young men objected to take holy orders because of the oaths, this difficulty arose rather from the system of competitive examinations. His Grace, on concluding, moved an amendment, which was carried—the Bishops of London, Llandaff, and St. David's against him—by ninety against fifty. In June, 1863, on Lord Ebury's motion for a commission on the Burial Service, his Grace said that if he knew a person die in the commission of a notorious sin, and in the avowal of unbelief, nothing would induce him to read the service over him, and he would risk all penalties rather than do so. This state of things he

considered called for revision ; he, however, opposed the motion of Lord Ebury on the ground that he and his right reverend brethren were themselves prepared to take the matter in hand. A month later, when Lord Ebury inquired what progress had been made, the archbishop replied that the subject had been discussed, but that the discussion had been postponed.

Few words, we think, need now be used in summing up the character of Dr. Longley ; that character has been revealed to us at every stage of his onward career, from our first acquaintance with him as a public servant at Harrow to the hour when we see him crowned with the archiepiscopal mitre of Canterbury. Throughout his life he has maintained an honourable consistency ; an accomplished scholar, liberal in his views, gentle and courteous in his manners, he has been distinguished for a firm and steadfast adhesion to those truths and principles which, as a true Christian, it is his high privilege to enforce and propagate by precept and example. He has studiously avoided that vanity of vanities, popularity, and has humbly discharged his duties in every varying stage of his long life,—duties sometimes arduous and difficult, painful and embarrassing,—looking only to the recompense of an approving conscience. Above all, he has never been a self-seeker ; he has laboured for others more than for himself ; and so jealous has he ever been of using the public offices for the profit of his family, that he frankly informed his sons, when entering the university, that if their feelings inclined them to take holy orders, they must not look to him for place and preferment ; it was his determination that the taint of nepotism should never attach to his escutcheon. The same rule he laid down for a young clergyman who proposed for one of his daughters. Indeed, so far did he keep his word, that for many years his son-in-law had but a poor curacy, and only at last by a mere accident did he obtain a living, and that not in the diocese of his wife's father, though it was curiously enough found to be in his gift, and, when conferred, on the point of lapsing. Dr. Longley, we observe in conclusion, has ever sympathized with Literature and the Arts, to which he has proved himself a staunch and enlightened friend. He preached the last anniversary sermon at the Charterhouse, and on the occasion alluded touchingly to Thackeray and Leech, speaking of them as men whose works had not only highly delighted, but largely benefited mankind.

CHIEFLY OF SENSATION NOVELS.

"HIGH art is dead." I had repeated the assertion very often, as you and I and the parrot repeat many silly sayings without the least mental exertion. And lo! I recognized, startled and rebuked, the pure lineaments of high art in those two grand statues which were put in the corner at the Cromwell Road Exhibition. Anon, beautiful, noble, touching, "Romola" arose, who, gravely smiling, dumb-founded me.

High art cannot die, but often sleeps,—to awake at intervals like a giant refreshed, and be manifest among us, as in George Eliot's "Romola,"—in Story's "Cleopatra" and "The Sibyl,"—in a morsel of paper from the Isle of Wight.

Meanwhile there is an imitative kind of art which apes even the highest, and is a clever and a petted ape.

But Greek goddesses, moulded by hands that never worshipped them, are apt to be prettified into something no diviner than the nymphs on a French clock. Unadorable angels and saints smile very blankly from free-thinkers' canvases and Protestant church windows. Gothic sanctuaries grow up monotonous and prosaic as railway stations, under the loveless strokes of labourers, to whom a church or a gin palace are alike but the stones of which their bread is made.

Nevertheless, high art in painting, sculpture, and even architecture, will find a way to manifest itself, although it can never again be the way of pagan or of Popish ages.

Laborious art in English literature is simply not in fashion. Even concerning religion, politics, or history, nothing drier than well-turned, sophistical, party-spirited writing is demanded, or often supplied.

But this iron England, this hard England of the nineteenth century and the *Times* newspaper, blossoms with poetry as Devonshire with apple-bloom in May. And Time, for all his hurried business pace, never cared so much for the flowers by his path, and snatches them as he runs, to crown and cool his forehead.

Light literature in this country was never so light, so brilliant, or so rankly luxuriant. Here and there among the tropic exuberance, topping the jungle of intellectual undergrowth, there rears itself a rare and blossomed aloe of poetry or fiction.

What used in the first half of the century to be called the fashionable novel is happily extinct. Its vitality was feebler than that of a painted fly; it existed but as the scent you pour on your handkerchief, "the perfume and suppliance of a minute, no more."

All that description of lord and lady life, and ultra-fine society, was dished up so often that it grew stale as the remainder biscuit after a sea voyage. I think now it was hardly worth the trouble of mastication when it was fresh. We middle-aged folk, however, cut our fiction-teeth on it. The long-winded redundancy and theatrical swagger of those compositions never exhausted our youthful patience.

Perhaps the very foremost author of fashionable romances misapprehended his vocation when he took to writing them; at least, he appears to me a very indifferent artist, but a very tolerable philosopher. Few men can reason more speciously, not to say subtly. No doubt he thoroughly understands valets, perfumes, furniture, and cookery; describes parks and mansions with more veracity than most novelists; represents drawing-room manners and conversation with the fidelity and irony of one familiar with the best of them, and who knows what they are worth.

But the greater part of his scenes and characters are mere melodramatic inflations. The exaggeration of his style is worse than weakness; and it reveals the secret of fashionable romance-making, which is almost as shallow a mystery as the secret of sermon-making.

In this author's novels (and of course in those of the school of false art he founded) you will always encounter a melodramatic shape of pride; a personage preternaturally handsome, tall, and pale; of a most ancient house the last scion. After such sorrows as the death or infidelity of a bride or mistress, after struggling with direst poverty, and almost every other ill that flesh is heir to, he suddenly drops into a huge inheritance, inexhaustible wealth. He then proceeds, dressed in black, to stalk about his demesne; or else he sits alone in some strange room of his castle, with his eyes fixed on a picture. Occasionally he seizes a pen, and writes.

He always carries the very longest of faces, in which you might think the mouth an entirely useless feature, as he never either eats or speaks, only that you are told of his curling lip, the sweetness of his rare smile, and of his white teeth. Also of his earnest, melancholy eye, and his scowl.

This hero is, as a rule, accompanied by a pendant, as strongly drawn a contrast as possible; a wretch who is ready to swindle or murder to any extent. With these lawless transactions the grand phantom must be in some measure implicated. If his contrast-demon, whose presence from time to time he must endure on some mysterious business, slip in an unlucky word or allusion, you are given to under-

stand that he is seized by the throat and flung several yards with great violence.

I must not forget to mention that this sublime person usually decides the fate of ministers when he condescends to come down to the House—making speeches which set the whole civilized globe in a flutter,—but always refuses office.

It is also hinted that he writes novels with which the world rings.

It is impossible to deny the great talents of the author in question, and it might be wished that the millstones of heavy chapters in his books could be disengaged from the portions that would float.

For his own fame's sake, and for the benefit and delectation of future readers, it might be well that he should redigest the fashionable romances he has written into an entirely new form. Those books abound with acute remarks about manners and morals, and might be cut down with much advantage into essays.

The well-abused "sensation" novel has apparently taken the place of the extinct "fashionable" romance in our literature. For my own part, I am not disposed to join in the critic's outcry which condemns without reservations that reigning favourite of the million.

Coleridge, I think, called turnips the first cause of boiled mutton. Critics appear to me the first cause of sensation novels.

Awhile ago critics were for ever complaining of the lack of plot and incident in English fictions, and prescribing for the authors a course of French romances, with a careful study of their vastly superior organization. It is true that they at the same time deprecated any adoption of French naughtiness into English novel-webs.

Docilely minding their critics, as English authors are but too apt to do, the "sensation novel" was cultivated, and now blossoms exuberantly, in orange, magenta, and blue, on all the table-lands of the reading world. I myself thankfully depone that a good sensation novel amuses me very much, and that I was profoundly interested in the adventures of "Aurora Floyd" and the "Woman in White."

Nevertheless, the critics gave very dangerous advice when they sent our novel-writers to fill their pitchers at the sparkling but poisoned fount of French fiction.

In a multitude of counsellors, we are assured, there is wisdom; which leads me to conclude that, numerous as counselling critics are, it would take more of them to evolve ever so little sound advice.

The French romance proper, or improper, is a dainty dish compounded of extravagant situations and sentimental immorality: an English burlesque is hardly more preposterous than a tragical French romance. Perhaps all tragedy is apt to fall into the same tones.

Extremes must inevitably be monotonous, and the top of the gamut is always a squeak; the French romance-writer is for ever running up to the squeak-note of his scale.

All the phrases which express intense passion and suffering appear to have been used up, and it seems extremely difficult to impart any novelty to a catastrophe.

Now French romance-readers insist on perpetual novelty in situations; and, to say the least, by no means object to immorality, if it be but horrible and unprecedented enough.

They resemble the immensely rich French nobleman in one of their fictions, who kept an English baronet, with a salary of £500 a year, to invent new sensations for him.

The opening chapter of this remarkable novel introduces us to Monsieur le Duc before he gets up in the morning, and to the English baronet—Sir Tom, I believe,—who attends with his thick entry-book under his arm.

Monsieur le Duc is out of humour, expresses dissatisfaction with Sir Tom's latest inventions, which he pronounces stupid and devoid of originality, and peremptorily demands a new sensation.

Sir Tom, grave and impassible, reflects for three minutes, and then suggests "hanging."

"Bah!" cries Monsieur le Duc, impatient and disdainful, "you have hanged me twice already;" which, on consulting his entry-book, Sir Tom discovers to be a perfectly correct statement, reading aloud, "January 29th, hanged Monsieur le Duc;" "April 19th, hanged Monsieur le Duc."

Sir Tom apologizes for his want of memory, and promises an entirely new sensation.

I think Monsieur le Duc is chloroformed; I know he awakes in a balloon several miles up in the air, and *tête-à-tête* with his bitterest enemy, whose tiger eyes, fixed on him with inconceivable ferocity, are the first objects of which he becomes conscious.

Monsieur le Duc and his bitterest enemy try in vain to throw each other out of the balloon, and, strange to say, do not even upset it. The tiger-eyed, with an indescribable yell, then throws out all the beasts, so that they shoot straight up to the moon, where they probably are now, since from thence alone could the narrative of this astounding transaction have tumbled on our heads.

There is also the French romance of the sentimental school, but equally extravagant. Take this as a specimen:—

A young gentleman and a young lady meet in a *pension* on the borders of a lake, and fall in love dreadfully. Sad to say, the lady is encumbered with a husband, a worthy, uninteresting man, then attending to his business in Paris. This insignificant individual is raised to the dignity of an obstacle by the circumstance that has

occurred at the *pension*. The young people, after a terrible struggle between love and virtue, agree to simplify their affairs by committing suicide together; which, however, being the very stalest incident in French romance or reality, it becomes necessary to give a new turn to the conduct of the situation.

This, then, is the ingenious manner of it.

The two virtuous young people bore a hole in the bottom of a boat, put a cork into the hole, and row themselves out into the middle of the lake. Then, pale, calm, resolute, "Let us embrace," they say, and—pull out the cork.

Last situation of first volume :—

Lake at sunset. Pale and calm, young people locked in tender hug. Boat half full of water, slowly sinking.

First situation of second volume :—

Charming Parisian drawing-room interior. Charming, *pétillant* fire. Two charming young people (*the* young people), sitting close together on a sofa, quite dry, and smiling. Opposite, reclining in easy chair, very easy old gentleman of benign aspect; eyes, beaming and watering with benevolence, rest on tender pair.

"Be happy, my children," he entreats; "don't mind *me* the least in the world. Ah, what a fatal mistake you nearly made! What! because I happen to be the husband of this poor angel must I cease to be human, to be capable of sympathizing with your affecting loves?"

Tears, embraces all round, and—I forget how it goes on or ends, but I feel sure it is better neither imagined nor described.

We must thankfully acknowledge that there is nothing like this in the whole range of our sensation fiction—yet. Its moral system is, nevertheless, very unhealthy. There is something amiss with its backbone; it is dreadfully subject to murder and arson, and seems to be afflicted with a chronic bigamy.

But there are few even slight cases of that virulent sensuality which disfigures the pages of French novels.

Symptoms there are of late of a dangerous proclivity to it, however. Are English novelists feeling their way to the sentimental indecency of their neighbours when, ceasing to paint honest and innocent loves, they only try to interest us in misplaced and utterly undisciplined passions?

Why is Constance perpetually to pine for Georgina's husband, who for his part is consumed by remorseful regrets for Kate, whom he jilted by mistake, and who, in a moment of ill-humour, became Another's?

I declare that I have recently read a novel in which the whole of the *dramatis personæ* might have been in the tearful eye of the immortal Moddle when he declared that everybody was somebody else's!

There is certainly at present an exaggerating tendency in our works of art, whether of pen or pencil. Somebody says there is a sort of spirit abroad which makes men represent grass red, and skies green ; and even our noblest story-tellers are not wholly proof against this influence.

But it is for these to make head against the flood of corrupt taste, not to be carried with it helplessly, like swimmers of feeble arm and infirm purpose.

As to the vexed question of religious fiction, I think our novel-writers need not give us anomalous religious tracts in order to vindicate their work, and to do it honestly, usefully, Godwardly.

When the Master Himself taught us the truth which is life, He chose to speak by parables, in very simple, tender stories.

Only let us keep our story-telling pure, for Christ's sake.

MARY BROTHERTON.

A D R E A M.

THIS is how the dream came to me :—

I was staying in the country with an old friend of mine, who was very rich, and used the “ten talents” entrusted to him in the way his Master intended he should. He and I had been talking over some plans which had lately come into his mind with respect to new cottages and an adult school for his labourers, and in my secret soul I envied him ;—envied him, as I thought at first, only for the good he could do ; but when he left me, and I remained walking up and down on the soft turf, shaded from a hot July sun by some magnificent lime trees, and dreamily conscious of the luxurious feeling that a summer atmosphere laden with scents and sounds always seems to bring to me, then by degrees the truth became apparent, and I sat down on a garden chair to think the subject out, startled to find how much I had come to connect the idea of happiness with wealth, and how my faith seemed to be failing me at the contrast my own narrow circumstances presented to the ample, almost grand ones of my friend. How long I sat thinking I know not, but my soul was just sinking into a sea of discontent and repining, from which, as it then appeared to me, *gold* was the only escape, when I suddenly became aware of a change in the garden that surrounded me. I gazed at it again, and saw that the main features of the landscape were unaltered ; trees, turf, flowers remained in their old positions, but the trees had burst forth with fruits such as I never before or since beheld, fruits of every shape and colour, but all exquisitely beautiful to see ; and resting against every tree was a ladder. I tried to rise, in order to go closer, and examine this wonder, but found I could not move from my seat ; and at the same moment there seemed a distant hum of voices in my ears, and looking round to discover from whence it came, I saw thronging in from all sides of the garden a multitude of people, all eagerly intent on the fruit that had so attracted me : this was clear from the fact that they never took their eyes from the trees, they pressed and struggled to get near those which boasted the largest and finest fruits, they strove to climb on each other’s shoulders to reach what they could not get at otherwise ; there was more than one savage fight to wrest a prize from the hands of some fortunate possessor, and several times I saw persons borne down by the violence of the crowd, and their trampled bodies used as aids to others in mounting nearer to the coveted objects. There

was such an immense mass of people, that for some time my eye was too bewildered to notice any details, but as I grew more accustomed to the scene I observed many things that were singular, one of which was, that here and there among the crowd were scattered little groups, or, more generally, single individuals, who seemed to be exceptions to the almost universal rule, as they were walking quietly about, undisturbed apparently by the turmoil around, and in their faces was an expression of contentment, which I vainly looked for in the countenances of the fruit-seekers. These people, too, although they looked towards the trees sometimes, did not seem as if their heart and soul was bound up in getting what grew upon them; on the contrary, I saw several others whose business appeared to be simply in warning others earnestly, and striving to pull them back from the deadly struggle in which numbers were engaged, and often speaking comfort to some out of the many who, having just come exhausted from a fierce contest, were standing, pale and faint, hoping to recover strength for a fresh struggle, or, in utter hopelessness, had laid down to die, the pictures of despair. I noticed, too, that these comforters, as I named them, were not in the least incapable of feeling the attractions which enslaved the majority; for instance, I observed one man holding a splendid fruit in his hand, when for some reason (unknown to me) he laid it on the ground, and there left it; it was soon done, but cost him terrible pain in the doing it, for I saw a spasm cross his face as he bent down, and when he raised himself again there were tears in his eyes, and his lips moved as if in prayer. I saw a young girl, too, with a beautiful, but fragile-looking fruit, which she clasped tightly to her, and even as I looked the fruit seemed to crumble away till her arms held nothing, and she, gazing round for a moment with a dead-white face, suddenly covered it with her hands, and I felt her grief was deeper than I could bear to see; so I turned my attention once more to the still pushing, struggling masses of people, and tried, by closely watching one group, to gain a better insight into what was going on before me. The group consisted of three people—two young men, and a girl whom I judged to be their sister, and who seemed as eager as her brothers in the pursuit of the (as they appeared to me) ill-omened treasures. One of the young men, when I first observed him, had his arms full of some very light ethereal-looking fruit,—so light, indeed, that it reminded me of soap-bubbles; and as I looked he took one after another, just tasted it, and immediately threw it away, until he had none left. I thought then that having been so disappointed as he evidently was, he would never think of trying any more, but to my surprise I saw him make an onset at a tree he had not hitherto climbed, watched him return with a fresh supply of *soap-bubbles*, and saw exactly the same tasting and throwing away process enacted over again. His brother was of a different

stamp; his attention never wandered for a moment from a gold-coloured fruit that grew high up out of reach, and I saw him toil and toil until at last he got it. Then how his eyes lit up and sparkled! but there was something almost mean and grovelling in the expression of his face all the time, and I looked away from him to his sister. She, to my amazement, was gazing up at the top of one of the tallest trees, where, following the direction of her eyes, I saw a fruit which looked perfectly luminous, and was certainly *very* attractive; but how was she ever to get it from that height? She attempted it, however, began to climb, got up a little way, and was thrown back; tried again with the same result, and still tried again; and when I last saw her she had climbed about midway to the summit of her ambition, and had in her hand a smaller, less brilliant fruit than that for which she had so struggled; while on her face there was an expression of weariness and pain which was sad to see. I had observed that, when she first began to climb, a fruit of quite a different colour from that she was seeking had fallen at her feet, but she had contemptuously tossed it away; and now her eyes looked wistfully at the vacant spot where that gift had lain, and she sighed heavily, and seemed to be comparing the memory of that with the shining little fruit she now possessed.

Altogether, there was more grief than joy wherever I looked, and, somewhat sick at heart, I closed my eyes to shut out the scene, when I heard a gentle voice say, "This is a picture of life; understand it and be wise." I opened my eyes therefore, half expecting to see an angel by my side; but there was no one, only I fancied a sound like wings in the air. Then looking again all around, I perceived that the fruits had different names written on them, such as "Pleasure," "Fame," "Wealth," and others; and I also found I could distinguish what any individual person was saying if I gave my whole attention to it; so instantly searching about with my eyes, I saw the man who had laid down a fruit, and seemed to suffer so much in parting with it. He was now talking to a friend, and said in answer to some question, "Yes, it was a hard trial; for, as you know, there are many dependent on me, and it was a very lucrative post, but I could not retain *that* and a "conscience void of offence," so there was nothing left but to give it up; and I see now, more clearly even than I did then, in what difficulties I should have been involved had I acted otherwise."

"You did well," returned his friend, "to make up your mind at once about it; delay in all such cases gives the enemy a tremendous advantage. Well," he continued, "you have found the words come true, that 'the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it,' have you not?"

"Yes, indeed I have, most fully," said the other,—“not only from the peace in my heart, which I never could really feel while I cherished

the forbidden thing, but it has been made up to me even in outward circumstances, which is not always the case : I have prospered wonderfully since then, destructive as the step appeared to my earthly prospects."

The two men parted then, and were lost in the crowd ; and I, looking after them, suddenly saw a face which I thought I knew, and soon discovered to belong to the young girl whose terrible grief I had witnessed when *her* treasure crumbled away. Her countenance was calm now, though the impress of sorrow was stamped upon it ; and she was speaking earnestly to a girl about her own age, whose eyes were fixed upon a fruit growing not very far above her head, and upon which I could trace in small characters the words *earthly love*.

"Ah," said the speaker, "you are doing just what I did once, and I feel that sorrow will come to you out of it as it did to me."

The girl turned somewhat sharply upon her : "I don't see why, because *you* have suffered, that *I* should !"

"Not because I have suffered, dear," said the other, "but because idols must be destroyed, or they will destroy their worshippers. My idol left *me* ; the love crumbled and was nearly gone before I could or would realize that such a thing was possible."

"Well, suppose now that the idol had not gone, you would be much happier surely, and quite as good, I dare say."

"Happier—yes, in a sense ; that is, of course one does not pass through an agony like that without shrinking, and for a long time I felt half stunned with the pain ; but now I see it was *essential* for me, and my soul rests on a higher Love in a way that only a short time ago was incomprehensible to me."

She turned so gently to her friend, and added, "What God sends you take gladly and thankfully, but do not wrap your heart in any earthly thing ; if you do, the covering must be taken off, and the closer it enfolds you the more will your heart be torn in the parting."

I watched this pair a few minutes more, and then was attracted by seeing the man who had succeeded in getting the gold-coloured fruit, and was so delighted with it.

He was now dreadfully altered, he looked ill and depressed, and I heard him say, as if speaking his thoughts aloud, "I have got it, the one thing I toiled and fought for, and why is it not enough for me ? I am rich, and men envy me, but I am tired of it all ! Friends gone, my health gone, and nothing left but one who wishes me gone that he may get the gold I leave !" As he said these words he came rather near me, and I looked attentively at the gold-coloured fruit he still held in his hand ; it looked as if some one had bitten it, so that I could see the inside ; and what was my astonishment to find that instead of the juicy pulp I expected, the fruit was filled with a fine dust ! Now, I thought, I understand it all. No wonder the

fruit-seekers are disappointed ! who could be satisfied with "apples of Sodom" ? I tried again to rise from my seat and go and gather one, and examine it closely, found that I could rise, and as I did so a mist seemed to pass before me, and in another moment the garden was as I had always known it, and I was alone, the lime trees waving over my head, but not for a shade, for the sun had gone down, and the voice of my friend was calling from the house to ask why I remained out so long. "I am coming," I called in reply ; and, as I proceeded to obey the summons, mentally thanked God for my dream, which had perhaps saved me from realizing the meaning of the words, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare," and helped me to feel in my heart as well as believe in my head that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

M. J. L.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

NO. II.

"And they brought young children to Him, that He might bless them."

MR. DISRAELI in one of his novels remarks upon the terrible retrospect all men must have whose youth has been unenjoyed. And to such of us as can happily recall the memories and associations of childhood and youth, the possibility of remembering them as seasons of hardship and pain, not only seems unnatural, but distant and far-fetched. The days when we were brought in as a sort of pageant to entertain our father's guests at dessert ; when in white frock and with mottled legs and arms we were deposited by nurse in that peculiar chair with an elevated rest for the sitter's feet, and a bar before his waist to prevent his sprawling over the table or falling incontinently to the ground ; when mamma stood with us as the incarnation of love and mercy, and papa was regarded as a mysterious entity before whom less noise was to be made, and whose presence somehow detracted from the obsequious consideration we held to be our right ; when, pleased with a rattle and "tickled by a straw," we valued pretty toy or a toothsome sweetmeat before either the intellectual or financial superiority of those around—form with many of us the earliest reminiscences of childhood. Mixed up with them is the prayer night and morning, literally on the mother's knee, a prayer beginning with "Our Father," and winding up with a blessing on "all relations and friends," and with the verse commencing, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," and closing with "Pity my simplicity." Ah! happy, happy time, when relations were put before friends, and when the greater was believed to include the less. Tell a child that his own kin will be often less than kind, that the acquaintance he meets by chance, or is introduced to haphazard, is far more likely to give him encouragement in time of need than the people in whose veins runs the same blood as his own, and you will rapidly sink in his esteem. Take Master Oliver, aged six, to the window, and point out to him the first stranger who passes by, and reminding him of the uncle or aunt who gave him the small globe or the Chinese puzzle, put the proposition that some person he never saw before is of the class to whom he will hereafter be indebted for sympathy and kindness, while those with whose smile he is now familiar will be

the ones most likely to magnify his failings and depreciate his deeds, and Master Oliver will first look at you incredulously, and then unconsciously book you in the tablets of memory as a person to be shunned. And rightly. Let the world's hard lessons come in their own way and at their own time, but never tamper with a child's faith. When the boy in the Greek epigram was slowly clambering down a precipice, all invitations to return were futile, until supplemented by the sight of his mother's breast ; and so, preach of pitfalls, terrors, and deceptions as you may, they will make no impression unless your statements are endorsed by the person in whom is centred faith and love and hope, and all the qualities which in later life we look not for on earth. On the other hand, the pleasures given to childhood are amply repaid by children. "No man can tell," wrote that "warbler of poetic prose," Jeremy Taylor, "but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents makes a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges. Their childishness, their stammering, their little anger, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society." And though this is meant to apply chiefly to babydom, who shall say either that the years just preceding the "teens," or the "teens" themselves, do not confer equal pleasure upon parent and child ? When the high chair has been resigned in favour of our juniors, when the mottled legs have been cased in merino or wool to their infinite discomfort, to mamma's regret, and greatly to papa's satisfaction ; when the pickings at dessert are augmented by half a glass of wine, which powerful stimulant was never swallowed until—happily the silly torture to the operator and the operated upon has been long abolished by good taste—the formula, "Your good health, Mr. Blank," had been repeated to every one round the table ; when to be a big boy and to ride a pony are goals of human bliss beyond which the imagination cannot travel ; when the value of money as a commodity bringing tarts and toffee, kites, popguns, and marbles in its train begins to be appreciated ; when dreadful relations examine you in history, sacred and secular, or set you recondite sums, telling all witnesses that your cousin, who is six months younger, is infinitely your superior in learning and intelligence ; when school is an unknown mystery, and all teachings have been tempered with tenderness and associated with love ; when the fast-budding intelligence asserts itself in probing and not always well-timed questionings and searching queries,—what is all this but happiness in another form ? The sage who mourned that old heads cannot be put upon young shoulders was but an ill-conditioned moralist and an unsound philosopher, after all. Despite the blunders, misapprehensions, and disasters into which an insufficient estimate of

our own position in relation to the world may have led us, who would wish to have been prematurely wise, or to have exchanged the careless buoyancy of youth for the thoughts and reflections of maturity?

"What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?"

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving towards the stillness of his rest."

This is not a picture for children to emulate, or for parents to covet for their own, and we may pass it by, with the conviction that no human being ever adopted it willingly, and that it is irreconcilably opposed both to the dictates of nature and the lessons of revelation. When school days come to have a meaning, when punishment is a stern possibility and duty a hard fact, when we have a place in life outside the domestic circle, when we are called Dobson or Jones, instead of the affectionate diminutive of our Christian name in use at home, when we learn to sacrifice the present for advantage in the future, when impulse must be governed by reason, and every faculty subjected to discipline,—*then* do we learn a lesson to which the mere bookish portion of tuition is an unmeaning trifle. Upon the day in which we figure as "the new boy," and in the hour in which we are patronized for not having been at school before, our eyes are partially opened to the world. Not an allusion to "last half," not a comparison between the cricket score at this and preceding matches, nor a mention of bygone treats or punishments, nor a recurrence to the boys who have left, but leaves its mark. We find, half wonderingly, that there is a past in which we have not figured, and the next tentative effort is to realize a future of which we have never dreamed. The many pursuits unknown to us hitherto; the friendships, partialities, and dislikes of those around us; the subdued voices and modified conversation when the pedagogue is present, and the contemptuous reference to him when away, are all bewildering from their very novelty. When the first few working hours are over, and we stand in the playground, the inclination to go behind a tree and cry soon gives place to the healthy liking for companionship, and the keen pleasure we derive from the games and gambols in which we so speedily join. But the predominant feeling is still wonderment at the contrast between life here and the life we have been accustomed to. And so through the day to night. The formal regularity of meal-times; the obvious fact that we are not so much a creature in whom pride and hope are centred, as a cog in a great wheel, a link

in a chain, a unit interesting only as a portion of a great whole, combine to engrave upon our hearts the great text of human insignificance. Not that this is reasoned out at the time. All we know then is a strange, blank feeling of amazement at our past experience having taught us so little, and at the absence of that atmosphere of tender care which has been hitherto so much a thing of course as to be accepted without wonder, and regarded as our right. With the experience we now acquire come the troubles of life; for if "the sports of children satisfy the child," rely upon it their cares are as duly proportioned to their capacity. The pure unadulterated pleasure of mere existence ends when we leave home. It is very well to smile now at the tribulation which sent us weeping to our beds, and to compare, in braggart fashion, the magnitude of the evils we have borne and triumphed over since. But given the same surroundings, the same strength and weakness, and the same effects, and I take leave to doubt whether the ordinary every-day trials of one age are much harder to bear than those of another. That man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards was said of life generally, and we have no authority for apportioning those troubles to certain sections of it, save that supplied by our own wayward fancy. It is recorded of a Thracian tribe, that when a child came into the world its kinsfolk assembled and with one voice lamented over the sufferings he must endure as the penalty of his position. Not satisfied with this, they went through the list of human calamities, freely promising the unconscious infant his full share of each. When, however, one of the same tribe died, he was buried to the rejoicing strains of minstrelsy, and amid every sign of mirth. The same catalogue of mortal miseries was gone through, and joyous congratulations were offered up that another soul had escaped to that better land in which they fully believed. The philosophic observation of Mrs. Gamp, when her young friend was laid low by an accident, that being born in what she called "a wale," he must "take the consequences of sech a sitivation," had less of burlesque in its matter than its manner, and was, indeed, only a familiar mode of stating the sad truth the Thracians iterated in such simple, earnest fashion. But the more unhesitatingly we grant the troubles of life to be patent directly the parent nest be left, the more radiant appear the halcyon days before they commenced their blighting influence. If it be terrible, as the author of "Coningsby" and the exponent of "the great Asian mystery" has it, to look back upon a youth unenjoyed, how much more dreadful must it be to remember an infancy without innocence and a childhood without love! Jean Paul Richter warns us against commanding children under six years of age to keep anything secret, not even the pleasure you may be preparing as a surprise for a dear friend. "The cloudless heaven of

youthful open-heartedness," he writes, "should not be overcast, not even by the rosy dawn of shyness, otherwise children will soon learn to conceal their own secrets as well as yours." But suppose secrecy to be the earliest lesson taught,—suppose fraud and guile to come, if not by nature, through the lips and by the example of those appointed by nature to mould the character and influence the life; suppose "evil, be thou my good," to be the pervading doctrine of all around; suppose blasphemy and evil-speaking to be the first sounds recognized by the infant ear; suppose law and order and homely duty and honest work to be all tabooed,—where is "the cloudless heaven of youthful open-heartedness" then? Such homes exist, and the tree is not more surely known by its fruit than such homes can be recognized by the condition of the wretched children they cast out into the world. The juvenile criminal population of a great city is perhaps the most shocking of its manifold sins. Generated in wickedness and crime, taught to thieve as other children are taught to pray, instructed to make a market of the simplicity they never knew but learn to simulate, and rewarded in proportion to their proficiency in evil, what hope, what future, can there be for such as these? Do not agriculturists tell us that sheep and cattle may be propagated almost to order, and that, by careful selection and average good fortune, the good qualities of the different breeds may be combined and centred in their joint offspring? If, then, we take all pains to breed criminals, if by every external circumstance, by evil companionship, squalid homes, foul air, and filthy surroundings, we guard against their losing the qualities they inherit, shall we be surprised at seeing infants in the police dock, or at hearing of youthful candidates for the hulks? But I hear some worthy man exclaim, Why paint so dark a picture? Are not all the manifold chances of life open to such as these as much as to the son of the ignorant peasant or the precociously endowed factory child? I never hear an argument in which the element of chance is permitted to figure without recalling the dictum of an eloquent writer, that "it is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in." "Let even a polished man of the day," says the same writer, "get into a position he is ashamed to avow, and his mind will be bent on all the possible issues that may deliver him from the calculable results of that position. Let him live beyond his income, or shirk the resolute, honest work that brings wages, and he will presently find himself dreaming of a possible benefactor, a possible simpleton who may be cajoled into using his interest, a possible state of mind in some possible person not yet forthcoming. Let him neglect the responsibilities of his office, and he will inevitably anchor himself on the chance that the thing left undone may not turn out to be of the supposed importance. Let him betray his friend's confidence,

and he will adore that same cunning complexity called chance, which gives him the hope that his friend will never know. Let him forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed chance, which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The evil principle deprecated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind." This in answer to the foolish people who speak of chances in life for the unhappy children I describe. The mercy of God is infinite, and His power omnipotent; but as long as we sow weeds, or leave their rank luxuriance unchecked, who are we that we should expect natural laws to be set aside? The records of our law courts, the experience of those engaged in the detection and punishment of crime, the personal discoveries of such of us as by duty or inclination are led to dig and delve in the guilt-gardens of this vast city, reveal a condition of things prevalent among mere infants, at once revolting and horrible. When from thousands upon thousands of churches, on board ships, in distant countries, and by many a bedside, that beautiful service is read which includes a prayer for sick persons and young children, to how many is it given to realize the frightful depravity in which many of the young children of this Christian country are born and bred! Take a walk with a practised guide through some of the more notorious districts of London alone, and you will be first struck with the very tender years of those you see. That is because only the robust ones live on. The physical miseries and deprivations kill the body as surely as the devilish agencies at work upon the survivors kill the soul, unless mercifully opposed and checked. Young as the children about you look, they can all lie, and swear, and steal, with a precocious readiness and a perverted cunning which must be seen to be understood. If, as Dickens has it, it be grievous "to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life when they are scarcely more than infants;" if "it check their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities given them by Heaven, and demand that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments," what is it when initiation into the ways of life means open and unabashed familiarity with crime?

But the question is unnecessary. None of my readers will contemplate without a shudder such childhood as I describe, and the danger is that a bare and scrupulous record of facts may appear exaggerated and highly drawn. For it is difficult to believe that within a stone's throw of busy, prosperous thoroughfares, within ear-shot of every sound denoting honest activity and smiling success, there should be hordes of outcasts and pariahs whose hands are as constantly directed against every man's as ever were Ishmael's in the wilderness. Yet I could lead you to one of our largest

and best known London streets, where the pavement abuts upon that belonging to one of these dreadful colonies. Standing with your back to a long series of splendid shops, terminating at one end in the temple of literature erected by, perhaps, the most successful of London librarians; and at the other in a massive, dark-brick building, whence exudes a pleasant smell of grain, and the barrels and vats of which confer, as Dr. Johnson pompously said, "the potentiality of acquiring wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," you can peer down a dirty thoroughfare destitute of traffic. Its eastern side is bounded by places of public worship, by church, chapel, and industrial school; its western is composed of the houses which vomit forth those wretched children you see at play. Almost at the extreme end from where you stand is the house wherein a wretched harlot was murdered just two years ago. Walk down to it, with the friendly policeman, who has been meditating stolidly on the fixity of your attitude and the steadfastness of your gaze. Guarding your watch-chain jealously with one hand, and looking up curiously into the windows and doorways, you constantly read, "Lodgings for travellers, 3d. a night," in the one, and note idle, slouching vagabonds, drunken, dirty women, sitting on the stairs or stretched full length in the passages of the other. But everywhere are children. You have to pick your steps to avoid treading on them at your feet, you have to carry yourself cautiously lest their playful missiles should reach your head. They are all thieves, actual or prospective. Even the little group to whom you throw a halfpenny are wailing over its loss, almost before they realized the joys of its possession. They steal from each other, and from open shops and stalls, now; but as they become adepts in the art to which their young lives are dedicated they will fly at higher game. Pocket handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and watches, the pots from the tavern door, the umbrellas, hats, and coats from your halls; purses, trinkets, and valuables, will all be abstracted by the supple fingers of those you see at play. They have the look of men and women hardened in sin even now, and it needs no strong effort of imagination to read their dreary future. Detected in some petty offence, they will see police court, police van, and gaol in rapid succession, and in a regular sequence often repeated and never varying. The youths and men leaning against the chapel wall on the left, and talking moodily in knots of two or three, have all been children such as those playing in the road, and it requires no policeman at your elbow to read *their* history. The close-cropped hair, the "fore-heads villanous low," the uneasy shambling attitude, the scared gaze, the nervous twitchings of back and shoulders, and the miserable bravado hastily put on as you approach—like a tawdry uniform thrown over filthy under-garments, all say GAOL-BIRD, and you hastily interrupt your guide when he commences his assurance of their quality. But long before you have traversed half the length of

this wretched street, within three or four doors, in fact, of the second leading thoroughfare of the metropolis, is a lane running westward, which transcends in horror and repulsiveness everything described. Ragged, frowzy men and women stretched full length on the pavement, manure heaps, mud, garbage, and children—then children, garbage, mud, and manure heaps,—blankets, gowns, and shirts hanging out to dry from windows in which paper takes the place of glass, and the whole environed in a foul miasma which suggests the plague,—such are the impressions conveyed in the hasty glance you shudderingly give. For to walk down it you feel to be impossible; and it is not without a startled feeling of unreality, like that of some dreamer in the “Arabian Nights,” that on hurriedly retracing your steps you find yourself, in half a dozen paces, again in the broad current of civilized life, with good books and religious pictures being vended before you, and an emporium for perambulators and children’s swings at your right hand. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is even so. To realize, to find this scene, you need not make distant pilgrimages to Whitechapel or Spitalfields, to Saffron Hill or Bethnal Green. You have but to stop your carriages at the corner of George Street, Oxford Street, to-morrow, to find in half a minute’s walk the relics of St. Giles’s rookery, and to ascertain for yourselves whether this account of Church Lane be overstrained. In the name, then, of the infancy you remember and the infants you know—for the sake of the happy school day you can recur to, and the pleasant, cheery talk of the school boys and girls clustered at your knee, bestow a pitiful thought upon young lives seared with vice and sin from their cradle, and corrupted by criminal surroundings almost before they can talk. This is not the time or place for a dissertation on political economy, or for hair-splitting arguments upon evil as an element in the moral government of the world. There are the broad, black facts; peer into them, sift and examine them for yourselves, and without extending your explorations into other low neighbourhoods, put this question ere you sleep, Am I responsible for these shocking evils to the extent to which I have not endeavoured to alleviate them?

And here comes in the soothing and satisfactory element of this paper. Others have asked this question, and have happily answered it aright. There are now reformatories and homes for such children as you have shuddered at, places where they are taught to cast off their old life and its belongings, and to play an honest and honourable part in that great struggle for existence which so rapidly bows the back and silvers the hair. One-and-twenty years ago there were but two refuges for destitute boys in the whole of the metropolitan district; now—thanks to improved legislation, to the spread of benevolent enterprise, or, as I prefer to think, to a blessed quickening of the national conscience,—there are now in the same

area twenty-five free schools, offering physical and moral training to the vagrant and destitute boy, not merely until he is qualified for a situation, but until a situation is found for him. Three years ago magistrates were empowered to send all children under fourteen, found begging or wandering in the streets, to a reformatory school, as well as those under twelve convicted of a punishable offence. My present business is, however, with an establishment devoted to the prevention of crime rather than the reformation of criminals; and before asking you to accompany me to THE BOYS' HOME in the Euston Road, I shall quote from a speech made by its president, the present Bishop of London:—

“It is important,” said his Lordship, “to bear in mind that it is not a reformatory, it is a place for boys who have as good a character as either you or I; and we have no right to look upon boys who are the inmates of this institution in any other light than we look upon other boys, our own children, or any others with whom we are acquainted. I see in the eighth paragraph of the report, that when this institution was opened, in February, 1858, it was intended to receive and train boys who would otherwise be destitute, and that it was determined to exclude all boys who had been convicted of crime.

“To this rule the governors of this institution have been able to adhere, and most rightly so, because they conceive that the lads who are the inmates of this institution have a right to be saved from the company of those who would be likely to corrupt them. With regard to the sort of qualifications for admission to this institution, we read that the boys are generally ‘destitute’ and ‘vagrant.’ These words have an ugly sound, but what do they mean? That the boys have no friends, and having no friends are obliged to wander where they can to look for some means of subsistence. And if it be added also that some of them are disorderly, I should like to know what boys, in what station in life, are not likely to become disorderly if they have not friends to look after them, and a home in which they are to live?”

But those who know the gradations by which the abjectly poor man becomes one of the dangerous classes, and how vagrancy and immorality in one generation create criminals in the next, will see the expediency, even on economic grounds, of sweeping the streets of the little Arabs congregated there. It is wicked extravagance to rear a race of expensive convicts, if by rescuing them in their youth we can convert them into honest and useful citizens. When visiting this Home, therefore, it will be well to bear in mind that every one of the inmates has been preserved from the evil companionship and certain contamination of such places as Church Lane, and that though unconvicted, and probably innocent of any offence, their ultimate corruption would have been as inevitable and as fully in

accordance with natural laws as that darkness should follow sunshine, and night day.

At that portion of the Euston (*née* New) Road where the lofty clock-tower of the Great Northern station peers in stately fashion over the houses to your left ; where the diverse roads to Pentonville, to the Islington Cattle Market, and to Gray's Inn are just discernible ; where the heavily laden cabs and the whipped steeds speak of journeys to be made and trains to be caught ; opposite, too, a lofty building, impudently calling itself a college, but which is in reality the head-quarters of a quack medicine better known twenty years ago than now—a building with a presumptuous and self-asserting marble lion in its front garden of twelve feet square, a lion professing to have been erected by penny subscriptions, but who has evidently strayed in the night from the great mortuary sculptor's lower down the road, and has found the central home of the much-vaunted pills so comfortable and well-appointed that he declines to return to his native yard,—where all these objects are to be seen by the observant, stand a couple of unpretending houses some eight feet from the road. Part of a row, and situate behind iron railings, the few trees between them and the broad thoroughfare are as feeble and delicate as the grass at their feet is dust-covered and brown. After passing these abortive agricultural efforts, you require neither introduction nor guide to gain admission to the Home. In answer to your summons a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lad of twelve or fourteen, clad in a suit of serviceable fustian, opens the door, and asks you to sit down while he takes your card to the master. Looking out into the yard or playground at the back, you note blue shirts hanging up to dry, which have been washed by the boys ; blocks of wood carefully stacked, which were chopped and arranged by the boys ; coals being carried by boys ; while the sound of sawing on the one side, and the hum of voices on the other, proceed respectively from the sawing machine and the school, in both of which boys are hard at work. Through the various rooms with the master, and you find boys brushmaking, carpentering, and shoemaking, while the articles you see around bear testimony to the proficiency they have acquired. Carriage stools, easy chairs, invalid chairs, birdcage rests, occasional tables, dinner-trays, book-stands, book-shelves, and writing-cases, all made by the boys, and all for sale at very moderate prices, show how usefully the time of the inmates is employed, and how easy it is for the public to lend this institution a helping hand. There is not a house in London but has occasion, in the course of every twelve months, for some of the articles made by these poor children ; and as an act of cheap and easy benevolence attainable by all, let me counsel a visit to the Euston Road the very next time it is intended to practise the rite of shopping, or to wile away an hour at a bazaar.

Further, if handy, useful lads be wanted for domestic service, or for employment on an estate, they can be recommended from this Home; and it is noteworthy that "doing well" is the invariable answer to all inquiries after the boys who have left it for situations. During my last visit a well-known nobleman came in, and gave, in my hearing, an excellent character to a youth he had taken into his service a few months before, adding that he was so much pleased with his industry, habits, and demeanour, that he now wished to engage another boy of like training, but who should be able to do carpenter's work on his estate. For it is skilled labour which the committee offer to employers. In the tailoring and shoe-making branches, boots and shoes, and clothes of every kind are made, and mending as well as making is carefully executed. In the household and fancy brushmaking department, every description of hair, hat, cloth, shoe, and scrubbing brushes are kept on hand; while orders for special work are invited, their careful performance at reasonable prices being guaranteed. Under the head of carpentry, carpenters' and cabinet-makers' work is done in every variety, carpets are beaten and relaid, bedsteads cleaned and repaired, packing-cases and wooden boxes for chemists and druggists, for perfumers, grocers, and other tradesmen, are made. Firewood is cut on the premises and sent to any part of London, at 3s. 9d. per hundred bundles when delivered within one mile of the Home; at 4s. per hundred if within two miles; and at 5s. per hundred at any distance beyond that last named; and 560,400 of these bundles were sawn, chopped, tied up, sold, and delivered during the year 1864. Boxes of wooden bricks for happier children's building are sold at 3s. 6d. and 4s. a box; and visitors, be it always remembered, can at any time see this Home and its contents, or can give their orders by letter to the master. It should be mentioned here, that when a boy is considered too delicate for a residence in town, or displays positive incapacity for all the industrial pursuits taught at the parent Home, he is transferred to a branch establishment at Barnet. This is a farm of fifty-one acres, the cottage residence of which adjoins the church at East Barnet, and is some two miles from the Colney Hatch station of the Great Northern Railway. Twenty acres of the farm are laid down for hay, and about six acres are cultivated by spade labour, and stocked with potatoes, turnips, and mangel-wurzel. The necessary digging, the feeding and tending the pigs, poultry, and live stock, the milking of the cows, the cleaning of the houses, the mending and washing of clothes, are all performed by boys, thirty of whom are sheltered at East Barnet. Fifty-two are provided for in the Euston Road, making a total of eighty-two boys, destitute but never convicted of crime, who, rescued from starvation and open sin, are being lodged, clothed, fed, are receiving sound religious

instruction, and being trained to honest industry. When the Act empowering not only the police, but you or me, or any one, "to arrest 'destitute and refractory' children, and to bring before a magistrate, for the purpose of being sent to an Industrial School, any child found wandering, and not having any home or any visible means of subsistence," was passed, the committee of this Home wisely submitted their schools to Government inspection, and obtained the certificate of the Secretary of State. By this means the Home was made eligible for children committed under the Act, and two-fifths of the Euston Road inmates, and three-fifths of those at Barnet, having entered under a magisterial order, an allowance is made by Government which defrays the cost of their food and clothing. The rest have been admitted on the recommendation of subscribers, but in every case the committee have refused to allow their institution for the destitute to be made a substitute for any child's natural home.

"It must not be supposed," says the report published a few months ago, "that strong boys, hungry but hearty, ragged but ready and willing, enter the Boys' Homes. Nothing could be more erroneous than such a notion; the new comers are almost invariably sickly and weak, as well as filthy, requiring immediate bodily care, and altogether unfitted for an immediate share of the hard work in which the older inmates engage cheerfully and well.

"Disease of the eyes and of the lungs, stomach disorders, cutaneous disease, are found among the new comers. Unaccustomed to regular, wholesome meals, unused even to beds and bedding, the vagrant London boy not only gives great trouble to his new teachers, but finds on his own part much difficulty and personal annoyance in conforming to the common rules and habits of decent, civilized life. A few weeks generally accustom him to his new mode of living, and in time he finds comfort and happiness in habits which were formerly to him a constant source of annoyance."

And any stranger can test the fidelity of the statement, for we read, "Although much of the valuable time of the masters and mistresses is necessarily engrossed in attending to visitors, they always cheerfully and gladly welcome them, and accept any repetition of a visit as a proof of kindly feeling and sympathy." The cost of maintenance per head in the Euston Road, including food, firing, washing, and clothing, is £11 9s. 4d.; and including salaries and school expenses, but exclusive of rent, £16 19s. 4d.; with which pleasantly significant fact I shall close this article. When we find that many applications are refused for lack of funds and accommodation, despite the good management and economy the above figures denote; and when we remember the horrible condition and surroundings to which we condemn all the boys who fail in gaining admission, we may ask with an earnest friend of the Home, Mr.

Thomas Hughes, whether God will not judge a nation which allows such things to go on. "It is very well," adds that gentleman, with startling truth—"it is very well for us to try to shake off the responsibility. Men have done that from time immemorial, and then, when the Judge has come, it has been, 'Lord, when saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee not in ? sick, and in prison, and visited Thee not?' And shall He say to us Englishmen and Englishwomen as He said to the Jews 2,000 years ago, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me'?"

WEATHER.

WEATHER ! How varied are the feelings to which the word and the idea give birth, according to the circumstances of the individual ! Take, for example, that schoolboy who just before going to bed looks so anxiously from his window out on the night. To-morrow will be a holiday, and he almost shudders to think that it may be rainy. "As miserable as a wet holiday" is a comparison we have met with, and most assuredly our schoolboy is not the person to deny its perfect fitness. Again, there is a family party ; they are talking about a picnic which, in conjunction with some friends, they have organized for the next day. It seems to them that nothing but a wet day or a very high wind *can* mar their enjoyment. The day will be fine enough. In our prophetic capacity (which belongs to us in common with all who wield the pen) we can foresee that ; but we also know that the picnic will be a failure. Some of the party, by means of what have well been called "the unaccountable irrationalities of ill-temper," will spoil it, throwing cold water upon the affair as really and effectually, if not as literally, as a waterspout could. But "the weather" suggests other and very different ideas to another person, for he is very differently circumstanced. The commander of that ship, now halfway across the Atlantic, which, heaving and tossing on the waves, still urges her course through them, impelled by sails, or screw, or paddles, he too is anxious about the weather, although not quite in the same way as the schoolboy or the picnic party. He is absolute ruler on board his vessel, and like most such rulers he pays the price of his power in the tremendous responsibility which he sustains. The crew, the passengers, the cargo, the ship itself, all depend (so far as they can depend on any mortal being) on *him* for their safety. How anxiously his eye explores that quarter of the heavens where his matured experience tells him that the first signs of the coming tempest may be expected to show themselves ! How earnestly he consults with the first mate as they stand together on the quarter deck, and how his quick glances consult the compass, bright in the glare of the binnacle lamps, as he every now and then gives his orders to the man at the wheel, orders echoed * mechanically in a sing-song tone, which sounds strangely

* The steersman always *repeats* the captain's orders, to show that he has heard them correctly—a most important precaution where a mistake might be attended with the most fatal results.

business-like where matters are or may soon be serious ! The sea captain, and every seafaring man, has an interest in the weather, but it is not a holiday or picnic, a great-coat or umbrella interest.

And this last is all that tarry-at-home folks for the most part think about. A few of the more thoughtful, and of course all those who are personally and directly concerned, do think of weather as having an influence on the agricultural prospects of a country. That influence, known as it must be to all, affords the most familiar, if not the most striking, example and illustration of this characteristic of weather, that whereas its slighter variations are absolutely insignificant, these, when they become excessive in any direction, are the most fearful because the most resistless scourges. In these countries we rarely suffer from drought, owing to our insular position, nor, indeed, are the effects of a dry summer usually very disastrous. One such is within our own recollection, and a most abundant harvest was the result. It is far otherwise, however, with an excess of rain, which is always most destructive ; the potato disease in particular is invariably aggravated by it. In the dry season above alluded to it scarcely appeared.

There is a pleasure highly extolled by poets, and, indeed, by prose writers too, that of enjoying the comfort of a warm home, and, above all, of a snug fireside, while "the pitiless storm" is raging abroad. We fear there is a large element of selfishness in this feeling. For our own part, we are far from insensible to these comforts, and trust we feel thankful for them to the Giver of all good ; but we own that in all varieties of inclement weather we cannot help thinking of the poor, their ill-fitting doors and windows, their insufficient clothing, bed-covering, and fuel ; we may add food also, the quality and quantity of which have more to do with the capacity of the body for resisting cold than is generally known ; and in time of storm, when the wind roars and rumbles in the chimney, and the rain patters against the glass, we think of the fisherman and the sailor, and of another personage too, who we fear comes in for but a small share of general sympathy, we mean the engine-driver on the railway ; his exposed situation, the open plains and often high embankments over which his course must sometimes lie, joined to the speed at which he travels,* make a night of storm and rain a serious affair to him.

There is a notion very prevalent that in the winter months severe frost, being, as it is called, "seasonable," is healthful. We hear much of the wholesomeness of "bracing" weather, and a deadly effect is ascribed to a "green Christmas." We doubt that this theory

* Sir Francis Head calls attention to the fact, obvious enough when stated, that when a train is proceeding against the wind, the speed of the latter is practically increased by that of the former, and a moderately high wind may thus be to the engine-driver, stoker, &c., to all intents and purposes a perfect hurricane.

would stand the test of facts. To the young, healthy, and robust, frost may be agreeably bracing, and so far salubrious that it admits of outdoor exercise to a large extent. But, in truth, to such persons, so far as health is concerned, all weathers are pretty much alike; and it is to another class we must turn if we would know the real effects of severe weather in winter. How is it with the aged and infirm—the victims of rheumatism, the asthmatic, the consumptive? Increased suffering, aggravated symptoms, in a multitude of cases death, tell their own tale. The statistics of mortality prove this beyond a doubt; and this even where wealth insures to the sufferer all the protection (and it is not a little) that can be purchased. Of the case of the sick and infirm *poor* it is superfluous to speak.

The vast influence which weather can exercise on the destinies of man is perhaps nowhere so powerfully exemplified as in its effects, when unfavourable, on the best equipped and organized army. Even in its mildest form, rain, unaccompanied by any excessive degree of cold, roads become so “cut up” as to be nearly or altogether impassable for baggage and artillery, while long marches in the rain and bivouacs on the wet soil are sure to sow the seeds of disease and death among the troops. But all varieties of weather with which an army can have to contend must yield the palm to the frosts and snows of a Northern winter. A summer campaign within the tropics is indeed trying, as our soldiers found it within the last few years in India. Yet much may be done in this case to spare the troops by marching in the night or the cool of the early morning, and resting during the heat of the day. But from the resistless, all-pervading frost there is no refuge. The disastrous retreat of the French army from Moscow will occur to every one. Its history furnishes many an appalling picture of human suffering, and the destruction of human life, under circumstances of surpassing horror. Imagination fails in the effort to realize it; only an approach to the conception can be made by those who have passed a winter in Eastern (Lower) Canada. They can, to a certain extent, imagine the toil-worn and half-famished soldier slowly and wearily making his way through the deep drifts, benumbed and frost-bitten, with stagnating blood, the torpor of sleep irresistibly growing upon him, only too sure a herald of the last sleep of all.*

Thunderstorms are of comparatively rare occurrence in the British Isles, and are still more rarely of a very violent character.

* The writer has experienced a degree of cold in Canada which would infallibly destroy an army exposed to its effects during a march of any considerable length.

The author of “The Retrospect” asserts (as an eye-witness) that death from excessive cold is by no means in all cases the painless “sleeping out of life” that is commonly supposed. He states that the first stupor is often succeeded by *violent convulsions*, which would appear from his description to be not unlike epilepsy.

Those who derive their ideas of thunder and lightning only from what may be witnessed at home can form but a very inadequate idea of the type which these phenomena assume within the tropics, or even in more northern latitudes, where a very cold winter is succeeded by a very hot summer. There the flashes follow each other almost as rapidly as they can be counted, and the thunder, instead of a succession of peals, separated by considerable intervals, forms an uninterrupted rattling, roaring, and rumbling, louder by far, as the lightning is also more vivid, than anything of which our climate furnishes an example. Yet even with us there is something awe-inspiring in a thunderstorm, and this independently of any consideration of danger. To some persons the feeling of dread produced thus is absolutely overwhelming: in vain are they convinced that the elemental war is too remote to do any injury; this fear is quite uncontrollable by reason, and this is not unfrequently the case with those who are far from being deficient in nerve in the presence of real danger of a different kind.

The Hebrews called thunder "the Voice of God," and however we may be inclined to look upon the epithet as only highly figurative, and, according to the genius of their language, expressing only greatness, of which, indeed, other instances might be adduced, it must be admitted that one passage of Scripture, at least, employs the term in a sense not to be mistaken. In Psalm xxix. it occurs no less than six times: in ver. 3 it is explained by "The God of glory *thundereth*;" while in the remaining verses the effects described are precisely those of the phenomenon in question. It is also, to say the least, remarkable, that when, on one occasion, God actually spoke from heaven in the words, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again," some of "the people, that stood by, and heard it, said *that it thundered*."

That vicissitudes and extremes of weather should be found in the character of instruments in the hand of God for the protection of His people, and the punishment of His enemies, is exactly what might be expected; and, accordingly, not only do we find in the pages of the inspired volume, "Fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling His word," but the part which they have filled in the divine administration offers by far the most interesting matter for reflection afforded by the subject before us.

The Deluge will at once occur to the mind of every reader; but although the first, and, at the same time, the most general of this or any other class of judgments, it is one with which we are all familiar; while our space compels us to confine our attention to others which present the same or similar features, but less obviously.

Will it seem strange if we connect the seven years of plenty, followed by seven of famine in Egypt, with *weather* as their cause?

True, "the family of Egypt . . . have no rain;" but, as is well known, the question of plenty or scarcity is decided by the periodical rise of the Nile.* If this inundation be either deficient or excessive, dearth, or even famine, must follow. Now to what is this overflow due? It *can* be traced to no other cause than the fall of rain or the melting of snows at and about the mountain sources of the Nile. Of the important bearing of these providential arrangements on the destinies of the people of God it is needless to speak here.

Prominent among the judgments with which this unhappy land was long afterwards visited we find "hail, and fire mingled with the hail." A visitation so entirely without a precedent in that country, so obviously miraculous too, must have been beyond conception terrible to the inhabitants. Yet these were not its worst features. When we think of hail it is as a shower of minute particles of spongy ice, which, if driven in our faces, causes us some slight inconvenience. But hail is not always, in this country even, so innocuous. A few years ago the Irish metropolis was traversed by a hail shower, borne on a strong west wind, and not an entire pane was left in any window which happened to face that point of the compass. Glass is, however, after all, but fragile. But a vineyard in the south of France, which lay in the track of a hailstorm, is described as looking as if it had been exposed to repeated discharges of grape-shot. That the same agency should destroy life when exposed to its effects is what might be expected, and we have read of an instance in which a child who had been abroad during such a storm was found dead. A deep perforation in the neck was the only serious injury visible; the hailstone had struck and pierced just as a bullet would do, and then, thawed by the still remaining warmth of the body, had left no trace except the fatal wound. We can then understand the warning to "make the servants and the cattle flee into the houses;" and we need not wonder that where this precaution was neglected, "the hail smote both man and beast;" nor that it "brake every tree of the field." Hailstones no larger than have been known to fall in modern times, falling from a sufficient height,† would be quite adequate to the production of even such terrible results. We have read of hailstones as large as plums, nor do we consider this at all incredible, although a much smaller size would suffice for a most destructive effect.

"A strong east wind" was the instrument selected for dividing

* Was not this intimated in Pharaoh's dreams by the "kine," both fat and lean, arising *out of the river*?

† Much depends on this, for the velocity of a falling body increases continually and by a rapid progression during its descent. For this reason the "ballast" which astronauts throw out when they wish to rise consists of *very fine sand*, as even a small pebble, if dropped from the height to which a balloon sometimes rises, would be dangerous.

the Red Sea "when Israel went out of Egypt;" but other elements were evidently brought into play on that ever-memorable night, although not (at least clearly) indicated in the Mosaic narrative. There we only read that "the Lord . . . troubled the host of the Egyptians." But the only detail given of this "troubling" is found in the words, "And took off their chariot wheels," &c. But in Psa. lxxvii. 15—20 the deficiency is supplied. We refer our readers to the passage, only noting its most striking portions. "God with His arm redeemed . . . the sons of Jacob. The waters saw Him, and fled (were afraid). The clouds poured out water, and the skies sent out a sound; thunders and lightnings made the earth shake, while His way was in the sea, as He led His people by the hand of Moses and Aaron." The passage of the Red Sea is here beyond question the Psalmist's subject, and his description amply accounts for the terror of the pursuers. The disabled chariots might be referred to accident, but when storm and tempest appear arrayed against them on behalf of the retreating host, they exclaim, "Let us flee from the face of Israel, for Jehovah fighteth for them."

In the case of the alliance of five kings against the Gibeonites (themselves allies of Israel), we find hail again employed as an instrument of destruction. And it is noticed as being *more fatal* than the sword. These hailstones would appear to have been of a very large size, from their being called "great stones" in the former part of the verse, while it is only in the latter that they are spoken of as "hailstones" (Josh. x. 11).

In the narrative (Judg. iv.) of the battle between the army of Canaan under Sisera, and that of Israel under Deborah and Barak, there is no mention of any especial divine interposition; but there is an unmistakable allusion to it, and that too of the very kind which we are considering, in the hymn of praise which occupies the entire of the next chapter (chap. v. 20, 21), "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away." A tempest is described, attributed (perhaps only poetically) to planetary influences; and the river, so swollen by the rains as to be no longer fordable, is represented as sweeping away the flying enemy who attempt to pass it. The withholding of rain and dew for three years and six months in the reign of Ahab supplies one of the most remarkable instances on record, whether we consider the terrible consequences that must have followed such a privation, or the duration of the calamity. There is, besides, a lesson of no slight value taught by the fact that this protracted affliction brought neither sovereign nor people to repentance, or even to reason. We may well believe that the cry, "O Baal, hear us!" arose not for the first time from the priests around the altar on Carmel, and that many an earnest supplication for rain was offered to their

sun-god by the besotted Israelites, while "there was no voice, neither any that regarded" their despairing entreaties. Yet the warning threat, "Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron," seems not to have been remembered for an instant, and it needed the visible sign of the fire from heaven, consuming the very stones of the altar, to wring from the assembled people the (it would appear reluctant) confession, "Jehovah, He is the God." The story (1 Kings xviii.) is a masterpiece of simple and powerful narrative. The entire account, from the meeting between the idolatrous king and the prophet of the Lord to the triumph of the latter in the coming of the long-needed and wished-for rain, is unrivalled. The challenge to the priests of Baal, the exquisite irony of Elijah, his prayer, its answer in the appearance of the cloud "like a man's hand,"* the "sound of abundance of rain,"† and "the heavens black with clouds and wind," altogether furnish a description which for graphic power is perhaps not exceeded by anything even in the inspired Volume itself.

Why had Israel never even thought of *trying* if Jehovah, the God of their fathers, might not prove a better refuge than Baal? Alas! the "hardness and impenitent heart," that "for all this sinned yet more," can alone supply the answer.

We shall conclude these notices with a few observations on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. The entirely miraculous character of that event is calculated to exclude from our ideas the possibility of a natural agency having been employed. Yet the whole narrative seems to indicate that electrical action was made use of as an instrument. The "light at mid-day, above the brightness of the sun," Saul struck to the earth, the sound heard by his companions, yet the words undistinguishable to all but himself (comp. Acts ix. 7 with xxii. 9), the blindness which followed, all suggest almost irresistibly the idea of electrical phenomena having been employed as instruments in this case. It is, we know, a favourite theory with many that the infirmity to which the apostle makes such frequent although vague allusion was a defect of vision, the *remains* of the total blindness inflicted near the gate of Damascus. We must own that this idea has always appeared to us objectionable on many accounts. Sight was restored to Saul *by miracle*, and if we suppose the cure to have been but partial and imperfect, we must suppose this miracle to have differed in a most essential particular from every other on record. Where conjecture is our only resource we should at least choose the most probable conjecture, and it seems to us that a *lasting*

* At this day a usual precursor of wind and rain in that region.

† This was evidently that *whistling* of the wind, which even in this country is considered as an infallible sign of coming rain.

nervous derangement, while it would be a natural result of the severe shock undergone (on our supposition) by the apostle, would abundantly account for everything of the kind noticed in his writings. It would furnish a satisfactory reason for his being but an indifferent scribe, and for a "large letter written by his own hand" being a thing quite remarkable;* it would account fully for the "weakness, fear, and much trembling"† of which he speaks, and for the fact that not only was his speech derided as contemptible,‡ but that he expresses himself quite grateful for only the negative favour of *not being despised* on account of his bodily infirmity.§ More than this, we have on this supposition the strange, startling, and otherwise quite unaccountable contrasts between the powers of St. Paul at different times most clearly explained. Was he timid, hesitating, trembling,—*nervous*, in short, so as to give to his enemies abundant materials for disparaging his person and office? His physical infirmity, which we can (without the least strain put upon the New Testament narrative) refer to the most striking circumstance accompanying his conversion, perfectly accounts for all this. Was he at other times so marvellously eloquent as to be taken on one occasion for the incarnation of the god of oratory,|| and on another to "almost persuade" Agrippa to be a Christian?—not to mention the fact that his recorded addresses are to this day admitted to be masterpieces of elocution? We have the explanation of these apparent discrepancies in a very easily understood pledge and promise of our Lord himself (see Mark xiii. 9, 11; Luke xxi. 12, 15). When do we find St. Paul nervous, timid, stammering, unable to give effectual utterance to the feelings with which his heart was full even to overflowing? When he was in circumstances which did not call for any particular exertion of mental power. When the plain statement of the gospel message was all that was required of him. But see him in a different situation, "brought before kings and rulers," obliged to plead his cause before the Areopagus, the Sanhedrin, Felix, Festus, Agrippa,—his powers rise with the occasion, and his judges, accustomed as they must have been to witness similar efforts, are amazed, overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration.

We do not know how we can conclude better than by calling attention to the fact that when the Psalmist would set forth the divine attributes of *power*, he describes God as *Lord of the elements*, and that he appears to dwell more emphatically upon the irresistible power of *frost* than that of any other elemental agent: "He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth His ice like morsels: WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS COLD?" (Psa. cxlvii. 16, 17).

* Gal. vi. 11.

† 1 Cor. ii. 3.

‡ 2 Cor. x. 10.

§ Gal. iv. 13, 14.

|| Acts xiv. 12.

ESOTERIC POETRY.

A GREATER contrast than that between the Laureate and Mr. Browning it is impossible to imagine. Tennyson in style is lucid; even his mannerism is a trick of over plainness, as if he would fain make himself understood by everybody; and as to power, he is calm and self-sustained, even in his wildest flights letting us feel that he has something in reserve. Hence he is the poet of this our age—an undemonstrative but by no means prosaic age, which gloats over sensation novels but does not talk sensationally, which admires reticence and practices it, which will not, at any rate, have its poetry sensational (the spasmodic school has never had many votaries). And the poetry of any age surely comes more from its heart, tells us more of its real character than its novels. Tennyson, then, is the poet of the present generation, a well-to-do "Realistic" generation, yet not without sympathies and aspirations and forebodings of something better than mere comfort: if we call him a drawing-room poet we do not use the term at all by way of reproach. There is a very great deal of good in the *habitués* of English drawing-rooms; and very few poets can be, like Burns or Shakspeare, poets of all mankind—Milton is hardly so in any degree whatsoever. The drawing-rooms have surely a right to their representative poet. Tennyson is this, though of course he is infinitely more than this; and his being so, the very points which fit him to be the poet of the "*jeunesse dorée*," must always hinder him from being *popular*, *i.e.*, the property of the masses, in the same sense in which Burns is in Scotland, or Beranger in France. His office is not so much to act directly on the people, as on those who help to form the people's thoughts. If he is purer, nobler, more truly Christian than Byron, we may be sure the "lower walks of literature" among us will be all the cleaner for his influence. That influence might, however, be brought to act far more directly on the half educated than it has hitherto done. The vast numbers of "Readings in Poetry," "Selections," "Garlands," "Friendship's Offerings," and the like, which the publishers find profitable, bear witness to a strong, unreasoning liking for "verse" among people of all classes. What meagre hide-bound productions most of these are! Several that have come in our way lately are more than half filled with long pieces from third-rate American "poets." From Tenny-

son there is next to nothing in any of them. The same fatal spell seems to rest on the compilers which holds hymn-book makers back from the choice of truly poetical pieces, and forces them to stuff their volumes with the driest of sacred lyrics. A great deal in Tennyson's newest volume might be safely inserted in any popular book of "Extracts." Much of it surely will take its place in that *cheaper edition*, the first volume of which we so gladly hail as an earnest that our Laureate means henceforth to aim at wider popularity, without forgetting the claims of "that fit audience though few" who have been with him throughout. He has, in the last twenty years, gradually conquered his way, from being the beloved of a small clique to being the foremost poet for all our educated classes, and now he means to win "*the many*;" and we are sure, too, that he will do it. We should like to see these new volumes, "his own selection," on the shelves of every mechanics' institute, every people's reading-room, through the land. We want to have him read at penny readings. Much more of him is fit for such work than some of us imagine. The very highest poetry commends itself to educated and uneducated alike. Of course, the educated feel it more, and see more in it; but still the others feel it too. Take "Northern Farmer," for instance. He would be sure to be a general favourite at a Reading; and we do not even despair of "Boadicea," the wild Catullian metre is so perfect, and such an echo of the sense, that it would carry safely over the harder lines—such as, "Hear Icenian, Catyewchlanian; hear Coritanian Trinobant,"—many who have never even read a word of Cæsar. The "Tropical Island," too, and the lovely tale of Edith's visiting among her cottages (in "Aylmer's Field"),—surely pieces like these, even without their context, would *tell* on the general reader, just as the Virgin's head in the Sistine Madonna would still entrance us, even if it were cut out and laid here on the library table. But of course much of Tennyson is written for the educated and refined. He is often quite Greek in his suggestiveness; an epithet implies a whole book full. How true this is of "In Memoriam," where we have, as has been said, in a few pregnant lines, "all the latest results of modern philosophy." Every time we read it again we mark some word, perhaps unnoticed before, which betokens a thorough acquaintance with scientific controversies. Naturally, your half-educated reader does not love suggestive poetry, or suggestive anything. He likes to have it all down at full length, penny-a-liner fashion; his powers are exhausted with "business," and he likes to roll easily on from page to page without ruts or jolting. Tennyson, as a whole, will never be very widely read. His greatest works, "Maud," and "In Memoriam," will never be generally appreciated beyond a certain line of culture. Far less will Browning ever be a people's poet. His style is jerky—not so much terse as hopelessly obscure.

Carlyle, in his most oracular fit, is nothing to him. Michelet even, most Carlylian of Frenchmen, is easy reading compared to him. At times he seems to have inherited the mantle of some of those Greek poets of the Later Empire, the cuttle-fishes of literature, who, striving after archaisms, attained the renown of incomprehensibility. And his power, unquestionably great, is not equable, like Tennyson's; it works by spurts. You shall have a page of mistiness, redeemed by a flash of genius, gleaming through four or five exquisite lines. A great deal of "Mr. Sludge, the medium," in his last volume, "Dramatis Personæ," is mere prose; a very clever satire on the absurd folly of spiritualism, but not *poetry*, except by fits and starts. For the Laureate we may say the muse is a demure, well-ordered maiden; for Mr. Browning she is a wanton, passing fair, with features too voluptuous to be looked on, one who, by a look or a sigh, loves at times to make her worshipper do all sorts of strange things, not out of firm will, but out of wilfulness.

The difference between the two poets is well seen by comparing "In Memoriam" with "Caliban upon Setebos; or, Theology in the Island." If we accept "In Memoriam" as the exponent of the Laureate's theology, we may not, perhaps, hold him strictly orthodox; but we shall assuredly account him Christian in the highest sense of the word. He has unwavering faith in God's goodness, and in the future of humanity.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die,—
And Thou hast made him, Thou art just."

Though at times "his faith is dry," and he seems to see nought but himself projected upon the vast void of the future, though—

"Nature, red in tooth and claw,
With raving shrieks against his creed—
The creed that God is love indeed,
And love creation's final law,"—

and though he feels he is but "an infant crying for the light,"

"And with no language but a cry,"

still he will never give up his trust in Him, the

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love :"

nor will any vague pantheistic absorption theory satisfy him. He is thoroughly clear as to our identity in the spirit world—

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside."

Indeed we always rise from reading "In Memoriam" with a feeling of calm thankfulness. All that wonderful series of "geological sonnets," though some of them seem less hopeful than others, is summed up in the assurance that progress is the law of humanity as it is of creation.

"Contemplate all this work of time ;
The giant labouring in his youth,
Nor dream of human love and truth
As dying nature's earth and lime ;
But trust that those we call the dead
Are dwellers in an ampler day,
For ever nobler ends. . . ."

And the ethical teaching of the whole is gathered into those grand lines, wherein, by-and-bye (when Tennyson shall be our Dante), expositors will possibly find the joint working of the three persons of the Trinity unmistakably traced out :—

"O living Will, that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure ;
That we may lift from out the dust
A cry as unto One that hears—
A cry above the conquered years
To One that with us works ; and trust
With faith, that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we closed with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

We quote freely, because we fear "In Memoriam" is like Milton, more talked about than known. But it deserves to be well known, for there is much in it which meets the wants of the day—wants which, call them intellectual or spiritual, are certainly general and deep-seated. And now take Mr. Browning by way of contrast. At once we lose the calm earnestness which in the Laureate encouraged us to do what his own much loved friend did, "fight our doubts and gather strength." Mr. Browning often seems to be mocking us. Tennyson never does that ; he is genial, sympathetic, never cynical. The theological element is particularly strong in this new volume of Mr. Browning. Those who know "Saul" and "Rabbi ben Ezra," and others of his former poems, will remember that he has always been fond of long discussions on sacred subjects, as well as of the somewhat irreverent allusions, which come out so constantly in "Pippa Passes," for instance. "Christmas Eve" at once occurs to the mind as full of Mr. Browning's "views." Probably it is far the most beautiful, as a work of art, of all his productions. We know no piece of word-painting so glorious as the description of St. Peter's at Rome during the grand ceremony. And yet it is full of crude

notions, of unkindly hits at English nonconformists, striving to gain a little light in their own way in their mean little chapel, because they think the parson, their "authorized light," hides his candles (if he has any) under a bushel. "Christmas Eve" is marred by its theology. But in the present volume Mr. Browning is much more orthodox; he sets out with the intention of being so; and, as we shall see, some of his reasonings in "A Death in the Desert" are unimpeachable, while his attack on the pantheist fools and astute schemers who, between them, constitute the class of spiritualists, is clever and utterly destructive. But the greatest poem, to our mind, in the volume, and that which deals more with eschatology than even "St. John's Death in the Desert," is "Caliban upon Setebos." It is not comfortable reading. Of all the bitter satires on human littleness which ever were written, perhaps these uneasy maunderings of Shakspeare's "most delicate monster" form the bitterest. "Gulliver's Travels" are good fun. We forget, in the comical narrative, the grim truths which the unhappy writer meant to convey. But here there is no possibility of forgetting. Caliban gives us his thoughts on God and Providence and the "Future;" and straightway rises up before us all we have ever read or heard about the different forms of *Effera religio*—all the bloody propitiations, all the hatred, checked by fear, with which men have looked on the gods: Amasis, his ring, Louis XI., his hat-band full of leaden saints—here Prospero's drudge is giving us the germ of them all. And philosophy, too—read Ritter through, and learn what each successive sage said about God and the world, and veritably you will find that this "most sagacious monster" has just as firm a grip of the root of the matter as the very best of them. "Thou thoughtest that I am such an one as thyself;" that is Caliban's error; but then in that very error there is a certain germ of truth, if, as every one agrees, every religion which man can conceive of must be anthropomorphic. We try by abstraction to get an idea of the Godhead conformable to what our Article says, "without body, parts, or passions," but we do not very often succeed. Mr. Browning seems, as we said, to be mocking us; he holds, we fancy, Mr. Mansel's view of the Great Unconditioned, and seems to dare us to speculate on such matters, under penalty of being sure to err as crassly as his own Caliban does.

But we must give our readers an idea of the whole piece. It is very plain reading—for Mr. Browning. Fortunately for us the monster does not affect the jerky, disjointed style which the more human *personæ* of the "drama" mostly use: it is worked out, moreover, with exquisite care, illustrated from the rich stores of a full knowledge of nature in her more hidden workings, which puts it in the same relation to the "tropical island scene" in "Enoch Arden" that a walk with Mr. Bates in a Brazilian forest would hold

to a seat in the pit when the closing tableau of an extravaganza was being lighted up with Bengalfire.

"The monster,
Sprawling, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin,"

maunders on to himself—

"Touching *that other* whom his dam called God."

Not that he cares about the question in the abstract, but *for him to think and talk* he believes vexes Prospero. Here, at the very outset, is an unpleasant alternative; the relation of Prospero and Caliban either shows the necessary degradation which slavery brings on the slave, or it is an instance of what the New Zealand settlers would fain establish—the unimprovableness of savage races. Anyhow, the conclusions at which the monster arrives show how man's idea of God first gets debased, and then reacts on and debases the man still more. Caliban is no atheist, has no notion of an "eternal sequence;" he makes up his mind that there is a God very near him, interested, in a certain way, in what he does—a God, who, "being cold and ill-at-ease, made sun and moon; but not the stars, the stars came otherwise" (is not this, by the way, a little too acute—too fine a distinction, even for such a most sagacious monster?), and whose whim is law over what He hath made. You cannot predicate good or evil of Him—simply power.

"He is strong, and, Lord,
Am strong myself, compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea;
Let twenty pass and stone the twenty first;
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
Say the first straggler that boasts purple spots,
Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off;
Say this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
And two worms he whose nippers end in red;
As it likes me, each time I do—so He."

But this God does feel envy; for He often *makes things better than himself*, just as I, Caliban, can cut an elder pipe, that shall imitate the jay's screaming so well as to cheat the small birds. But if my pipe were to boast that it made the cry which drew the birds, why I should crush it under foot—so *He*. Be sure He spites all that tries to be self-asserting, that pretends to independence—though sometimes ridiculous boldness in a feeble creature will amuse Him, and so will get forgiveness,—even as I laugh at and let off the squirrel who steals nuts from under my thumb, and bites when I threaten it. Envious spite, then, or mere whim being His "rules," the question is, how to please Him?

"The best way to escape His ire is not to seem too happy."

Caliban's dam had given him some notion of immortality; but he discards the idea, preferring to hold, that "with the life the pain shall stop." And so we must rub through life as best we can,—*"Dancing on dark nights; moaning in the sun, but getting under holes to laugh."* And if Setebos overhears us, and asks, "What chucklest at?" vowing to cut off a finger, or burn the best of those three kids, or let these toothsome apples rot on tree,"—penance, propitiation, that is the way to disarm the spite of One who works His work—

"By no means for the love of what is worked."

After all, Setebos is not all in all. Beyond him is *that Other* ("Quiet," the old dam used to call It), who perhaps made Setebos, and one day may catch and conquer Him, if It does not first "doze off—as good as die." Whilst he is thus speculating a storm comes on, and the terrified monster, thinking his God has overheard him, cries,—

"Fool to gibe at Him,
Lo! lieth flat and "*loveth Setebos,*"—

and vows he "*won't touch one little mess of wheelks for a month, so he may 'scape.*" . . . In all this we have no charge of obscurity to make against Mr. Browning. He is terribly and cynically plain. We are merely showing why his circle of admirers will, even amongst educated people, be always a limited one. Men do not care to be made needlessly uncomfortable. If you go in for a metaphysical treatise of doubtful orthodoxy, you must expect speculations which will not put the world in its relation to God in the pleasantest light; but why have them in poetry? Ought not poetical justice to suggest, at least, a winding up with something consoling? No; Mr. Browning will never be popular, not even (as the Laureate is) with the great mass of well-taught readers, who possess a certain modicum of poetical taste. "*Il les froisse.*" He must be content to rank with caviare and olives, and other questionable dainties, comforted by the feeling, that (as with olives, &c.), those who do like him, like him intensely; he becomes a sort of passion for them. Well, it is his own fault; he is hard to understand in many, especially of his shorter, pieces. He ought not to be above playing at times explanatory Euripidean chorus to himself, instead of dropping us plump into the middle of a conversation of choice spirits, hyper-æsthetics, great at enigmatical repartee, and wonderfully rich in allusion to we cannot, for the life of us, make out what. That is his way in a great many of his shorter pieces. Where he is plain, as in Caliban aforesaid, he is too fond of sounding the abyss of human doubt. When we read "Natural Theology in the Island," we feel we must put our hands before our eyes and rush away, rather than encounter the

grewsome shapes which Mr. Browning conjures out of the pit which he has uncovered.

By the way, that title "Natural Theology," is a suspicious one. *Reactionists* are labouring hard to show that Morality has no independent basis; that, apart from Revelation, it cannot properly be said to exist at all. Can it be that Mr. Browning, who is so orthodox in a "A Death in the Desert," means to hint that, without revelation, and the witness of the Spirit to keep that revelation living in men's hearts (for Caliban may be said to have had a revelation—Sycorax's revelation, to wit—only he had not Sycorax's spirit to work with it), men must sink to Caliban's views of God and goodness? Whatever its ethical aim, the poem is by far the most remarkable in Mr. Browning's last volume; and yet it will not add to his popularity. "Enoch Arden," on the other hand, will become a household word with hundreds who would be puzzled to explain even the plain allusions in "Tithonus." "In Memoriam" will yearly have a larger number of readers and admirers; but "Caliban upon Setebos," though as full, in its way, of philosophic speculation as "In Memoriam" itself, will always continue among our strictly esoteric poems.

